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AMERICAN

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# AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTAL QUARTERLY

#22

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KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

[The first five items compose a symposium on humor in the literature of the American Renaissance, gathered by Professor Jesse Bier of the University of Montana, whom we here wish to thank for his kind help.]


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## THE HUMANE SEER

## HUMOR AND ITS AVATARS

## IN EMERSON

MAURICE GONNAUD



Emerson is not one of those writers on whom much critical attention has ever been spent in an effort to describe and identify some peculiar contribution to the spirit of comedy. For one thing, his lofty interests seemed hardly compatible with the relaxed approach of the humorist, while his well-known annoyance at worldly amusements made him shrink from whatever he viewed as "frivolous" (one of the really damning words under his pen). Thoreau, as every one knows, misbehaved out of principle; he was enough of a virtuous imp to enjoy a bit of subversive leg-pulling. Not so Emerson. Recurrently in his journals, he frets with uncomfortable dignity at the indecorum of laughter, scarifying the culprit or silently deploring his animal coarseness. That his censure of loud merriment should ultimately be ascribed to some gnawing form of self-diffidence does not alter the matter appreciably. It is all too clear from evidence in his writings that the inspired prophet of Nature had no time for the tomfolleries of his fellow creatures. Nor could he be expected to play the buffoon to them.

Shall I confess as a European admirer of Emerson (one, incidentally, who had to fight his way to an appreciation of the Emersonian virtues) that I have never been able to reconcile myself to this view? What I find characteristic of him, almost to the point of fatigue, is a mercurial ability to shift his ground and assault reality from a kaleidoscopic variety of angles. Except for a few occasional stretches of exalted language or, on the contrary, --and even more rarely--of commonplace prosiness, Emerson never stays put. And as he somersaults and nimbly changes his tack, he displays a startling range of tones, including the flippant, the breezy, the mildly or sharply satirical. Perhaps because of his repeated assertion that only a mind totally devoid of constricting peculiarities can converse with the Oversoul, many of his readers seem to have been lured into the belief that the man himself (and the writer) was exempt from idiosyncrasies. In fact, just the opposite is true. Emerson is the arch romantic and, as such, is fascinated by and marvellously apt to register, the quivering intensities of the self. If the great pronouncements of the middle period, from Nature to the essay on "Experience," illustrate his superb lyrical sweep, there hovers about even his minor writings an ingratiatingly personal atmosphere. One can speak of a distinctive Emerson "manner", involving a special way of being subjective about the most general topics, just as one speaks of the "manner" of Dickens or of some other leading British humorist.

Emerson is so little concerned with the prescriptions of society and the strategy of defence worked out by moderate rebels like Dickens that he feels he can define humor and comedy without so much as a nod in the direction of other men: "The perpetual game of humor is to look with considerate good nature at every object in existence, aloof, as a man might look at a mouse, comparing it with the eternal Whole; enjoying the figure which each self-satisfied particular creature cuts in the unrespecting All, and dismissing it with a benison. Separate any object, as a particular bodily man, a horse, a turnip, a flour-barrel, an umbrella, from the connection of things, and contemplate it alone, standing there in absolute nature, it becomes at once comic; no useful, no respectable qualities can rescue it from the ludicrous."<sup>1</sup> Further up in the same essay he had remarked that the essence of all jokes seems to be "an honest or well-intended halfness," implying of course that godly perfection would kill humor, but also that a frank and cheery acceptance of our limitations does not contradict our spiritual nature--indeed that it constitutes a safeguard against its potential vagaries.

Unlike his British contemporaries embarrassed by a sneaking respect for tradition in the very act of assaulting it, the mature Emerson was blessed with an exhilarating sense of uncommitted freedom. After





he had flung off his epoch-making challenges, "The American Scholar," "The Divinity School Address," "Self-Reliance," his social stand was so firmly established that he needed to fear no serious threat from outside to his individual integrity. Meanwhile, however, the danger had moved stealthily inward. Unless there were operating somewhere "a balance wheel in our metaphysical structure" (the phrase is also from the essay on the Comic), he would not be long falling a victim to the excesses of antinomianism and harboring such pernicious and perhaps deathly illusions as fill the pages of the essay on Demonology.<sup>2</sup> In a lovely bit of historical retrospect, Emerson refers somewhere to those early New England saints who had to hold hard to huckleberry bushes to avoid being translated. The anecdote is transparently relevant. Caught into the whirlwind of inspiration or floated irrepressibly upwards by some dazzling Idea, he, too, must cling to the huckleberry bush of his own humor.

Little notice has been taken on the whole of Emerson's correspondence, which suffers all too often from a sort of anaemia, the writer trying without much success to reconcile his austere preoccupations with the conventions and graces of social propriety. As a result, his bantering sounds discouragingly stilted--when it does not fall quite flat. Nevertheless there are some delightful letters to his wife or to dear friends, in which he holds himself at arm's length, so to speak, and uses the opportunity of unofficial communication to step briefly out of his self-appointed role. Away lecturing at the time of his most ardent involvement in the transcendental battle, he is capable of enough detachment to send home the following report: "You must know I am reckoned here a Transcendentalist, and what that beast is, all persons in Providence have a great appetite to know: so I am carried duly about from house to house, and all the young persons ask me when the Lecture is coming upon the Great Subject? In vain I disclaim all knowledge of that sect of Lidian's--it is still expected I shall break out with the New Light in the next discourse. I have read here my essay on the Age, the one on Home, one on Love and one on Politics,--these seem all to be regarded as mere screens and subterfuges while this dread Transcendentalism is still kept back. They have various definitions of the word current here. One man, of whom I have been told, in good earnest defined it as 'Operations on the Teeth;' a young man named Rodman answered an inquiry by saying 'it was a nickname which those who stayed behind gave to those who went ahead'. Meantime, all the people come to lecture, and I am told the Lyceum makes money by me."<sup>3</sup> Despite the casual, amused tone, the statements here are anything but simple. Emerson is wooed by earnest audiences, which at the same time show disappointment and irritation at his never reaching the inner core of his subject; but does he really know how to? Is their superficial, vulgar dissatisfaction as vulgar and superficial as it seems? Is the ignorance of those who cannot trace the word "transcendental" to a correct pedigree much worse than that of the learned who are baffled by its elusive meaning? If not, then perhaps true wisdom rests on a basis of solid, unromantic facts and boils down to an assessment of one's market value as a lecturer.

More often, though, humor discharges itself in quick muffled strokes, driving home to the addressee (and also, I presume, to the writer himself) the tantalizing dialectics of the Oversoul, as in this letter to Margaret Fuller written to acknowledge the arrival of a package of transcendental literature: "I plunge with eagerness into this pleasant element of affection with its haps and harms. It seems to be swimming in an Iris where I am rudely knocked ever and anon by a ray of fiercer red, or even dazzled into momentary blindness by a casual beam of white light. The weal and woe is all Poetic--I float all the time--nor once grazed our old orb. How fine these letters are! I do not know whether they contented or discontented me most. They make me a little impatient of my honorable prison--my quarantine of temperament wherefrom I deal courteously with all comers, but through cold water,--and while I get a true shift of their wit, do now think I get never an earnest word from them. I should like once in my life to be pommelled black and blue with sincere words. That is the discontent."<sup>4</sup> The language is overly metaphorical and plays with the incongruous to suggest the formidable obstacles lying in the way of perfect communication. The parenthetical allusion to Emerson's "quarantine of temperament" may even be a reminiscence of his own experience aboard the ship taking him to Europe in 1833, when passengers and crew were told to keep off the harbor in Malta "for poor dear Europe's health, lest it should suffer prejudice from the unclean sands and mountains of America."<sup>5</sup> Humor turns out to be his most effective tool to capture and render "this old Two-Face, creator-creature, mind-matter, right-wrong" of which he writes so knowingly in his essay "Nominalist and Realist".<sup>6</sup>

So much, in fact, and much more of equal interest is said in a fine recent article by Joel Porte, in which the author vindicates a light-hearted approach to transcendentalism and praises its occasionally prankish spirit on the ground that "the very consciousness of gaiety is a final mark of sanity--a guarantee



that wild improvisation and romantic delusion are always being counterbalanced and corrected by amused self-awareness."<sup>7</sup> I would like to push the thesis somewhat further and submit that, with Emerson at least, there was a gradual training in humor, resulting in attitudes and doctrines about which he had earlier had drastic reservations.

A genuine lightness of touch came hard to Emerson, brought up as he was on the thin, decorous notions of New England Unitarianism. In his richly documented introduction to the Letters, Rusk notes that in his adolescent years he was "lavish with puns, satirical epithets and mock-heroics."<sup>8</sup> But these were only literary mumps and measles, which he soon outgrew. The young minister, the lecturer in his nonage, is hardly remarkable for his sense of humor. Even though Montaigne, "wild and savoury as sweet fern,"<sup>9</sup> engaged his fancy at a surprisingly early period and became his life-long mentor in the art of sharp perception and racy utterance, the seed dropped on unfriendly soil was a long time germinating. It took nothing less than a long strenuous inner debate on the merits of transcendentalism, ending in an admission of some of its inherent weaknesses, to open Emerson's eyes to the virtues and charms of other faiths which he had hitherto unjustly slighted. One of his most endearing minor pieces is undoubtedly his sketch of Ezra Ripley, his venerable step-grandfather, after the announcement of whose death the Journals recorded a wistful meditation on the pieties of the old days. By contrast it is mundane and almost garrulous. Emerson for once does not shrink from the insertion of a few personal reminiscences: "Some of those around me will remember one occasion of severe drought in the vicinity, when the late Rev. Mr. Goodwin offered to relieve the Doctor of the duty of leading in prayer; but the Doctor suddenly remembering the season, rejected his offer with some humor, as with an air that said to all the congregation, 'This is no time for you, young Cambridge men; the affair, sir, is getting serious. I will pray myself.' One August afternoon, when I was in his hayfield helping him with his man to rake up his hay, I well remember his pleading, almost reproachful looks at the sky, when the thunder-gust was coming up to spoil his hay. He raked very fast, then looked at the cloud and said, 'We are in the Lord's hand; mind your rake, George! We are in the Lord's hand;' and seemed to say, 'You know me; this field is mine, --Dr. Ripley's, --thine own servant!'"<sup>10</sup> But the controlling intention is serious under the ripple of anecdotes. The old man was a moving, though anachronistic, symbol of the religion which "in the heyday of its strength had planted and liberated America."<sup>11</sup> Emerson sees no jarring unpleasantness in the coupling together of the earnest and the sacred with the slightly ludicrous; indeed one bolsters the other up and makes it lifelike: "It was a pity that his old meeting-house should have been modernized in his time. I am sure all who remember both will associate his form with whatever was grave and droll in the old, cold, unpainted, uncarpeted, square-pewed meeting-house, with its four iron-gray deacons in their little box under the pulpit, --with Watts's hymns, with long prayers, rich with the diction of ages; and not less with the report like musketry from the movable seats."

A further stretch of sympathy will enable Emerson, a decade later, to deal with England in the same quiet spirit of shrewd tolerance. The chapter on religion in English Traits moves relentlessly and predictably towards the severe conclusion that cant reigns supreme in the old home, since the Church "has nothing left but possession,"<sup>12</sup> yet the overall picture is suffused with a kind of manly tenderness which precludes petulance. A welter of anecdotes, proverbs, aphorisms, historical data laced with family names gives the book a rough solidity of outline as well as truly catholic breadth, while warning the reader against premature conclusions. Humor becomes one of the retarding techniques used by the writer to discourage and thwart his own bent for abstraction. The total image of England ultimately slides into focus, but not until the byways of odd individual behavior (as opposed to the "camino real" of History) have been leisurely explored. Once a ballast meant to counteract the skyward pull of inspiration, humor reveals itself now as an instrument of composition on a much larger scale, contributing a humane note to Emerson's exacting search for truth and providing to no small extent for the new impression of sharp racy concreteness.

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Whoever has acquired some degree of familiarity with the writings of Emerson will feel that reasonableness and a chastening sense of proportions fail to account for everything in them that can be called humorous. Indeed his "manner" at its most original not only has little to do with the restraining virtue of reason but flaunts a joyful boisterous exuberance which seems to negate and mock its niggardly methods. For him an overflow of gaiety was inseparable from true greatness, as he made clear in an early lecture: "Sport is the bloom and glow of perfect health. The great will not condescend to take any thing seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old





and foolish churches and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousand of years."<sup>13</sup> One is tempted to read this judgment as an oblique comment on his own anxieties during the years of early manhood. A congenital weakness of constitution (he was fond of referring with a wry smile to his "lack of animal spirits") compounded by protracted ill-health had jeopardized and nearly ruined his hopes of social promotion and spiritual progress. Heroism, as he came to discover, was not entirely a matter of asceticism and self-control. He revered Plutarch for the loftiness of his ideals, but looked to Montaigne for a balanced report on the human condition. Even before he inhaled the heady fumes of the transcendental philosophy, he knew that the fullness of the spirit depended on the availability of a responsive body.

In the late 1830's and early 1840's he enjoyed a superabundance of creative energy, which overspilled, so to speak, into language. The result was a series of frolicsome sallies curiously associated with the intensity and overbearing assurance of the spiritual guide. One of the difficulties that have to be met by anyone wishing to come to terms with the major texts of the Emerson canon centers in what might be called a strategy of eccentricity. It would seem that the truths that really matter cannot be stated plainly, in simple and neutral form, but must be aggrandized and played upon. Excess becomes the writer's best ally in that game of slanted revelations and takes on a variety of guises: in the remarks on the Chardon Street Convention<sup>14</sup>--virtually a locus of Emerson's humor--jolliness and fun build up to a Rabelaisian sequence of preposterous names; elsewhere the effect of drollery is achieved through quaint metaphors, witty asides, incongruous hyperboles or a sudden, and apparently wayward, shifting of the tone from the imperious and the solemn to the colloquial and back again: "Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, 'Who are you, Sir?' Yet they are all his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession."<sup>15</sup>

Curiously enough, very few critics have commented significantly on this almost ubiquitous, if elusive, quality of Emerson's writing at its most attractive and forceful, though as far back as 1931 Constance Rourke had brilliantly suggested the blend of lyricism, improvisation and detachment which gave his voice its appealing authority. Emerson was no philosopher, she explained; he was not equipped to work out in detail a critique of American life, but he commanded a marvellous and largely instinctive ability to emulate the modes of incipient vernacular comedy: "He followed the form of the native monologue, in which the first person had been steadily used, the personal revelation of fact or feeling consistently avoided, which had moved toward the generic, including the many experiences rather than the one. So far as the shell of the monologue had been broken at all, this was by some slight echo of the interior voice, brimming over in sound and rhythm rather than in direct statement, tending toward the soliloquy.... He has often been linked with the Puritan divines by way of the pulpit, but these men attempted to unroll the voice of God; their own part was impersonal. In Emerson the personal inner voice spoke; and this belonged not to the realm of introspection cultivated by the Puritan, but to that other realm of the plain Yankee, who consciously listened to his own mind, whose deliberate speech had room for undertones and further meanings."<sup>16</sup> As one might surmise from Rourke's emphasis on improvisation and monologue, the writings intended for publication were not the only ones amenable to humor. The letters and, even more, the journals called out in full Emerson's cunningly varied gifts, provoked his little-recognized capacity for witty elaboration and on occasion set him free-wheeling with unchecked candor and an engaging disregard for consistency, as in this entry dated 19 September 1838, in which he records a humble incident and proceeds to extract its meaning with playful virtuosity: "I found in the wood this afternoon the drollest mushroom, tall, stately, pretending, uprearing its vast dome as if to say 'Well I am something! Burst, ye beholders! thou lucky beholder! with wonder.' Its dome was a deep yellow ground with fantastic starlike ornaments richly overwrought; so shabby genteel, so negro fine, the St Peter's of the beetles and pismires. Such ostentation in petto I never did see. I touched the white column with my stick, --it nodded like old Troy, and so eagerly recovered the perpendicular as seemed to plead piteously with me not to burst the fabric of its pride. Shall I confess it? I could almost hear my little Waldo at home begging me as when I have menaced his little block house, and the little puff-ball seemed to say 'Don't, papa, pull it down!' So, after due admiration of this blister, this cupola of midges, I left the little scaramouch alone in its glory. Goodbye Vanity, Goodbye Nothing! Certainly there is Comedy in the Divine Mind when these little Vegetable Selfconceits front the day as well as Newton or Goethe, with such impressive emptiness."<sup>17</sup>





Given the limited compass of this entry, the range of moods is rather startling. There is in turn puzzled curiosity, irresponsible delight, a touch of amused scorn modulating into wistful tenderness, and in the end something like meditateness qualified by flippancy. However, the passage does not dissolve into sheer inconsequence, because it is held together by the pronoun "I" serving as the index to various authorial stances, from the neutrally observant in the opening sentence to the intimate and the reminiscent in the Waldo anecdote. The self of the writer has been so well trained in the exercise of symbolic enlargement that it moves effortlessly, by deft little jumps, up and down the scale of being. The general effect is both "subtle and sinewy";<sup>18</sup> it reveals a mind able to revel in the oddities of the world and to give its loving faith to their ultimate continuity.

In characteristic fashion, the range of ideas and feelings is paralleled in this entry by a flood of rhetorical devices developed or suggested in breath-taking succession. The dominant tone, which is mock-heroic, gives rise to ludicrous comparisons, prosopopeias (exalted or deflated), hyperboles, classical allusions, oxymorons, conceits. Language throughout is handled so cleverly and so generously as to convey a sense of its own self-sufficient finality together with the writer's pure joy in making himself its servant. In the same way that the pronoun "I" expands to generic proportions through the manifold acts and attitudes that it supports, the expression feeds on multiple sources, familiar as well as learned, brings alien or irrelevant elements into forced vicinity, and achieves some sort of original (though precarious) synthesis in the crucible of improvised literary composition. The method and the result look strikingly forward to Walt Whitman and to the "comic spirit"--the phrase is Richard Chase's--pervading some of the most memorable sections of "Song of Myself".<sup>19</sup>

As the years went by, however, such outbursts of "gaiety and festive energy"--to borrow another of Chase's formulae--became less and less frequent. Beginning with the crisis of the early 1840's, Emerson experienced a growing sense of exhaustion and found himself unable to conjure up the spirit of ebullient kindly amusement with which he had met so far even the daftest vagaries of his fellow creatures. His faith remained unaltered, but ominous implications had crept into it, adding a disturbing edge to the play of his fancy. When he offered a course of lectures on New England in 1843, he mocked the silly voracity for excitement of his compatriots and allowed a mood of grim drollery to take control when he came to excoriate their passion for quick travel: "The men and women shall be galvanically conveyed, or they may be put in large quills and propelled across the Atlantic by the pressure of the atmosphere; or dressed in diving-suits manufactured (nº 6 Tremont Street, Boston) by the Roxbury Company, and conveyed by submarine siphons and come up near Liverpool in fountains spouting men and women.... In order to avoid the danger of submarine volcanoes, strenuous measures are to be adopted by the countries abutting on the two ends of the canal. It is disgraceful that every two years an earthquake should be allowed, from mere want of proper ventilation, to swallow a town like a custard.... It may hereafter be found best when the structure of the human body is better understood, and the science of anatomy is perfect, to take passengers to pieces and transport them in the air or under the sea in parts chemically packed, to be put together by the Transportation Company on the other side at the Depot, and the greatest care given to keep the packages identical."<sup>20</sup> Below the seemingly gratuitous fun is a stern realization of the fatuousness of man's ambitions, and ultimately of the de-humanizing effect of purely mechanical advances. A bitter variety of irony has taken over from good-natured comedy and prepares the way for an even more scathing indictment of brutality and uncouthness masquerading as progress.

Because they were still largely hypothetical and aroused more scorn than fear in the lecturer himself, the perverse tendencies in men could still be confronted with some measure of equanimity in 1843. By 1850, after the adoption of the Fugitive Slave Law and Daniel Webster's ignominious betrayal (so at least Emerson construed his speech in support of the hated law), the revulsion from rampant baseness and hypocrisy was unqualified. The time for ludicrous denunciations was over; indulgence in semi-private jokes had become indecent. Under the compulsion of Emerson's outraged moral sense, irony suddenly hardened into vicious satire, as in this fragment of the journal lacerating the North for its submissiveness to the dictates of the South: "But the crime of kidnapping is on a footing with the crimes of murder and of incest, and if the Southern states should find it necessary to enact the further law, in view of the too great increase of blacks, that every fifth manchild should be boiled in hot water, and obtain a majority in Congress with a speech by Mr. Webster to add an article to the Fugitive Slave Bill, --that any fifth child so and so selected, having escaped into Boston should be boiled there, seethed in water at 212º, will not the Mayor and Alderman boil him?"<sup>21</sup> The thinly veiled reference to Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, the concentration of the argument together with its forceful logic and relentless accuracy, all bear evidence to an overwhelming earnestness



in the writer. The energy of utterance has not abated a jot, but the saving grace of festiveness is missing. It is as if the broad generosity of an earlier period had been channelled into an aggressive righteousness, which explodes in volleys of wrath and pommels turncoats and cowards. Meanwhile, as Emerson's anger fastens on guilty individuals, the tone reaches an unprecedented degree of stridency. Invective is the end-point of a long process of disenchantment with the world.

There was to be, however, one more rebound to Emerson's surprisingly checkered career as a humorist. A few months after the disastrous Fugitive Slave Law had been passed, he accepted an invitation to visit Cincinnati and took advantage of the occasion to push on into the wild West. The following year and again in the winter of 1852-1853 he journeyed far and wide beyond the Alleghenies, bearing with smiling fortitude the discomforts of pioneer life in the mud of the prairie. It is hard not to link this determination to discover at close range the new nation taking shape out West with his feeling of prostration and disgust after the treason of the civilized East. With typical resilience, he turned to the raw energies available in unspoiled parts of the country for a renewal of his own ebbing vitality. The cure worked so well that even the literary man in him benefited from it. In fact, he was only heeding the advice he had once given when, in an attempt to "offset the transatlantic excess of influence" on American letters, he had encouraged the readers of The Dial to turn their eyes westward and to seek inspiration in such "genuine growths" of the American soil as "the Kentucky stump oratory" and "the exploits of Boone and Davy Crockett."<sup>22</sup>

Brought into prolonged contact with the representatives of this largely autonomous culture, Emerson relished its freshness and remained undeterred by its crudities. A still unpublished "Journal at the West" covering the years 1850-1851 bears delightful testimony to his enjoyment of the scenes, the people and the peculiarities of language characteristic of their expansive spirit. He can render with breezy gusto the pioneer's resolve to forge his way ahead and ignore the niceties of form, for example, in this entry describing the way a local university was set up: "Mr. J. A. Wilder made me acquainted with the University of Rochester, which was extemporising here like a picnic. They had bought a hotel, once a railroad terminus depot, for \$8500, turned the dining-room into a chapel by putting up a pulpit on one side, made the bar-room into a Pythologian Society's Hall, and the chambers into Recitation rooms, Libraries and professors' apartments, all for \$700 a year. They had brought an omnibus load of professors down from Madison bag and baggage--Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, Latin, Belles-Lettres, Mathematics and all Sciences, called in a painter, put him up a ladder to paint the title 'University of Rochester' on the wall, and now they had runners on the road to catch students. One lad came in yesterday; another this morning; 'thought they should like it first rate;' and now they thought themselves ill-used if they did not get a new student every day. And they are confident of graduating a class of ten by the time green peas are ripe."<sup>23</sup>

Elsewhere he demonstrates that he is capable of responding to the appeal of the tall tale; recording one of those yarns which grew out of popular imagination, he succeeds in capturing its swashbuckling robustness and improves the effect by wittily dramatizing the process of collective accumulation which is at the heart of the genre: "The path of a tornado is traced through the forest, of the same width for miles. They tell of a child who was carried five miles by one. This was too good to leave alone. So we presently heard of a tornado which drove a plough through a field, and turned as pretty a furrow all round the field as you ever saw. This of course suggested a storm in Havana where the wind blew so hard that a man was left clinging to an iron lamp-post, with nothing on him but his stock and his spurs."<sup>24</sup>

In yet another fragment of the same unpublished Journal, Emerson lists eight "Middle West emblems" for their earthy symbolism,<sup>25</sup> thereby anticipating Whitman's use of the same terms more or less to the same purpose in section sixteen of "Song of Myself". The final lesson taught by the wide spaces of the West was one in which self-confidence, cheerfulness and unblinking realism each received its due share of attention. After a long circuitous journey, Emerson entered the actual territory which he had set out much earlier to explore in imagination. Better than anything, the kinship in tone and manner and the resolutely playful stance in the face of hardships and adversity emphasize the sturdy oneness of the man through and beyond the traumatic experience of 1850. Constance Rourke's insight about Emerson's instinctive sympathy with the emerging modes of nature humor finds itself brilliantly confirmed by the late journal entries. One likes to think that Emerson, who appreciated Dickens's books but moderately, would have hailed Huckleberry Finn as yet another egregious piece of wit and wisdom.

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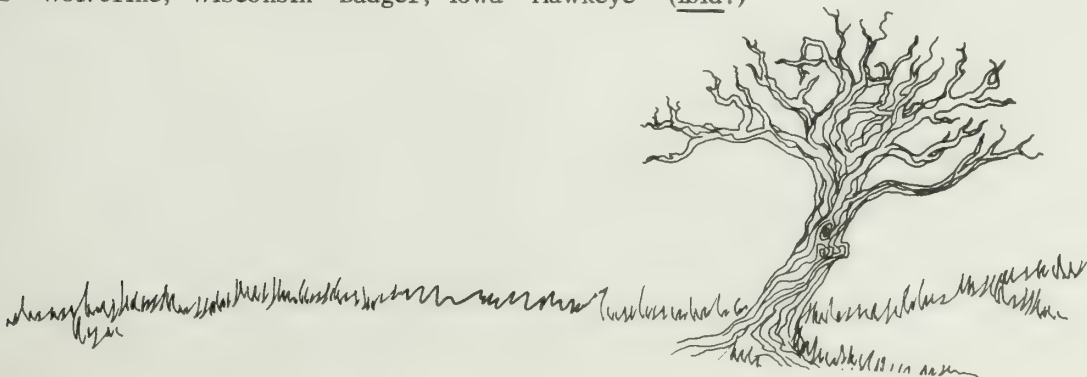




Any student of Emerson approaching his writings from a specific angle has come upon the formidable difficulty of having to introduce consistency and order where none seems to exist. Humor is no exception. Playing an endless game of hide-and-seek with the reader, it appears and disappears in fitful alternation, resists sustained analysis, and changes its identity to further the confusion. However, this very aptness to metamorphosis expresses a deeply felt need to correct the rigidity or one-sidedness of ideas entertained in isolation from daily realities. To that extent humor is inseparable from Emerson's talent to seize upon life as it is experienced rather than as it is viewed in the mind's eye. Despite its inconspicuous and elusive nature it puts the seal of truthfulness on his writings. Even the glorious vaticinations in Nature cannot quite stand on their own merits. They need to be authenticated by the author's otherwise profuse evidence of sanity.

University of Lyon

- 1 "Comedy," Complete Works (Centenary Ed.), VIII, pp. 158-159. Paying homage many years later to Carlyle's inexhaustible capacity for humor, Emerson hit upon the same comparison relating man to animal rather than man to man. Cf. Lectures and Biographical Sketches (Complete Works, X) p. 495.
- 2 "Demonology," Complete Works, X, pp. 3-28. The whole essay is intended as a warning against the seductive "flattery of omens."
- 3 Letter to Ruth Haskins Emerson, March 28, 1840. See Letters, ed. Ralph L. Rusk (N.Y., 1939), II, 266.
- 4 Ibid., III, 239-240.
- 5 Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks (Cambridge, Mass.), IV (1964), pp. 115-116.
- 6 Complete Works, III, p. 245. (Essays, Second Series).
- 7 Joel Porte, "Transcendental Antics," in Veins of Humor, Harvard English Studies, III (1972), p. 173.
- 8 Letters, I, xiii.
- 9 Letter to Mary Moody Emerson, Dec. 25, 1831, in Journals, II (Boston, 1909), p. 441.
- 10 "Ezra Ripley, D.D." in Lectures and Biographical Sketches, pp. 386-387.
- 11 Ibid., 383. Italics below are mine.
- 12 English Traits, ch. XIII ("Religion"), in Complete Works, V, p. 230.
- 13 The Early Lectures of R. W. Emerson, II (1964), p. 334. An almost identical statement occurs in the sketch of Carlyle when Emerson tries to define his Scottish friend's overwhelming vitality. See Lectures and Biographical Sketches, p. 495.
- 14 "The Chardon Street Convention" in Lectures and Biographical Sketches, pp. 371-377.
- 15 "Self-Reliance" in Complete Works, II, pp. 61-62 (Essays, First Series).
- 16 Constance Rourke, American Humor (Garden City, 1953), ch. VI ("I hear America Singing"), pp. 134-135.
- 17 JMN, VII (1969), p. 80.
- 18 Constance Rourke in her foreward to American Humor.
- 19 Cf. Richard Chase, Walt Whitman Re-considered (London, 1955), ch. II ("One's self I sing"), p. 58. Further on he traces Whitman's humor unequivocally back to Emerson's, which he describes as "spontaneous, odd, yeasty" (p. 73).
- 20 "New England, n<sup>o</sup> 3: Manners." (Unpub. lecture deposited in the Houghton Library, Harvard University. (H. 199.3).
- 21 Journals, VIII, p. 200. Continued in an unpub. journal deposited in the Houghton Library: BO, pp. 269-270. (H. 60).
- 22 "Europe and European Books" (The Dial, April, 1843). The phrases quoted here are from Complete Works, I, p. 416.
- 23 "Journal at the West." In the Houghton Library. (H. 109a).
- 24 Ibid.
- 25 "Ohio--Buckeye; Indiana--Hoosier; Illinois--Sucker; Kentucky--Corncracker; Missouri--Puke; Arkansas--Wolverine; Wisconsin--Badger; Iowa--Hawkeye" (Ibid.)







# NEW APPROACHES

TO AMERICAN HUMOR

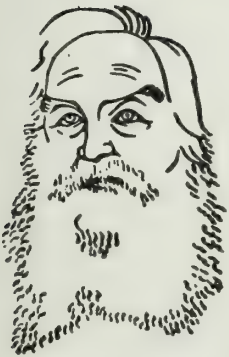
I am pleased to have been useful in gathering these essays on humor in Emerson, Dickinson, Melville, and Whitman, chief figures of mid-Nineteenth-Century American literature. I think it is noteworthy that articles on humor in Poe and Hawthorne are hard to come by; work on Poe's borderline comedy and hysteria finds increasing place in recent books devoted to the author, but not in independent, focused articles. Convincing work on Hawthorne's humor has not been offered in any shape or form. These two important figures remain conspicuous by their absence from our discussion.

I recommend what Professor Asselineau shows as the underlying pervasiveness of humor in Whitman (notwithstanding that his view is opposed to previous objections of my own, published elsewhere). What it reveals of the question of basic attitude is important. I call attention also to Professor Blair's application of ambiguity to humor (or humor to ambiguity); he traces their deep interconnection, significant both in the study of Melville, of course, and in any theory of humor. I wish also to pay homage to the fine and sometimes miraculous subtlety in the work of Wheatcroft on Emily Dickinson and of Gonnard on Emerson; furthermore, the comprehensiveness of Wheatcroft's view will be a landmark in any approach to Dickinson.

This impromptu team of critics is international, at least cis-Atlantic. It includes the American, Professor Wheatcroft, and the two French scholars, Professors Asselineau and Gonnard. Professor Blair, an American holding the chair in American Literature at the University of Geneva, strikes the balance. I commend their diverse views to the attention of any student or scholar interested in the strong role of American humor in classic American literature.

Jesse Bier

## A SYMPOSIUM



### WALT WHITMAN'S HUMOR

ROGER ASSELINEAU

Is there such a thing as Walt Whitman's humor? Opinions differ. Constance Rourke annexed him and included his name in her inventory of American Humor for two reasons, as it seems: because he followed Emerson's advice and hitched his wagon to a star and because he heard America singing. These, however, are not very convincing arguments and it is not surprising that Jesse Bier, on the contrary, in his Rise and Fall of American Humor, should make a case for Whitman's total humorlessness.<sup>1</sup> And yet Richard Chase asserted that "'Song of Myself' is on the whole comic in tone and that although the poem's comic effects are of universal significance, they often take the specific form of American humor."<sup>2</sup> Whom are we to believe?



A priori there seems to be an absolute incompatibility between humor and lyric poetry and more than an s's difference between "comic" and "cosmic." Whereas humor consists in playing with ludicrous contrasts, lyric poetry sings the emotions of the self facing the universe (and/or nothingness), and at first sight they seem to have little in common. Yet, great lyric or dramatic poets have succeeded in combining them. Shakespeare, Jean-Paul Richter, Dylan Thomas and Paul Claudel are illustrations of this possibility. Claudel went even so far as to say: "La farce est la forme exaspérée du lyrisme et l'expression héroïque de la joie de vivre...."<sup>3</sup> He was right. The same exuberance and exhilaration is at the root of both forms of expression. The poet and the humourist react with both passion and intensity to the beauty and horror of life. So the same writer may either in turn or simultaneously sing and laugh, rhapsodize or mock.

Whitman, for his part, anyway, was not a pure poet. True, he stripped lyric poetry of all its traditional trappings in Leaves of Grass, but he discovered lyricism quite late in life. He started as a prose writer of the lowest order (i.e., as a journalist), and never ceased to write prose, to which he relegated the impurities which would otherwise have encumbered and corrupted his poetry. His early prose, as everyone knows, is a rather insipid mixture of maudlin sentimentality and sententious moralizing in the worst tradition of eighteenth-century English essayists. But he also occasionally tried to write in the vein of eighteenth-century English humorists, using that combination of "wit and love" which, according to Thackeray, was the essence of English humor--at least in that period.<sup>4</sup> For the entertainment of his "gentle reader,"<sup>5</sup> he thus amiably descanted on young smokers in the columns of the Long Island Democrat: "There is something very majestic, truly, in seeing a human being with a long roll of black leaves held between his teeth, and projecting eight or ten inches before him. It has been said by some satirical individual that a fishing-rod is a thing with a hook at one extremity, and a fool at the other: it may with much more truth be affirmed, that a segar, generally, has a smoky fire at one end, and a conceited spark at the other."<sup>6</sup>

There was more love and less irony in his considerations on loaferism since he was no smoker himself but an inveterate loafer: "How I do love a loafer! Of all human beings, none equals your genuine, inbred, unvarying loafer. Now when I say loafer, I mean loafer; not a fellow who is lazy by fits and starts--who today will work his twelve or fourteen hours, and to-morrow doze and idle. I stand up for no such half-way business. Give me your calm, steady, philosophick son of indolence; one that doesn't swerve from the beaten track; a man who goes the undivided beast. To such an one I doff my beaver."<sup>7</sup> In such sketches he may have been trying to emulate Charles Lamb whose essays he loved and praised, referring in the Brooklyn Eagle to "the pleasant Elia, the delicate-humored."<sup>8</sup> He even resorted to Lamb's typical hall-mark, the hyphen, in order to underline, as it were, his humorous intention. He also wrote variations on the theme of "snoring made music": "You are tired and long for rest. You get into the confines of sleep, when one of your fellow lodgers begins to snore: softly at first--a little higher--then a little stronger, till finally it resembles the grumbling of distant thunder.... Presently another joins in. His snoring is decidedly as disagreeable as the first, but his style is totally different--it sounds something like the puffings of a steam engine...." On this occasion, Whitman even coined the humorously pedantic or pedantically humorous noun "snorification",<sup>9</sup> worthy of his fellow humorists of the South-West.

In those days he would sometimes play jokes on his readers, as when having no idea for a leader, he expatiated on the weather with a dead-pan face, so to speak, in the columns of the New York Aurora and triumphantly concluded his disquisitions with: "Undoubtedly, no person can now have any reason for doubting that the weather is, by custom, a legitimate theme for persons to exercise their voices (and pens) upon. [¶] The thing is done--the leader is prepared! Laus Deo!"<sup>10</sup> No wonder he praised and recommended to his readers a few years later a humorous contemporary of the Brooklyn Eagle, "the John Donkey, a new quarto illustrated journal of humor and drive-away-careism." "It is rich exceedingly!" he added; "the number sent us has more broad wit--the real coarse, but deep, true stuff, like Shakespeare's (without any in-delicacy, however) own natural comic humor--than any eight pages published, that we have seen."<sup>11</sup>

It is hard to recognize the poet of Leaves of Grass when he thus dons the humorist's motley, but this was only a youthful phrase. As Horace Traubel very aptly put it: "He played the usual juvenile part in literary mimicry."<sup>12</sup> He indulged in this harmless pastime especially during his stay in New Orleans, when he wrote for the Crescent a series of sketches supposedly composed by Peter Funk, Esq., in which he poked fun at a number of local characters: Timothy Goujon, seller of "a certain species of fish ycleped oysters," vending "viva voce the inanimate quadrupeds which lay piled up with so much sang froid in his boat beside





him"; Patrick McDray, the "stout, hardy-looking" teamster from "the swate Isle" across the Ocean; and, above all, Daggerdraw Bowieknife, Esq., "this fearful son of Mars," whose "shooting irons made daylight shine through...no less than six hale, hearty men," always "loaded down to the guards with fashionable killing tools."<sup>13</sup> Like a true humorist, he restrained his indignation when he caricatured that cruel and unscrupulous Southern killer and preferred to mock rather than vituperate. He was not merely imitating contemporary humorists or following a fashion. There was a streak of humor in his character, which he retained to the end of his life, though he never showed it again in his prose-writings. (Specimen Days is unrelievedly serious from beginning to end.) It still sometimes cropped up, however, in his conversations with Traubel, his humorless Boswell, who was blissfully unaware of it. Another friend of his old age, Thomas B. Harned, though terribly humorless too, noted: "He had a sense of humor of a quiet kind,"<sup>14</sup> for, at least towards the end of his life, he seems to have been quite indifferent to humorists. When Traubel asked him if he had seen Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley when they lectured in Philadelphia, he answered: "As a general thing, I don't enjoy dialect literature: it's rather troublesome to handle: yet Jim took a powerful hold on me: but though I don't care much for the dialect writers myself I acknowledge their validity, value...."<sup>15</sup> On another occasion he was even less sympathetic. To a visitor who asked him what he knew about Bill Nye he answered: "Nothing--I have never met him. I have very little liking for deliberate wits--for men who start out, with malice prepense to be funny--just as I should distrust deliberate pathos."<sup>16</sup>

In short, he disapproved of humor for humor's sake--of humor as sheer fun--and that is probably why he never took to Mark Twain. Like most of his contemporaries, he regarded him as a mere clown: "I think he mainly misses fire," he said. "He might have been something, he comes near to being something: but he never arrives."<sup>17</sup> On the contrary, Whitman loved and revered Dickens and Carlyle who were not mere entertainers but used humor as a means to an end--the (indirect--a very Whitmanian term) expression of their reactions to men and things and even of their Weltanschauung. In their works, humor is the figure in the carpet, not the whole carpet. Whitman reviewed several of Dickens's books and always praised them. He never mentioned his humor but concluded one of his reviews with this tribute: "I cannot lose the opportunity of saying how much I love and esteem him for what he has taught me through his writings--and for the genial influence [italics mine] that these writings spread around them wherever they go."<sup>18</sup> As to Carlyle, he praised the "strange wild way" of Sartor Resartus and its "fiery breath and profundity of meaning--when you delve them out" and the "rapt, weird, (grotesque?) style" of Heroes and Hero-Worship--though he confessed: "We would have preferred to get the thoughts of this truly good thinker, in a plainer and more customary garb. No great writer achieves any thing worthy of him, by inventing merely a new style."<sup>19</sup>

Yet this is precisely what he did himself when he suddenly metamorphosed from a mediocre journalist into a great poet in the 1850's. He did not hesitate to be quaint, "weird (grotesque?)." Humor--though he never used the word--was part of his design after all, one of the figures in the carpet of Leaves of Grass. For one thing, he was undeniably a humorist in the eighteenth-century sense of the term; he boldly flung his eccentricity in the face of the world. Whoever thought before him of writing about grass (instead of flowers) and calling it poetry? It was very much the same kind of undertaking as writing about the weather in the New York Aurora and calling it a leader. What a strange idea, too, to call the finished product Leaves of Grass and to print it without the author's name or a pseudonym on the title page! and to hide his name in the middle of a poem! and to write in a medium which was neither prose nor verse! and to give no titles to the separate (?) poems! This was clearly a hoax, a mystification rather than a serious book of poetry--the work of a madman, in short, as some of the reviewers concluded in 1855. They were right in a way. They were more alive than we are, anyway, to the scandalous novelty of the book--and to its humorous character.

Humor, an elusive quality which defies definition, consists mostly in discovering, expressing or appreciating ludicrous or absurdly incongruous elements in ideas or situations like that of a supposedly omniscient adult being stumped by the very simple question of a child about one of the most common things in the world, grass. Yet on it Leaves of Grass is built, since the major part of the book attempts answering (indirectly) the child's question: "What is the grass?" This awkward situation, besides, implies the true humorist's sense of the relativity of all values: What is important? What is not? No one can tell. Grass soon appears as a much more important thing than is generally thought. Established religions, on the contrary, are shown to be much less important than their members believed:

"Magnifying and applying come I,  
Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters [a rather irreverent way of calling prophets and founders of religions!]  
Taking myself the exact dimension of Jehovah...  
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix engraved,





With Odin and the hideous-faced Mexitli and every idol and image,  
Taking them all for what they are and not a cent more...

(They bore mites as for unfledg'd birds who have now to rise and fly and sing for themselves,)..."<sup>20</sup>

Time and space are also mere illusions in his eyes: "Space and Time! now I see it is true, what I guess'd at..."<sup>21</sup> Here Whitman joins hands with Mark Twain in The Mysterious Stranger: "It was wonderful, the mastery Satan had over time and distance. For him they did not exist. He called them human inventions, and said they were artificialities."<sup>22</sup> Humor thus becomes "a cosmic game between the real world and the ideal world. [It has] the unity that comes from recognized lack of unity," which is how Havelock Ellis defined it with reference to Heine in The New Spirit. This leads to cosmic visions in which dimensions have ceased to matter: "My ties and ballasts leave me, my elbows rest in sea-gaps, / I skirt sierras, my palms cover continents..."<sup>23</sup> The poet is turned into a sort of mystical Paul Bunyan. Lyric poetry and the tall tale become almost identical in form--if not in tone:

What widens within you Walt Whitman?  
What waves and soil exuding?  
What climes?...  
What rivers are these? What forests and fruits are these?  
What are the mountains call'd that rise so high in the mists?...  
Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens,<sup>24</sup>

boasts the poet. Now this is almost what Huckleberry Finn heard the drunken raftsmen shout out in the middle of the Mississippi: "Don't attempt to look at me with the naked eye, gentlemen! When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine and drag the Atlantic Ocean for whales! I scratch my head with the lightning and purr myself to sleep with the thunder..."<sup>25</sup> At such times, lyric poetry and humor lead to--or come from--the same fundamental exuberance. In either case, just as the frontier between the real world and the ideal world disappears, the distinctions between the various layers of language are abolished. The vernacular becomes as legitimate as literary terms: "Earth! you seem to look for something at my hands, / Say, old top-knot, what do you want?" (*italics mine*)<sup>26</sup> Form also ceases to matter. Sprawling formlessness becomes the rule.

As Kierkegaard noted, humour--like realism--frequently results in prolixity--not surprising, for humor and realism are very closely connected. Bergson defined "humor" in contradistinction with irony as consisting in minutely and meticulously describing things as they are while affecting to believe that they are as they should be (*i.e.*, in describing the real as if it were ideal).<sup>27</sup> "Describing things as they are" is precisely the essence of realism. So humorists often lovingly describe the physical world, as Mark Twain does in particular in some parts of Huckleberry Finn: "The sun was up so high when I waked that I judged it was after eight o'clock. I laid there in the grass [a typical Whitmanian posture] and the cool shade, thinking about things.... I could see the sun out at one or two holes, but mostly it was big trees all about and gloomy in there amongst them. There was freckled places on the ground where the light sifted down through the leaves, and the freckled places swapped about a little, showing there was a little breeze up there."<sup>28</sup> Whitman's eye was attracted by a similar scene, and he rendered it more concisely (but in one of his most prolix poems): "The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag..."<sup>29</sup> On one occasion, his humor becomes almost uproarious when in his "Song of the Exposition" he treats the Muse with utter disrespect<sup>30</sup> and installs her in the middle of the kitchen ware at the fortieth Annual Exhibition in New York City--in much the same spirit as Mark Twain treats the "Old Masters" in Innocents Abroad. At other times his humor combines with irony and bitter invective (the kind of invective he had secretly indulged in in The Eighteenth Presidency). He then gives full vent to his indignation and despair as in "A Boston Ballad" and, above all, in "Respondez." He did not like this mood, however, and dropped "Respondez" in 1881, keeping "A Boston Ballad" only on his friend Trowbridge's insistence.

He had the true humorist's reluctance fully to commit himself and preferred to stand "Apart from the pulling and hauling...amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary.... Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it"<sup>31</sup>--an excellent description of the humorist's sympathetic and yet detached attitude to his subject, involving self-complacency and narcissism, as Freud has pointed out: "L'humour a non seulement quelque chose de libérateur, analogue en cela à l'esprit et au comique, mais encore quelque chose de sublime et d'élévé.... Le sublime tient évidemment au triomphe du narcissisme, à l'invulnérabilité du moi qui s'affirme victorieusement."<sup>32</sup>



It is inevitable therefore that we should find traces of humor in "Song of Myself", a "Me Myself" full of contradictions, torn between centripetal and centrifugal forces, tortured by the incongruous contrasts of the human condition, both mortal and immortal, finite and infinite, "one's-self" and "en-masse,"--very much tempted at times to reach Mark Twain's despairing (and consoling) conclusion at the end of The Mysterious Stranger: "Life itself is only a vision, a dream."<sup>33</sup> In a way, Whitman thus attained that higher form of humor which Mark Twain defined in the following terms in the same book: "The multitude see the comic side of a thousand low-grade and trivial things--incongruities, mainly; grotesqueries, absurdities, evokers of the horselaugh. The ten thousand high-grade comicalities which exist in the world are sealed to their dull vision."<sup>34</sup> Among them is man's sense of his superiority over animals. Both Whitman and Mark Twain indignantly denied it:

They do not sweat or whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.<sup>35</sup>

"It is not pleasant," says Satan in The Mysterious Stranger, "to hear you libel the higher animals by attributing to them dispositions which they are free from, and which are found nowhere but in the human heart. None...is tainted with the disease called the Moral Sense."<sup>36</sup> But, whereas at this point Mark Twain invites us to burst out laughing at man's stupidity, Whitman does no such thing. He was saved from this "descendentalism," as Carlyle would have called it, by his transcendentalism. Man in his poetry is not something to be laughed at, but, on the contrary, a miracle to be wondered at. True, we are "little plentiful mannikins skipping around in [turtleneck] collars and tail'd coats [or pull-overs]," but we "are positively not worms or fleas."<sup>37</sup> In Whitman's eyes, man is not a ludicrous and despicable biped, but an unfathomable and ungraspable mystery, "not contain'd between his hat and boots"<sup>38</sup> but closely related to Mayakovsky's "Cloud in trousers." A lyric poet's sense of humor cannot be quite the same as that of a prose-writer and a humorist, there being as many kinds of humor as there are shades of color in the rainbow.

#### The Sorbonne, Paris

- 1 Jesse Bier, The Rise and Fall of American Humor (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1968), p. 386.
- 2 Richard Chase, Walt Whitman Reconsidered (New York: William Sloane, 1955), p. 59.
- 3 "Farce is an extreme form of lyricism and the heroic expression of the joy of life." Quoted by Jean-Louis Barrault in "Comment fut créé le Soulier de Satin," Figaro Littéraire, VIII, n° 387, Sept. 19, 1953.
- 4 "Humour is wit and love." Chapter entitled "Charity and Humour" in W. M. Thackeray, The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century, 1853, p. 715.
- 5 "...gentle reader, (we like that time-honoured phrase!)..." in "Philosophy of Ferries" (1847) in Emory Holloway, ed., Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman (New York: Peter Smith, 1932), I, p. 168.
- 6 "Sun-Down Papers," n° 5 (1840); *ibid.*, p. 33.
- 7 "Sun-Down Papers," n° 9, *ibid.*, p. 44.
- 8 *Ibid.*, p. 133.
- 9 Joseph Jay Rubin and Charles H. Brown, eds., Walt Whitman of the New York Aurora (State College, Pa.: Bald Eagle Press, 1950), p. 52. From the New York Aurora, April 18, 1842.
- 10 "How to write a leader," *ibid.*, p. 121.
- 11 Cleveland Rodgers and John Black, eds., The Gathering of the Forces (New York: Putnam, 1920), II, pp. 272-273.
- 12 Horace Traubel in his introduction to Walt Whitman's American Primer (Boston: Small, Maynard and Co., 1906), p. vi.
- 13 "Sketches of the sidewalks and levees; with glimpses into the New Orleans Bar (Rooms)," from the Daily Crescent, March-April, 1848, in Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman, I, pp. 199-216.
- 14 Thomas B. Harned, Memoirs, no. 14, Supplement 1 of American Transcendental Quarterly, pp. 36-37, Spring, 1972.
- 15 Horace Traubel, With Walt Whitman in Camden, ed. Sculley Bradley (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1953), IV, pp. 207-208.
- 16 Horace Traubel, With Walt Whitman in Camden (Carbondale, Ill.: Southern Illinois University Press, 1964), V, p. 456.
- 17 *Ibid.*, IV, 208.





- 18 Emory Holloway, ed., Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman, I, 72.  
 19 Gathering of the Forces, II, 290-291 (reprinted from the Brooklyn Eagle, Oct. 17, 1846).  
 20 Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass, Comprehensive Reader's Edition, ed. Harold W. Blodgett and Sculley Bradley (New York: W. W. Norton, 1965), "Song of Myself," par. 41, lines 1026-1035, p. 75. All subsequent references to Leaves of Grass will be to this edition designated as L of G.  
 21 "Song of Myself," par. 33, l. 710, L of G, p. 61.  
 22 The Mysterious Stranger, Signet Edition, chapter IX, p. 235.  
 23 "Song of Myself," par. 33, lines 714-715, L of G, p. 61.  
 24 "Salut au Monde," lines 5-14, L of G, p. 137.  
 25 Huckleberry Finn, chapter XVI in the Portable Mark Twain, ed. Bernard De Voto, pp. 294-295.  
 26 "Song of Myself," par. 40, lines 989-990, L of G, p. 73.  
 27 Henri Bergson, Le Rire, 1900, p. 130-131. 28 Huckleberry Finn, chapter VIII, p. 234.  
 29 "Song of Myself," par. 2, line 17, L of G, p. 30.  
 30 See especially the original text of the 1871 ed., quoted by Emory Holloway in the Inclusive Edition of L of G, p. 619. 31 "Song of Myself," par. 4, lines 75-79, L of G, p. 32.  
 32 Quoted by André Breton in his introduction to his Anthologie de l'Humour Noir (Paris: Sagittaire, 1940), p. 12. I have been unable to locate this passage in Freud's Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious, from which it must have been borrowed. Here is the translation of the passage: "Humor has not only a liberating influence--it resembles wit and the comic in this respect--but also something sublime and lofty.... The sublime evidently results from the triumph of narcissism, the invulnerability of the ego which asserts itself victoriously." 33 The Mysterious Stranger, Signet Ed., p. 252. 34 Ibid., p. 247.  
 35 "Song of Myself," par. 32, lines 686-691, L of G, p. 60.  
 36 The Mysterious Stranger, Signet Ed., p. 195. See also pp. 192-193.  
 37 "Song of Myself," par. 42, lines 1078-1079, L of G; p. 77.  
 38 "Song of Myself," par. 7, line 133, L of G, p. 35.

## PUNS AND EQUIVO-

## CATION IN MELVILLE'S *THE CONFIDENCE MAN*

JOHN G. BLAIR

The Confidence-Man, like Henry James's The Turn of the Screw, is one of those rare and disturbing works which are so radically couched in ambiguity as to embarrass habitual approaches to literary criticism. A critic who employs his usual tools in an attempt to resolve the ambiguities is likely to reveal more about himself than about the text. As in the case of The Turn of the Screw, the considerable body of critical commentary on Melville's work amassed over the last quarter of a century has proved substantially inconclusive.<sup>1</sup> The minority of critics who, like John Cawelti,<sup>2</sup> acknowledge the impenetrable ambiguity of the work, reappear steadily as whipping boys for the majority who fear that such an admission would diminish its literary value. The purpose of this article is to show how Melville's radical ambiguity serves a legitimate, though highly specialized, literary purpose.

While drawing on evidence already elaborated in studies based on analysis of characters and narrative structures, my approach is through style and in particular one stylistic device which illustrates Melville's conscious elaboration of ambiguity--the pun. My analysis accords in general with that of the best stylistic analysis yet to appear, that of R. W. B. Lewis,<sup>3</sup> though I draw somewhat different conclusions as to the implications of this ambiguity. Lewis' key description of the style as "self-cancelling" needs some modification. What is self-cancelling is the narration. Seymour Chatman in his recent study of Henry James's later style concludes that the touchstone adjective it deserves is "intangible".<sup>4</sup> A comparably complete study of Melville's in The Confidence-Man would turn about the adjective "equivocal". The notion of equivocation is particularly useful for me because of its secondary association with puns, which, in this work, function rather differently than those familiar to readers of Moby Dick. There Ishmael exhibits a rather elephantine sense of humor, as when he closes Chapter II with a reference to weeping orphans and a play on "blubbling". In The Confidence-Man the puns are less boldly humorous than ominously thematic. They unite in compact verbal play the conflicting interpretations of characters and events which constitute the essential ambiguity of the whole.

Melville's puns fall into two major types, which reflect the division of the work into two roughly equal halves following the two aspects of confidence that are dominantly at stake. The first half of the novel portrays a series of short encounters between apparent confidence men in the criminal sense and potential victims,





who, depending on their philosophical or personal outlooks, either do or do not trust their opportunists. In no case does the narrator supply sufficient evidence for the reader to decide whether the varying judgments of these characters are accurate or not. The narration remains closed in on itself, to be resolved only when a reader or a critic goes beyond the evidence presented.

The particular sense of "pun" relevant to this first half is developed in the encounter between the Missourian Pitch and the Philosophical Intelligence Officer who tries to restore his confidence in boys. The PIO man proposes that boys are to men as baby teeth are to adult teeth. Seen in such a light, the faults of a boy appear as temporarily waiting to be replaced by permanent and sound characteristics. Pitch thereupon accuses the PIO man of being a "punster": "'Yes, you pun with ideas as another man may with words.'" <sup>5</sup> Pitch introduces this comparison of his own between verbal punning and argumentation by analogy in an attempt to discredit or at least discomfit the PIO man. As punning is a relatively frivolous and playful use of language, so argument from analogy seems shallow and inconclusive from the point of view of logic.

In the end Pitch gives in, not because his analogies uncomplimentary to boyhood are logically inferior to those of his opponent but because the PIO man purports to base his judgments on a "scientific" study of boys. Despite the admiration of numerous critics who find him a source of positive values in the work, <sup>6</sup> Pitch himself does not escape the force of his own condemnation of punster-analogists. Pitch reverts to his earlier opinions about boyhood under the influence of the noxious atmosphere of the swamps around Cairo, Illinois. But the reader cannot even find sufficient evidence to trust Pitch's conviction that he has been duped. His linking the PIO man and the Devil, by analogy, is undercut by the narrator's reiteration of Pitch's original criticism of analogical reasoning: "The doctrine of analogies recurs. Fallacious enough doctrine when wielded against one's prejudices, but in corroboration of cherished suspicions not without likelihood" (148). Thus the doctrine of analogies cuts both ways. Like the pun, analogy in this work sets up a circle of related but contradictory notions that can be broken only by prior opinions held by either character or reader. It would miss Melville's point to follow Paul Brodtkorb's suggestion that "Many of his [the PIO man's] analogies, as analogies, are quite true." <sup>7</sup> Melville is demonstrating that analogies have no more truth value than puns, but only relative convincingness which responds primarily to opinions held independently of the analogy. The pun has grown beyond triviality into a weapon exemplifying the thematic core of the work.

Puns which turn around such essential issues of confidence appear in virtually every encounter up to the arrival of the cosmopolitan at the half-way point. Their force depends on the reader's perception of ambiguities of situation reflected in the word play. A good example occurs in the title of Chapter XVI: "A Sick Man, After Some Impatience, Is Induced To Become A Patient" (86). The sick man's impatience is dual: Since he is for some time impatient with the Herb-Doctor's proposals, he remains in the state of not being a patient, hence "impatient." More important are the implications of the play on "patient". By accepting the Herb-Doctor's medicine, the sick man formally becomes a patient, but he contracts also a commitment to patience in a metaphysical sense. The Herb-Doctor offers the sick man hope in direct proportional exchange for whatever confidence the latter places in the Omni-Balsamic Reinvigorator. But the patient must be patient indeed, assigning no limits to the time he is willing to wait for results. The Herb-Doctor offers a test for the legitimacy of his medicines drawn from Pauline Christianity: "'Prove all the vials; trust those which are true'" (93) 1 Thessalonians 5:21. The test, whether applied to medicine or metaphysics, is hollow because it can be subject to no viable experiment. One is to wait patiently, forever if necessary, for the medicine to work; thus there is no real basis on which one could ever disprove any of the vials.

The key to becoming patient in both senses of the word is the degree of confidence the sick man is willing to place in the remedy offered him. The reader's situation is similar in that he can interpret the actions presented to him only on the basis of the confidence or lack of it he imports from his life outside the text. The reader can, of course, criticize the Herb-Doctor for offering a vacuous test for the medicines, and he can recognize the dubious logic offered along with the pills. One of the Doctor's syllogisms, for example, runs as follows: Nature is health; health is good. Nature cannot work ill. As Pitch points out a few chapters later, there is little evidence to accept the blanket premise that nature is health. Even if one accepts it, the proffered conclusion that "nature cannot work ill" is hardly equivalent to the desired conclusion that "nature in the form of this remedy will produce a cure." Nonetheless the reader has insufficient evidence for evaluating the literary encounter he witnesses. The Herb-Doctor may or may not



be a con man, and Melville's punning on the notion of "patience" points the reader to the core of his problem of interpretation.

Once the reader has caught on to the game, he begins seeing the possibility of puns turning on the issue of confidence where none is necessarily present. Black Guinea, for example, says, "'Dis poor ole darkie is werry well wordy of all you kind ge'mmen's kind confidence'" (13). Though the reader's first impulse may be to take the dialect spelling "wordy" as "worthy," a moment's suspicion is enough to suggest that "wordy" might be taken literally as well. Similarly, the idiom "more or less" dissolves into two possibilities when the man with the weed appeals to Henry Roberts' confidence in the following manner: "Allow me to ask, whether the circumstance of one man, however humble, referring for a character to another man, however afflicted, does not argue more or less of moral worth in the latter?" (19). Yes, more or less. The reader is left to his own devices to determine which. Likewise the title to Chapter IX invites the perception of a pun when "Two Business Men Transact A Little Business." Such a title may seem unnecessarily redundant unless the second "business" is taken in the sense of "funny business," though no certainty is possible.

Also, in this first half of the work are occasional puns carrying merely local significance as aids to characterization. The sophomoric collegian in Chapter IX, for instance, dramatizes his bravado and unconcern for others by punning a less than noble sentiment. The stock transfer agent asks if the young man has helped the man with a weed: "That unfortunate man, did you relieve him at all?" Whereupon the youth callously replies: "Let the unfortunate man relieve himself"<sup>8</sup> (53).

The circularity of the puns which dominate the first half of the work reflect, on the level of verbal play, the narrator's global strategy of ambiguity. This narrator could function quite adequately as a behaviorist psychologist trained to report only publicly observable actions. His few imputations of motive to characters are reduced to equivocation by an impressive variety of rhetorical devices. Even the occasional direct assertion is so compromised by the narrative context as to eliminate its value as an interpretation of the motivations of the characters. For example, the narrator describes the stock transfer agent as "chancing" (61) to expose the lettering on his stock book when he sets it down between himself and Henry Roberts. When the merchant scrupulously avoids looking at the lettering, the stock agent walks off leaving his book behind. Chance seems an insufficient explanation for the broker's actions, but once again the reader is left to intuit the true motives for himself.

The narrator's all-pervasive strategy of ambiguity leaves the reader with only two basic alternatives. He can go beyond the evidence presented in one direction or the other, thereby deciding that confidence men are or are not at work and simultaneously opening himself to the same criticism applied to the PIO man and Pitch, namely that of deciding the issue on opinion rather than evidence. Or he can limit himself to the evidence presented and make no decision at all. The implications of this latter response we shall see shortly. What must be insisted on at this point is that no trustworthy authority can make up the reader's mind, neither the narrator nor any of his characters. This judgment runs counter to the increasing tendency among critics to find the one-legged cynic a satisfactory authority to resolve the issues. Among others, Paul Brodtkorb describes him as "more than adequately accurate about what is going on around him."<sup>9</sup> Yet this one-legged cynic is one of the few characters who can be seen to make a mistake. When Black Guinea lists those gentlemen who could serve as his references, the cynic huffs: "Don't believe there's a soul of them abroad" (13). Subsequent events prove him wrong, even though confusion remains as to the identification of Black Guinea's labels with the characters who appear later.<sup>10</sup> The only other possibility is that the cynic is literally correct because the apparent confidence men have bodies but no souls, in which case we are back in the world of the submerged and cryptic pun that the reader must resolve, if at all, on the basis of his own life confidences external to the text. The most that Melville will provide is grounds for suspicion.

In the second half of the novel, signalled by the entry of the cosmopolitan, Frank Goodman, the dominant nature of the puns employed changes in accordance with the different aspect of confidence that is at stake. The name of the game changes to a higher level of abstraction, with the cosmopolitan as a spokesman for confidence as a metaphysical entity. If the reader has chosen to resolve the equivocations of the first half, he has already committed his confidence to one view of life or another, like the characters who were confronted with apparent confidence men. In that literal sense, then, such a reader has become a





"confidence" man. In whatever a man places his confidence, on this earth, he must go beyond the evidence available. Confidence, then, can be isolated as an entity to be tested in and of itself through the person of Frank Goodman. In the second half of the work, accordingly, the nature of the puns changes. They are less frequent and they no longer play between word and word, but between word and action. The chief issue is the extent to which confidence can make contact with this world. The practical philosopher Egbert makes the problem explicit when he ponders the nature of Frank Goodman after their experiment in role-playing: "With these words and a grand scorn the cosmopolitan turned on his heel, leaving his companion at a loss to determine where exactly the fictitious character had been dropped, and the real one, if any resumed" (253). The last half of the work with its multiple ventriloquisms turns on determining the real presence, if any, of the cosmopolitan in this world.

The cosmopolitan defines the punning of idea and action as "practical punning." His controlling example concerns the tyrant Phalaris who once beheaded a man on a horse-block because he had a horse-laugh (185). Charlie Noble is the first to try acting out an idea when he bursts into laughter as soon as the cosmopolitan affirms that a man with a hearty laugh cannot be untrustworthy. But Charlie Noble, as usual, is too much of a bumbling provincial to carry off such punning. The cosmopolitan, on the other hand, increasingly acts out his words with more than earthly implications. His first such action seems harmless enough. His eyes open wide as he talks to Charlie Noble about Shakespeare, hoping to open the eyes of his readers. More ominously he takes on the aura of a serpent when he invites Mark Winsome to assume snakehood. Still more metaphysically he seems to exude a snake-charming power in bending the reluctant barber to his experiment in trust. By such means Melville suggests, without direct affirmation, that the cosmopolitan has a more than merely human nature.

Concurrently with these practical puns, the cosmopolitan's powers as a magician in a more literal sense have been emerging. The final chapter carries the apocalyptic suggestions to their fullest, vague as they remain. The cosmopolitan has overtones of a devil and of a godlike being which cannot be separated. A human being, it seems, must have confidence in something, though he can never from an earthly point of view know the final implications of his commitment. The metaphysical world remains inescapably beyond the evidence available on earth. Nonetheless, a commitment is necessary, even if only to make sense of this work of literature, even though none can know whether his choice has backed God's party or the Devil's. Even the validity of such a distinction between the divine and the diabolic remains moot.

Melville's tour-de-force in The Confidence-Man is to have opened these inescapable human problems in a startlingly original literary form. The narrator's self-erasing affirmations, his cryptic puns, his equivocation throughout have produced a literary form which transfers the essential problem to the reader himself, (where strictly speaking it always was anyway), who is not simply reading about a series of elusive encounters; he is directly involved in deciding their nature. The whole of the work, after all, is contained within the overarching pun of the title itself, which poses the central issues the text refuses to resolve. On the one hand, "The Confidence-Man" implies the Jeremy Diddler in whom it is folly to place one's confidence. On the other hand, it suggests the cosmopolitan who embodies the phenomenon of confidence itself in all its ramifications. A reader cannot escape the first without committing his confidence somewhere and hence falling under the influence of the second. Melville's perspective is no more pessimistic than life itself, which does not appear so to those who approach it confidently.

The best strategy for the critic in such a case is to acknowledge and characterize the ineluctable ambiguities involved and return his reader to the same life problems forced into the open by Melville. It will not do to follow Merlin Bowen when he sees a single confidence figure identifiable with God because there is "internal evidence which, however inconclusive it may be thought in any particular instance, is yet in the mass overwhelming."<sup>11</sup> A mass of inconclusive particulars remains inconclusive. The only conclusive critical statement possible is that The Confidence-Man is intentionally inconclusive. Undoubtedly the new readability of this work is due to changes in literary sensibility associated with absurdist literature, but that historical accident does not make Melville into an absurd writer. Long before such conceptions became fashionable, he invented a way to create literature which effaced its own meaning in order to confront his reader with the deeply comic problems of life itself. It has long been a goal of literature to engage its reader profoundly. Melville achieved it in unique fashion by creating a text whose nature as literature is inseparable from the reader's own life confidences.





- 1 A useful summary of criticism appears in Hershel Parker's Norton Critical Edition of The Confidence-Man (1971).
- 2 In "Some Notes on the Structure of The Confidence-Man", AL, XXIX (November, 1957), pp. 278-288. Though less often cited, perhaps because of unduly speculative analysis of some details, Edgar A. A. Dryden has strengthened the case for ambiguity in his Melville's Thematics of Form (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1968), pp. 149-195.
- 3 In Trials of the Word (Yale University Press, 1965).
- 4 In The Later Style of Henry James (Oxford University Press, 1972).
- 5 The Confidence-Man, ed. Elizabeth Foster (Hendricks House, 1954). All further references to this text will be identified by page numbers appearing in parentheses.
- 6 The most recent restatement of this commonplace occurs in Paul McCarthy, "Affirmative Elements in The Confidence-Man," ATQ, no. 7 (Summer, 1970), 56-61.
- 7 Paul Brodtkorb, Jr., "The Confidence-Man: The Con-Man as Hero," Studies in the Novel, I (Winter, 1969), 244.
- 8 This impolite reference has its counterpart among the word-action puns of the second half, when the cosmopolitan palms off a bedpan on the old man as something that can save your life when you need it (285).
- 9 Brodtkorb, 247.
- 10 See H. Bruce Franklin's introduction to his edition of The Confidence-Man (Bobbs-Merrill, 1967), xx-xxiv.
- 11 "Tactics of Indirection in Melville's The Confidence-Man," Studies in the Novel, I (Winter, 1969), 407.



# "Holy Ghosts in Cages"—

MORE life went out, when he went,  
Than ordinary breath,  
Lit with a finer phosphor  
Requiring in the quench

A power of renowned cold—  
The climate of the grave—  
A temperature just adequate  
So [To?] anthracite to live.

For some an ampler zero,  
A frost more needle-keen  
Is necessary to reduce  
The Ethiop within.

Others extinguish easier—  
A gnat's minutest fan  
Sufficient to obliterate  
A tract of citizen.

A SERIOUS VIEW OF HUMOR IN  
EMILY DICKINSON'S POETRY

JOHN WHEATCROFT

Humor or Emily Dickinson's poetry has attracted a considerable amount of critical attention. Dickinson "was in a profound sense a comic poet in the American tradition," wrote Constance Rourke as early as 1931.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps springboarding from Rourke's contention that she is "comic in the Yankee strain,"<sup>2</sup> George



Whicher, that sturdy pioneer of Dickinson criticism, devoted an entire chapter of his monumental biographical and critical study to the influence of native American humor on her sensibility, attitude, and expression.<sup>3</sup> As recent a biographer and critic as Charles R. Anderson has shown how, influenced by popular as well as literary humor in her day, she from girlhood exhibited a propensity toward and a talent for wittiness.<sup>4</sup> Indeed, a reader cannot proceed very far into the body of her poetry without sensing how significant an aspect of her art both technically and substantively humor is.

Most of those who have addressed themselves to Dickinson's humor have found that, in contrast to the dark, winding, seemingly endless tunnels of the self much of her work forces the reader to venture into, her comic vein offers some pleasant and comfortable going. "It was in high fun that she delighted to picture herself as a rebel incarnate," wrote Whicher.<sup>5</sup> Indeed, to find a thirty-year-old woman, from within a citadel of Temperance like the Dickinson mansion in Amherst, Massachusetts, at the height of Victoria's reign in the Protestant world, referring to herself as "Inebriate of Air," as a "Debauchee of Dew," and as a "little Tippler" who amazes "Saints" and infects "Seraphs" does make for good fun [214, ca. 1860].<sup>6</sup> And to discover that some twenty-five years later, a year or so before her death, the same maiden gentlewoman can spring a poem from an analogy to a drunkard's not being able to "meet a Cork / Without a Revery" [1628, ca. 1884] or can observe without sermonizing that "The Ditch is dear to the Drunken man" [1645, ca. 1885] provides a welcome confidence that Emily Dickinson never lost her sense of humor. Again, it is refreshing to encounter a poet in tradition-locked, provincial, parochially Protestant New England who calls Thanksgiving a "Reflex Holiday" [814, ca. 1864], who expresses a preference for keeping, or unkeeping, the Sabbath by worshipping in nature rather than in church [324, ca. 1860], who ferrets out the narrowness of "Broad," that is, liberal, Christianity [1207, 1872], who sees fun in the imaginary raping of the "Soft-Cherubic" "Gentlewomen" of Amherst, with their "Dimity Convictions" [401, ca. 1862], who declares such tea-sipping, gossiping females unfit for the grave [408, ca. 1862], who characterizes her Amherst neighbors as the real show, as a "Menagerie" [1206, 1872]! And yet, if the fun of her satiric thrust constituted the chief claim her humor has upon our attention, we might appropriately deal with it en passant.

Considerably more significant is the poet's propensity toward "play" for its own sake. Charles Anderson designates this quality "wit," in the eighteenth-century sense of the word;<sup>7</sup> Dolores Lucas defines it as "riddle";<sup>8</sup> Paul Anderson labels it "metaphysical mirth."<sup>9</sup> Obviously, something in Dickinson's eye and brain causes her to see and tell "Truth" "slant" [1129 ca. 1868], an angle of vision that makes for wryness; undoubtedly, she fights ennui by moving what she perceives out of focus; evidently, "for the joke's sake she learned to resist the impulses of sentiment as completely as Mark Twain himself."<sup>10</sup> If, as Roethke has asserted, "The loneliest thing I know / Is my own mind at play,"<sup>11</sup> then Dickinson is one who did the loneliest thing. (Indeed, "wit" in contemporary poems like Roethke's "The Bat" and Richard Wilbur's "Mind" suggests a Dickinson influence.) George Santayana, in describing "useless," "essentially frivolous" "play" as, paradoxically, being the "most useful occupation" of a mind released from servitude and drudgery,<sup>12</sup> provides a philosophical justification for one of the ways in which her imagination worked.

Dickinson's impulse to play expresses itself as poetic attitude. But play also affects her poetry technically and formally. A great deal of the energy of her poetry comes from her use of humorous devices and comic form: from such diction as

I shall vote for Lands with Locks  
Granted I can pick 'em--

Transport's doubtful Dividend  
Patented by Adam. [1195, ca. 1871];

from such dislocations as "Squirrel in the Himmaleh" [862, ca. 1864]; from figures like

It is an honorable Thought  
And makes One lift One's Hat

As One met sudden Gentlefolk  
Upon a daily Street [946, ca. 1864];

from comic rhymes like "Water" / "'Ought to'" [1201, late 1871] and "Events" / "Per Cents" [1248, ca. 1873], or a string of successive rhymes like "Whom" / "Tomb" / "Worm" / "Gnome" / "Catacomb" [893, ca. 1864]; from compression of an allusion like that which determines the form of

Finding is the first Act  
The second, loss,  
Third, Expedition for  
the "Golden Fleece"

Fourth, no Discovery--  
Fifth, no Crew--  
Finally, no Golden Fleece--  
Jason--sham--too [870, ca. 1864].





As Paul Anderson observes: "In a great many poems Emily Dickinson's primary source of control is her deliberately imposed comic vision."<sup>13</sup>

The urge to play can also be seen to serve her psychologically. With regard to her contact with nature, for example, it is apparent that she personifies the impersonal, domesticates the out-of-doors, scales down the vast as a way of coming to terms with forces and processes that are remote, large, powerful, and therefore out of her and anyone else's control, even Squire Dickinson's. Such humor is a combination of primitive magic and sophisticated artistry. Wrote Rourke: "She contrived to see a changing universe within that acceptant view which is comic in its profoundest sense, which is part reconciliation, part knowledge of eternal disparity."<sup>14</sup>

Nowhere is Dickinson's use of wry humor as a way of handling what is unnerving more evident than in her attitude toward science and the analytical intelligence. The poet rejects "Arcturus," "his other name," in favor of "Star," calls a botanist who examines a flower "A monster with a glass," and hopes that when "the Father in the skies" lifts his "Old-fashioned-naughty" "little" girl "Over the stile of 'Pearl,'" she won't find "new-fashioned" "Children" in the Kingdom of Heaven [70, ca. 1859]. Scientists, whether zoologists [70] or comparative anatomists [100, ca. 1859] or botanists [168, ca. 1860], are ironically called "Savans"; and the law of Conservation of Matter and Energy is to her a "Chemical conviction," whose force "enables" her weakened will to reinforce her wavering faith in immorality [954, ca. 1864]. The poem seems to echo Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, LIV and LV]. The well-known poem about a locomotive's eating its way through the hills and valleys between Belchertown and Amherst [585, ca. 1862] is an example of how comic personification allows her to establish an acceptable relationship between herself and a powerful new force, something which eyes can see, the body can make use of, the brain can understand as science applied, but which has not yet been absorbed into the heart and blood and nerves. Perhaps, too, the play of wit that generates this poem permits the poet to deal for the moment with the force of maleness; the dominating personification and the supporting imagery of the poem are strikingly sexual. The fact that the Amherst and Belchertown Railway was established in part through the energies of her father,<sup>15</sup> like the locomotive, a prompt, scheduled man, a man who wielded power outside as well as within his home, might well provide an explanation of an association that lies deep within the psychology of the poem. This piece is a classic instance of a mind at play.

Dickinson's impulse to play and her compulsion to come to terms with threats to her security by means of the controlled comedy and irony of her poetry are manifestations of a role she assumes as the persona of the body of her poetry; the child. Again and again she depicts herself as small, vulnerable, deprived, powerless, naive; she transforms her perceptions into the child's experience; she clings to her home and her family. Whatever can be made of her fixation insofar as abnormal psychology is concerned,<sup>16</sup> the role of the child-poet protagonist is assumed with calculation and performed with artfulness. Whimsy, innocence, humor, irony are modes that she commands, enabling her to establish her distinctive poetic control.

## II

Some kind of humor can be found in most of Emily Dickinson's poems, often in those that record the most intense anguish. The humor may be technical or formal, like comic rhyme or compression; something verbal, like comic epithet or imagery; something substantive, like comic perspective or tone. In developing my interpretation, I have chosen to use for exemplary purposes only particular poems that can be said to be humorous in the main, not incidentally; I have chosen not to use comic spots in poems that are evidently not primarily comic. After having surveyed some critical responses and having shown some of the variety of comedy of which she is capable, I wish to advance my thesis by focusing attention on religious lyrics that may be said to be humorous. From an examination of the interplay between comic perspective and religious subject I hope to make clear the larger significance of her poetic comedy. Stated simply and directly, my thesis is that her humor undermines the foundations of New England orthodoxy.

Dickinson's religious poems, as I read them, in contrast to a wide variety of critical assessment, are not meditative verse or religious lyrics in the way these terms are conventionally used. Her poetry is not the expression of religious passion, like much of the poetry of George Herbert or like T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, let alone of mystical experience, like the poetry of Henry Vaughan or Thomas Traherne, or Emily Brontë or Theodore Roethke. She does not project herself into direct contact with God or achieve





enlightenment or ecstasy through the exercise of religious attitude or discipline in verse; hers is not a poetry of either worship or attainment. In any strict sense of the term she is not a "religious poet" at all.<sup>17</sup> Yet the bulk of her poems is deeply, sometimes desperately concerned with matters religious.

The fact is that her cultural circumstance gives her no choice as to whether religion will inhabit her poetry. New England orthodoxy is her inheritance; religious stories, themes, doctrines, metaphors, diction, even the meters of hymns and the rhythms of the King James Bible run in her blood; religious attitudes determine her posture and color her perspectives. What her religious poems are really about is the way in which she responds to this inheritance; they measure the tension generated in her psyche by the interaction between her own experience and her religiously conditioned sensibility. Or to turn the argument around and still to be asserting the same thing, I might say that in her poetry she uses her religious "given," indeed exploits it, in order to explore, wrestle against, and project herself. Religion is her grand metaphor, her figurative way of transcribing the drama of her inner life.

As serious as the body of her religious poetry is, many of these poems are clearly comic. The humor, to be sure, is usually wry; there is certainly more irony than there is whimsy; indeed, the poems are more akin to grotesquerie than they are to burlesque. Complex tone is, of course, characteristic of sophisticated comedy. "The awe of truth," writes Paul Anderson, for Dickinson "can often only be contained within the wide circle of mirth."<sup>18</sup>

As a matter of fact, humor pervades Dickinson's religious poetry precisely because her own anguished struggle compels her to say behind a comic mask what she cannot say barefaced. There is not only the inhibition of the collective superego of post-Puritan provincial New England, not only the taboo against blasphemy in the culture where her projected if virtually hypothetical audience lay. There is also the censor of herself, conditioned by her breeding and nurtured by a need within her to protect and defend even while she attacks. The restraining admission that "there's the 'Judgment Day'" [413, ca. 1862] testifies to the reflexive force of Calvinistic anxiety.

In undermining the unadorned, straight-lined meeting house of New England orthodoxy by comedy that is as sly as it is wry, Dickinson imposes upon herself guilt, suffering, and resentment. What she is doing through her insistent mockery is no less than repudiating the foundation of individual character as well as of social superstructure in provincial New England. And, viewed historically, retrospectively, she is subverting a tradition, a tradition that provided not only a set of values to live by but also a reason for living and a promise of justification for the individual, in his personal salvation, and for the society, in providential history. Given her ancestry, her time and place, the poet's own sense of security, her identity and her hope rested upon the very foundation she could not literally believe in and was therefore driven to undercut by comedy. Paul Anderson perceptively sees that her "mirth" is characterized by a "deliberate distortion that fuses pain and poignancy with self-mockery."<sup>19</sup> I quite agree with Dr. John Cody, who in psychoanalyzing the poet from the evidence provided by her poems, her letters, and biographical data concludes that her "poetry does not so much represent the sublimation of love, as is generally supposed, as it does the sublimation of rage."<sup>20</sup>

### III

Since the publication of Johnson's variorum edition, two different critical approaches to Dickinson's poetry have been chiefly employed. The first is clearly defined by Charles R. Anderson in Emily Dickinson's Poetry: Stairway of Surprise. "The whole duty of the critic," he writes, is to "establish the canon of her highest achievement, to present the selected poems in an order that will make them most meaningful, and then to lead the reader as far into them as he can."<sup>21</sup> Anderson argues that "there are no marked periods in her career, no significant curve of development in her artistic powers, no progressive concern with different genres."<sup>22</sup> Such a methodology is reminiscent of Matthew Arnold's famous critical imperative with regard to Wordsworth: "To be recognized...as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of poetical baggage which now encumbers him."<sup>23</sup> Here the critic serves as editor, deciding upon the quality of each poem individually, then making a structure that is his, rather than the poet's, out of those poems he finds to be most insightful, passionate, significant, or formally successful. Proceeding in just such a way, Anderson ventures to suggest that Dickinson's "really fine poems do not seem...to number more than a hundred, her great ones about twenty-five."<sup>24</sup> What an invitation to a critical free-for-all!



Quite opposite in presupposition, intent, and procedure is the methodology which insists that only by focusing attention on the whole body of the poet's work as it progresses during her lifetime can the reader be brought to some understanding of what the poetry is about. In Circumference and Circumstance: Stages in the Mind and Art of Emily Dickinson, William R. Sherwood advances and practices this approach.<sup>25</sup> He finds that the poems as a whole represent an aesthetic and a spiritual progress;<sup>26</sup> he defines that progress in terms of four specific, successive stages or periods: 1.) questioning; 2.) resentment and defiance; 3.) despair; 4.) resolution.<sup>27</sup> Such a method of dealing with her poems treats the material not in the formal terms usually employed for the lyrical genre but in those that have traditionally been used for narrative or drama, or for cycles of poems that are narrative-like or dramatic. In this view, critical interest focuses on significantly structured movement through time.

In both approaches, it seems to me, there is a somewhat unwarranted imposition upon the body of her poetry. If the critic makes his choices qualitatively and then arranges, really re-arranges, the chosen poems into a meaningful order, obviously what we end with is something both less and more than the poet's work. On the other hand, if the critic, by means of selective focus or emphasis, establishes a progression of the spirit and a growth in artistry that are belied by a consideration of all the evidence--that sometimes in an early piece the poet resolves the fiercest doubts, that sometimes in a late piece she expresses the most unresolved despair; that sometimes she succeeds magnificently in an early poem, that sometimes she fails miserably in a late poem--then again a violence is being done to the poet's work. The plain fact is that, as Charles Anderson is right in arguing, attitudes and states of mind or soul, as well as the quality of artistry, shift and oscillate, wander and meander over the quarter of a century that constitutes her life as poet. (As evidence, note and consider the distribution of the dates of the poems that I refer to in I and that I shall be considering in IV.)

There is, I believe, another, more tenable and more viable approach based upon a different view of or model for Dickinson's poetry. To be sure, the entire body of the poet's work must be taken into consideration, as Sherwood is right in arguing. Her poems, like D. H. Lawrence's, "make up a biography of an emotional and inner life."<sup>28</sup> She belongs to a line of writers, which includes St. Augustine, Langland, Bunyan, Lawrence, Robert Lowell, for whom writing is essentially a purgative act. For her the making of a poem is not creating an object outside the self; it is the using of, the projecting of, the continuing of the self. And as in the pietistic tradition, an urgency about the self energizes psychic and symbolic processes, it moves the imagination in an introspective, often introverted direction, and it effects a fearful amount of self-abrasion.

To consider Dickinson's poems as a whole is to find a record of spiritual vicissitude much like that set down in Bunyan's Grace Abounding, not like the structured journey of Bunyan's Christian in Pilgrim's Progress. Formally considered, the eighteen hundred poems are less an organized, objectified portrait of the artist, in which we can measure growth in vision and in faith and development in artistry, than they are a Puritan-like diary or journal, kept sometimes regularly and under the most intense pressure, sometimes irregularly, when internal pressures have relaxed. But always anxiously. To put it another way: her poetry is not a tragedy, not a spiritual romance or a "divine comedy"; it is a continuous, episodic lyrical adventure of the soul. Such structure is, of course, traditional in comedy. Perhaps the most precise way of defining her work formally is to call it a picaresque cycle of poems.

#### IV

One way in which Dickinson's comic undercutting of orthodoxy manifests itself is her use of parody. In a poem written early in her poetic life, "The gentian weaves her fringes" [18, ca. 1858], the poet writes an elegy for summer that parodies the Christian burial service. Obsequies are held not in church but in her garden; the presiding figure is not an ordained clergyman but "An aged Bee." In the benediction with which the poem closes, the bee turns into God Himself, the First Member of the Trinity--a naturalized Trinity: the Son is a "Butterfly" and the Holy Spirit is a "Breeze." The benediction is punctuated with an echoing "Amen!"

Twenty or so years later, near the end of her life, she composed another mock elegy in the form of a parody, "Now I lay thee down to sleep" [1539, ca. 1882]. Not only does the poem pervert the most widely used bedtime prayer of Protestant New England children; it also casts doubt on the eternal existence of the soul: "And if thou live before thou wake-- / I pray the Lord thy Soul to make--."





Dickinson most frequently uses the Bible. Her dependence upon it and her exploitation of it are, of course, a reflection of the significance of the Scriptures in nineteenth-century New England life and culture. A well-known poem, "The Bible is an antique volume" [1545, ca. 1879-late 1882], written and re-written toward the end of her life, makes clear that her attitude toward the Bible is anything but orthodox. The inspiring force, the Holy Spirit, is rendered as "Holy Spectres"; the inspired writers, as "faded Men." The substance is reduced to an abrupt "Subjects--" and catalogued in the form of comic epithets: Satan, "the Brigadier"; Judas, "the Great Defaulter" (note the pun); David, "the Troubadour"; Eden, "the ancient Homestead"; sin, "a distinguished Precipice." The Doctrine of Sin is treated with an irony calculated to expose it as a hypocrisy: "Others may resist--"; belief, in the same way: "Boys that 'believe' are very lonesome-- / Other Boys are 'lost' --." To designate souls that hang in the balance as "boys" clearly is to suggest the puerile nature of the whole business. In concluding the poem, the poet argues that a poet, rather than a "faded" man, should tell the story, and that the intention of the story ought to be changed: instead of being used to condemn, it should enthrall, win, captivate, as did the "Sermon" of Orpheus. By expressing a preference for the pagan poet over the hell-fire preacher and for the Classical myth over the Bible, she defines her attitude toward Christian orthodoxy. Only the comic tone of the poem, the poet's defense or escape, allows it to be considered something other than a piece of calculated sacrilege. Which is precisely what it is.

Whichever was, I think, quite taken in by Dickinson's strategy here and, as we shall see, elsewhere. He wrote: "...the most outrageously mocking of her poems on Biblical subjects were written in a spirit of frolic and banter for a special audience, her nephew Ned."<sup>29</sup> Johnson indeed establishes that this poem was sent to Ned; but that Ned was a twenty-one year-old student at Amherst College.<sup>30</sup> In late nineteenth-century Amherst respectable and easy consciences simply do not banter about the Holy Ghost; when one made restless by its imagination does, that is significant.

Quite a few Dickinson poems are retellings of stories or events from the Bible. In light of the poet's attitude toward the Good Book, it is scarcely surprising that in her reconstructions she does a considerable amount of violence to the teaching orthodoxy found in the Scriptures--almost always, to be sure, under the guise of humor. In an early poem, for example, "A little east of Jordan" [59, ca. 1859], she retells the story of Jacob's wrestling with the angel (Genesis 32:24-32). Diction effects the humor: the "little" of line 1 reduces the monumentality of the event, makes it a neighborhood affair; that "Evangelists record" the story suggests a certain skepticism; the patriarchal, anguished Jacob is turned into "A Gymnast." The comic domestication of having the angel ask permission to leave off wrestling in order "To Breakfast" certainly cuts into the gravity of this purported account of a dark night of the soul. Yet the final turn goes even further: Jacob compels the angel to give him blessing, only to discover to his bewilderment that he has "worsted God!" On top of the unorthodoxy of the doctrine, comes the unexpected substitution of "worsted" for "bested," doubling the irony in a satirical way that suggests heresy not only with regard to God's omnipotence but also with regard to his absolute goodness.

At the peak of her productivity, the poet, in much the same vein and with much the same ramification, retells the story of Moses' being denied entrance into the Promised Land (Deuteronomy 34:1-4). ["It always felt to me a wrong," 597, ca. 1862]. The "Romance" of Moses "In point of injury" surpasses that of Stephen or Paul, martyrs, as the poet reinterprets the lore. That she is thus calling into question God's justice is not disguised by her scaling down the event to a boy's dealing "with lesser Boy-- / To prove ability"; in fact, the figure additionally suggests that God is a bully who sadistically compensates for His feelings of weakness and insecurity. Although the poem is comic in its distortion, in its diction and devices--"Grand Old Moses," "Pentateuchal Robes," "God's adroit will," "tantalizing Play"--the ending turns manifestly serious: "My justice bleeds--for Thee [Moses]!"

Twenty years later she is still at the same game, treating the story of Elijah's being charioted into Heaven (2 Kings 2:9-11) with humorous skepticism ["Elijah's wagon knew no thill," 1254, ca. 1873]; retelling the story of Abraham's being "distinctly told" to sacrifice his "Urchin" son Isaac (Genesis 22) in a way that depicts God as a tyrant who needs to be flattered and placated--"a Mastiff" who may be prevailed upon not to shed human blood by our exercise of "Manners" ["Abraham to kill him," 1317, ca. 1874]; comically suggesting that "The Conscience of us all," "without it's [sic] Glasses," can read the warning about impending destruction given to Belshazzar (Daniel 5).





In much the same way that she employs comedy, wit, and irony in puncturing Old Testament stories, Dickinson echoes and distorts chapter and verse from the New Testament. In a relatively early poem, "I meant to have but modest needs" [476, ca. 1862], the poet, with her eye on Christ's promise "Whatsoever Ye shall ask-- / Itself be given You--" (a paraphrase of Matthew 21:22, Mark 11:24, John 14:13 and 16:23), confesses that, once having been "swindled" by the Son and His Father, she has "grown shrewder," she now scans "the Skies / With a suspicious Air." She balances comedy and acrimony by having a smile suffuse "Jehovah's face" and by having "Grave saints" show "their dimples" while they hear and watch her praying, naively expecting her prayer to be answered. That she requested little and asked only once makes it pathetically understandable that after her deception she "threw [her] . . . Prayer away."

Even the Crucifixion itself is a fair target. In a poem written a year or two before her death, "The auctioneer of parting" [1612, ca. 1884], the poet depicts Christ's death on the Cross as an auction, with Death, the "Auctioneer," shouting "Going, going, gone" and bringing down "his Hammer." (A striking piece of wit, that hammer: it composites the gavel of the auctioneer and the hammer that drove the nails.) In view of the cultural and symbolic connections between Protestant orthodoxy and capitalism, as Max Weber and R. H. Tawney and their revisionists have shown, there is sharp point to making the central action in Christianity an economic transaction.

Dickinson uses humor not only to mock Scripture; she employs it also to call orthodox doctrines into question, sometimes to repudiate them or to distort or reverse their significance. In a mordantly ironic piece that looks forward to some of Stephen Crane's bitter poems, "I reason earth is short" [301, ca. 1862], the poet, after undermining her reasoned comforts about the brevity of life and the inevitability of death, with a refrain that expresses a chillingly nihilistic shrug of the shoulders of the soul, "But, what of that?" dismisses the Doctrine of Redemption in the same contemptuous way: "I reason, that in Heaven-- / Somehow, it will be even-- / Some new Equation, given-- / But, what of that?" (The language of this stanza also seems to mock Emerson's notorious theory of Compensation.)

Precise definition is an important instrument in the Calvinistic trades of theology and preaching. Thomas Hooker, Solomon Stoddard, Jonathan Edwards employ it constantly. Observe how many of Dickinson's poems are definitions, most of them tinged with irony or so skewed as to be redefinitions. Her very use of the rhetorical device is recognizable parodying. For example, the well-known quatrain "'Faith' is a fine invention" [185, ca. 1860], redefines faith so as to sabotage that precious and necessary Protestant vehicle for attaining salvation. The quotation marks enclosing the term to be defined indicate the poet's detachment, her dissociating herself from such a belief. "Fine invention," the predicate nominative and chief term of the definer, begins the mockery: "fine" is patently ironic; "invention" suggests despiritualization, indeed, fabrication. The qualifying clause, "When Gentlemen can see," reduces the logic of the definition to absurdity. And the understatement of the contrary proposition, "But Microscopes are prudent / In an Emergency[.]" in which the italicizing of the opposite "Microscopes" reinforces the quotation marks around "'Faith'," closes off the exercise in mock rhetoric and logic with a witty but devastating fillip. The economy and tone of the verse invite no reply.

At the height of her productivity, she uses almost identical strategy to define and qualify, if not disqualify, prayer ["Prayer is the little implement," 437, ca. 1862]. Note the despiritualizing, indeed, dehumanizing definer, "implement," and the patronizing, reductive "little." Because God denies His presence to men, the poet argues, men are compelled to "fling their Speech" "in God's Ear"; the relationship as defined by the poet, perverse on one side, frantic on the other, drains prayer of the intimacy, holy atmosphere it is supposed to have. And the tail-chasing, tautological quality of the conclusion, in which the despiritualized "implement" is reinforced by "Apparatus," even to the neat irony of ending the definition with the term to be defined, constitutes a controlled but bitter disposition of the matter.

One of Dickinson's most perversely religious lyrics, written late, assumes the form of a mock prayer ["'Heavenly Father' take to thee," 1461, ca. 1879]. The quotation marks in the address, "'Heavenly Father'," express the poet's doubt about the appropriateness of the epithet. What the prayer itself proceeds to do is to undermine the all-important orthodox Doctrine of Original Sin. Indeed, the poet seems to embrace heresy, in that she asserts that God "In a moment contraband" with his own "candid Hand" "Fashioned" "The supreme iniquity"--man. As if she were a morally precocious child offering advice to an obtuse and obstinate parent, she informs God that "to trust us--seem to us / More respectful"; after all, she



goes on, throwing in God's face His own words from Scripture, You Yourself insist that "We are Dust," that is, made by You out of Your earth in Your image. The poem concludes with the poet's assuming a bitterly pointed grace, as she apologizes to God for His "own Duplicity,"--the bitter point being that, although not in power but in moral attitude and action, the creature is superior to the Creator. The language is that of Calvin and Edwards; the doctrine most certainly is not. Her use of wit, irony, compression scarcely disguises the heresy; indeed, the poet wants it to be seen. And because of her control and her strategy, the pungency is all the more pronounced, all the more operative.

The attraction the Devil holds for the poet is expressed in another later poem, "The devil had he fidelity" [1479, ca. 1879]. Not only has the Devil "ability," according to the poem; he, in contrast to any of the Trinity, "Would be the best friend" if he could resign "Perfidy," could "mend" himself. In asserting that self-reconstruction is not within the Devil's power, the poet calls attention to a large injustice; she also implies Who has and does not choose to employ this power. The considered and intense perverseness of the poet's theology is not tempered by the wit of the resolution: if he could do what he cannot, "The Devil--without question / Were thoroughly divine[.]" The logic and the ramifications are reminiscent of Edwards on the will; the doctrine scarcely is.

Against the poet's flirtation with the Devil, it is instructive to scrutinize her affair with God, as she carries it on in her poetry for over a quarter of a century. The young lady who in a serious poem does not hesitate to call God a "Banker" and a "Burglar" ["I never lost as much but twice," 49, ca. 1858] has no qualms about using such a comic epithet as "Papa above" for Him. As she plays with His son Jesus' saying, "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John 14:2), she asks God to reserve for her, "a Mouse" or a "Rat," a "Snug" place "in seraphic Cupboards" where she can "nibble all the day," while "Cycles / Wheel solemnly away!" ["Papa above" 61, ca. 1859]. To contrast such an underside-of-the-house view of the Heavenly Father and his many mansions to the splendor of God and Heaven as depicted in the Apocalypse or in Pilgrim's Progress or in evangelical sermons and hymns is to witness utmost comic deflation.

Even when the humor of a religious poem is not a weapon of attack, even when it remains whimsical rather than turns acid--as in resolving the paradox of multiplicity and oneness in the Trinity by asserting that God, "a distant-stately Lover," like Miles Standish, is also, in the form of Christ, the wooer, like John Alden--the ingenuity and disproportion that inhere in the play of wit necessarily belittle. Humor in "God is a distant, stately lover" [357, ca. 1862] evaporates the mystery. The wide limit of the wit with which the maiden gentlewoman poet allows herself to treat God is set down in a quatrain Johnson has been unable to date, "To their apartment deep" [1701]. Here the poet asserts that the grave is indeed a place where few embrace--"No ribaldry" there; God alone tumbles those who dwell in this "apartment deep." To suggest that God has sexual relations with the dead is to push a joke indeed beyond mere comic ingenuity.

The same Father who permits the poet to be "O'er-powered by the Cat," in "Papa above," grudges her "transport," "Extasy," in "A transport one cannot contain" [184, ca. 1860]. Such divine withholding suggests to the poet the wild idea of putting "Holy Ghosts in Cages!" The daringly funny image and the jocular tone should not be taken to mean that a rage bred of disappointment and repression, a rage which is controlled by wit but which also springs the poem in the first place, is not being expressed. Indeed, the poem is the release of rage, is itself "A Diagram--of Rapture!"

At the height of her anguish and her productivity, the poet insists on her feeling of dislocation ["I never felt at home below," 413, ca. 1862]. If earth is no home to her, neither will "the Handsome Skies," Heaven, be. She, a child, does not care to live where "it's Sunday--all the time-- / And Recess--never comes." What weighs upon her, she confesses, is God, whose omniscience and omnipresence make him "a Telescope," an eye that never takes "a Nap" or goes out to visit. Indeed, the poet-child, alienated, unloved, oppressed, would "run away / From Him--and Holy Ghost--and All-- / But there's the 'Judgment Day'!" Playing the role of the little girl, wittily domesticating the immensities, ingenuously humanizing the supernatural, then ingeniously dehumanizing an anthropomorphic God, artlessly playing with idiom--"Holy Ghost" not "the Holy Ghost," "the 'Judgment Day'," not "'Judgment Day'"--removing herself by means of quotation marks: all of these maneuvers render the poem invulnerable to attack on moral grounds in that its manner is humorous, even though what it says is embittered sacrilege.





If orthodoxy teaches that God is the Great Physician, the poet in the middle years of her creative life must wryly point out that "Medicine Posthumous" / Is unavailable--" ["Is heaven a physician," 1270, ca. 1873] . Or if, translating divine beneficence into good Calvinistic terms, we may consider "Heaven an Exchequer" to whom man owes, the poet, responding with appropriate irony in the language of economics and law, insists that "that negotiation" she is "not a Party to." Beneath the clever parallel of the two figures and the wit with which she maintains consistency, we may detect a serious disclaimer, a rebellion against a one-sided contract that is no less deliberate than Thoreau's famous rupture of a civil contract he disavowed; indeed, that the context here is theological makes the denial perhaps even more significant for the nineteenth century.

If the poet is not herself the breaker of covenants, because she has never made any, because she has no initiating will in such a matter, God, who has the power and has chosen to make a compact with man, does not keep to His own terms. Supposedly he is one of the gentle, the most gentle of all; supposedly he is one of the kind, the kindest of all. But in that he "broke his contract to his Lamb / To qualify the Wind," the poet judges Him to be "ruthless," "cruel" ["How ruthless are the gentle," 1439, ca. 1878] . The paradox with which this single quatrain poem opens is clever; the paraphrase of Laurence Sterne's "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is neatly used--daringly, too, in its evocation of Christ as the sacrificial Lamb of God, echoing the famous pastoral prophecy of Isaiah.

A year or so before her death, Dickinson depicts God's lack of compassion toward His own creation by exposing His approval of the way in which frost assassinates flowers while they are happily at play ["Apparently with no surprise," 1624, ca. 1884] . Personifying flowers as playing children with its overtone of sentiment, personifying a killing frost as a "blonde Assassin" with its balancing coldbloodedness, conjuring a suggestion of detachment through the acceptance of the victim and the uninterrupted progress of the sun--note the pun in "The Sun proceeds unmoved"--cannot disguise an irony that is as accusatory and caustic as any of the seriously contrived ironies of Hardy. Fitting the orthodox conception of God as omnipotent as well as omniscient to the seemingly exculpating phrase "In accidental power," the poem hits with a force that is breathtaking because, artfully concealed and delayed, it is so sudden. There is no finer example of the devastation of orthodoxy than Dickinson's controlled wit wrecks.

## V

In 1858, Oliver Wendell Holmes' comic narrative poem about the "one-hoss shay" of New England orthodoxy appeared. In the same year Emily Dickinson's poetic life began. For the next quarter of a century, the poet rattled the framework of "Deacon" Edwards' wonderful vehicle. She did it subtly, while riding along in the shay--that is, she used traditional materials, even to diction and metaphor. She did it covertly, perhaps even unawares, unloosening the joints in her nervous play--that is, she used the destructive tools of humor, wit, and irony in religious poem after religious poem. Much less consciously and with in a very different form from their comic drama and comic narrative, but in fact accomplishing the same end, she, writing a picaresque journal in recreated hymn meters, did to the "myth" of New England orthodoxy what Aristophanes and Plautus did to Greek and Roman religious myth, what Rabelais and Erasmus did to Catholic "myth." With regard to the crisis of her culture, she appeared on the scene at just about the same chronological and psychological moment.

To assert such an interpretation of humor in Dickinson's poetry is not to deny that she wrote many poems that record her spiritual as well as psychological anguish. It is not even to deny that many of her religious poems assert faith--though in most of these there is some detectable reservation, some wryness or some distortion of perspective. Nor is it to insist that she calculated the use of such an overall strategy to undermine the fortress. But when in a body of poetry there is a consistent rendering of the supernatural elements of a mythology in familiar and natural terms, when the monumental and cosmic are reduced to the small and the domestic, when the sacred concerns of adults are depicted as childishness, when the holy is made ordinary, when the universe is shrunk to a garden, the mansion of Heaven to a house, an omnipotent, omniscient, inscrutable God to a transparently cranky and oppressive parent, deflation is inevitably effected, no matter what pretenses are maintained.

Such a view of Dickinson's humor places her in the mainstream of American literature in her time. In contrast, however, to the rejection of orthodoxy by the literary Romantics, Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, Dickinson's rejection, though effected by humor and though lacking the form of tragedy, has a





tragic resonance. Despite the compulsive deflating, reducing, naturalizing by means of a whole range of comic devices and perspectives, her poetry clearly tells us that she could not help believing in the orthodox view of man as a fallen creature; we hear that in the strangled cries and comic curses with which she endures constant crisis. In this respect, she is much like Hawthorne: undercutting presupposition while holding to the condition, she suffers with no hope of consolation. Although the metaphysic of orthodoxy is repudiated by her poetry, as it is by Hawthorne's fiction, her literary position, too, serves as a bridge between Edwards and our own time, when we enjoy a new literature of anxiety. For us, her poetry redefines the meaning of sin, jeopardy, necessity, will, choice, limitation, impotence, loss, dislocation, anger. Our response to her redefinition is testimony as to her continuing relevance, her enduring authenticity.

In Dead Souls, Gogol writes of "a kind of laughter which is worthy to be ranked with the higher lyric emotions and is infinitely different from the twitchings of a mere merry-maker." Comedy that operates in a poetry as does Emily Dickinson's surely affects us as cathartically as do the classic emotions of tragedy.

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- 1 Constance Rourke, American Humor (N.Y., 1931, reprinted 1953), pp. 209-210.      2 Ibid., p. 210.
- 3 George Frisbie Whicher, This Was a Poet (N.Y., 1938), Chapter X, pp. 170-188.
- 4 Charles R. Anderson, Emily Dickinson's Poetry: Stairway of Surprise (N.Y., 1960), pp. 4ff.
- 5 Whicher, p. 28.
- 6 Reprinted by permission of the publishers and the Trustees of Amherst College from Thomas H. Johnson, Editor, The Poems of Emily Dickinson, Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, Copyright 1951, 1955, by The President and Fellows of Harvard College. Reprinted also with the permission of Little, Brown and Company, co-owner of the copyright.      7 Anderson, pp. 3-4.
- 8 Dolores Dyer Lucas, Emily Dickinson and Riddle (DeKalb, Illinois, 1969).
- 9 Paul W. Anderson, "The Metaphysical Mirth of Emily Dickinson," Georgia Review, XX (Spring, 1966), 72-83.      10 Whicher, p. 181.
- 11 Theodore Roethke, "His Foreboding," The Collected Poems (N.Y., 1966), p. 215.
- 12 George Santayana, The Sense of Beauty (N.Y., 1896), pp. 25-28.
- 13 Paul W. Anderson, p. 80.      14 Rourke, p. 211.      15 Whicher, p. 25.
- 16 See John Cody, After Great Pain: The Inner Life of Emily Dickinson (Cambridge, Mass., 1971), Chapter III, pp. 104-152.
- 17 Richard Chase makes the related point that "Emily Dickinson is not a moralist." Emily Dickinson (N.Y., 1951), p. 178.      18 Paul W. Anderson, p. 73.      19 Ibid., p. 77.
- 20 Cody, p. 415.      21 Charles R. Anderson, p. x.      22 Ibid., p. xii.
- 23 Matthew Arnold, "Wordsworth," Essays in Criticism, Second Series (London, 1915), p. 136.
- 24 Charles R. Anderson, pp. xiii-xiv.
- 25 William R. Sherwood, Circumference and Circumstance: Stages in the Mind and Art of Emily Dickinson (N.Y., 1968).      26 Ibid., pp. 181-183.      27 Ibid., p. 230.
- 28 D. H. Lawrence, The Complete Poems, ed. Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts (N.Y., 1964), p. 27.      29 Whicher, p. 155.      30 Poems, ed. Johnson, III, 1066.

## HAWTHORNE AND SHAKESPEARE

DOROTHEA KEHLER

That a number of Hawthorne's tales written during the early 1840's show evidence of the specific influence of Shakespeare has been demonstrated by Frank Davidson,<sup>1</sup> but such influence may be found in a tale published as early as 1832, "My Kinsman, Major Molineux." Describing the public humiliation of the deposed major at the close of the story, Hawthorne writes that "when there was a momentary calm in that tempestuous sea of sound, the leader gave the sign, the procession resumed its march. On they went, like fiends that throng in mockery around some dead potentate, mighty no more, but majestic still in his agony. On they went, in counterfeited pomp, in senseless uproar, in frenzied merriment, trampling all on an old man's heart."<sup>2</sup> It seems likely that Hawthorne's inspiration for this poignant trampled-heart figure was the following speech from Richard II:



What must the King do now? Must he submit?  
 The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
 The King shall be contented. Must he lose  
 The name of king? A Cod's name, let it go!

.....

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;

... .3

The loose but nonetheless striking similarity between the situations of Major Molineux and Richard II--two once respected rulers who suffer the mortifying indignities of deposition (indeed, Major Molineux is literally dragged through the king's highway)--strongly indicates that Hawthorne's adaptation of Shakespeare's words was no mere innocent or coincidental use of what by the time of the nineteenth century may well have become a familiar, household expression. Just how deep an imprint Richard's speech made on Hawthorne becomes clear in light of the fact that eighteen years later, in The Scarlet Letter, he used the same heart figure to describe the torment of the abashed Hester Prynne: "It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison-door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as her demeanour was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon."<sup>4</sup>

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1 See "Hawthorne's Hive of Honey," MLN, 61 (January, 1946), 14-21.

2 Hawthorne: Selected Tales and Sketches (N.Y.: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1970), pp. 44-45. Italics throughout this article are inserted by the writer.

3 "The Tragedy of King Richard the Second" in The Complete Works of Shakespeare, ed. Irving Ribner and George Lyman Kittredge (Waltham, Mass., and Toronto: Ginn and Company, 1971), III.iii.143-146 and 155-157.

4 The Scarlet Letter, ed. Terrence Martin (N.Y.: World Publishing Company, 1967), p. 53.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S RHYMED PROBLEM

JILL PERKINS

The reading of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Deacon's Masterpiece" as a humorous allegory of the breakdown of Calvinism was first asserted by Barrett Wendell at the turn of the century and has been all but universally subscribed to since. Says Wendell in his Literary History of America: "In 1857, nearly a hundred years after the death of [Jonathan] Edwards, the most familiar and unanswerable comment on his system appeared. Often misunderstood, generally thought no more than a piece of comic extravagance, Dr. Holmes's 'One-Hoss Shay' is really among the most pitiless satires in our language. Born and bred a Calvinist, Holmes, who lived in the full tide of Unitarian hopefulness, recoiled from the appalling doctrines which had darkened his youth. He could find no flaw in their reasoning, but he would not accept their conclusion."<sup>1</sup> Most editors of anthologies and some of Holmes's critics and biographers have repeated this assertion in one form or another until it has become a tenet of received literary interpretation. Louis Untermeyer calls the poem a "light hearted rondo," the symbol of the "collapse of the Calvinistic regime,"<sup>2</sup> and Alfred Kreyenborg pronounces "the farcical One-Hoss Shay a relentless survey of the breakdown of Calvinism," by which that "moribund sect" became the butt of his "wittiest warfare."<sup>3</sup> In Oliver Wendell Holmes: Representative Selections, S. I. Hayakawa and Howard Mumford Jones stress "logic" (iterated in the subtitle and closing line) as the key to a direct link with Calvinist theologians, who arrived at their conclusions with impeccable reasoning but with no allowance for the human element. They see the poem as a serious, albeit humorous, allegory of a Calvinistic system in which problems are worked out in intellectual vacuums--"without, that is, 'primary relations with truth.'"<sup>4</sup> In her study, Miriam Rossiter Small notes the "burden of allegory" but argues that even the most reluctant reader--if he reads closely--must opt for the tale as an account of the downfall of Calvinism. "The dates of 1755 and 1855," she says, "are as carefully given as the proper wood for spokes and thills, crossbars and panels."<sup>5</sup>

The argument as to whether the poem is a parallel of the limitations of Calvinist orthodoxy (or--an allegory of its total precipitation, as most commentators insist) must take into account both the content and context of the poem as well as such extrinsic evidence as Dr. Holmes's life-long antipathy to his formative Calvinist indoctrination, an animus that the allegorical exponents seem particularly fond of stressing. First, one might consider the poem within its immediate contexts. It originally appeared in The Atlantic Monthly





for September, 1858,<sup>6</sup> and was published in The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in the same year. It appeared in Section XI, at a point when the Autocrat has been discussing puns and riddles with his breakfast-mates. After submitting a few of the conundrums that have been bandied about the table, Holmes offers the reader an example of "a rhymed problem wrought out by my friend the Professor" as "an approach to the absurd or ludicrous." After this brief prefatory comment the poem follows.<sup>7</sup> When it later appeared in an illustrated edition, the following headnote, written by Dr. Holmes, prefaced "The Deacon's Masterpiece": "'The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay' is a perfectly intelligible conception whatever material difficulties it presents. It is conceivable that a being of an order superior to humanity should so understand the conditions of matter that he could construct a machine which should go to pieces, if not into its constituent atoms, at a given moment of the future. The mind may take a certain pleasure in this picture of the impossible. The event follows as a logical sequence of the presupposed condition of things. [¶] There is a practical lesson to be got out of the story. Observation shows us in what point any particular mechanism is most likely to give way. In a wagon, for instance, the weak point is where the axle enters the hub or nave. When the wagon breaks down, three times out of four, I think, it is at this point that the accident occurs. The workman should see to it that the part should never give way; then find the next vulnerable place, and so on, until he arrives logically at the perfect result attained by the deacon."<sup>8</sup> In light of Holmes's admitted interest here in the "condition of matter" and his speculation on the construction of a machine in which all component parts give way at the same time, it seems rather doubtful that he would obfuscate any allegorical intention with this particular burden. If he was interested in having the reader draw a theological parallel, he was certainly beclouding the issue--at the outset, to boot--with authorial comment ringing in one's ears. Holmes says that the story of the shay offers a "practical" lesson. He is being ponderous in a witty way, especially when he discusses wagon construction, and it is a gigantic leap from this homely and workaday discussion of the wainwright's craft to an expectation of the reader's realization that the poet's prelude is but a lead-in to the contemplation of doctrinal breakdown.

The poem itself offers a few problems for allegorizers. In their note to "The Deacon's Masterpiece," Hayakawa and Jones cite, as one of his witty hits, Holmes's allusion to the date: "seventeen hundred and fifty-five / George secundus was then alive--." Holmes's deacon finished his shay in that year, the devastating Lisbon earthquake occurred then (raising questions in many quarters as to God's agency), but Jonathan Edwards' masterpiece--The Freedom of the Will--appeared a year earlier in 1754, although with the new-style calendar it might have been interpreted as 1754/55. George Arms believes that if Holmes had specified 1754, the "major direction of the satire would have been clinched,"<sup>9</sup> though he is not entirely willing to discount such a reading in spite of the possible discrepancy in the dates. But further, according to what Holmes actually tells us in the poem, the deacon had built a shay that will not break down because of having a "weakes' place," but a machine intended to last forever; every part was to be as strong as the next, i.e., incapable of breaking down before the next part. In a hundred years to the day, the shay did go to pieces--all at once. True to the architect's plan, it did not collapse at some vulnerable spot. Calvinism did begin going to pieces because of some weak links in Dr. Holmes's Boston long before it lost its hold in the hinterlands. Its demise was gradual, therefore, in contrast to that of the "one-Hoss Shay," whose end came "all at once and nothing first / Just as bubbles do when they burst."<sup>10</sup>

That the poem is sub-titled "A Logical Story," that Jonathan Edwards' treatise was generally considered a masterpiece of Puritan logic, and that Holmes had elsewhere attacked Calvinism and its chief American apologist in vehement terms are the principal 'facts' upon which the allegory argument is founded. As Eleanor M. Tilton suggests in her biography of Dr. Holmes the poem may be seen as a satire "on any logical system (not necessarily Calvinism) supposed by its authors to be perfect, uncorrectable, and, therefore, everlasting." She elaborates on this in an interesting note to her text: "The poem applies quite as well to any 'system,' that of the homeopathist Hahnemann, for instance. In tracking down the source of this common interpretation [allegory of Calvinism], the late T. E. Currier traced it to Barrett Wendell. A letter by Justice Holmes to a correspondent who inquired about the verses, says that he never heard his father give them such a meaning (a.s. Jan. 31, 1930, privately owned). A letter to Theodore Parker (Sept. 15, 1858, L.BK. 78), in which Holmes does not mention the poem's being anti-Calvinistic, might be relevant here if it were not for the fact that Holmes was intent upon correcting Parker's medical delusion. Parker's letter (same date, LC), commenting upon the poem with a somewhat heavy handed humor, treats it simply as an hilarious piece and blames his sore throat on the laughter it provoked. Holmes's answer picks up the medical motif and offers two mock prescriptions, one 'allopathic' and the other homeopathic, for he knew that Parker had at one time been exposed to the 'dangerous influences' of homeopathy."<sup>11</sup> George Arms, adverting to Miss Tilton's persuasion in the matter, concedes that "Holmes's refusal to





specify the immediate direction of his comment: "Logic is logic. That's all I'll say," might, indeed, refer to "the logic of a tightly constructed system but as well to that of a well-made shay or poem," and he concludes that the story perhaps functions as a pertinent comment not only on Calvinism, but on homeopathy, and even manufacturing.<sup>12</sup> Miss Tilton and Mr. Arms are virtually alone in a small army of allegory-adherents who are willing to put qualifications on the suspected theological implications.

What no critic has alluded to in the commentary of the last forty years is an article by William Stetson Merrill in The Catholic World: "Centenary of the Autocrat" deals principally with the Autocrat papers on the occasion of the one-hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first in the New England Magazine.<sup>13</sup> Merrill had wondered in the course of his investigations whether Dr. Holmes's poem had been, in fact, a "sly thrust" at Calvinism. Knowing nothing of Justice Holmes's letter (noted by Miss Tilton), written just two years previously, and finding nothing on the matter in the Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes, he addressed a query to John T. Morse, Jr., who was the author of the two-volume Life and Holmes's nephew. He replied: "I have yours of the 2nd. inst. asking sundry questions about Dr. Holmes. The first query is as to the famous 'One-Hoss Shay.' Of course it is easy to see how it could be construed as a 'satire or skit on Calvinism.' But I must say that I think such a suggestion would astonish the good Doctor very much. Its ingenuity would tickle his fancy immensely. But I would be willing to wage a considerable sum that he would say that no such thought was 'in the back of his head.' It would be a unique instance of such a method of working on his part; and though it interests me and amuses me, I cannot accept it as an idea of his own. I knew my Uncle quite intimately and of course we talked freely together." As Justice Holmes disclaimed any knowledge of an intended parallel on his father's part, Mr. Morse thinks his uncle would have been "astonished" at such a reading, and it seems probable that Mr. Morse was better acquainted with Holmes's literary life than his son, being not only a relative but his confidant and biographer as well. Morse freely admitted Holmes's interest in Calvinism--both in the biography and in his article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (eleventh edition), where he stated that "by heredity the Doctor was a theologian; no other topic enchained him more than did the stern and merciless dogmas of his Calvinistic forefathers. His humanity revolted against them, and he set himself to their destruction as his task in literature." Despite this second statement, however, Morse was unable to accept an allegorical reading, even as an idea that might have occurred to Holmes after the fact. A crucial sentence in the letter to Merrill seems to be: "It would be a unique instance of such a method on his part." Holmes did, of course, set upon the destruction of Calvinist doctrine (which action, in itself, strongly suggests that he did not see it as having already fallen apart, "all at once and nothing first") in The Professor at the Breakfast Table, Elsie Venner, and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." But in terms of poetical method, which Mr. Morse had discussed with the Doctor over the years, the "sly thrust" was really too sly in this case. It was not Holmes's habit of mind to seek ways of obscuring meaning in his poetry. In light of his composition of the headnote for the 1878 edition, the poem's context in the pages of The Autocrat, and, particularly, Mr. Morse's intimate acquaintance with Holmes's craft, the unqualified affirmations of Calvinistic allegory appearing in so many commentaries over the past seventy years may be questioned. Anyone wishing to divine a parallel between the "One-Hoss Shay" and Calvinism is at liberty to infer one without dread of any irrefutable counter-proof; perhaps such a reading actually enhances the appeal of the poem. It certainly furnishes an entertaining little glimpse of the persistent liveliness of scholarly myth.

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1 (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1900), p. 90. In tracking down the source of the prevailing interpretation of the poem as Calvinist allegory, T. F. Currier (Holmes's bibliographer) traced it to Barrett Wendell. See Eleanor M. Tilton's Amiable Autocrat: A Biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes. (N.Y.: Henry Schuman, 1947), p. 420, n23.

2 American Poetry from the Beginning to Whittier (N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace, 1931), p. 404.

3 A History of American Poetry: Our Singing Strength (N.Y.: Tudor, 1934), p. 134.

4 American Writer's Series (N.Y.: American Book Company, 1939), p. 456.

5 Oliver Wendell Holmes (N.Y.: Twayne, 1962), p. 99. 6 P. 496, in the section "The Autocrat."

7 (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1895), p. 252.

8 The One-Hoss Shay, illustrated by J. F. Goodridge (Boston: Heliotrope Printing). Eleanor M. Tilton, editor of the Holmes bibliography prepared by T. F. Currier (N.Y.: New York University Press, 1953), questions the date of this edition. The headnote printed herein appeared in The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Cambridge edition edited by H. E. Scudder (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1895).

9 The Fields Were Green (Palo Alto: Stanford University Press, 1953), p. 112.

10 Though he, too, speaks of "the One-Hoss Shay of Calvinism" in The Flowering of New England (N.Y.: Dutton, 1940), Van Wyck Brooks does note that "Calvinism was laughed at in Boston and at Harvard [though] it was no laughing matter in the country" (p. 489).



11 Amiable Autocrat, p. 240, pp. 419-420 n23.

12 The Fields Were Green, p. 113. And, too, the poem may be seen as an imaginative re-creation of the poet's own grandfather, David Holmes, captain in the French and Indian War, surgeon in the Revolution, who did build a one-horse chaise.

13 CXXXIV (February 1932), 581-586. Holmes's first paper, entitled "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and signed "O. W. H.," appeared in November, 1831. It was not included in The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

## AYLMER'S DIVINE ROLES IN "THE BIRTHMARK"

THOMAS F. SCHEER

A significant aspect of Hawthorne's concern with spiritual values and with science can be found in his short story "The Birthmark," in which he portrays Aylmer in terms of the Christian God--Father, Son, and Holy Spirit--and describes the relationship between Aylmer and Georgiana in terms of traditional Puritan ideas of conversion.<sup>1</sup> By these ironic allusions Hawthorne criticizes the pretensions of science and asserts the necessity for humility in all men. An initial clue to Hawthorne's method for achieving these ends is the name of Aylmer's servant, Aminadab. In the Bible he is head of a Levitical family (I Chr. 15: 11-12) and a priest of God.<sup>2</sup> In "The Birthmark," however, he tends the hellish furnace, and is called "clod," "machine," and "man of clay." Through this contrast of name and function Hawthorne suggests the godlike pretensions of Aylmer and undercuts these pretensions by reference to the real situation of Aylmer's "priest." This ironic pattern operates throughout the story. Aylmer functions as God the Father in many ways: he constructs a new Eden for Georgiana while the birthmark is removed, creates apparent miracles of beauty and life to reassure her, and causes prodigies of growth and regeneration in plant life. Aylmer's "Eden" is artificial, however, and cannot bear the natural light of the sun, his figures of beauty are only illusions, and his miracles with various plants are all unfinished or abortive. Hawthorne portrays Aylmer as Christ when he describes the scientist's obsession to remove the birthmark, the "fatal flaw of humanity," from Georgiana. But instead of sacrificing himself to this end Aylmer ironically sacrifices Georgiana and her "salvation" leads only to death. Similarly, Aylmer also assumes the role of the Holy Spirit. He preserves Georgiana's faith in him and in his promise of perfection by converting her from complacent acceptance of the birthmark to an obsessive concern to eradicate the imperfection. Again, this role is ironic: his encouragement of Georgiana leads to her death and her faith in him brings her destruction.

The ironic function of Aylmer's divine roles becomes complete when his relationship to Georgiana is seen in contrast to the typical Puritan pattern of conversion, following the outlines of which Georgiana is at first unaware of her flaw, then becomes repelled by her imperfection, and finally places her faith in Aylmer to "save" her by removing the mark. With Aylmer's aid, this is accomplished, and Georgiana becomes, finally, "perfect." This progression from the acceptance of imperfection to an overwhelming desire for perfection, and the movement through various steps along the way, strongly echoes traditional Puritan notions of conversion: an awakening to sin, doubt and despair about the remedy, increased confidence in salvation through the offices of the Holy Spirit, and final conversion and salvation. Georgiana has, in effect, made a "covenant" with Aylmer to release her from natural, human limitations. Hawthorne indicates this explicitly at the end of the story by reference to the rainbow, the Old Testament symbol of the covenant between man and God. But Georgiana's conversion is spurious and her covenant with Aylmer based on self-delusion and false hope. As creator, Aylmer can only produce illusions; as savior, he brings only death; and as preserver and sanctifier he works in ignorance and false pride. By the ironic use of divine roles for Aylmer and by portraying his relationship with Georgiana as a near-parody of salvation, Hawthorne criticizes the excessive claims of science and adds another dimension to his plea for sympathetic vision of human imperfection.

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1 R. B. Heilman's study "Hawthorne's 'The Birthmark': Science and Religion", SAQ, 48 (1949), 575-583, catalogues the use of religious terminology and imagery in the short story but does not attempt to place this imagery within the Puritan concept of the covenant or to explore Aylmer's divine roles in detail.

2 For a more detailed treatment of Aminadab, see W. R. Thompson, "Aminadab in Hawthorne's 'The Birthmark,'" MLN, 70 (1955), 413-415.





**HISTORY**  
OF THE  
**AMISTAD CAPTIVES:**  
BEING A  
CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH SCHOONER AMISTAD,  
BY THE AFRICANS ON BOARD;  
THEIR VOYAGE, AND CAPTURE  
NEAR LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK; WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF EACH OF THE SURVIVING AFRICANS.  
ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF

**THE TRIALS**

HAD ON THEIR CASE, BEFORE THE DISTRICT AND CIRCUIT COURTS OF THE  
UNITED STATES, FOR THE DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES,  
BY JOHN W. BARBER,  
MEM. OF THE CONNECTICUT HIST. SOC.

NEW HAVEN, CT.:  
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1840.

**PREFACE.**

THE capture of the Amistad with her cargo of native Africans, and the peculiar circumstances of the case, have excited an unusual degree of interest in this country, and in Europe. A correct statement of the facts of this extraordinary case, is deemed desirable, and the compiler has availed himself of the facilities at his command, for the attainment of this object. Free use has been made of what Professor GIBBS, of Yale College, and others, have published respecting the Africans. The compiler has also had the opportunity of personal conversation with them, by means of James Covey, the Interpreter, and has confined himself to a bare relation of facts.

J. W. B.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., May, 1840.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by JOHN W. BARBER and EDMUND L. BARBER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.





**A MISTAD CAPTIVES, & C.**

DURING the month of August, 1839, the public attention was somewhat excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a "long, low, black schooner," and manned by blacks. The United States steamer Fulton, and several Revenue Cutters, were dispatched after her, and notice was given to the Collectors at various sea ports.

The following, giving an account of the capture of this vessel, and other particulars, is taken from the "New London Gazette."

"The suspicious looking schooner" captured and brought in this port.

Much excitement has been created in New York for the past week, from the report of several Pilot Boats having seen a clipper-built schooner off the Hook, full of negroes, and in such condition as to lead to the suspicion that she was a pirate. Several Cutters and naval vessels are said to have been dispatched in pursuit of her, but she has been most providentially captured in the Sound, by Capt. Gedney, of the surveying Brig Washington. We will no longer detain the reader, but subjoin the official account of the capture, very politely furnished to us by one of our officers.

"U. S. Brig Washington,  
New London, Aug. 26th, 1839. }

"While this vessel was sounding this day between Gardner's and Montauk Points, a schooner was seen lying in shore off Culloden Point, under circumstances so suspicious as to authorize Lieut. Com. Gedney to stand in to see what was her character—seeing a number of people on the beach with carts and horses, and a boat passing to and fro, a boat was armed and dispatched with an officer to board her. On coming along side, a number of negroes were discovered on her deck, and twenty or thirty more were on the beach—two white men came forward and claimed the protection of the officer. The schooner proved to be the 'Amistad,' Capt. Ramondufes from the Havannah, bound to Guanajah, Port Principe, with 54 blacks and two passengers on board; the former, four 'nights' after they were out, rose and murdered the captain and three of the crew—they then took possession of the vessel, with the intention of returning to the coast of Africa. Pedro Montez, Passenger, and Jose Ruiz, owner of the slaves and a part of the cargo, were only saved to navigate the vessel. After boating about for four days in the Bahama Channel, the vessel was seized for the Island of St. Andrews, near New Providence—from thence she went to Greca Key, where the blacks laid in a supply of water. After leaving this place the vessel was steered by Pedro Montes, for New Providence, the negroes being under the impression that she was steering for the coast of Africa—they would not however permit her to enter the port, but anchored every night off the coast. The situation of the two whites was all this time truly deplorable, being treated with the greatest severity, and Pedro Montez, who had charge of the navigation, was suffering from two severe wounds, one on the head and one on the arm, their lives being threatened every instant. He was ordered to change the course again for the coast of Africa, the negroes themselves steering by the sun in the day time, while at night he would alter their course so as to bring them back to their original place of destination. They remained three days off Long Island, to the eastward of Providence, after which time they were two months on the ocean, sometimes steering to the eastward and whenever an occasion would permit, the whites would alter the course to the northward and westward, always in hopes of falling in with some vessel of war, or being enabled to run into some port, when they would be relieved from their horrid situation. Several times they were boarded by vessels; once by an American schooner from Kingston; on these occasions the whites were ordered below, while the negroes communicated and traded with the whites; the schooner from Kingston

supplied them with a demijon of water for the moderate sum of one doubloon—this schooner, whose name was not ascertained, finding that the negroes had plenty of money, remained lashed alongside the 'Amistad' for twenty-four hours, though they must have been aware that all was not right on board, and probably suspected the character of the vessel—this was on the 18th of the present month; the vessel was steered to the northward and westward, and on the 20th instant, distant from New York 25 miles, the Pilot Boat No. 3 came alongside and gave the negroes some alarm. She was also hailed by No. 4: when the latter boat came near, the negroes armed themselves and would not permit her to board them; they were so exasperated with the two whites for bringing them so much out of their way, that they expected every moment to be murdered. On the 24th they made Montauk Light and steered for it in the hope of running the vessel ashore, but the tide drifted them up the bay and they anchored where they were found by the Brig Washington, off Culloden Point. The negroes were found in communication with the shore, where they laid in a fresh supply of water, and were on the point of sailing again for the coast of Africa. They had a good supply of money, some of which it is likely was taken by the people on the beach. After disarming and sending them on board from the beach, the leader jumped overboard with three hundred doubloons about him, the property of the Captain, all of which he succeeded in loosing from his person, and then submitted himself to be captured. The schooner was taken in tow by the brig, and carried into New London."

"Tuesday, 12<sup>o</sup> clock, M.

We have just returned from a visit to the Washington and her wife, which are riding at anchor in the bay, near the fort. On board the former we saw and conversed with the two Spanish gentlemen, who were passengers on board the schooner, as well as owners of the negro, and most of the cargo. One of them, Jose Ruiz, is a very gentlemanly and intelligent young man, and speaks English fluently. He was the owner of most of the slaves and cargo, which he was conveying to estate on the island of Cuba. The other, Pedro Montez, is about fifty years of age, and is the owner of three of the slaves. He was formerly a ship master and has navigated the vessel since her seizure by the blacks. Both of them, as may be naturally supposed, are most unfeignedly thankful for their deliverance. Jose Pedro is the most striking instance of complacency and unalloyed delight we have ever witnessed, and it is not strange, since only yesterday his sentence was pronounced by the chief of the buccanniers, and death was decreed on him, for having been guilty of a crime, as well as his arms, for the scars of several wounds inflicted at the time of the murder-like captivity of his countenance, his emotions are such as rarely stir the heart of man. When Mr. Porter, the private master, assured him of his safety, he threw his arms around his neck, while gushing tears coursing down his furrowed cheek, bespoke the overflowing transport of his soul. Every now and then he clasped his hands, and with uplifted eyes, gave thanks to "the Holy Virgin." He had led him out of his troubles, and his benefactor has given us two letters for his agents, Messrs. Shelton, Brothers & Co. of Boston, and Peter A. Harmony & Co. of New York. It appears that the slaves, the greater portion of whom were women, were very much attached to him, and had determined after reaching the coast of Africa, to allow him to seek his home what way he could, while his poor companion was to be sacrificed.

On board the brig we also saw Cinget, the master spirit of this bloody tragedy, in iron. He is about five feet eight inches in height, 25 or 26 years of age, of erect figure, well built and very active. He is said to be a match for any two men on board the schooner. His countenance, for a native African, is unusually intelligent, evincing uncommon decision and coolness, with a composure characteristic of true courage, and nothing to mark him as a malicious man.

By physiognomy and phenology, he has considerable claim to benevolence. According to Gall and Burysham, his moral sentiments and intellectual faculties predominate considerably over his animal propensities. He is said, however, to have killed the Captain and crew with his own hand, by cutting through their throats. He also has several times attempted the life of Senor Montez, and the backs of several poor negroes are scored with scars of blows inflicted by his lash to keep them in subjection. He expects to be executed, but nevertheless manifests a *sang froid* worthy of a stoic under similar circumstances.

With Captain Godfrey, the surgeon of the port, and others, we visited the schooner, which is anchored within musket-shot of the Washington, and there we saw such a sight as we never saw before and never wish to see again. The bottom and sides of this vessel are covered with barnacles and sea-grass, while her rigging and sails presented the appearance worthy of the Flying Dutchman, after her fabled cruise. She is a Baltimore built vessel, of the latest model for speed, about 120 tons burthen, and about six years old. On her deck were grouped the most fantastic manner of sailors, and among them a few others, some decked in the most fantastic manner in silk finery, plattered from the cargo, while seen a negro with white pantaloons, and the sable shirt which he had, and a planter a broad brimmed hat upon his head, with a string of gewgaws about his neck, and with a linen canebrier shirt, whose bosom was worked by the hand of some dark-eyed daughter of Slaver, while his father proportions were enveloped in a slawl of gauze or Canton crepe. Around the wharf, while the three little girls, from eight to thirteen years of age, the very images of health and elegance, in rice, silk, and cotton goods. In the cabin and hold were the marks of the same wasteful destruction. Her cargo appears to consist of silks, grapes, calicoes, cotton, and fancy goods of various descriptions, glass and hard ware, bridle, saddles, holsters, pictures, looking-glasses, books, fruit, olives and olive oil, and "other things too numerous to mention," which are now all mixed up in a strange and fantastic medley. On the forward hatch we unconsciously rested our hand on a cold object, which we found difficult to be a naked corpse, enveloped in a pall of black homazine. On removing its folds, we beheld the rigid countenance and glazed eye of a poor negro who died last night. His mouth was unobscured and still wailed the ghastly expression of his last struggle. Near him, like some watching fiend,





"We were glad to leave this vessel, as the exhalations from her hold and deck, were like any thing but 'gales wafted over the gardens of Gul.' Captain Gedney has dispatched an express to the United States Marshal, at New Haven, while he has made the most humane arrangement for the health and comfort of the prisoners and the purification of the prize. There are now alive 44 negroes, 3 of whom are girls; about 10 have died. They have been at sea 63 days. The vessel and cargo were worth forty thousand dollars when they left Havana, exclusive of the negroes, who cost from 20 to 30 thousand dollars. Vessel and cargo insured in Havana.

The Amistad, as has been stated, anchored off Culloden Point, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, and the Africans went on shore to get a supply of water for their voyage. It appears that three of their number went up to some of the houses in the vicinity of their landing place, and bought of the inhabitants one or more dogs, for which they paid at the rate of three doubloons each. Capt. Green and some others who were on this part of the island, having heard of these circumstances, and having seen the account of the "suspicious-looking schooner" in the newspapers, concluded that these black men were part of the crew of this vessel. Capt. Green, with four or five others, then proceeded to the shore, where they found eight or ten blacks on the beach. Cingue, the leader of the Africans, being one of the number on shore, gave a whistle, upon which all the blacks sprung around him: the whites then ran to their wagons for their guns. The blacks seeing this, sat down, and soon came to a parley with Capt. Green, giving up to him two guns, a knife, and a hat, and remained with him about four hours.

Cingue having been put on board of the *Washington*, displayed much uneasiness, and seemed so very anxious to get on board the schooner, that his keepers allowed him to return. Once more on the deck of the *Amistad*, the blacks clustered around him, laughing, screaming, and making other extravagant demonstrations of joy. When the noise had subsided, he made an address, which raised their excitement to such a pitch, that the officer in command, had Cingue led away by force. He was returned to the *Washington*, and was manacled to prevent his leaping overboard. On Wednesday he signified by motions, that if they would take him on board the schooner again, he would show them a handkerchief full of doubloons. He was accordingly sent on board. His fetters were taken off, and he once more went below, where he was received by the Africans in a still more wild and enthusiastic manner than he was the day previous. Instead of finding the doubloons, he again made an address to the blacks, by which they were very much excited. Dangerous consequences were apprehended; Cingue was seized, taken from the hold, and again fettered. While making his speech, his eye was often turned to the sailors in charge; the blacks yelled, leapt about, and seemed to be animated with the same spirit and determination of their leader. Cingue, when taken back to the *Wash-*

"On Wednesday night, Captain Gedney despatched an express to the U. S. Marshal at New Haven, who gave information to his Honor A. T. Judson, U. S. District Judge. On Thursday morning, both these gentlemen arrived, and after careful deliberation, concluded to hold their Court on board the Washington, then lying off the Fort, within musket shot of the schooner. Lieut. Wolcott kindly offered the services to the U. S. cutter Experiment to take all interested on board the Washington. The U. S. Marshal politely took us under his protection.

**JUDICIAL INVESTIGATION.**

Joseph Cingue, the leader, was brought into the cabin manacled. He had a cord round his neck, to which a snuff box was suspended. He wore a red flannel shirt and duck pantaloons.

Lient. R. W. Meade, who speaks the Spanish language both elegantly and fluently, acted as an interpreter between the Spaniards and the court.

Several bundles of letters were produced, saved from the Amistad, and such as were unsealed, read. The contents being simply commercial can be of no interest to the reader. Among the papers were two licenses from the Governor of Havana, Gen. Erpeleu, one for three slaves, owned by Pedro Montez, one of the men saved, and 49 owned by Senor Don Jose Ruiz the other that has escaped, allowing the said slaves to be transported to Principe, and commanding said owners to report their arrival to the territorial Judge of the district, in which Principe is situated. A license was found permitting Pedro Montez, a merchant of Principe, to proceed to Matanzas, and transit business, which was endorsed by the Governor of Havana, and the officer of the port. Regular passports were produced, allowing the passengers to proceed to their destination. A license was found permitting Selestino Ferrers, a mulatto, owned by Captain Ramon Ferrers, and employed as a cook, to proceed on the voyage. Other licenses for each sailor were produced and read, all of which were regularly signed, and endorsed by the proper authorities.

The Custom House clearance, dated the 18th of May, 1839, was produced. Also another dated the 27th of June, 1839, all regular. Several licenses permitting goods to be shipped on board the Amistad, were read, and decided to be regular.

Lieut. K. W. Meade testified that he was in the boat which boarded the *Amistad*, and demanded the papers, which were unhesitatingly delivered. Previous to this demand Senor Don Jose Ruiz had claimed protection for himself and Don Pedro Montez, the only two white men on board. The protection was immediately granted and the vessel brought to New London.

Many of the events which are detailed in the narrative, were omitted in the evidence as having no bearing on the guilt or innocence of the accused, in the present state of the proceedings.

Senor Don Jose Ruiz was next sworn, and testified as follows. I bought 49 slaves in Havana, and shipped them on board the schooner *Amistad*. We sailed for Guantajama, the intermediate port for Principe. For the four first days every thing went on well. In the night heard a noise in the fore-castle. All of us were asleep except the man at the helm. Do not know how things began; was awake by the noise. This man Joseph, I saw. Cannot tell how many were engaged. There was no moon.





It was very dark. I took up an oar and tried to quell the mutiny; I cried no! no! I then heard one of the crew cry murder. I then heard the captain order the cabin boy to go below and get some bread to throw to them, in hopes to pacify the negroes. I went below and called on Montez to follow me, and told them not to kill me: I did not see the captain killed. They called me on deck, and told me I should not be hurt. I asked them as a favor to spare the old man. They did so. After this they went below and ransacked the trunks of the passengers. Before doing this, they tied our hands. We went on our course—don't know who was at the helm. Next day I missed Captain Ramon Ferrer, two sailors, Manuel Pagilla, and Yacinto —, and Selesina, the cook. We all slept on deck. The slaves told us next day that they had killed all; but the cabin boy said they had killed only the captain and cook. The other two he said had escaped in the canoe—a small boat. The cabin boy is an African by birth, but has lived a long time in Cuba. His name is Antonio, and belonged to the Captain. From this time we were compelled to steer east in the day; but sometimes the wind would not allow us to steer east, then they would threaten us with death. In the night we steered west, and kept to the northward as much as possible. We were six or seven leagues from land when the outbreak took place. Antonio is yet alive. They would have killed him, but he acted as interpreter between us, as he understood both languages. He is now on board the schooner. Principe is about two days sail from Havana, or 100 leagues, reckoning 3 miles to a league. Sometimes when the winds are adverse, the passage occupies 15 days.

Senor Don Pedro Montez was next sworn. This witness testified altogether in Spanish, Lieut. R. W. Meade, interpreter.

We left Havana on the 28th of June. I owned 4 slaves, 3 females and 1 male. For three days the wind was ahead and all went well. Between 11 and 12 at night, just as the moon was rising, sky dark and cloudy, weather very rainy, on the fourth night I laid down on a mattress. Between three and four was awakened by a noise which was caused by blows given to the mulatto cook. I went on deck, and they attacked me. I seized a stick and a knife with a view to defend myself. I did not wish to kill or hurt them. At this time the prisoner wounded me on the head severely with one of the sugar knives, also on the arm. I then ran below and stowed myself between two barrels, wrapped up in a sail. The prisoner rushed after me and attempted to kill me, but was prevented by the interference of another man. I recollect who struck me, but was not sufficiently sensible to distinguish the man who saved me. I was faint from loss of blood. I then was taken on deck and tied to the hand of Ruiz. After this they commanded me to steer for their country. I told them I did not know the way. I was much afraid, and had lost my senses, so I cannot recollect who tied me. On the second day after the mutiny, a heavy gale came on. I still steered, having once been master of a vessel. When recovered, I steered for Havana, in the night by the stars, but by the sun in the day, taking care to make no more way than possible. After sailing fifty leagues, we saw an American merchant ship, but did not speak her. We were also passed by a schooner but were unnoticed. Every moment my life was threatened. I know nothing of the murder of the Captain. All I know of the murder of the mulatto is that I heard the blows. He was asleep when attacked. Next morning the negroes had washed the decks. During the rain the Captain was at the helm. They were all glad, next day, at what had happened. The prisoners treated me harshly, and but for the interference of others, would have killed me several times every day. We kept no reckoning. I did not know how many days we had been out, nor what day of the week it was when the officers came on board. We anchored at least thirty times, and lost an anchor at New Providence. When at anchor we were treated well, but at sea they acted very cruelly towards me. They once wanted me to drop anchor in the high seas. I had no wish to kill any of them, but prevented them from killing each other.

The prisoner was now sent to his quarters, and the Court adjourned to the schooner, that she might be inspected, and that Antonio when making his deposition might recognize those who murdered the Captain and his mulatto cook.

#### *Adjourned investigation on board the Amistad.*

Antonio, the slave of the murdered Captain, was called before the court, and was addressed in Spanish, by Lieut. Meade, on the nature of an oath. He said he was a Christian, and being sworn, he thus testified:

"We had been out four days when the mutiny broke out. That night it had been raining very hard, and all hands been on deck. The rain ceased, but still it was very dark. Clouds covered the moon. After the rain, the Captain and mulatto lay down on some mattresses that they had brought on deck. Four of the slaves came aft, armed with those knives which are used to cut sugar cane; they struck the Captain across

the face twice or three times; they struck the mulatto oftener. Neither of them groaned. By this time the rest of the slaves had come on deck, all armed in the same way. The man at the wheel and another let down the small boat and escaped. I was awake and saw it all. The men escaped before Senor Ruiz and Senor Montez awoke. Joseph, the man in irons, was the leader; he attacked Senor Montez. Senor Montez fought with them and wanted them to be still. The Captain ordered me to throw some bread among them. I did so, but they would not touch it. After killing the Captain and the cook, and wounding Senor Montez, they tied Montez and Ruiz by the hands till they had ransacked the cabin. After doing so, they loosed them, and they went below. Senor Montez could scarcely walk. The bodies of the Captain and mulatto were thrown overboard and the decks washed. One of the slaves who attacked the Captain has since died. Joseph was one, two of them are now below. (The boy then went on deck and picked out the two negroes who had conspired to kill the Captain and mulatto.)

The examination of the boy being finished, the court returned by the conveyance which put it on board the Washington, and after being in consultation some time, came to the following decision:

Joseph Cingue, the leader, and 38 others, as named in the indictment, stand committed for trial before the next Circuit Court at Hartford, to be holden on the 17th day of September next.

The three girls and Antonio, the cabin boy, are ordered to give bonds in the sum of \$100 each to appear before the said court and give evidence in the aforesaid case, and for want of such bonds to be committed to the county jail in the city of New Haven. These persons were not indicted. Lieut. R. W. Meade, Don Jose Ruiz, and Don Pedro Montez, are ordered to recognize in the sum of \$100 each to appear and give evidence in said case, before the aforesaid court. The court now finally adjourned, having given an order to the U. S. Marshal, to transport them to New Haven. As we were about to leave, the following was put into our hands by Senor Ruiz, with a request that it might be published in all the city papers:

#### A CARD.

New London, August 29, 1839.

The subscribers, Don Jose Ruiz, and Don Pedro Montez, in gratitude for the most unopposed and providential rescue from the hands of a ruthless gang of African bucaniers and an awful death, would take this means of expressing, in some slight degree, their thankfulness and obligation to Lieut. Com. T. E. Gedney, and the officers and crew of the U. S. surveying brig Washington, for their decision in seizing the Amistad, and their unremitting kindness and hospitality in providing for their comfort on board their vessel, as well as the means they have taken for the protection of their property.

We also must express our indebtedness to that nation whose flag they so worthily bear, with an assurance that this act will be duly appreciated by our most gracious sovereign, her Majesty the Queen of Spain.

Don Jose Ruiz,  
Don Pedro Montez."

The Africans were put on board of a sloop, under the charge of Lieut. Holcomb, of the Washington, and Col. Pendleton, keeper of the New Haven prison. They arrived in New Haven on Sunday morning, Sept. 1st. Cingue, the leader, was separated from the rest, and was brought in by the revenue cutter Wolcott, Capt. Mather, in irons. The whole, forty-four in number, were put into the county Jail, of which, they occupied four apartments.

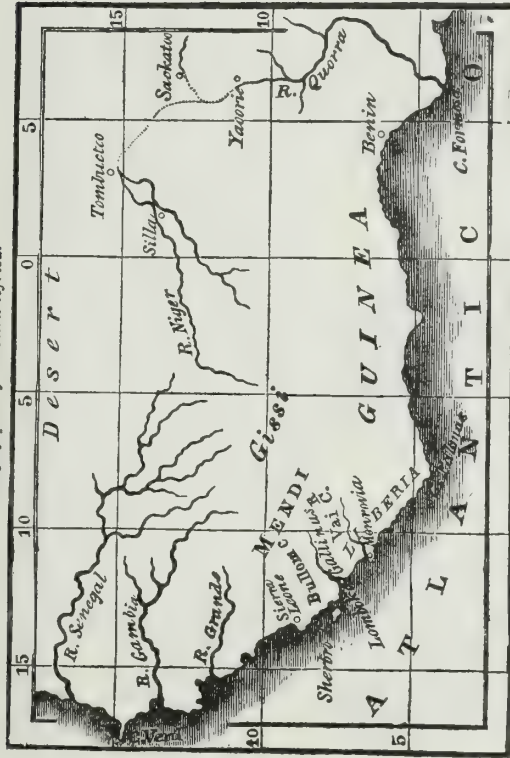
The following account of the Amistad captives, given individually, is partly drawn from that given by Professor Gibbs, and partly from personal conversation had with them by the compiler, by means of James Covey, the interpreter. The profiles accompanying the sketch of each, were mostly taken by a penitentiary from busts, executed from casts taken from the faces of the Africans, by Mr. S. Moulthrop, of New Haven; they may, therefore, be considered as mathematically correct. The French sound of the vowels is the one adopted in the orthography of names.

[The map (page 9) is given to assist the reader in understanding some parts of the outline history of the individual Africans, which is here attempted. It gives the relative situation of the Mendi country, with regard to other portions of Africa. The distance from Freetown, Sierra Leone, to Monrovia, Liberia, is in a direct line, about two hundred miles. It will be seen on the map, that Gallinas river discharges its waters into the ocean between these two places. Lomboko, the place from where the Africans were embarked for Havana, is an island at the mouth of the Gallinas.]





Map of part of Western Africa.

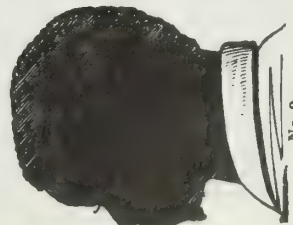


(1.) **SING-GUE**, [Cingue,] (generally spelt Cinguez) was born in Ma-ni, in Dzho-poa, i. e. in the open land, in the Men-di county. The distance from Ma-ni to Lomboko, he says, is ten suns, or days. His mother is dead, and he lived with his father. He has a wife and three children, one son and two daughters. His sons name is *Ge-wap*, (God.) His king, *Ka-lum-bo*, lived at *Kaw-men-di*, a large town in the Mendi country. He is a planter of rice, and never owned or sold slaves. He was seized by four men, when traveling in the road, and his right hand tied to his neck. *Ma-ya-gi-la-lo* sold him to *Ba-ma-dzha*, son of *Shaka*, king of *Gen-du-ma*, in the *Vai* country. *Bamadzha* carried him to *Lomboko* and sold him to a Spaniard. He was with *Mavagila* three nights; with *Bamadzha* one month, and at *Lomboko* two months. He had heard of *Pedro Blanco*, who lived at *Te-i-lu*, near *Lomboko*.\*



No. 1.

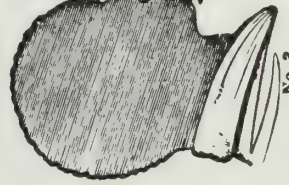
(2.) **GI-LA-BA-RU**, [Grab-eau,] (*have mercy on me*), was born at *Fu-lu*, in the Mendi country, two moons' journey into the interior. His name in the public prints is generally spelt **GRABEAU**. He was the next after *Cingue* in command of the *Amistad*. His parents are dead, one brother and one sister living. He is married, but no children; he is a planter of rice. His king *Baw-baw*, lived at *Fu-lu*. He saw *Cingue* at *Fulu* and *Fadzhinna*, in *Bombali*. He was caught on the road when going to *Taurang*, in the *Bandi* country, to buy clothes. His uncle had bought two slaves in *Bandi*, and gave them in payment for a debt; one of them ran away, and he (*Grabeau*) was taken for him. He was sold to a *Vai*-man, who sold him to *Laigo*, a Spaniard, at *Lomboko*. Slaves in this place are put into a prison, two



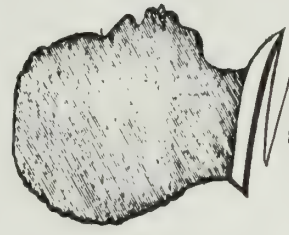
No. 2.

\*The following is a phrenological description of the head of *Cingue* as given by *Mr. Fletcher*: "*Cingue* appears to be about 26 years of age, of powerful frame, bilious and sanguine temperament, bilious predominating. His head by measurement is 22 3/8 inches in circumference, 15 inches from the root of the nose to the occipital protuberance over the top of the head, 15 inches from the Meatus Auditorius to do. over the head, and 5 3/4 inches through the head at destructiveness. The development of the faculties is as follows: Firmness; self-esteem; hope—very large. Benevolence; veneration; conscientiousness; approbateness; wonder; concentrateness; inhibiteness; comparison; form—large. Amativeness; philoprogenitiveness; adhesiveness; combativeness; de-

are chained together by the legs, and the Spaniards give them rice and fish to eat. In his country has seen people write—they wrote from right to left. They have cows, sheep, and goats, and wear cotton cloth. Smoking tobacco is a common practice. None but the rich eat salt, it costs so much. Has seen leopards and elephants, the latter of which, are hunted for ivory. *Grabeau* is four feet eleven inches in height; very active, especially in turning somersets. Besides *Mendi*, he speaks *Vai*, *Kon-no* and *Gissi*. He aided *John Ferry* by his knowledge of *Gissi*, in the examination at *Hartford*.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.

(3.) **KIMBO** (*cricket*) is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with mustaches and long beard; in middle life, and is intelligent. He was born at *Maw-ko-ba*, a town in the *Mendi* country; his father was a gentleman, and after his death, his king took him for his slave, and gave him to his son *Bang-a*, residing in the *Bullom* country. He was sold to a *Bullom* man, who sold him to a Spaniard at *Lomboko*. He counts thus: 1, *etá*; 2, *filit*; 3, *kiau-wá*; 4, *haeni*; 5, *lóléln*; 6, *wéla*; 7, *wafurá*; 8, *wayapá*; 9, *ú-a*; 10, *pu*.—Never saw any books in his country. When people die in his country, they suppose the spirit lives, but where, they cannot tell.

(4.) **NABA-T-LE**, (*a water stick*), also called from his country, **KON-NO-MA**, is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has large lips, and projecting mouth, his incisor teeth pressed outward and filed, giving him rather a savage appearance; he is the one who was supposed to be a cannibal, (see page 5.) tattooed in the forehead with a diamond shaped figure. He was born in the *Konno* country: his language is not readily understood by *Covey*, the interpreter. *Kon-no-ma* recognizes many words in *Mungo Park's* *Mandingo* vocabulary.

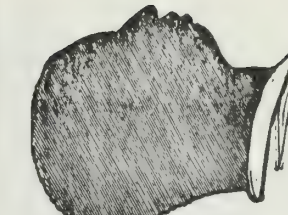
(5.) **BUR-NA**, the younger, height 5 ft. 2 in. lived in a small town in the *Mendi* country. He counts in *Tim-ma-ni* and *Bullom*. He was a blacksmith in his native village, and made hoes, axes, and knives; he also planted rice. He was sold for *crim.* con. to a Spaniard at *Lomboko*. He was taken in the road, and was four days in traveling to *Lomboko*. Has a wife and one child, a father, three sisters and brother living.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.

(6.) **GBA-TU**, [Bar-tu,] (*a club or sword*), height 5 ft. 6 in. with a tattooed breast, was born in the country of *Tu-ma*, near a large body of fresh water, called *Ma-wu-a*. His father is a gentleman and does no work. His king, named *Da-be*, resided in the strictness; secretiveness; constructiveness; caution; language; individuality; evenuality; causality; order—average. Alimentsiveness; acquisitiveness; ideality; multifariousness; imitation; size; weight; color; locality; number; time; time—moderate and small. The head is well formed and such as a phrenologist admires. The coronal region being the largest, the frontal and occipital nearly balanced, and the basilar moderate. In fact, such an African head is seldom to be seen, and doubtless in other circumstances would have been an honor to his race.

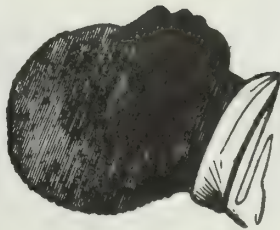




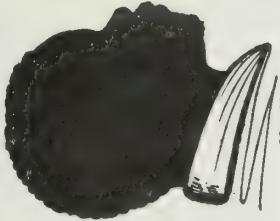
town of **Tu-ma**. He was sent by his father to a village to buy clothes; on his return, he was seized by six men, and his hands tied behind; was ten days in going to Lomboko. There are big mountains in his country, rice is cultivated, people have guns; has seen elephants. *Remark*.—There is a village called **Tu-ma**, in the Timmani country, 60 miles from Sierra Leone, visited by Major Laing.

(7.) **Gua-kwoi** (in *Be-le* dialect, second born) was born at *Kong-go-la-kung*, the largest town in the Balu country. This town is situated on a large river called in Balu, *Za-li-ba*; and in Mendi, *Kat-wa-ra*: fish are caught in this river as large as a man's body—they are caught in nets and sometimes shot with guns. When going to the gold country to buy clothes, he was taken and sold to a Vai man who sold him to a Spaniard named *Pela*. Gna-kwoi has a wife and one child; he calls himself a Balu-man; has learned the Mendi language since he was a slave; 5 ft. 6 in. in height.

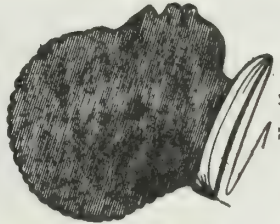
(8.) **Kwong** was born at Mam-bui, a town in the Mendi country. When a boy he was called *Ka-gwaw-ni*. Kwong is a Bullom name. He was sold by a Timmani gentleman in the Du-bu country, for crim. con. with his wife, to Luisi, a Spaniard, at Lomboko. He is in middle life, 5 ft. 6 in. high.



No. 9.



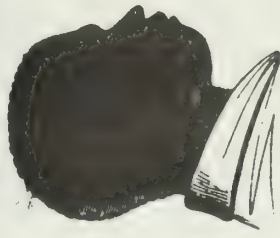
No. 10.



No. 11.

(9.) **Fu-li-wa**, **Fu-li**, (*swa*), called by his fellow prisoners **Fuliwa**, (*Great Fuli*) to distinguish him from **Fu-li-wu-lu**, (*little Fuli*), was born at Ma-no, a town in the Mendi country, where his king, *Ti-kba*, resided. He lived with his parents, and has five brothers. His town was surrounded by soldiers, some were killed, and he with the rest were taken prisoners. He passed through the Vai country, when taken to Lomboko, and was one month on the journey. He is in middle life, 5 ft. 3 in. high, face broad in the middle, with a slight beard. It was this Fuli who instituted the suit against Ruiz and Montez.

(10.) **P-le**, *P-t-e*, or **Bi-a**, (5 ft. 4 in. high,) calls himself a Timmani, and the father of **Fu-li-wu-lu**. He appears to have been distinguished for hunting in his country: says he has killed 5 leopards, 3 on the land, and 2 in the water; has killed three elephants. He has a very pleasant countenance; his hands are whitened by wounds received from the bursting of a gun barrel, which he had overloaded when showing his dexterity. He had a leopard's skin hung up on his hut, to show that he was a hunter. He has a wife and four children. He recognizes with great readiness the Timmani words and phrases contained in Winterbottom's account of Sierra Leone. He and his son, seemed overjoyed to find an American who could articulate the sound of their native tongue.



No. 12.



No. 13.



No. 14.

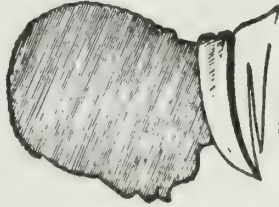
(11.) **Pu-gwa-w-nr**, (**Pung-wu-nr**), (*a duck*), 5 ft. 1 in. high, body tattooed, teeth filed, was born at Fe-baw, in Sando, between Mendi and Konno. His mother's brother

er sold him for a coat. He was taken in the night, and was taken a six days' journey, and sold to Garlot, who had four wives. He staid with this man two years, and was employed in cultivating rice. His master's wives and children were employed in the same manner, and no distinction made in regard to labor.

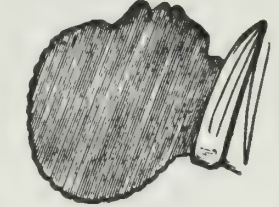
(12.) **Ses-si**, 5 ft. 7 in. with a sly and misanthropic countenance, was born in **Mas-kum**, in the Bandi country, where his king, *Pa-ma-sa*, resided. He has three brothers, two sisters, a wife, and three children. He is a blacksmith, having learnt that trade of his brother; he made axes, hoes, and knives from iron obtained in the Mendi country. He was taken captive by soldiers and wounded in the leg. He was sold twice before he arrived at Lomboko, where he was kept about a month. Although a Bandi, he appears to have been able to talk in Mendi.

(13.) **Mo-ru**, middle age, 5 ft. 8 in. with full negro features, was born at **Saka**, in the Bandi country. His parents died when he was a child. His master, *Margoon*, who sold him, had ten wives and many houses; he was twenty days on his journey to Lomboko. He was sold to *Be-le-wa*, (*great whisks*), i. e. to a Spaniard.

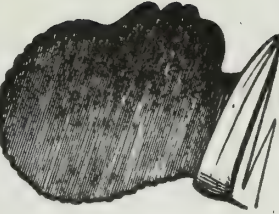
(14.) **Ndam-ma**, (*put on, or up*), 5 ft. 3 in. a stout built youth, born in the Mendi country, on the river Ma-le. His father is dead, and he lived with his mother; has a brother and sister. He was taken in the road by twenty men, and was many days in traveling to Lomboko.



No. 15.



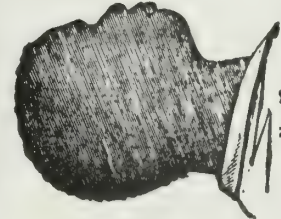
No. 16.



No. 17.

(15.) **Fu-li-wu-lu**—**Fuli**, or, as the name has been written, **Forie**, (*swa*), called **Fuliwu**, to distinguish him from **Fuliwa**, (*great Fuli*), lived with his parents in the Timmani, near the Mendi country. He is the son of *Pie*, (No. 10.) He was taken with his father, by an African, who sold him to a Bullom man, who sold him to Luisi, a Spaniard at Lomboko. He has a depression in the skull from a wound in the forehead. 5 ft. 2 in. in height.

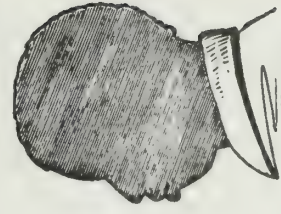
(16.) **Ba-u**, (*broke*), 5 ft. 5 in. high, sober, intelligent looking, and rather slightly built. Has a wife and three children. He was caught in the bush by 4 men as he was going to plant rice; his left hand was tied to his neck; was ten days in going to Lomboko. He lived near a large river named *Wo-wa*. In his country all have to pay for their wives; for his, he had to pay 10 clothes, 1 goat, 1 gun, and plenty of mats; his mother made the cloth for him.



No. 18.



No. 19.



No. 20.

17. **Ba**, (*large nose*), 5 ft. 4 in. with a narrow and high head; in middle life. Parents living, 4 brothers and 4 sisters; has got a wife and child. He is a planter of rice. He was seized by two men in the road, and was sold to a Gallina Vai man, who sold him to a Spaniard. High mountains in his country, but small streams; cotton cloth is manufactured, and hens, sheep, goats, cows, and wild hogs, are common.

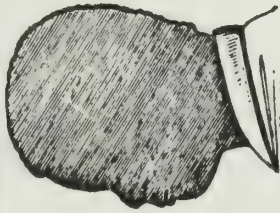




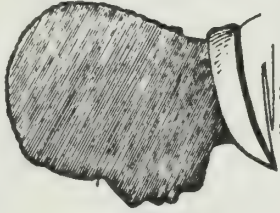
(18.) **Shu-le**, (*water fall*.) 5 ft. 4 in. the oldest of the Amistad captives, and the fourth in command, when on board the schooner. He was born at Konabu, in the open land, in the Mendi country. He was taken for a slave by Ma-ya, for crime, con. with his wife. Momawru caught both him and his master Ma-ya, and made them slaves, and sold them to a man who sold him to the Spaniards at Lomboko. There is a large river in his country named *Wu-va*, which runs from Gissi, passes through Mendi, and runs south into the Konno country.

(19.) **Ka-le**, (*bone*.) 5 ft. 4 in. small head and large under lip, young and pleasant. His parents living; has two sisters. He was taken while going to a town to buy rice. He was two months in traveling to Lomboko.

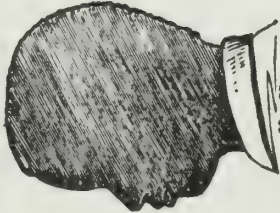
(20.) **Ba-gna**, (*sand or gravel*.) 5 ft. 3 in. was born at Du-gau-na, in the Konno country, where his king, *Da-ga*, lived. His parents are dead, and he lived with his brother, a planter of rice.



No. 21.



No. 22.



No. 23.

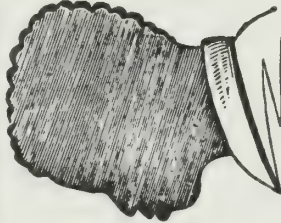
(21.) **Sa**, 5 ft. 2 in. a youth with a long narrow head. He was the only child of his parents, and was stolen when walking in the road, by two men. He was two months in traveling to Lomboko.

(22.) **Kin-na**, (*man or big man*.) 5 ft. 5½ in. has a bright countenance, is young, and, since he has been in New Haven, has been a good scholar. His parents and grandparents were living; has four brothers and one sister. He was born at Si-ma-bu, in the Mendi country; his king, Sa-mang, resided at the same place. He was seized when going to Kon-gol-li, by a Bullom man, who sold him to Luiz, at Lomboko.

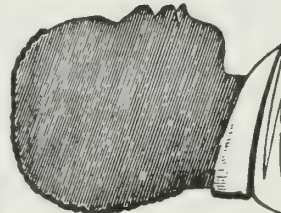
(23.) **NDZBA-GNWA-W-NI**, [*Ngá-ho-ni*,] (*water bird*.) 5 ft. 9 in. with a large head, high cheek bones, in middle life. He has a wife and one child; he gave twenty clothes and one shawl for his wife. He lived in a mountainous country; his town was formerly fenced around, but now broken down. He was seized by four men when in a rice field, and was two weeks in traveling to Lomboko.



No. 24.



No. 25.



No. 26.

(24.) **Fang**, [**Fa-kin-na**,] 5 ft. 4 in. head elevated in the middle, stout built, and middle aged. He was born at Dzho-po-a-hu, in the Mendi country, at which place his father, *Baw-nga*, is chief or king. He has a wife and two children; was caught in the bushes by a Mendi man, belonging to a party with guns, and says he was ten days in traveling to Lomboko after being a slave to the man that took him, less than a month.

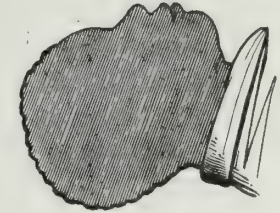
(25.) **Fahi-dzin-na**, [**Fa-gin-na**,] (*twine*.) 5 ft. 4 in. marked on the face with the small pox; was born at Tom-bo-lu, a town Bombali, in the Mendi country. He was made a slave by a Tamu for crime, con. with his wife. Tamu sold him to a

Mendi man, who sold him to Laigo, a Spaniard, the same who purchased Grabeau. He says many people in his country have the small pox, to cure which, they oil their bodies.

(26.) **Ya-boi**, 5 ft. 7 in. large head, stout built, and in middle life; was born at Kon-do-wa-lu, where his king, *Ka-kbe-ni*, (*lazy*), resided. His village was surrounded by soldiers, and he was taken by Gillewa, a Mendi man, to whom he was a slave ten years. Had a wife and one child. Gillewa sold him to Luiz, the Spaniard.



No. 27.



No. 28.

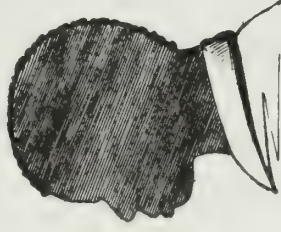


No. 29.

(27.) **Fa-ban-na**, (*remember*.) 5 ft. 5 in. large round head, tattooed on the breast; in middle life; he and Grabeau were from the same country, both having the same king. He has two wives and one child; all lived in one house. His village was surrounded by soldiers; he was taken prisoner, sold twice, the last time to a Spaniard at Lomboko.

(28.) **Tsu-ka-ma**, (*a learner*.) 5 ft. 5½ in. young, with a pleasant countenance; was born at Sun-ga-ru, in the Mendi country, where his king, *Gnam-be*, resided; has parents living, 3 sisters, and 4 brothers. He was taken and sold into the Bullom country, where he lived for a time with his master, who sold him to Luiz, at Lomboko.

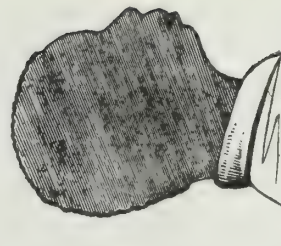
(29.) **Be-ru**, [**Ber-ri**,] (*stick*.) 5 ft. 3 in. with mustaches and beard, broad nose; in middle life. He was born at *Fang-le*, in Gula, a large fenced town, where his king, *Ge-le-wa*, resided. He was taken by soldiers, and was sold to Shaka, king of Genduma, in the Vai or Gallina country, who sold him to a Spaniard. Genduma is on a fresh water river, called *Boba*. It is three or four miles from the river, and nine from the sea.



No. 30.



No. 31.



No. 32.

(30.) **Faw-ni**, [**Fo-ni**,] 5 ft. 2 in. stout built; in middle life. He was born at Bum-be, a large town in the Mendi country; the name of his king was *Ka-ban-du*. He is married, and has parents, brothers, and sisters living. He was seized by two men as he was going to plant rice. He was carried to Bem-be-law, in the Vai country, and sold to Luiz, who kept him there two months, before he took him to Lomboko. From Bem-be-law to Lomboko is one day's walk.

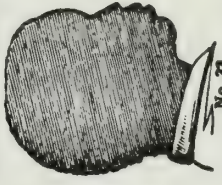
(31.) **Bur-na**, (*bird*.) the elder, has a cast in the eye; was taken when going to the next town, by three men. His father is dead, and he lived with his mother; has four sisters and two brothers. When his father died his brother married; all lived in the same house. In his country are high mountains, but no rivers; has seen elephants and leopards. He was six weeks in traveling to Lomboko, where he was kept three and a half moons.

(32.) **Shuma**, (*falling water*.) 5 ft. 6 in. with mustaches and beard; in middle life. He can count in the Mendi, Timnani, and Bullom. His parents have



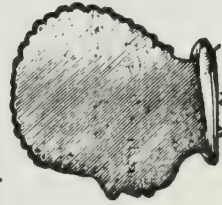


been dead a long time; has a wife and one child, was taken prisoner in war, and it was four moons after he was taken, before he arrived at Lomboko. Shuma spoke over the corpse of Tua, after the Rev. Mr. Bacon's prayer. The substance of what he said, as translated by Covey, was, "Now Tua dead, God takes Tua,—we are left behind—No one can die but once," &c.



No. 32.

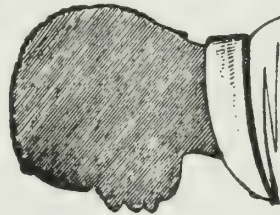
(33.) **Ka-li, (boy),** 4 ft. 3 in. a small boy, with a large head, flat and broad nose, stout built. He says his parents are living; has a sister and brother; was stolen when in the street, and was about a month in traveling to Lomboko.



No. 31.

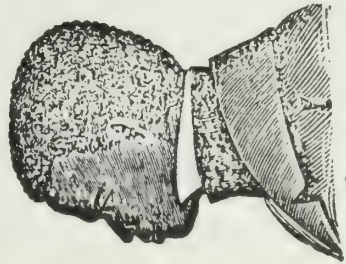
(34.) **Te-me, (girl),** 4 ft. 3 in. a young girl, says she lived with her mother, with an elder brother, and sister; her father was dead. A party of men in the night broke into her mother's house, and made them prisoners; she never saw her mother or brother afterwards, and was a long time in traveling to Lomboko.

(35.) **Ka-gue, (country),** 4 ft. 3 in. a young girl. She counts in Mendi like Kwong, she also counts in Fai or Gallina, imperfectly. She says her parents are living, and has four brothers and four sisters; she was put in pawn for a debt by her father which not being paid, she was sold into slavery, and was many days in going to Lomboko.



(36.) **Margru, (black snake),** 4 ft. 3 in. a young girl, with a large, high forehead; her parents were living; she had four sisters and two brothers; she was pawned by her father for a debt, which being unpaid, she was sold into slavery. The foregoing list comprises all the Africans captured with the Amistad, now [May 1840] living. Six have died while they have been in New Haven; viz. 1, *Fa*, Sept. 34, 1839; 2, *Tua* (a Bullom name) died Sept. 11th; 3, *Wu-lu* name) died Sept. 11th; 4, *Ka-ba*, a Mendi name, died Dec. 31st; 5, *Ka-pe-i*, a Mendi youth, died Oct. 30; 6, *Yam-mo-ni*, in middle life, died Nov. 4th.

**JAMES COVEY**, the interpreter for the Africans, is apparently about 20 years of age; was born at Benderi, in the Mendi country. His father was of Kon-o descent, and his mother Gissi. Covey was taken by three men, in the evening, from his parents' house, at Go-la-hung, whether they had removed when he was quite young. He was carried to the Bullom country, and sold as a slave to Ba-yi-mi, the king of the Bulloms, who resided at Mani. He lived there for three years, and was employed to plant rice for the wife of Ba-yi-mi, who treated him with great kindness. He was sold to a Portuguese, living near Mani, who carried him, with 200 or 300 others to Lomboko, for the purpose of being transported to America. After staying in this place about one month, Covey was put on board a Portuguese slave-ship, which, after being out about four days from Lomboko, was captured by a British armed vessel, and carried into Sierra Leone. Covey thus obtained his freedom, and remained in this place five or six years, and was taught to read and write the English language, in the schools of the Church Missionary Society. Covey's original name was *Kaw-we-li*, which signifies, in Mendi, war road, i. e., a road dangerous to pass, for fear of being taken captive. He was given him by Rev. J. W. Weeks, a Church Missionary, at Sierra Leone. In Nov., 1838, he enlisted as a sailor on board the British brig of war *Buxard*, commanded by Captain Fitzgerald. It was on board this vessel, when at New York, in Oct., 1839, that James was found, amid some twenty native Africans, and by the kindness of captain Fitzgerald, his services as an interpreter were procured.



James Covey.

On the 14th of September, 1839, all the captured Africans, with the exception of Burna, who was left sick at New Haven, were removed to Hartford to await their trial. On Wednesday, the 18th, Judge Thompson took his seat. In the afternoon the council for the blacks, Messrs. S. P. Staples and T. Sedgwick, Jr. of New York, and R. S. Baldwin of New Haven, moved for a habeas corpus to the Marshal, directing him to bring up the three African girls, they not being implicated in the criminal charge. The writ was granted and made returnable the next morning.

On Thursday, the matter of the habeas corpus was postponed till the afternoon, and the District Court was opened by Judge Judson, he quitting the bench of the Circuit Court. The libels and claims in relation to the Amistad were then read and filed as follows: 1st. Lieut. Gedney and Meade, filed their libel praying for salvage. 2d. Captain Green, of Long Island, by Governor Ellsworth, his Attorney put in his libel for salvage also. 3d. Pedro Montez filed his libel against part of the cargo, and four of the slaves, three girls and one boy, as his property. 4th. Jose Ruiz filed his libel against the remainder of the slaves and the balance of the property; and lastly, the District Attorney, Mr. Hollabird, filed a claim under Lieut. Gedney's libel, on two distinct grounds: one that these Africans had been claimed by the Government of Spain, and ought to be retained till the pleasure of the Executive might be known as to that demand, and the other, that they should be held subject to the disposition of the President, to be re-transported to Africa, under the act of 1819. The Spanish Consul also asked leave to file a libel in behalf of the owners abroad. The counsel who appeared for the Spanish owners, were Messrs. R. I. Ingersoll, W. Hungerford, and Mr. Purroy of New York.

The only matter of consequence which occurred at this time, was that the District Judge said he had come to the decision that there could be no claim for salvage as to the Africans.

Thursday, P. M.—The three African girls were brought into Court weeping, and evidently much terrified at the separation from their companions:—the eldest being about eleven years of age. The Marshal then made his return, and justified the detention of these negroes under the libel of Lieut. Gedney—the claim of the United States, the libel of Pedro Montez, and also under an order of the District Judge, committing them as witnesses to appear at this Court. The counsel for the Africans asked leave to consider this return, and it was granted till the next morning.

On Friday, the matter of the habeas corpus was called up, and Mr. Sedgwick read the answer to the Return, setting out at length the Spanish decrees suppressing the slave trade, and alleging these Africans to have been born and still of right to be free. Mr. Baldwin followed in a very elaborate argument, denying the jurisdiction of the Court, as the property was found at Long Island, and in the District of New York—the right of Gedney as salvor—the claim of Montez as a purchaser of slaves illegally imported into Cuba, and the authority of the District Attorney to make any claim in behalf of the Spanish Government, or that of the United States. In regard to their being recognized as witnesses, an offer was made to give security for them, and in relation to the claim of Lieut. Gedney, the Court remarked that, under the decision of the District Judge, they could not be held by any process under that libel.—Thus two of the obstacles to their discharge were removed: there remained the libel of the alleged owner, and the claim of the United States.

Mr. R. I. Ingersoll replied to Mr. Baldwin, insisting that the rights of the owners were the proper subjects of the cognizance of the District Court, and that this Court should not interfere by this summary process to deprive them of the opportunity of establishing those rights. He further insisted that by the treaty of 1795 with Spain, the rights of these owners were guaranteed, and that the President was bound to surrender them.

The argument was now interrupted by the Grand Jury coming in, and requesting the Court to give them instructions respecting the murder alleged to have been committed on board the Amistad. Upon an intimation of the judge, they presented a statement of the facts of the case, and this the Court took time to consider.

On the re-opening of the Court at 2 P. M., the Court delivered its charge to the Grand Jury, instructing them that the offense of Cinque and his associates, (if offense it was,) being committed on board a Spanish vessel, was not cognizable in our courts. This gave a final disposition of the question whether these Africans could be capitally punished in this country, and the Grand Jury having no other business before them were discharged.





On the opening of the Circuit Court on Saturday morning, Judge Thompson said the Court were not prepared as yet, to dispose of the case under consideration, *finally*; and that any intimations he might then throw out ought not to be taken as the ultimate views of the Court. On the conclusion of his remarks, he proposed that the case should be kept open until afternoon, and then have it argued. A writ of *habeas corpus* was taken out in the course of the forenoon on the petition of Erastus Smith, Esq. of Hartford, for all the other African prisoners returnable before this Court. The Court then took a recess until 2 o'clock. The arguments on the question were closed on Saturday evening. Messrs. Baldwin and Staples addressed the Court in an able manner, about one hour each, on the question of jurisdiction, and were opposed by Messrs. Hungerford and Ingersoll. Mr. Staples, in his plea, argued that if there was jurisdiction any where, it was in the Southern District of New York.

On the opening of the Circuit Court, on Monday the 23d, Judge Thompson delivered the opinion of the Court. He stated that the question now to be decided, was not as to the ultimate rights of either party, but simply as to the right of the District Court to take cognizance of the case. Had the seizure been made within the limits of the District of New York, the District Court of Connecticut could not have jurisdiction; if the seizure was made on the high seas, as it appeared to be in this case, the District Court of any District to which the property was brought, has jurisdiction. Judge Thompson, in denying the discharge of the Africans, under the writ of the *habeas corpus*, wished to be distinctly understood, that, in denying their discharge, he did not decide that they were not entitled to their freedom, but only left the case in a regular way for decision in another tribunal, from whose decision an appeal might be taken to that Court, and if desired, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

After the adjournment of the Circuit Court, the District Court was opened. Judge Judson said that he should direct an examination of the place where the Amistad was taken, should be made, to determine where the seizure was actually made. The Court was then adjourned to meet in Hartford, on the third Tuesday in November, after the Judge had directed the U. S. Marshal, to see that the prisoners should be comfortably provided for, with regard to food, clothing, &c. In pursuance of this direction, the Africans were remanded back to the prison in New Haven.

On the 17th of October, Messrs. Ruiz and Montez were arrested in New York, on two processes, at the suites of Cingue and Fuli, for assault and battery, and false imprisonment. Being unable, or unwilling to give bail for \$1000, which was required, the Spaniards were lodged in prison. On a hearing of the case before Judge Ingalls, he decided that Montez should be discharged on finding common or nominal bail, and that the amount of bail for Ruiz, should be reduced to two hundred and fifty dollars.

On Tuesday, the 19th of October, the District Court at Hartford, met agreeable to the adjournment, and the examination of witnesses occupied the whole day. On Wednesday, seven of the Africans were brought in Court, and after some further examination respecting the place of seizure, the Court was adjourned to sit in New Haven, on January 7th, 1840.

On the day of the adjournment, Judge Judson held a session at his chamber in the City Hotel, for the purpose of receiving the testimony of Dr. R. R. Madden, who had recently arrived in this country from Havana, on his return to England. He stated that he was a British subject, and had

been a resident at Havana for more than three years, and had held official stations there for three years; that the office he now held was that of Commissioner of liberated Africans, and for one year held that of British Commissioner in the Mixed Court of Justice: that the duties of his office made him well acquainted with the details of slavery and slave trade in Cuba. He stated that for the last three years, from *twenty*, to *twenty-five thousand* slaves from Africa, were yearly introduced into the island of Cuba, although it has been in violation of the Spanish law ever since 1820. The Spanish authorities never interfere to stop this illegal trade, but connive at it, receiving ten dollars a head for every negro thus introduced, which is called a voluntary contribution, but is in reality a tax, which has no legal sanction for its imposition. Dr. M. also stated that he seen the Africans, who were captured in the Amistad, and that they were of that class called in Cuba, *Bozal*, a term given to negroes recently from Africa: that the document then produced before him, dated June 26th, 1839, and signed by Espelata, the Captain General of Cuba, was a permit for the transportation of 49 slaves on board of the Amistad from Havana: that they are called in the permit, *Ladinos*, a term given to negroes long settled and acclimated in Cuba.

That the custom, on landing the negroes illegally introduced by the slave traders of the Havana, is to take them immediately to the Barracoons, or slave marts, which are fitted up exclusively for the reception and sale of Bozal negroes lately introduced, where they are kept by the slave traders till sold, generally for a period of two or three weeks; that among the slave traders of the Havana, one of the houses, the most openly engaged and notoriously implicated in slave trade transactions, is that of Martinez & Co., and that the custom of this house is, like all other slave traders of the Havana, to send the negroes they import into the island, immediately after landing, to the Barracoons.

Dr. Madden also stated in his testimony, the transgresses or permits, for all such negroes are commonly and usually obtained at the Havana, simply on application to the authorities. The "*Bozal*" negroes are called "*Ladinos*," and no examination is made by the Governor, or any officer of his, into the truth of the statement, but the permit is granted for the removal of the negroes falsely called *Ladinos*, on the simple application of the buyers, on the payment of the fees, and no oath required of them.

That to apply for these permits, and obtain them, representing Bozal negroes as *Ladinos*, as in the present case, is a fraud on the part of the purchaser, which cannot take place without connivance at the trade, and collusion with the slave traders on the part of the authorities. That the vast numbers of Bozals thus illegally introduced are by these means carried into the interior, and fall into hopeless slavery.

The efforts of the committee on behalf of the Africans, were, after the adjournment of the September court, crowned with success. Two native Africans belonging to the crew of the British brig of war Buzzard, which came into New York in July, from a cruise on the coast of Africa, were found to speak the same language of the prisoners. With the consent of Capt. Fitzgerald, they were allowed to come on to New Haven. When taken to the prison, the African captives were at breakfast, and the Marshal objected to their entrance till they had finished. One of the captives, however, coming to the door and finding one who could talk in his own language, took hold of him and literally dragged him in. Breakfast was forgotten, all seemed overwhelmed with joy, all talking as fast possible.

The following communication from Mr. Day, of New Haven, gives a summary account of the African captives, as stated by themselves, from the time they left Africa, till the time they obtained possession of the Amistad:

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 8, 1839.

[To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce.]

Gentlemen.—The following short and plain narrative of one or two of the African captives, in whose history and prospects such anxious interest is felt, has been taken





at the earliest opportunity possible, consistently with more important examinations. It may be stated in general terms, as the result of the investigations thus far made, that the Africans all testify that they left Africa about six months since; were landed under cover of the night at a small village or hamlet near Havana, and after 10 or 12 days were taken through Havana by night by the man who had bought them, named *Pipi*, who has since been satisfactorily proved to be Ruiz; were cruelly treated on the passage, being beaten and flogged; and in some instances having vinegar and gunpowder rubbed into their wounds; and that they suffered intensely from hunger and thirst. The perfect coincidence in the testimony of the prisoners, examined as they have been separately, is felt by all who are acquainted with the minutiae of the examination, to carry with it overwhelming evidence of the truth of their story.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE E. DAY.

MONDAY, Oct. 7.

This afternoon, almost the first time in which the two interpreters Covey and Pratt have not been engaged with special reference to the trial to take place in November, one of the captives named Grabeau, was requested to give a narrative of himself since leaving Africa, for publication in the papers. The interpreters, who are considerably exhausted by the examinations which have already taken place, only gave the substance of what he said, without going into details, and it was not thought advisable to press the matter. Grabeau first gave an account of the passage from Africa to Havana. On board the vessel there was a large number of men, but the women and children were far the most numerous. They were fastened together in couples by the wrists and legs, and kept in that situation day and night. Here Grabeau and another of the Africans named Kimbo, lay down upon the floor, to show the painful position in which they were obliged to sleep. By day it was no better. The space between decks was so small,—according to their account not exceeding four feet,—that they were obliged, if they attempted to stand, to keep a crouching posture. The decks, fore and aft, were crowded to overflowing. They suffered (Grabeau said) terribly. They had rice enough to eat, but had very little to drink. If they left any of the rice that was given to them uneaten, either from sickness or any other cause, they were whipped. It was a common thing for them to be forced to eat so much as to vomit. Many of the men, women, and children died on the passage.

They were landed by night at a small village near Havana. Soon several white men came to buy them, and among them was the one claiming to be their master, whom they call *Pipi*, said to be a Spanish nick-name for *José*, *Pipi*, or Ruiz, selected such as he liked, and made them stand in a row. He then felt of each of them in every part of the body; made them open their mouths to see if their teeth were sound, and carried the examination to a degree of minuteness of which only a slave dealer would be guilty.

When they were separated from their companions who had come with them from Africa, there was weeping among the women and children, but Grabeau did not weep, because he is a man. Kimbo, who sat by, said that he also shed no tears,—but he thought of his home in Africa, and of friends left there whom he should never see again.

The men bought by Ruiz were taken on foot through Havana in the night, and put on board a vessel. During the night they were kept in irons, placed about the hands, feet and neck. They were treated during the day in a somewhat milder manner, though all the irons were never taken off at once. Their allowance of food was very scant, and of water still more so. They were very hungry, and suffered much in the hot days and nights from thirst. In addition to this there was much whipping, and the cook told them that when they reached land they would all be eaten. This made their hearts burn. To avoid being eaten, and to escape the bad treatment they experienced, they rose upon the crew with the design of returning to Africa.

Such is the substance of Grabeau's story, confirmed by Kimbo, who was present most of the time. He says he likes the people of this country, because, to use his own expression, "they are good people—they believe in God, and there is no slavery here."

The story of Grabeau was then read and interpreted to Cingue, while a number of the other Africans were standing about, and confirmed by all of them in every particular. When the part relating to the crowded state of the vessel from Africa to Havana was read, Cingue added that there was scarcely room enough to sit or lie down. Another showed the marks of the irons on his wrists, which must at the time have been terribly lacerated. On their separation at Havana, Cingue remarked that almost all of them were in tears, and himself among the rest, "because they had come

from the same country, and were now to be parted forever." To the question, how it was possible for the Africans, when chained in the manner he described, to rise upon the crew, he replied that the chain which connected the iron collars about their necks, was fastened at the end by a padlock, and that this was first broken, and afterwards the other irons. Their object, he said, in the affray, was to make themselves free. He then requested it to be added to the above, that "if he tells a lie, God sees him by day and by night."



[The above engraving shows the position as described by Cingue and his companions, in which they were confined on board the slaver, during their passage from Africa. The space between the decks represented in the engraving is three feet three inches, being an actual measurement from a slave vessel. The space in the vessel that brought the Amistad captives to Havana was, according to their statement, somewhat larger, being about four feet between the decks.]

On the 7th of January, 1840, the U. S. District Court commenced its session in New Haven, Judge Judson presiding. The lawyers in the suit were Messrs. Baldwin, Staples and Sedgewick, for the Africans. Messrs. Isham and Brainard of New London, for Lient. Gedney. Gov. Ellsworth of Connecticut, in behalf of Capt. Green, and Mr. Cleveland of New London, in behalf of the Spanish owners of part of the property on board of the Amistad, and lastly, Mr. Hollabird, District Attorney, in behalf of the United States. The counsel for the prisoners withdrew the plea which denied the jurisdiction of the court, and acknowledged that if any court in the country could have jurisdiction of the case, this court could. The morning was occupied in discussing technical questions, and the first testimony introduced was on behalf of the prisoners. The deposition of Dr. Madden was read. Messrs. Haley and Jones, of New London, James Covey, the interpreter, and Professor Gibbs, of Yale College, then gave in their testimony, all tending to show that the Amistad captives were recently from Africa. The evidence on this point was so clear, that on the second day of the trial, (Wednesday,) Judge Judson remarked that he was fully convinced that the men were recently from Africa, and that it was unnecessary to take up time in establishing that fact.

Cingue, the leader of the Africans, being called as a witness, Covey, the interpreter, was sworn to interpret the oath to him. The clerk read the oath and Covey repeated it to Cingue in their native tongue. His examination was quite minute, and was listened to by a crowded auditory, with the deepest interest. He testified that at the time of their capture by Lient. Gedney, a large number of them were on shore, on Long Island. He also gave an account of the voyage to and from Havana, till their capture; and his statements so nearly correspond with the account already given, as to render a repetition unnecessary. While Cingue was on his examination, he described by actions, (which spoke louder than words,) the manner in which *Pipi* [Ruiz] examined the Africans to ascertain if they were healthy





and sold at the slave factories, as no white man dare penetrate into the interior. Some of the blacks who have been educated at Sierra Leone, have been principal dealers in the slave trade.

On Friday morning, the District Attorney, according to an arrangement made with the opposing counsel, read the substance of what Antonio G. Viga, the Spanish Consul, at Boston, said he should testify in this case, viz.: that he (Viga) had resided in Cuba many years; knew the laws of Cuba; knew of no law in force, against the introduction of slaves into the island; that on some plantations, the native language of the Africans was continued for years; that the papers of the Amistad were genuine. Mr. Jones was then called, who testified that he called on Viga at New London, and asked him when the slave trade was prohibited, or made piracy. He replied he thought it was in 1814, but did not know the penalty.—Here the testimony closed.

Mr. Brainard opened the argument on behalf of the libelants, Lieuts. Gedney and Meade. He contended that whether the Africans were or were not, the lawful property of Ruiz and Montez, the Court could not set them free; crime had been committed on board this Spanish vessel, and this government were bound to deliver up these persons to Spain, that she may execute her own laws. Whether they were delivered up to the Spanish authorities, or to the United States government, his clients had performed meritorious services, for which they were justly entitled to salvage.—Governor Ellsworth, the counsel in behalf of Capt. Green, stated that he could not in accordance with the sentiments he entertained, nor in justice to his client, use the slightest efforts either to have these Africans delivered up to the government of Spain, or to the United States. But if they were to be delivered up, he must claim part of the valuation, for salvage for Capt. Green. He contended that his client had rendered a more valuable and hazardous service than any which Lieut. Gedney and others had rendered, and therefore his right to salvage was paramount to all others.

Mr. Cleaveland followed Gov. Ellsworth, in behalf of certain houses in Cuba, who had been shippers in the Amistad. His arguments were confined to the denial of any right of salvage to Lieut. Gedney and others. Being in the service and pay of the United States, they were bound to render assistance without compensation. Capt. Green, having not in fact saved the vessel and cargo, was not entitled to salvage, as that should be given for saving, not for the attempt to save.

On Friday P. M., Mr. Sedgewick opened the cause in behalf of the Africans, and was followed on that side by Messrs. Staples and Baldwin. Mr. B. contended that the Africans being born free, were entitled to their freedom, and that every person is presumed to be a freeman until the contrary is proved. The libelants and the United States claim they were slaves, because licenses have been produced authorizing the transportation of *Ladinos* from one port in Cuba to another, a term totally inapplicable to the Amistad captives. It was perfectly evident from the licenses or permits, that a fraud had been committed upon, or by, the Spanish authorities. The decree of Spain of 1817, prohibits the slave trade after 1820, with heavy penalties, and declares all slaves imported from Africa, after that period, free. These Africans owed no obedience to the Spanish laws. When taken at Long Island, they were in possession of their just rights, having the Spaniards Montez and Ruiz in subjection. If not slaves when they set foot on the soil of New York, they cannot be pronounced slaves now. Mr. B. contended, that the Africans were not held here for any lawful purpose, that no human being could be demanded as property, unless specifically named as such by treaty, and no such treaty had been made with Spain. There was no authority in any officer of any foreign government to enter our limits, and take a person thence. The government refers all applications for the delivery of criminals to the authorities of the several States. The interference of the Spanish minister in this case before the Court, was an insult to the government, and the courts of justice of this country.

On Saturday P. M., Gen. Isham, on behalf of Lieuts. Gedney and Meade,

and sound. He also put himself in the position in which they were forced to remain, when packed away on board the slaver. Grabeau and Fuliwa were then sworn and examined, who also testified to the same facts.

Mr. Wilcox, the U. S. Marshal, was examined relative to a conversation he had with Cingue, soon after the arrival of Covey, (the interpreter.) Mr. Wilcox stated that he understood from Covey, (which he now denies,) that Cingue had said that he had sold slaves, and that he himself was seized and sold to pay a debt which he had contracted, and could not pay. Professor Gibbs and Mr. Day who were present at the time, stated that there was much confusion in the room, arising from many asking questions, &c., and think that Mr. Wilcox must have misapprehended what Cingue said.

On Thursday afternoon, after the examination of Antonio, the slave of the Spanish Captain, the District Attorney introduced the deposition of James Ray, and G. W. Pierce, mariners on board of the cutter, giving a detailed account of the capture of the Africans on Long Island. He then introduced the papers of the Amistad, and the permits given to Montez and Ruiz, for the transportation of *Ladinos* to Principe. The license of Capt. Ferrer to carry slaves was from Gaston, who signed himself a Knight of the Cross, a commander of a 74—bearing various insignia of honor, merit, and reward.

The counsel for the Africans introduced Mr. D. FRANCIS BACON, of New Haven, as a witness. Mr. Bacon stated that he left the coast of Africa on the 13th of July, 1839. He knew a place called Dumboko [Lomboko] by the Spaniards: it was an island in the river or lagoon of Gallinas.\* There is a large slave factory or depot at this place, which is said to belong to the house of Martinez in Havana; there are also different establishments on different islands. Mr. Bacon stated that he had seen American, Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese vessels at Gallinas. The American flag was a complete shelter; no man-of-war daring to capture an American vessel. The slave trade on that part of the coast is the universal business of the country, and by far the most profitable, and all engaged in it who could raise the means. Extensive wars take place in Africa, for obtaining slaves from the vanquished. Different towns and villages make war upon each other for this purpose. Some are sold on account of their crimes, others for debts. The slaves are all brought on to the coast by other blacks,

\* The following notice from Mr. Bacon, appeared in the New Haven papers, addressed to the editors: *GEORGETOWN*.—In connection with the report of the evidence yesterday given in the case of the Amistad, allow me to state a few circumstances explanatory of the manner in which I became possessed of the facts to which I testified.

I was three times in Gallinas during my long wanderings on the coast of Western Africa.—First, in January, 1839, afterwards, in May of the same year, and last in February, 1839. On each of these visits I was the guest of Don Pedro Blanco, long famous for his large share in the slave trade. From him and all his friends, and also from those of other establishments, Spanish and Portuguese, in the same business, I received the most unbounded hospitalities. While thus an inmate of their houses, I became familiar with all the details of their business, which was carried on before me in the confidence that I would not abuse their hospitality as a spy; though they had been cautioned that from my connections I might be dangerous in this way.

In the first of these visits, I have therefore been careful to make use of no circumstances relating to the traffic of which I was thus informed, and which are not facts of common notoriety on the coast among those who have never been at Gallinas. To those Spaniards at Gallinas and New Seaters, I can never forget my numerous and weighty obligations. When the sea threw me, time and again, a homeless and friendless wanderer on their shores, they received and cherished me, and bade me always seek among them a welcome home in distress. They were anxious to supply every want, and their attentive kindness followed me to the last moment of my residence abroad. At the first tidings of my shipwreck they sent a vessel to search for me and my companions, then surrounded by perils on sea and land, and from all ages, while British men-of-war, scouring the coast for "blood-money," passed by on the other side, and carried the news to those who had more charity for mariners in distress.

I make this comment connected with them, without accompanying acknowledgement of my great indebtedness to those who could so liberally tolerate me as a guest and an inmate friend, when they knew my expressed opinions against their occupation. Yours,

D. FRANCIS BACON.





made the closing argument in the case. In the course of his remarks, he took occasion to say, that his clients authorized him to say that they would never receive salvage on *human* flesh: all they asked for, was, that if the Court decided that the vessel, cargo, and slaves, should be restored to the Spaniards, it should be upon terms that the owners should first pay them a reasonable compensation for services rendered in preserving their property.

On Monday A. M., Jan. 13th, Judge Judson gave a review and decision of this case, which occupied more than an hour in the delivery. The first point his Honor decided upon, was that respecting jurisdiction. It was necessary in order that the Court have jurisdiction of this case, that the seizure must have taken place within the limits of the District of Connecticut, or upon the high seas. The determination of this point, then rested upon the legal signification of the words *high seas*. It appeared in evidence that the Amistad lay in 3½ fathoms of water off Culloden Point, 5 or 6 miles from Montauk Point, not less than half a mile from the shore, and not in any known harbor, bay, river, or port. Excluding these, the high seas extend to low water mark; consequently, the Amistad must have been on the high seas. The well known position of Montauk, adds conclusiveness to the argument, as we all understand that Montauk is a point of land projecting into the sea.

The next points decided by his Honor, were those respecting salvage. He stated that the services rendered by Lieut. Gedney, were such as justly entitled him to salvage on the *vessel* and *goods*. The decree would be, that the schooner and her effects be delivered up to the Spanish Government, upon the payment, at a *reasonable rate* for saving the property. An appraisal will be ordered, and one third of that amount will be deemed just and reasonable. The next question was, can salvage be allowed upon the slaves? His Honor here stated that he had in the very outset of the case, decided that the alleged slaves could not be sold. There was no law of the United States nor of the State of Connecticut by which a title can be given under any decree of this Court. Their value in the District of Connecticut was not one cent!

The libel of Messrs. Green and Fordham rested on the claim that they had in effect taken possession of the vessel. His Honor remarked that the facts proved would not sustain this claim, and that therefore their libels must be dismissed. The two great questions still remained to be settled: "Shall these Africans, by a decree of this Court, be delivered over to the Government of Spain, upon the demand of her Minister as the property of Don Pedro Montez and Don Jose Ruiz? But if not, what ultimate disposition shall the Government of the United States make of them?"

In Cuba, there are three classes of negroes, *Crotoes*, those born within the Spanish dominions: *Ladinos*, those long domiciliated on the island owing allegiance to Spain, and *Bozals*, the name given to those recently from Africa. The negroes in question are recently from Africa, imported into Cuba in violation of Spanish laws, and bought as slaves by Montez and Ruiz. The demand of the Spanish Minister is, that these Bozals shall be given up, that Montez and Ruiz may have them as their property. In order to justify this demand, and require our Government to give them up, according to our treaty with Spain, it is necessary that *property* and title should be proved. The whole evidence offered in support of this claim is a permit or license to transport 54 *Ladinos*, to Guanaja. But these negroes are *Bozals*, not *Ladinos*. Here then, is the point upon which this great controversy must turn. His Honor then stated, that he found as a matter of fact, that in the month of June 1839, the law of Spain, prohibited under severe penalties, the importation into Cuba of negroes from Africa. These negroes were imported in violation of that law, and by the same law of Spain, such negroes are declared free, and of course are not the property of Span-

ish subjects. With regard to the boy Antonio he being a *Crotole*, born as he believes in Spain, recognized by the laws of that country as being the property of Ramon Farrer, a Spanish subject, he should decree a restoration of this slave, under the treaty of 1795.

"The question remains, What disposition shall be made of these negroes by the Government of the United States? There is a law of Congress passed the 2d of March, 1819, which renders it essential that all such Africans as these shall be transported under the direction of the President of the United States to Africa.—I shall put in form a decree of this Court, that these Africans, excepting Antonio, be delivered to the President of the United States to be transported to Africa, there to be delivered to the Agent appointed to receive and conduct them home."

The case of the Africans having been argued by the District Attorney in behalf of the United States, it came before the Circuit Court held at New Haven, April 20th, 1840, Judge Thompson presiding. The counsel for the Africans objected to the appeal, as coming from the Executive of the U. S. who had no interest in the case, and of whom nothing more could be expected than to assist in bringing the case before the proper tribunal. The arguments of both sides on this point occupied the whole of the afternoon. On Thursday morning the Judge gave it as his opinion that the Government have an interest in the case; these Africans are claimed as the property of Spanish subjects, and Spain demands of this Government that they shall be delivered over to her by *compulsion* with out treaty. The Government therefore have a right to conduct the inquiry, and acquiesce in the fact. He should not therefore refuse the appeal. The point was a perplexing one, and if he should decide against it, an appeal could be carried up to the Supreme Court on this very point, and in case his decision were reversed, the case would come back for a hearing on the main question, and then would again be repeated, and thus the final disposal of the case be needlessly delayed. He therefore chose, as the case would as all events be appealed, to affirm the decision of Judge Judson *pro forma*, and leave the whole case to be decided by the Supreme Court, leaving the case open to the September term of the Court for the parties to agree on the facts as far as they could, and make out a bill to be referred to the Supreme Court which sits at Washington in January, 1841.



Village in Mendi, with Palm trees, &c.

[The Africans are now under the daily instruction of a number of young men connected with Yale College, who are learning them to read the English language, and teaching them the plain and proper tenets of Christianity. In this laudable object, they receive much assistance from James Corey, the Interpreter. By his aid, and that of John Ferry, a native of the Gias country, a Mendi and Gias vocabulary has been made, and is published in the 38th vol. of the American Journal of Science. The above engraving, copied partly from one in Lander's travels, is recognized by the Africans as giving a correct representation of the appearance of villages in their native country.]





## EMERSON AND TRANSCENDENTALISM.

By C. F. McClumpha.

"What is popularly called transcendentalism among us, is idealism; idealism as it appears in 1842," said Emerson in a lecture before a Boston audience in the same year. This idealism came to be an important part of Emerson's philosophy. It became a mode of thought as well as a precept. It was the soul to the body of his literary expression, for literature may be said to have a soul as well as a body. Literary history records many a period when the question of keeping body and soul together was an important one, periods when materialism, such as that of the eighteenth century, threatened the life of idealism; periods when transcendentalism has waxed militant and distrustful of the material, scientific progress of mankind.

It was the voice of Immanuel Kant that heralded a philosophy of idealism, declaring that the external world, its phenomena, its history, do not depend upon experience; that mind, its speculations, aspirations, and dreams, are not to be rent as fine-spun myths. It was reserved for Emerson to translate the idealism of Kant into the practical, every-day life and culture of the American in the nineteenth century. Emerson poured his idealism into a mould which shaped a world of real profit and ideal delight for the masses that were to become his readers and admirers.

Wordsworth, the transcendental naturalist, had already celebrated the sympathy of man with external nature; Carlyle, the transcendental moralist, had thundered forth his anathemas against the pettiness of human thought and the falseness of human institutions; but it was for Emerson to exult in the divine nature of things, to glorify the spiritual force in man and his humanity. It was a grand thing for the idealist of nature to dream of the material particles that are wrought into intimate relationship with the soul, to let the imagination bridge the gulf between inner self and outer world, between the subtlest thought and the dancing atom of the sunbeam. It was a noble thought to imagine moral energy in stardust, to connect the heroes and sages of human history with the barren rocks of Scandia or the pleached gardens of Arabia. But how much more sublime the idealism that could link the commonplace lives and humdrum existence of unheroic and uninteresting neighbors and fellow citizens with the whole power of world-creation or the highest conception of spiritualism.

Emerson's transcendentalism was eminently

suited to the American public. It was democratic. It placed him in harmony with the current and movement of the time; it enabled him to bear his part in the public and private doings of his country; it made him a noble and inspiring leader among men. The human side of democracy, its ideal, it may be said, is humanitarianism, and this was the burden of all Emerson's political, or theoretically political, utterances. To him the greatest examples of humanity, those who became the heroes of history, were not resultants of blind force, but "representative men" endowed with divine qualities. Such heroes do not exact hero-worship; they rather attract men by their transcendent qualities and then yield their places to other geniuses. "But at last we shall cease to look in men for completeness, and shall content ourselves with their social and delegated quality." "We never come at the best and true benefit of any genius so long as we believe him an original force." Such heroes are resultants of qualities common to all men, they are democratic as we are democratic, and they leave us independent.

Again, Emerson's transcendentalism was optimistic. It was self-sufficient in the highest sense of the word. It could afford to dispense with the harsh theories that science has often sought to impose upon material things. Cellular explanations of matter, prosy crystallizations of sociology, philosophy may be ignored. Optimistic transcendentalism rises above such explanations. The thoughts of moral beings are reflections of that divine harmony present in all natural phenomena. The richly colored clouds of heaven, the laughing mountain brook, the murmuring forest pines, the most delicately tinted flower, are in accord with human joys and sorrows. Human efforts and ambitions are swayed by the same forces that pass into electrons of the minutest atom. Emerson exultingly exclaims, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams." Against such optimism the billows of materialism and pessimism may dash with the greatest possible violence, but transcendental faith will remain serene, undisturbed.

The transcendentalism of Emerson became





and Cambridge electric. (They call them "electrics" in Boston. They *have* to be different.) I was curious to know something of the history of this typical Bostonian, and so under pretext of asking him whether the car went through to Arlington I entered into conversation with him when he had finished the essay on "Self-Reliance" and was presumably in a position to look out for himself.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said I, "but I could not help seeing the title of your book, and as I am a stranger in Boston it pleased me not a little to learn that Bostonians are really as cultivated as the joke writers would have us believe."

"Oh, yes," said he; "there are cultivated men in all cities."

"Well, can you tell me if it is a general custom for business men to read Emerson on the street cars?"

With great courtesy but with a half-concealed smile he said:

"I am not in a position to answer your question as I was never in Boston before. I am a professor in Columbia University and I am on my way to visit my brother, who is a professor in Harvard. I was born and brought up in Jersey City and I never happened to read Emerson until to-day, when I picked up this copy in the Corner Book Store. I see that I have missed an intellectual treat."

I retired, apologizing, and fell to reflecting on the danger of generalizing.—CHAS. BATTELL LOOMIS in *Saturday Evening Post*.

### A Tribute to Emerson.

The poet Gray complained that he was neither a cat to see in the dark, nor an eagle to face the sun; not a whisper of this do we get from Emerson. Cat and eagle are mere moles to him who says, "I am a transparent eyeball." Emerson, of all our poets, sees; be it noontide or twilight, the glance is straight and piercing. Not only does he see through the light, but he absorbs it, "illuminating the untried and the unknown." Emerson's mastery over light distinguishes him from his compeers, and, coupled with his ability, "to put his private fact into literature," gives him the electric, seminal strength which comes first in a computation of his power. Sight, imagination, and inspiration standing foremost among his gifts, Emerson was a seer, a reporter, a mighty applier of ideas to life. His aim was truth, his mission to tell us "how to live well"; he was to the last the lover of youth and beauty, he was a receiver of the

distilled wisdom of the ages, he was virile and benign; in short, he could make a brave showing of the gifts characterizing the great poets of old.—JOHN VANCE CHENEY, from his volume of essays entitled "That Dome in Air."

### A Club Incident.

By Charles W. Kent.

In a Southern city there is to-day one of the most serious and successful literary clubs in America. For more than a decade this club, with a membership of twenty-one members, has held its regular weekly meetings during nine months of each year without ever losing a meeting by default or lack of interest.

Among the members of this club were several avowed Emersonians, if familiarity with his writings and affectionate appreciation of his life and purpose elevate to this rank. For a given evening Emerson was selected as the subject, and that we might not be regaled with mere reiterations of our own views, the duty of preparing a paper on Emerson was assigned to a newly elected member, a clergyman of mature culture, but, as later appeared, wholly out of touch with Emerson's life and philosophy. The club assembled, the paper was announced, the author with impressive confidence drew out his bulky manuscript, while the members settled themselves to hear once again intelligent and discriminating praise of an old favorite.

With the first bold words the members were aware that the author of the paper was no lover of his subject; with later utterances they pricked up their ears, straightened themselves in their chairs, moved uneasily, cast questioning glances at one another, and then surrendered themselves to astonishment and dismay. In blissful ignorance of the consternation he had created, the reader was intent upon his incisive dissection of Emerson's character, his severe censure of the incoherent prose, and sarcastic references to metrical deficiencies. He ended—and for the first time noted that, uninspired by love and unilluminated by reverent study, he had pronounced to sensitive lovers of the New England sage a strange and startling diatribe.

The situation was so ludicrous as to forestall the necessity of explanations or apologies, but the moral was, and is, as one of the members put it, that you must not presume to walk familiarly with Emerson unless in some measure you have caught the "Emersonian stride." *University of Virginia.*





## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT OF A YOUNG MAN'S SOUL.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

WHEN young Archibald Dean went from the city—(living out of which he had so often said was no living at all)—went down into the country to take charge of a little district school, he felt as though the last float-plank which buoyed him up on hope and happiness, was sinking, and he with it. But poverty is as stern, if not as sure, as death and taxes, which Franklin called the surest things of the modern age. And poverty compelled Archie Dean; for when the destructive New-York fire of '35 happened, ruining so many property owners and erewhile rich merchants, it ruined the insurance offices, which of course ruined those whose little wealth had been invested in their stock. Among hundreds and thousands of other hapless people, the aged, the husbandless, the orphan, and the invalid, the widow Dean lost every dollar on which she depended for subsistence in her waning life. It was not a very great deal; still it had yielded, and was supposed likely to yield, an income large enough for her support, and the bringing up of her two boys. But, when the first shock passed over, the cheerful-souled woman dashed aside, as much as she could, all gloomy thoughts, and determined to stem the waters of roaring fortune yet. What troubled her much, perhaps most, was the way of her son Archibald. "Unstable as water," even his youth was not a sufficient excuse for his want of energy and resolution; and she experienced many sad moments, in her maternal reflections, ending with the fear that he would "not excel." The young man had too much of that inferior sort of pride which fears to go forth in public with anything short of fashionable garments, and hat and boots fit for fashionable criticism. His cheeks would tingle with shame at being seen in any working capacity: his heart sunk within him, if his young friends met him when he showed signs of the necessity of labor, or of the absence of funds. Moreover, Archie looked on the dark side of his life entirely too often; he pined over his deficiencies, as he called them, by which he meant mental as well as pecuniary wants. . . . . But to do the youth justice, his good qualities must be told, too. He was unflinchingly honest; he would have laid out a fortune, had he possessed one, for his mother's comfort; he was not indisposed to work, and work faithfully, could he do so in a sphere equal to his ambition; he had a benevolent, candid soul, and none of the darker vices which are so common among the young fellows of our great cities.

A good friend, in whose house she could be useful, furnished the widow with a gladly accepted

shelter; and thither she also took her younger boy, the sickly, pale child, the light-haired little David, who looked thin enough to be blown all away by a good breeze. And happening accidentally to hear of a country district, where for poor pay and coarse fare, a school teacher was required, and finding on inquiry that Archie, who though little more than a boy himself, had a fine education, would fill the needs of the office, thither the young man was fain to betake him, sick at soul, and hardly restraining unmanly tears as his mother kissed his cheek, while he hugged his brother tightly, the next hour being to find him some miles on his journey. But it *must* be. Had he not ransacked every part of the city for employment as a clerk? And was he not quite ashamed to be any longer a burthen on other people for his support?

Toward the close of the first week of his employment, the entering upon which, with the feelings and circumstances of the beginning, it is not worth while to narrate, Archie wrote a long letter to his mother, (strange as it may seem to most men, she was also his confidential friend,) of which the following is part:

"— You may be tired of such outpourings of spleen, but my experience tells me that I shall feel better after writing them; and I am in that mood when sweet music would confer on me no pleasure. Punt up and cribbed here among a set of beings to whom grace and refinement are unknown, with no sunshine ahead, have I not reason to feel the gloom over me? Ah, poverty, what a devil thou art! How many high desires, how many aspirations after goodness and truth thou hast crushed under thy iron heel! What swelling hearts thou hast sent down to the silent house, after a long season of strife and bitterness! What talent, noble as that of great poets and philosophers, thou dost doom to pine in obscurity, or die in despair! \* \* \* Mother, my throat chokes, and my blood almost stops, when I see around me so many people who appear to be born into the world merely to eat and sleep, and run the same dull monotonous round—and think that I too must fall in this current, and live and die in vain!"

Poor youth, how many, like you, have looked on man and life in the same ungracious light! Has God's all-wise providence ordered things wrongly, then? Is there discord in the machinery which moves systems of worlds, and keeps them in their harmonious orbits? O, no: there is discord in your own heart; in that lies the darkness and the tangle. To the young man, with health and a vigilant spirit, there is shame in despon-

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gency. Here we have a world, a thousand avenues to usefulness and to profit stretching in far distances around us. Is *this* the place for a failing soul? Is *you* the time to yield, when the race is just begun?

But a changed spirit, the happy result of one particular incident, and of several trains of clearer thought, began to sway the soul of Archie Dean in the course of the summer: for it was at the beginning of spring that he commenced his labors and felt his severest deprivations. There is surely, too, a refreshing influence in open-air nature, and in natural scenery, with occasional leisure to enjoy it, which begets in a man's mind truer and heartier reflections, analyzes and balances his decisions, and clarifies them if they are wrong, so that he sees his mistakes—an influence that takes the edge off many a vapory pang, and neutralizes many a loss, which is most a loss in imagination. Whether this suggestion be warranted or not, there was no doubt that the discontented young teacher's spirits were eventually raised and sweetened by his country life, by his long walks over the hills, by his rides on horseback every Saturday, his morning rambles and his evening saunters; by his coarse living, even, and the untainted air and water, which seemed to make better blood in his veins. Gradually, too, he found something to admire in the character and customs of the unpolished country-folk; their sterling sense on most practical subjects, their hospitality, and their industry.

One day Archie happened to be made acquainted with the history of one of the peculiar characters of the neighborhood—an ancient, bony, yellow-faced maiden, whom he had frequently met, and who seemed to be on good terms with everybody; her form and face receiving a welcome, with all their contiguity and fadedness, wherever and whenever they appeared. In the girlhood of this long-born spinster, her father's large farm had been entirely lost and sold from him, to pay the debts incurred by his extravagance and dissipation. The consequent ruin to the family peace which followed, made a singularly deep impression on the girl's mind, and she resolved to get the whole farm back again. This determination came to form her life—the greater part of it—as much as her bodily limbs and veins. She was a shrewd creature; she worked hard; she received the small payment which is given to female labor; she persisted; night and day found her still at her tasks, which were of every imaginable description; long—long—long years passed; youth fled, (and it was said she had been quite handsome); many changes of ownership occurred in the farm itself; she confided her resolve all that time to no human being; she hoarded her gains; all other passions—love even, gave way to her one great resolve; she watched her opportunity, and even-

tually conquered her object! She not only cleared the farm, but was happy in furnishing her old father with a home there for years before his death. And when one comes to reflect on the disadvantages under which a woman labors, in the strife for gain, this will appear a remarkable, almost an incredible case. And then, again, when one thinks how surely, though ever so slowly and step by step, perseverance has overcome apparently insuperable difficulties, the fact—for the foregoing incident is a fact—may not appear so strange.

Archie felt the narrative of this old maid's doings as a rebuke—a sharp-pointed moral to himself and his infirmity of purpose. Moreover, the custom of his then way of life forced him into habits of more thorough activity; he had to help himself or go unhelped; he found a novel satisfaction in that highest kind of independence which consists in being able to do the offices of one's own comfort, and achieve resources and capacities "at home," whereof to place happiness beyond the reach of variable circumstances, or of the services of the hireling, or even of the uses of fortune. The change was not a sudden one: few great changes are. But his heart was awakened to his weakness; the seed was sown; Archie Dean felt that he *could* expand his nature by means of that very nature itself. Many times he flagged; but at each fretful falling back, he thought of the yellow-faced dame, and roused himself again. . . . Meantime, changes occurred in the mother's condition. Archie was called home to weep at the death-bed of little David. Even that helped work out the revolution in his whole make; he felt that on him rested the responsibility of making the widow's last years comfortable. "I shall give up my teacher's place," said he to his mother, "and come to live with you; we will have the same home, for it is best so." And so he did. And the weakness of the good youth's heart never got entirely the better of him afterward, but in the course of a season, was put to flight utterly. This second time he made employment. With an iron will he substituted action and cheerfulness for despondency and a fretful tongue. He met his fortunes as they came, face to face, and shirked no conflict. Indeed, he felt it glorious to vanquish obstacles. For his mother he furnished a peaceful, plentiful home; and from the hour of David's death, never did his tongue utter words other than kindness, or his lips, whatever annoyances or disappointments came, cease to offer their cheerfullest smile in her presence.

Ah, for how many the morose habit which Archie rooted out from his nature, becomes by long usage and indulgence rooted in, and spreads its bitterness over their existence, and darkens the peace of their families, and carries them through the spring and early summer of life with no in-halement of sweets, and no plucking of flowers!





## EMERSON'S POETRY \*

It is only the love of paradox that can call in question the eminent rank of Mr. Emerson in American letters. From the commencement of his career, his influence has been constantly gaining in brilliancy and power. At first he was surrounded by a throng of enthusiastic admirers, who regarded him with a sentiment little short of worship, and would fain elevate him to the position of a demigod. They treated him as the prophet of the coming age; they hung upon his words as the utterances of an apocalyptic inspiration; and, entranced by the solemn charm of his eloquence, they reveled in new visions of the Beautiful and the Good. These early disciples (for that term is not too strong to express the ardor of their devotion) were for the most part in the freshness of youth; many of them were lone and sentimental women; all of them subjects of a sensitive, excitable temperament, which contrasted strangely with the reserve and self-possession of the master.

But this circle was comparatively limited. The public at large did not share their sympathy. The new teacher was regarded with distrust, both on account of the novelty of his doctrine and the strangeness of his manner. Many looked on him as a false light, while the more charitable were in doubt whether to consider him as a rising star, a comet whose path had not yet been calculated, or a transient meteor. They complained of the oracular tone of his discourse, positive in expression but obscure in significance; without method, without order, without logical sequence; imposing by its boldness and stately rhetoric, but fragmentary, incoherent, often contradictory of itself; they were tempted to place it among the passing affectations of the day, with the character of a rhapsody, rather than a revelation. Gradually a deeper meaning was detected beneath the audacious imagery and erratic diction of the calm innovator. Men began to discover that he spoke with the spirit of the seer, rather than the arts of the scribe. A wider audience was gathered around his feet. Persons of thought, as well as of sentiment, were attracted by his teachings, which gave them new conceptions of the wisdom of nature and the purposes of life. Like Goethe, Carlyle, Victor Hugo, and other foremost men of the age, he was found to conceal beneath an almost whimsical peculiarity of language a mass of earnest convictions and original views of man and the universe. His fame spread to foreign lands. His writings entered into the current of European civilization. He was recognized

as one of the few men who give a fresh impulse to human intellect, and whose words outlive the spoon of wear and tear. He has indeed founded no school, headed no popular movement, given his name to no great sect; but still few modern writers have left a deeper impress of their individuality upon the highest culture of the day, or are the objects of more curious wonder, if not of unlightened admiration, among the most thoughtful and intelligent people.

Amongst other things, Mr. Emerson's title to a prominent place in literature is founded mainly on his poetical abilities. We venture to say that if he is not a genuine poet, his prospect of a lasting reputation rests upon an uncertain basis. The peculiar merit of his prose writings grows out of the poetry which pervades them. His intellect is intuitive, contemplative, but not rational. It contains no considerable portion of the element which is essential to the philosopher. His ideas proceed from the light of genius, and from wise observation of Nature; they come in flashes of inspiration and ecstasy; his pure gold is found in places near the surface, not wrought out laboriously from the depths of the mine in the bowels of the earth. But this is the sphere for the philosophic intellect. Its fruits are the product of thought, not of spontaneous intuition. Its insight is slight, directed inwardly, applied to the objects of consciousness, not of the senses; and this process is essentially deliberate, analytic, and possible only to strenuous mental toil. Aristotle, Leibnitz, Kant gained their triumphs by persistent thought, by the subtlest analysis of ideas, by bringing the subject of inquiry, bit by bit, within the focus of microscopic attention; not by any grand synthetic generalizations.

But in this department of intellectual action Mr. Emerson is evidently not at home. He has no taste for the apparently arid abstractions of philosophy. His mind is not organized for the comprehension of its sharp distinctions. Its acute reasonings present no charm to his fancy, and its lucid deductions are to him as destitute of fruit as an empty nest of boxes. The claim which is sometime made for him as a philosophic thinker tends only to place him in a false position, and does injustice to the admirable endowments which truly characterize his intellect. In the sphere of pure reflection he has shown neither originality nor depth. He has thrown no light on the great topics of speculation. He has never fairly grappled with the metaphysical problems which have called forth the noblest efforts of the mind in every age, and which, though yet reduced to a positive science, have not ceased to enlist the clearest and most powerful intellects in the work of their solution. This is one reason of the disappointment which the soundest thinkers often experi-

ence in the first perusal of Mr. Emerson's writings. They go to them with the "divine hunger for truth," eager for help in the resolution of their doubts, hoping to find a clue to the labyrinth of existence, and turn away with a painful sense of in-nutrition. On all questions of this kind the writings of Mr. Emerson are wholly unsatisfactory. He looks at them only in the light of imagination. He frequently offers brave hints, pregnant suggestions, cheering encouragements; but no exposition of abstract truth has ever fallen from his keen pen. To call him a philosopher is a singular misapplication of terms. In the present case the man is the poet, and the poet is the man. His productions in this kind possess the unity in variety which marks the presence of true genius. Everything which he has written shows intense individuality; both in thought and expression, he is always himself; his unique style becomes almost a mannerism; but his wealth of imagination is proof against monotony.

The chief feature of Mr. Emerson's poetry may be stated as the mystic love of Nature, combined with an exact observation of its external details. It is inspired by a fine sense of the subtle relations between the universe and the human soul. Doubtless this feeling enters largely into the composition of all true poetry; but it has received its most exquisite illustrations in times of recent date. It kindled the genius of Wordsworth and Shelley, and was the secret of their strength; but in Mr. Emerson it has assumed a new shape and given birth to a fresh variety of spiritual creation. The religious sense with which prophets and holy men have consecrated certain spots by the presence of the Deity is carried by him into the universal domain of Nature. To his mystic vision every mountain is a Sinai, every tree of the wood is a burning bush, every breeze is vocal with the still, small voice. In the growth of plants, the flow of streams, the flight of birds, he recognizes the mysterious power which gives vitality to the soul, if it be not indeed, according to his strange Oriental fancy, the outward projection of the soul itself. This rhythmical construction of the universe, this subtle harmony, or perhaps identity, of man with Nature, is an idea completely foreign to Anglo-Saxon habits of thought. We can square it with none of our familiar conceptions, and even in the sphere of poetic free-

dom its boldness almost seems to amount to extravagance. At all events, it gives a certain taste of obscurity to the productions of Mr. Emerson, which conceal their meaning from the mass of readers, and which is often mistaken for the absence of meaning.

Still, in his delineations of Nature, even in his slightest hints of color and texture, or form and order, there is a marvelous accu-

\* A Review from The Independent of 1867.





racy of expression, showing a singularly acute and truthful eye, no less than a radiant imagination. In the grand procession of the seasons no delicate phase escapes his notice. The wonderful processes of seed-time and harvest are watched with the severity of scientific research. He loves the secretisms of Nature, and is never weary of peering into her mysteries. His acquaintance with her ways has been gained by face-to-face intercourse. He meets her disclosures with the love of an ancient familiar friend. There is no distance, no formality, no reserve between them. Not a product of her sweet and cunning hand but he knows its name, knows its properties. The pines and the oaks of the still forest recognize his footsteps; "they nod to him and he nods to them;" the stores of hidden sympathy are unlocked at his approach. In his mystic words Nature finds the echo of her own voice, and acknowledges him as her faithful, if yet oracular, interpreter.

Mr. Emerson's apparent coldness of temperament has caused him to be accused of want of feeling. He certainly never betrays anything like excitement. His nature shuns all vehemence, accepts no verbal force that is not founded on inward force. He is as incapable of the affectation of strength as of any other species of insincerity. Truth of expression is a primary want of his intellect, and always prevents the indulgence of eager demonstrations. Hence to many readers he may seem cold. Without "the volcano's tongue of flame," they perceive not "the burning core below." Yet a deeper sentiment than often finds vent in words glows at the heart of Mr. Emerson's poetry. His feeling, however, has the quality of depth and earnestness, sometimes hinting at a certain Hebrew solemnity rather than of ardent sympathy. He is not apt to take his readers into friendly counsel, rarely does he draw them near his heart; but rather speaks to them in his grand, austere tones from some lofty height of isolation. Not a trace of effeminacy, of the weak indulgence even of the purest passion, ever impairs the conscious serenity of his spirit. His inspiration flows from the intellect, or rather from the supreme poetical faculty, to a far greater degree than from the affections. Still, he is not without frequent touches of the tenderest pathos. Never has paternal sorrow for the death of a child found more truly human utterance than in his exquisite "Threnody;" nor a brother's love more fully expressed than in his now famous ode to Emily Dickinson. But his most intense revelation of his feelings is to be seen in the critical grandeur of his *Friendship*. Nowhere can we find a purer sense of justice, a more exalted devotion to the Right and the True, a more generous contempt for all low thinking and ignoble working. His standard of character is of the loftiest, but it has more of the nature of stoical sublimity than of Chris-

tian tenderness. His love of humanity is greater than that of the individual: and he loves humanity more in its ideal aspects than in its actual relations. A doubt of the possibilities of the race not unrequently comes to him over his imagination: though the saddest events in our history have given him a stern encouragement, and his new-born hopes, at times, seem to rise almost to enthusiasm.

As an artist, Mr. Emerson exhibits the same fidelity to his own ideas which he has always taken for his guide in the pursuit of truth. The construction of his verse is as unobtrusive as his mental idiosyncrasy. It certainly betrays incidentally the proof of a rare poetic culture. His masterly command of English shows a careful study of the best sources of the language; but not a sign of imitation can be found in his writings—not even the use of the imagery which has been consecrated by the habit of ages. His lines are often abrupt, sometimes even a little uncouth, but never deficient in marvellous strength. With no pretension to the finish and smoothness which give such an artistic grace to the poems of Tennyson, they present frequent surprises of dainty melody, and charm as much by the sweetness of their flow as by the grandeur of their thought.

The present volume affords attractive specimens of Mr. Emerson's characteristic talent in his various styles of composition. It opens with one of his longest productions, celebrating the return of Spring, but free from the commonplace sentimentalism which forms the usual staple of the poetry of the seasons. A summer tour to the Adirondacs furnishes the theme of the next poem, which gives a familiar description of the experience of a party of friends in pursuit of health and recreation in that breezy locality. At the head of the miscellaneous pieces stand the four mysterious stanzas entitled "Brahma," which repeat the ancient riddle without a hint at its solution. Many of his shorter poems have been suggested by the recent struggle for freedom, and evince a spirit in full and vital sympathy with the great principles then at stake. The following lines on "Friendship" are an example of Mr. Emerson's most human vein. Remember what we must call for lack of a better name, his quality of expression:

"A golden drop of manly blood  
The swirling sea outweighs,  
The world uncertain comes and goes,  
The lover's rooted stain,  
I found he was God,  
And after many a year,  
Grieved uncorrupted loneliness,  
Like daily courts there,  
My careful heart was free again.  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the year is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form  
And look beyond the earth.  
The mill-wheel of complete aspect  
A sun-path in thy will,  
He too thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair,  
The fountain of thy hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair."

I give you below an imperfect abstract of Emerson's lecture here before the Philosophical Society, and some fragments of the conversation which followed, merely reminding that the letters denoting the speakers are not to be taken as the initials of *your names*, with the exception of "E." which stands for Emerson. The conversation is not a whole and perfect thing in itself, so much as a collection of thoughts and ideas which were thrown out by the different speakers, and which are mostly valuable for their suggestiveness. The subject of the lecture was "Inspiration."

It is always safe for one to keep to personalities. If he starts to develop a theory of the universe Nature trips him up; but when he speaks of his own experience he is irrefutable. The stream of our thought is like that of a river in its flowing, and as every river makes for itself its own valley and its own banks, so this river of thought its valley, its banks, and its observer, too.

The science of mind progresses slowly and has not gone far. How much of it do we really hold? This we know, that a man's possessions are contained in the habitual outbreak which he casts on surrounding objects. What he habitually gains from them shows us what he is, what he has. It seems that there is something in us that knows more than we ourselves, and in doubt we ask, "Who is who? which is myself?" This other is a sort of dumb life in life, a simple wisdom beyond an acquired wisdom, a something not learned. It speaks, saying "Aye" or "No" to every proposition, and these words are more musical than all eloquence. To it all things are already well known, and as knowing things in their essence, it judges not by quantity but by quality. It does not put forth organs, but rests in presence. It does not show objects, but the way to them. Every once in a while, through its power, an idea comes to light whose validity all acknowledge. What is this mysterious being? No one has described it. We call it instinct, and when it is excited it is inspiration. It is the secret of the world, and opens to each soul as it is obeyed; and so, and only so, all contradictions are reconciled.

The senses, the servants, know no more of the mind, the master, to whom they minister, than the granite hills know of the salt sea. The essence of things is not new; our seeing it is not. And yet only in so far as we see it we share its life and sovereignty. In perception we have the assimilation of the seer to the thing seen. Every perception is a generalization. And every generalized statement is powered by being made personal. One man excels another by detecting more clearly the laws of things. The Egyptians could not measure their pyramids, but Thales came and said, "As the shadow cast by my staff is to the height of the staff, so is the length of the shadow cast by the pyramid to the height of the pyramid," and the thing was done. The man with a new thought is the benefactor of the race. Here we have the secret of human tower, for whatever is mentally seen is so, mentally, accomplished. First power of observation and Newton's or induction were as good as a sovereignty of thousands of years. The diamond had been known for ages,





and its power of refraction as well; but no one had ever deemed it combustible. Newton, knowing that many substances which were easily combustible were also highly refractive, inferred that the diamond would burn; and since after Newton the result of experiments showed that it was only lamp-black.

Now, this faculty being given, it is the calamity of the successful creature that he has not control enough to direct the course of the thought. There are really few thoughts. If we consider the sayings of Bacon, of Voltaire, men whom we are accustomed to regard as great thinkers, we find, on careful study, that they have added scarcely one really new thought to the previous stock of the world. When we go out under the midnight sky, it seems to us that the stars are numberless. But if one deliberately makes the effort he will find them easily counted—a thousand or two only.

A fine poverty stuns the mind. Considering any period celebrated for its intellectual brilliancy, we shall find but few really new ideas. Even in this period it is so. Theories are few; intellectual moods are rare. It is as with the heavens again. At the Cambridge Observatory there is scarcely one night in a month favorable to observations; and Herschel says that in England there are not more than one hundred hours in a year, the climate of England being less favorable. So we have few days and hours which are really favorable to mental observation. It is not only an absence of outward disturbance that is necessary. Such guards are good, but they are not all. We cannot go straight towards our great aim, for the common life is a side towards it, and fortune is, too, for it we could expect the straight solvent work, it would solve us as well and we should be liberated into the universe.

We must therefore practise economy of our best moods. Where shall we buy power? Money is only the second, not the first. Money, by purchase, tames the wildest horse, but where shall we obtain the power to tame the swift courser of thought and subdue them to our will? Every youth should know this so that he may prophesy. We sometimes hear young persons speak of the rush of thoughts which almost overpower them. They feel as if their heads would burst; but we need not be anxious for them. It is all a false alarm. A real rain of thoughts would be prosperity; and that prosperity we fain would have; but the muse is cov and capricious; and to gain her services we must humor the mind in every way, and not harness it.

Pliny says, "Neither by sea nor land shalt thou find a way to the Hyperboreans, but through the air." Few though they may be, those are happy hours in which the oracle speaks, when we clearly perceive truth. We cannot tame thought, but it fires us. We are so weak that a new thought is like a god to us. Nor does any thought stand alone, for as everything is in a series so are thoughts. They lead and follow one another. They raise us to themselves; they add wings and eyes to the mind. And gradually we get used to them, and can determine and recognize them. This waiting for and recognizing of thought brings a certain kind of peculiarity into the being. Aristotle says, "No great genius is ever without a degree of madness."

The effect of a new thought upon an idle mind is like that produced on a cube of iron by bringing it into the circuit of a strong magnetic current. From an impassive mass it instantly becomes instinct with life, and adheres to all others that may be near it. A mighty thought comes sailing on silent wings, and fills us with its virtue, and sets us up like Atlas, and we uphold the world. But this is only at rare intervals and in such insecurity of position; life is like a thunder-storm, where one moment all things, even the most remote, are clear and distinct, and the next we cannot see even the nearest. How shall we learn to control our moods? If some intellectual Franklin could teach us how to draw the electricity from the clouds! Are our moods under our control?

How many sources of inspiration can we number? I celebrate health as the first muse, and sleep as the condition of health. Life, for short periods, is sometimes despair; but we sleep and wake hopeful, and, in the glow of our waking, "white thoughts stand luminous and firm like statues in the sun." As we have diurnal, so we have secular currents. Sometimes there are long periods of passivity, and then the faculties revive again. Niebuhr lost for years his power of interpreting history, and then recovered it. A second source of inspiration is solitary converse with nature. The spring days, the summer dawns, speak of truth. Are you poetical? Place an Æolian harp in your window, and it will admit you to many a secret. Thirdly, believe in the morning. Do not let anything disturb your solitude. In summer I seek a country inn, in winter a city hotel, for there all the circumstances of life are of no moment, and one commands an astronomical leisure. We must regard trifles, for the machine with which we are to work is of the greatest delicacy, and a breath will disturb it. We must be warm, for no thought can flow when the mercury is below a certain point. Being forced to use a steel-pen utterly destroys for some freedom of thought. Certain localities, mountains, the woods, the seashore, are exultants and tonics. In India, fourth, new poetry as an excitant and tonic. And by this I mean old poetry which is new to you. Sometimes even single words, used in a new sense, flash a wonderful light through the mind. Conversation with a chosen friend has singular productive power. Because one speaks well, the other speaks better, and each excites the other to new inspiration. But newspapers, politics, novels,—French novels,—hinder rather than help. We may read Milton, Chaucer, and—in your ear—Ossian. Only the newest knowledge is good for inspiration.

After all, we cannot tell why or how it comes and goes, this inspiration. Something strikes the electric chain with which we are all darkly bound, and the current answers. Poppy-leaves are strewn wherever generalizations have been made, so that it is almost impossible to remember what circumstances called up the generalizing power. On this point of inspiration statistics would be very desirable. To some here present this is not so much an empirical science as to me. Can they not give us their results obtained from the straighter process?

M.—Is this inspiration as much a question of



year, and his height marked on the wall, so that he may see each year's growth. We should then learn to measure progress by intellectual growth.

Some see only differences. Others, more intellectual, see identity. The perception of identity comes slowly, and is of later growth. And this distinction between men would serve as a test of their respective control of their faculties. Some men's faculties drive them. An eloquent preacher whom I knew can't guide his horses, but they always run away with him. This power of control measures the power of men. How many men have thoughts on a high plane but can't formulate them for want of this control!

E.—Obedience is of great virtue. "The pure in heart shall see God," and so the pure in mind shall see truth. The man who is accustomed to reverse his thoughts finds every morning a new one waiting for him. Something new comes every day.

M.—It is certainly a great point to get this genius under control. It is the greatest end of education. The mind assimilates itself to the object sought. Kant says that mind translates the object into itself as one who studies a new language translates it into the one he knew before. This is self-determination.

E.—It would be well if we could have a scale for measuring minds as a boy is measured every

temperament for a Plato as for a poet?  
E.—Dr. Johnson says any man may work at any time if he sets himself doggedly to it. And I have always thought that this word "doggedly" was a little piece of Nemesis that came from heaven to correct the remark; for, of course, it at once destroys all idea of inspiration.

M.—In our reading and study of the old poets alluded to, we are independent of time and space. So if in science one has ascended to the heights of pure thought, and has not drawn up his ladder after him, or kicked it away, he has it always, and may ascend thereby whenever he pleases. Sometimes we are long without the desired influence, but when we please we can create it.





P.—You say self-consciousness knows more than we ourselves. But what is this master of ours, and in what relation does mind stand to the senses? Whence is inspiration?

M.—All first knowing is sensuous. We know things isolatedly. In the second stage we see identity or relations. Is there not a third, that of speculative knowing, in which both difference and identity are perceived?

E.—I accept the third stage. Your second brings up the old story of Xenophanes, who saw everywhere the one and the all, and who desired to die that he might escape from the ever-present identity.

M.—The doctrine of correlation of ~~parts~~ marks the second stage in natural science. But who shall be the science man of the third period? When we find him he will solve for us the relation of mind to soul.

P.—Would you say that the faculty of generalization was the best evidence of genius?

E.—Certainly there can be no genius without that faculty, as there can also be none without imagination.

T.—But what do we mean by generalization? How much genius, for instance, is involved in forming the classification of botany?

E.—The natural system is a true generalization. The system of Linnaeus was not one. Jussieu's is, however.

T.—If by generalization we mean no more than seeing a common law, yes; but was not Newton's power far higher than this?

E.—When Newton sees the apple fall, he sees not only that but also that the moon is but another apple, only larger; the boy who sees the sun, sees only the apple, and wonders who will get it!

P.—But was not Newton's discovery owing to his profound mathematical and scientific knowledge?

M.—No. Newton made the discovery without mathematics. He only *verified* it by mathematics after it was made. But was not Goethe's genius one of the third stage, Jussieu's one of the second, while Linnaeus's was of the first?

T.—We often use the word "generalization" as identical with "abstraction," and if it applies only to that it does not involve genius. But when from a single truth we seize an *a priori* law, then we do show genius.

M.—Goethe calls such facts "urphänomen," primitive facts, and lays great stress upon them.

T.—What is the function of culture,—to create inspiration, or to remove hindrances, so that the spirit may have full development? Culture,—is it not to free us from bridles, so that we ride without bits or even saddle?

P.—But all these things must be determined by the relation which the mind or spirit holds to the senses. Till that is settled we know nothing. If this internal somewhat makes us at its will, then we are not responsible.

X.—We never, however, hold the body responsible, do we?

P.—Still I say that that knowledge must be the corner-stone of all philosophical discussion, and till it is determined nothing is determined.

M.—That is the corner-stone of the correlation of forces, rather.

E.—I have been to-day much interested in the illustrations of the Hegelian philosophy. What would that say to the question of how the mind affects the body?

D.—Mind is limited by matter, but matter is again limited by mind. Mind expresses itself in matter, and matter again expresses itself in mind; so mind is simply reflected through matter into itself, returns into itself, and gives us self-revelation.

M.—As to the correlation of forces, the whole theory moves in a circle, and so all forces go down together. They start out, one force, as heat, correlating another, as electricity, and that another, and so on. We must have a complete circle of correlating forces if we begin. For a force is the restoration of equilibrium, and correlation of forces says the restoration of one equilibrium destroys another equal to it; hence, before there was any movement there was already an equipoise of equilibriums, and how was movement possible?

D.—A clearer illustration of my meaning may perhaps be this: The forty-seventh proposition of Euclid was true from all eternity. But when the discoverer expressed it, then first it came to consciousness. So we have mind here, expressing itself in form, and form translating itself into self-consciousness. So we have thought standing between mind and mind, as the written letter of the proposition stands as mediator, as it were, between the thought which came before and the thought which came after.

M.—Mind assimilates the object in knowing it, but the object must be a product of mind. ~~It~~ could not assimilate it.

T.—We are by the company of that innermost other dissolved to universal mind, brought back to unity, or oneness. There is no dualism of mind and matter. Matter is one with mind. It is the letter of the spirit. Only as we think Euclid does it cease to be form and become thought again. In recognising truth we are one with it in essential substance, though divided in space and time. The universe is one and not two, and here all difficulty vanishes.

E.—More ideally, I say. Here are myself and the abyss. Of those two things I am conscious. I do not ignore what we call the senses. I have no power to ascertain the correctness of their report, and hence I rely rather on the immediate utterances of the soul. I look upon the soul as enlarging itself into the largeness of God. I do not solve the question of matter and spirit.

M.—Mind has two kinds of objects to dissolve: the objects of nature and other objects; the products of spirit, as religions, philosophy, &c. We should mark the difference between these two kinds of objects as far as they relate to the mind's working on them. If we put man into a forest alone, with nothing but the objects of nature to consider, he becomes a savage. But set him to work on the results of human thought, he develops continually. If we can thoroughly dissolve the thoughts of a great thinker we are as strong as he.

T.—But should not a greater victory be claimed for the first discoverer?

M.—Undoubtedly; but no greater culture re-

each shall be not individual merely, but an individual representative of the whole. Progress was this. We start from individuality and go up to the losing of individuality. This was so in government from the patriarch or from the earlier individualism to absolute monarchy. Then revolution against this went over to the idea of the individual again. In religion it was the same. We had arrived at a vast central despotism. The reformation came, and the idea of centralization went over. Science offers us still another parallel. It studies the individual as isolated. Oxygen, as a separate individual, has an affinity for hydrogen, another accurate individual. Each cell in the animal frame has a separate and distinct life. But science must go back to the universal and this ten-



man go through all the slow processes of emerging by that way. Let him take the more direct road, which is that of education through spirit.

P.—What was the state of our first parents? Were they savage or cultivated? Do we know that?

D.—Generalization is the nearest approach to the universal, but it must come from a knowledge of particulars. ~~Any~~ tendency has been towards separation; in religion the right of private judgment; in government self-control; in science the microscope and its results. We have come to the individual thing. Generalization comes up and secures the connection between all of these three, and we must react from our present condition so that

ults. In studying works of art we may be passive; and he who made the work of art is greater than we; but in speculative philosophy it is not so. We cannot dissolve the truth and be passive. In so doing we ascend to the plane of him who has thought it before, and stand by his side.

T.—But man in a state of nature is on the road to civilization, though truly what raises him is a revelation from within, not a revelation from nature.

M.—Nature, working upon him when isolated, will dissolve man into herself.

T.—How, then, did he get out of a state of nature, for it is evident he is out of it?

M.—True, and that took millenniums; but now we do not want to waste time any more by mak-





dency we see in this age, which is an epoch in every respect.

X.—What do we say of attention?

M.—The idiot has no power of attention. The image of a bee flying before him is seen, but is as quickly effaced by the image of the butterfly which comes next. Now in attention the will comes in with: "Stop, ye senses! I am master here, and you shall stay your course and consider this or that."

X.—In support of this it is said that the first step in teaching idiots is to get their attention fixed for an instant on anything. When that is accomplished the work is half done.

P.—But are we not on dangerous ground here? Shall we not be led to the conclusion that the mind is passive, and that the senses create matter?

M.—I had thought that this matter of attention and names would be dangerous to the spiritual theory, but I found on reflection that it is not; but that the phenomenon of attention and the fixing an object by a name are really self-determination, though in its lowest form.

T.—But what is attention? What are names? The old nominalists said that generic names were only names standing for no real object. If this is true, how came I to name anything?

M.—Attention came first and fixed the thing, or we could not have generalized it, and so named it. In so doing, however, we free ourselves from particulars and rise to a self-determined.

T.—What is the bearing of this on the relation of the advancement in science, to poetic power? Is poetry slain by science or does it put on greater power?

E.—This was a quarrel for a long time. Science is slow, mind is swifter. Science holds to the literal and sensuous truth, and so mind quarrels with it. But in the end poetry always gains. For we come, in the end, to see the beauty infolded in the laws, and to turn every fact into a human fact is the office of poetry.

T.—In arriving at science we devitalize the universe. Poetry re-vitalizes it; and so when we have the real and final solution we shall have it in the poetic form.

X.—Shall we not rather say in a philosophic form? for philosophy is poetry. A. E.

St. Louis, Mo., March 20, 1867.

### The Free Congregational Society.

A prominent feature of Florence is the Free Congregational Society, which has previously given the place quite as much notoriety as any of its business interests. This Society, as Mr. Hill says, is the offspring of the Industrial Association; that many of its active members were either participants in, or sympathizers with, that organization, and had not that association lived, this society would not have been favored. It was not organized until May 2d, 1863, but its members had held occasional meetings from the time of the breaking up of the Community Association in 1846, though no regular preacher had been employed. The Society's platform, or articles of agreement, the signers of which constitute a person a member, are as follows:—

"We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Florence and its vicinity in the town of Northampton, wishing to avail ourselves of the advantages of

associate effort for our advancement in truth and goodness, and for the promotion of general intelligence, good morals and liberal religious sentiments, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a body corporate, under the name of the Free Congregational Society of Florence.

"Respecting in each other and in all the right of intellect and conscience to be free, and holding it to be the duty of every one to keep his mind and heart at all times open to receive the truth and follow its guidance, we set up no theological condition of membership and neither demand nor expect uniformity of doctrinal belief; asking only unity of purpose to seek and accept the right and true, and an honest aim and effort to make these the rule of life. And, recognizing the brotherhood of the human race and the equality of human rights, we make no distinction as to the conditions and rights of membership in this Society, on account of sex, or color, or nationality."

It is claimed for this Society that it was "the first religious association of Florence, and probably the first religious body ever organized in the United States on the basis of the American idea of perfect freedom of thought and speech."

The Society at its organization consisted of 86 members; it now has 131, showing a vigorous growth. It enjoys the advantages of what is termed "an itinerant with a settled minister." Charles C. Burleigh is the settled minister, who occupies the desk one-half the time, while the other half is given to speakers from abroad. In this way, a great variety of talent has been secured, the speakers embracing many persons of note, and of various religious denominations. Indeed, this has been one of the most popular features of the Society. Among the speakers who have addressed this Society are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles E. Norton, (editor of the North American Review,) Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel May Jr., (brother of the poet,) Henry James of Boston, Prof. Wm. Denton, (the geologist,) Theodore D. Weld, Dr. Dio Lewis, Frederick Douglass, Parker Pillsbury, A. Bronson Alcott, and Edward C. Towne. Of local speakers, there have been Rev. Erasmus Hopkins, Congregational, Rev. Wm. L. Jenkins, Unitarian, and Rev. Ira D. Clark, Baptist, of Northampton, and Rev. John F. Moore of Greenfield, Unitarian. Woman has not been excluded from the desk, and Frances D. Gage, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, and Mrs. Caroline Daffin, have each spoken to this congregation. Among the speakers who have expressed their willingness to address this Society, are Rev. Dr. Zachary Eddy, late pastor of the First Church in Northampton, and Miss Anna E. Dickinson, the popular lecturer.

The Society has an address or sermon only on Sunday afternoon. The forenoon of each Sabbath is devoted to the Sabbath School, which numbers about 80 scholars, under the superintendence of E. C. Gardner. In addition, there is a class of 20 to 25 adults, under the leadership of Mr. Burleigh, which usually takes up some topic for discussion each Sunday. The funds of the Society are raised by subscription. The salary paid Mr. Burleigh is \$600 per year. The audiences vary from 100 to 500. Usually the hall has been well filled, and sometimes there has not been sufficient room to accommodate the throng. The meetings are held in the hall in the school-house building, designed expressly for the accommodation of this Society, and deeded to it by Mr. Hill for the space of ten years, or longer, if the building should not be wanted for school purposes.

Mr. Burleigh is a man of fine abilities, a close reasoner, and an eloquent speaker. He studied in Philadelphia for the legal profession, but be-

in recent times men were coming to care less for the body. They were no longer so anxious to exclude the atoms composing it from the vast circulation of nature. We were beginning to lay out pleasant gardens wherein to place our dead in the earth.

"And religious literature was beginning to treat men now to live instead of making death the chief object of thought as formerly. The proper discharge of the duties of the present hour was the best possible preparation for the future. The universal belief in a future life, the common desire of all men for a continued existence, was the highest evidence of the immortality of the soul. If continued existence were good for us it would be given us. We should be content with that knowledge. Jesus never explicitly taught the doctrine of a personal immortality. Plato and Cicero had the weakness to teach it, Jesus, by his words and acts did not teach, but made men themselves feel eternal. The disaffection of the mind with any other solution of the problem was the blazing evidence of its immortality."

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered his lecture on "Society at Madison, Wisconsin, last Saturday evening. The next day he discoursed at the Unitarian church in the immortality of the soul. No notice has been given, and few were aware that he would be there. But the editor of the *Massachusetts Journal* was present, and says:

"Those who had the good fortune to be present, however they may have differed in some respects from his views, could hardly fail to be deeply impressed with a discourse so rich in learning, thought, religious feeling, and spiritual insight. He began by speaking of the different modes of sepulture by different people, as illustrations of their religious views. He spoke of the great sublimity of the ancient Egyptians for the base, describing the funeral rites of the Greeks, and showed how, when Christianity was introduced, this pagan care for the dead body was still retained. The old churches in Europe were originally sepulchres. But

coming deeply interested in the anti-slavery movement, he relinquished his chosen pursuit and engaged in the herculean task of arousing the public mind on that subject. He was with Mr. Garrison at the time the mob of men of respectability and standing in Boston assailed him, and rendered efficient aid in protecting the great agitator from the fury of his persecutors. He continued to lecture in various parts of the free states on the anti-slavery question until the villainous institution was dead; and now, after thirty-six years of labor in the contest, he rejoices with the millions of loyal people over the wonderful victory.

Connected with and controlled by the Society, are a library and a reading room, both of which are free to the public.

12981

Feb. 9 1867





A. BRONSON ALCOTT.—Alcott is probably more of a thinker than Emerson; he certainly has given more time and pains to pure thinking; and for this he is in a measure acknowledged as master by his friend and neighbor. Perhaps no man in America has meditated as much as Mr. Alcott has, or laid up so great a store of fine thoughts. He is an encyclopaedia of mystical speculation, and not of this only, but of the application of speculation in the criticism of men and affairs. In the performance of the Socratic office of attending upon the birth of thought in other men's minds, he is most himself. His conversation, in his happier moments, is a rich stream of stimulating suggestion. Consult him upon any topic of life or thought, or ask him to read select passages from his Journal, and you find yourself in a mine of all precious things; if you do not go away enriched it will be your own fault. There is, perhaps, with him a deficiency of common talent, which makes his genius less available than it otherwise would be. In an age of greater toleration and finer reverence this would have been of small account. If for thirty years past Alcott's watch-tower of contemplation had been in Harvard University, as it should have been, youths ardent for knowledge would have climbed up to the kindly sage, and scanned through his heaven-searching thought many an abyss of the infinite unknown through which our little world of existence rolls. No man has had finer gifts as an intellectual counselor of inquiring minds; no man has accumulated larger stores of wisdom. In some respects there has, perhaps never been an enthusiast so remarkable; I refer particularly to the marvelous serenity with which this most gentle soul has kept the even tenor of his way through a world never good to him. Life without, has been unceasing disappointment, but within, it has been unending success. The high and glad repose of such a nature may rank with the miracles of character in all human history. Gentleness so genial and so steadfast, so generous and so enduring, is the last grace and the most divine which culture brings. Of all men in America, when the first news came of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Alcott took it quietly, and said upon the instant, with the serene content of prophecy, that the gallows now would be glorified as the cross. To him, of all men, poverty, denial, and contumely have been nothing at all. The light that never goes out has been his covering through the wilderness, although Cambridge has given him no refuge, and the world has not known him. The phase of religious feeling which has excluded such a man from his proper place of influence upon the best young minds is a relic of gross barbarism.

1868

## TRAVELING EAST.

Correspondence of the Republican.

BOSTON, July 31, 1868.

Last week we went out to Concord to pay a visit to Mr. Alcott, well known to a number of your readers from the conversational lectures he held in St. Louis during the winters of 1865 and 1866; and to many others known as a mystic writer on religious matters, and a practical reformer in matters of education. (His book, "Conversations with Children," is just undergoing a new edition, I believe.) Mr. Alcott lives at the east end of the village, not far from Mr. Emerson's residence, and just opposite the famous Walden pond. The strange mixture of practical man and dreamer, which constitutes Mr. Alcott's great personal charm, is best illustrated when I mention that the fence which surrounds his garden, and which is worked in a rustic manner out of peculiarly knotty wood; the arbors and seats which are in the garden, and which are worked in the same curious manner, may almost the whole comfortable house wherein he lives, are the works of his own unassisted hands; and that in this house he has one of the strangest libraries—though a small one—you could possibly meet, rare mystic books, quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore. He is just now revising the last proof sheet of a small work, "Tablets," which Roberts Brothers of Boston, will publish this fall, and the appearance of which will no doubt be heartily welcomed by Mr. Alcott's St. Louis friends. To them it may be, moreover, pleasant to learn that Mr. Alcott will probably visit St. Louis

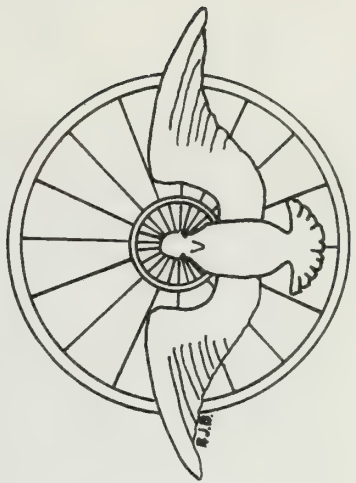
again this fall and remain a short time.

Passing through half a mile of beautiful woods from Mr. Alcott's house, you arrive at the Walden pond, famous as having been the residence of Mr. Thoreau. It is a pretty little lake, surrounded by wooded hills, all the grounds immediately around the pond are owned by Mr. Emerson, with the exception of a small corner, which he neglected to purchase, and which the Fitchburg Railroad purchased to buy, in order to fit it up for a picnic place. In this manner the whole lake or pond has become accessible to visitors, and is lying on shore to take you all over it.

The village of Concord is a pretty, quiet place, a fine spot for quiet meditation, and made ever beautiful by those magnificent trees, which give to every little place about Boston so delightful an appearance. The rustling of trees is indeed the chief noise in these New England villages: men and women appearing to move about in them in a subdued way, and of children and babies there being ~~no~~ <sup>few</sup> trees, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> pretty ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~pleasant~~ <sup>pleasant</sup>.

The residence of A. Bronson Alcott, at Concord Mass., is just such an old house as he describes in his last genial book called "Tablets." It stands under the hill-side, on the Lexington road, a mile east of the station, environed in orchards, with a pine wood on the hill-top behind it, and great fields in front; a brown wooden house with many gables and porches, and a huge stack of chimneys rising in the middle, such as they used to build a hundred years ago. In its present form the house is the work of Mr. Alcott, and is one of the most picturesque in the town. Here he receives his friends, among whom he now reckons those scholars and metaphysicians of St. Louis whose organ is the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Its editor, W. T. Harris, and three of its chief contributors, Mr. Kroeger, Miss Brackett and Mr. Davidson, all of St. Louis, have lately been the guests of Mr. Alcott, whose house has been the sanctuary of many such pilgrims.

## MARCHING TO DIFFERENT DRUMMERS:



Time is a fable and a mystery: it has ten thousand visages, it broods on all the images of the earth, and it transmutes them with a strange unearthly gloss. Time is collected in great clocks and hung in towers, the ponderous bells of time throng through the darkened air of sleeping cities, time beats its tiny pulse out in small watches on a woman's wrist, time begins and ends the life of every man, and each man has his own, a different time.

Thomas Wolfe — The Web and the Rock

1867  
The Pall Mall Gazette gives a parallel between Thomas Carlyle and R. W. Emerson, not precisely in the style of Plutarch, but betraying some knowledge of the "situation" among the Brahmins of Cambridge.

The Phi Beta Kappa oration recently delivered by Mr. R. W. Emerson at Harvard University, of which institution he has recently been elected an overzealous, seems to have attracted public attention in New England somewhat as the oration of Thomas Carlyle at Edinburgh did here. The occasions were indeed strikingly similar. After long careers, in which both have stood forth as independent teachers of their generation, representing convictions which a popular college could hardly venture to sanction in any form, each of these scholars has been recalled to his old Alma Mater to receive an honorary degree, to share in its control, and to counsel its students and professors. In the case of Mr. Emerson these honors are more remarkable, because for many of the years since his graduation there in 1821 Harvard University was the chief seat of the Conservative (Dissent) which flamed against his heresies. It was also for a long time the center of the Conservatives who worshipped Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, and who regarded Mr. Emerson with such odium at one time that, on the occasion of a lecture delivered in Cambridge in 1861, he was threatened by a mob of students; who, however, went no farther than to hiss him allusion to their political idols. The university seems to have altered fully the revolution that has passed upon America, and, as it is expressed by a Boston Journal, "Cambridge has her feet now where her head used to be." A vast crowd seems to have assembled to listen to the oration which was delivered on the 14th of July. The report of the address furnished by the Boston papers is evidently very imperfect, but it may be gathered from it that the address was in Mr. Emerson's best style. When the circumstance under which these scholars have been noted, the comparison between them is a strange contrast. Contemporary history affords few phenomena so remarkable as this wide divergence in the old opinion of these two men, whose culture has so many points of resemblance, and whose personal and intellectual sympathies are well known. It would be difficult to find two speeches more thoroughly opposed than those which one of Carlyle's editors in America, and Emerson's editor in England, there was a time, indeed, when Mr. Emerson took a gloomy view of social and intellectual conditions in America, but that time seems to have passed.







# DEATH AND BEYOND IN THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



In recommending the foregoing title as a symposium topic, we remind our readers that death came close to the American people in the periods preceding and following the American Renaissance—in the American Revolution and War of 1812, at the beginning, and in the Civil War, at the end—and left its mark on our annals, if not too prominently in our literature. The "four horsemen of the Apocalypse," however, have never been without witnesses in world literature and in the fine arts of Europe. Outside the genre of tragedy, one recalls Goethe's Faust, Gounod's Faust, Mozart's Don Giovanni, Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" and the Lucy poems, the novels of Charles Dickens, Thackeray's The New-comer, and Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying, which survived the seventeenth century in many editions. Emerson, for example, read Holy Dying at Harvard in 1819-1820 and later owned the London-1820 imprint, which he autographed in 1824. In 1819-1820, moreover, he borrowed Jeremy Taylor's Discourses on Various Subjects (3 vols., Boston, 1816) from the Boston Library Society, located near his home, and, between 1827 and 1832, devoted time to The Whole Works (15 vols., London, 1822), secured from the Harvard Divinity School collection. Emily Dickinson's lyrics manifest her interest in the "four last things." The theme of how to die well (ars moriendi) was kept alive in the Episcopal Church, to which Emerson's mother remained loyal throughout her life, using her Book of Common Prayer daily during the long years of her widowhood and remoteness from an Anglican altar. Death featured prominently in the "graveyard school" of poetry and prose, which, for various reasons, Bryant, Poe, and Arthur Cleveland Coxe revived. (See the title page of Coxe's Christian Ballads illustrated below.) Horrible death is the subject of some American gothicism, on which we have a growing bibliography. The following pages reproduce a medieval picture book of 1450, intended to stimulate our readers by reminding them that whether they approach Jordan like Bunyan on foot or take passage in the Celestial Railroad, if they expect to encounter the "outer mystery," they must wet their feet at last.



# Christian Ballads

And he appointed singers before the LORD, that should praise  
the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS. *Psalm 148*



G. RUGGIE LITH.

Revised Edition, with additional Ballads.

**HARTFORD:**  
**HENRY S. PARSONS,**  
**NEW YORK.**

**D. APPLETON & CO. 200 BROADWAY.**



G. RUGGIE LITH. HARTFORD.





# THE ARS MORIENDI

(EDITIO PRINCEPS, circa 1450).

*A Reproduction of the Copy in the  
BRITISH MUSEUM.*

The Introduction urges making an adequate preparation for death . . . . .	4-5
The Devil comes to the dying person and encourages dis- belief in the Christian Revelation . . . . .	6-7
The Good Angel quickly comes to the man's aid, strength- ening his Christian Faith . . . . .	8-9
The Devil then attacks the man's Christian Hope, encourag- ing Despair . . . . .	10-11
The Good Angel again enters the battle and rekindles Hope .	12-13
The Devil next tempts the dying one with impatience under his infirmities, which is a sin against Charity or Christian Love . . . . .	14-15
The Good Angel again routs the Devil by urging Patience . .	16-17
The Devil next tempts the dying man with Spiritual Pride (Vain Glory), the chief of the Mortal Sins . . . . .	18-19
The Good Angel returns to counsel Humility, which leads the Devil momentarily to confess that he has lost ("Victus sum.") . . . . .	20-21
The Devil next tempts the dying man with Avarice or Cupidity. . . . .	22-23
The Good Angel encourages Liberality, reminding him that "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." . . . .	24-25
The sick man is then urged to confess his sins and receive absolution. In the picture, one sees his soul being ac- cepted by the angels from Heaven . . . . .	26-27





## Ars moriendi

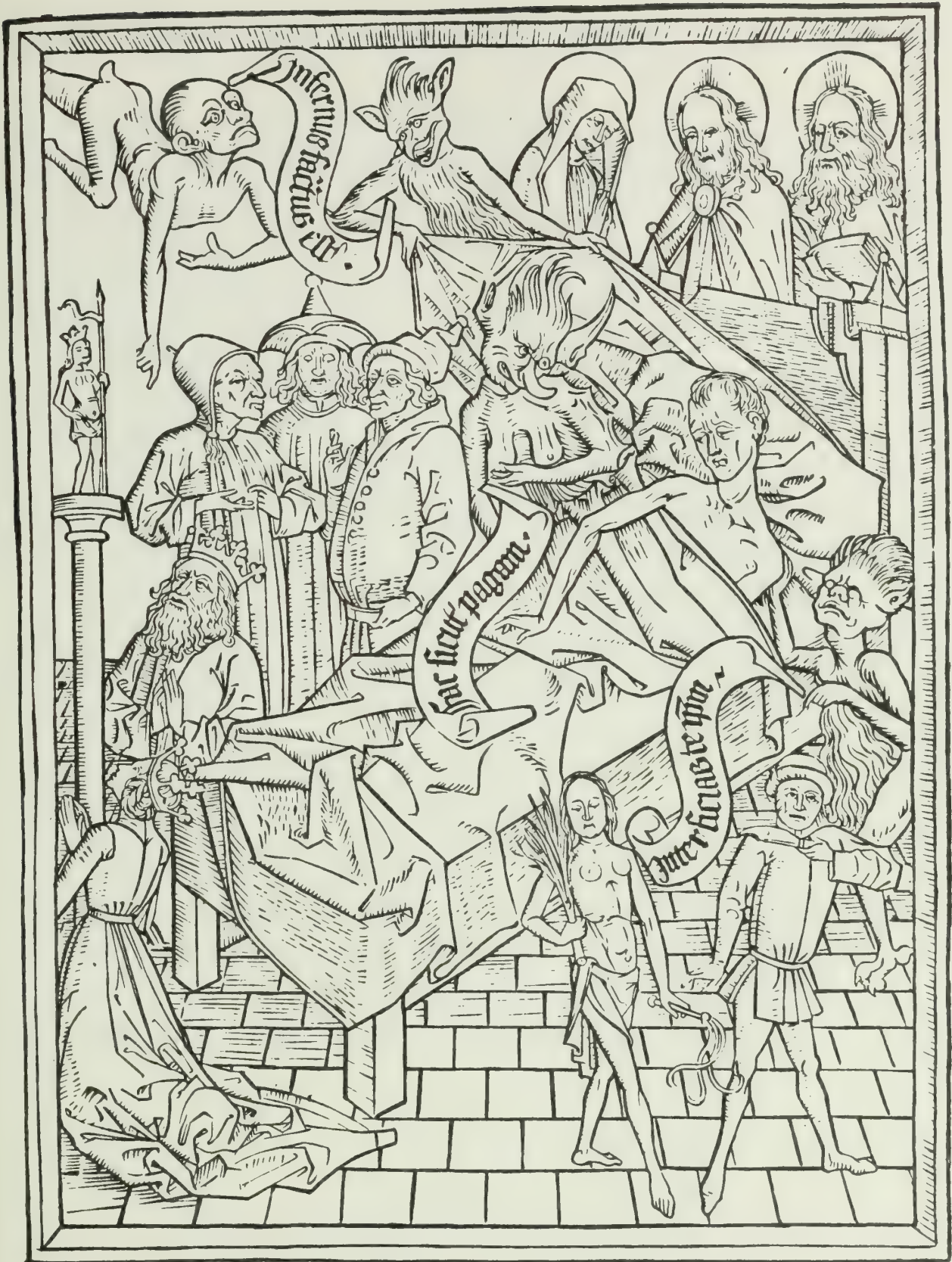
**O**mnis secundum philosophum Tercio ethicorum  
 omnium terribilium mors corporis sit terribilissima  
 morti tamen anime nullatenus est comparanda  
 teste augustinus qui ait. Maius est dampnum in amissio-  
 ne viuis anime quam mille corporum teste etiam Bernardo qui  
 dicit. Totus iste mundus ad viuis anime precium estimari  
 non potest. Mors ergo anime tanto est horribilior atque  
 detestabilior quanto anima corpore est nobilior atque preciosior.  
 Cum ergo anima tante preciositatis existat et dyabolus  
 pro morte ipsius eterna hominem in extrema infirmitate  
 maximis temptationibus infestet. Ideo summe necessari-  
 um est ut homo anime sue provideat ne morte illa pda-  
 tur. Ad quod maxime expediens est ut quilibet artem  
 bene moriendi de qua est p[ri]ncipalis intentio frequenter per ocu-  
 lus habeat atque extremam infirmitatem mente sua reuoluat  
 quia ut ait Gregorius. Valde se sollicitat in bono ope  
 qui semper cogitat de extremo fine. Nam si futurum malum  
 preconferetur. facilius tollerari potest. Iuxta illud.  
 Futura si presciantur leuius tollerantur. Sed rarissime  
 abquis se ad mortem disponit tempestive eo quod quilibet  
 diuinus se victurum existimet nequam credens se tam cito mo-  
 riturum. quod instinctu dyaboli fieri certum est. Nam plures per  
 talem ianem spem semper negligenter uti indispoliti morientes.  
 Et ergo nullatenus infirmo detur spes nimis corporalis sanita-  
 tis consequende. Nam secundum cancellarium parisiensem sepe per  
 talem falsam consolationem et fictam sanitatis confidentiam  
 certam incutit homo damnationem. Aute omnia ergo induca-  
 tur morituri ad ea que necessario ad salutem requiruntur.  
 Primo ut credat sicut bonus christianus credere debet. letus  
 quoque quod in fide christi et ecclesie morietur unitate et obedientia.



Secundo ut recognoſcat ſe deū grauius offendit et  
 inde doleat. Tercio ut pponat ſe veraciter emendare ſi ſup-  
 uerit et nūq̃ amplius peccare. Quarto ut indulgeat  
 ſuis offenſoribus ppter dam et remitti petat ab hijs quos  
 ipſe offendit. Quinto ut ablata reſtituat. Sexto ut cognoſ-  
 cat pro ſe mortuū eſſe xpm et q̃ alter ſaluari non poteſt  
 niſi p meritū paſſionis xpi de quo agat deo grācias inq̃ritū  
 ualeat. Ad que ſi bono corde reſpondant. Signū eſt q̃ ſit de mi-  
 nimo ſaluandoz. Deinde ſtudioſe uidetur ad debitū vſum  
 ſacramentozū eccleſie. Primo ut p veram contricionem in-  
 tegram faciat confeſſionē. alia etiam eccleſie ſacramēta deuote  
 recipiendo. Quilibet uero de p̃miſſis ab alio interrogatus  
 i informatus nō ſit ſeipm interroget conſiderando ſi ſit  
 diſpoſitus ut preſertur. Qui autem ſic diſpoſitus eſt ſe  
 totū paſſionē xpi cōmittat. continue eam reuiuando  
 atq; ineditando. nam per hoc omnes temptationes  
 dyaboli et in fide maxime ſuperantur. Vnde nota-  
 dum q̃ mortui grauius habent temptationes  
 q̃ vniquam prius habuerunt. Et ſunt quūq; ut poſ-  
 tea patebit. Contra quas angelus ſuggerit eis quin-  
 q; bonas uſpirationes. Sed ut omnibus iſta materia  
 ſit fructuoſa et nullus ab ipſius ſpeculatione cedudan-  
 tur ſed inde moxi ſalubriter diſcat tam luitis tantum  
 lāto deſeruentibus q̃ p̃uagantibus laico et litterato  
 ſimul deſeruentibus cunctozum oculis obicitur. Que  
 duo ſe mutuo correſpondentes habent ſe tamq̃ ſpeculum  
 in quo p̃terita et futura tamq̃ preſentia ſpeculantur.  
 Qui ergo breue moxi uelit iſta cum ſequentibus diligen-  
 ter conſideret.











### Tentacio dyaboli de fide

**E**x quo fides est totius salutis fundamentum et sine ea nulli omnino potest esse sal<sup>9</sup> teste Augustino qui ait fides est bonorum omnium fundamentum et humane salutis incunabulum. Et bernardo dicente. fides est humane salutis mirum sive hac nemo ad filiorum dei numerum potest pertinere sine hac omnis labor hominis est vacuus. Ideo dyabolus totius humane gr<sup>ie</sup>s inimicus totis viribus hominem in extrema infirmitate ab illa totaliter auertere nititur vel saltem ad deviandum in ea ipsum inducere laborat dicens. tu miser in magno stas errore. non est sicut credis vel sicut predicatur Infernus fractus est. quicquid homo agat licet aliquem vel seipsum occidat tum indiscreta p<sup>er</sup>na sicut aliqui fecerunt vel ydola adorant ut reges paganorum et plures pagani faciunt nomine in finem idem est quia nullus reuertitur dicens tibi veritatem et sic fides tua nichil est. Hys et similibus dyabolus maxime laborat ut hominem in extremis agentem a fide auertat quia bene scit. Si fundamentum ruat. omnia superedificata necessario ruunt.

Secundum tamen quod dyabolus in nulla temptatione hominem cogere potest nec etiam aliquo modo preualere ut sibi consentiat quod diu usum rationis habuerit. nisi sponte voluerit consentire. quod certe super omnia commendandum est. Unde apostolus. fidelis deus qui non patietur vos temptari super id quod potestis sed faciet cum temptatione prouentum ut possitis sustinere.









### Bona inspiratio angeli de fide

**C**ontra primam temptationem dyaboli dat angelus bona inspiracionem dicens. O homo ne credas pestiferis suggestionibus dyaboli cum ipse sit incudax. Nam ueniendo prothoparentes decepit nec aliquo modo infide dubites licet sensu vel intellectu comprehendere non valeas quia si comprehendere posses nullatenus esset meritoria iuxta illud gregory. fides non habet meritum cum humano ratio prebet expunctum. Sed memento verba sanctorum patrum salicet sancti pauli ad hebreos x. dicens Sine fide impossibile est placere deo. Et iohannis tercio. Qui non credit iam iudicatus est. Et bernardi dicens. Fides est primogenita inter virtutes. Et iterum. Beatior fuit maria percipiendo fidem xpi q̄ carciem xpi. Considera etiam fidem antiquorum fidelium. abraham ysaac et iacob et quorundam gentilium scilicet iob raab meretricis et similia simuliter fidem apostolorum nec non inmutabilium martirum confessorum atq; virginum. Nam per fidem omnes antiqui et moderni placuerunt. Per fidem sanctus petrus super aquas ambulauit. Sanctus iohannes venenum sibi p̄matum sine uocamento bibit. montes caspij orante alexandro per fidem adiuuati sunt. Et ideo fides adeo merito benedicta. propterea viriliter debes resistere dyabolo et firmiter credere omnia mandata ecclesie. quia sancta ecclesia errare non potest cum a spiritu sancto regatur...

**N**ota quicquid infirmus sentit se temptari contra fidem cogitet primo quia necessaria est fides quia sine ea nullus saluari potest. Secundo cogitet q̄ utilis est quia potest omnia dicente domino Omnia possibilia sunt credenti. Et iterum. Quod cūq; orantes petieritis credite quia accipietis. Et sic infirmus facilius dei gr̄a dyabolo resistet. Quare etiam bonum est ut symbolum fidei circa agonizantem alta voce dicatur pluriesq; repetatur ut per hoc infirmus ad fidei constantiam amueatur et danones qui illud audire abhorrent abigantur.











**T**emptatio dyaboli de despacione  
 Secundo dyabolus temptat hominem infirmum p despacio-  
 nem que est contra spem atqz confidentiam quam homo  
 debet habere in deum. Cum enī infirmus doloribus cruciatur ī  
 corpore tūc dyabolus dolorem dolori supaddit obiciendo sibi pōa  
 sua presertim non confessa ut eum ī despacionē inducat dicens.  
 Tu miser vide pōa tua que tanta sunt ut unqz veniam acquiri  
 possis ita ut dicere possis cum caym. Maior est mea iniquitas  
 qz ut veniam merear. Ecce quomodo dei precepta transgressus  
 es. nam deum super omnia non dilexisti hominibus iuriā  
 intulisti. et tamen bene scis qz nullus potest saluari nisi seruaue-  
 rit mandata dei quia dñs dicit. Si vis ad vitam ingredi serua  
 mandata. sed superbe auare luxuriose gulose iracunde inuide  
 accidiose vixisti attamen predicari audisti qz ppter vñ peccatum  
 mortale homo potest dampnari. Iul super septem oia miseri-  
 cordie non implisti. que tamen dominus precipue inquit  
 in extremo die ut ipse iuct testatur. dicens hys qui a sinistris  
 sunt. Ite in ignem eternū. Nam etiam et non dedisti in mā-  
 dum iudicium et non dedisti michi potum &c. Et ideo iacobus  
 dicit. Iudiciū sine misericordia erit illi qui sine misericordia  
 fuit super terram. Vides etiam qz plure nocte et die in lege  
 dei vigilantissime laborantes qui tamen nullatunc de sa-  
 lute sua presumere audent quia nullus scit an odio vel amo-  
 re dignus est et ergo nulla spes salutis tibi relinquitur  
 Per ista et similia inducat hominem ī despacionem que super  
 omnia mala est vitanda cum misericordiam dei offēdat que  
 sola nos saluat teste propheta. Misericordie domini quia non  
 consumpti sumus. Et augustinus dicit. Quisquisqz positus  
 ī peccato si de venia vera despauertt misericordiam funditus  
 perdit nichil enim sic deum offēdit qz despacio











Bona inspiratio angli contra desperationē

**C**ontra secundam temptationē dyaboli dat angli bonā inspirationē  
 dicens o homo quare desparas licet eū tot latrocinatiis et  
 homicidia petralesles quot sunt maris gutte et arene. etiā si sol  
 totius mundi pēra gessisses. Sciam si de eisdem unquā prius pe-  
 nitentiā egisses. nec ea confessus fuisses. nec etiā modo ad con-  
 fitendū ea facultatē haberes nichilominus despare nō debes.  
 quia ī tali casu sufficit sola contritio interior. Teste p̄s. Sor contri-  
 tū et humiliatū deus nō despicies. Et ezechiel ait. Quacūq; ho-  
 ra pēcor īgremuerit. saluus erit. Unde Bernardus ait. Maior  
 est dei pietas q̄ quis īiquitas. Et augustinus. Plus potest  
 deus misereri q̄ homo peccare. In casu etiā quo tibi constaret  
 q̄ de numero dampnandorū esses nequā adhuc despare debes  
 eo q̄ p̄ desperationē nichil aliud agitur nisi q̄ p̄ eam p̄ssimus  
 deus multo magis offenditur et alia pēra fortius aggravant  
 pena quoq; eterua usq; īnitū augmetatur. Xp̄us etiā pro  
 pēcoribus crucifixus ē et nō pro iustis ut ip̄met testatur de-  
 cris. Nō veni vocare iustos sed pēcores. Exemplū hēas ī petro  
 xp̄m negate. paulo eccliaz p̄sq; te. mattheo et zacheo publicanis.  
 maria magdalena peccatrice ī muliere de phēta īductio. Iuliane  
 iuxta xp̄m ī cruce pendente. maria egyptiaca &c.  
 Nō q̄ cito infirmus scitit se temptari p̄ desperationē cogitet q̄  
 ip̄a est peior et dampnabilior oībus pēis. et q̄ nūquam debet  
 admitti ppter quēcūq; etiā pēra. Nam ut dicit augustinus.  
 Plus peccavit iudas desparando q̄ iudei crucifigendo xp̄m.  
 Sedo cogitet q̄ utilis et necessaria ē spes. quia scdm̄ celosmū  
 est salutis nr̄e anchora vite nr̄e fundamentū. dux itineris quo  
 ibim ad celū. Et ideo nūquā ē relinquenda ppter etiā quēcūq; pēra





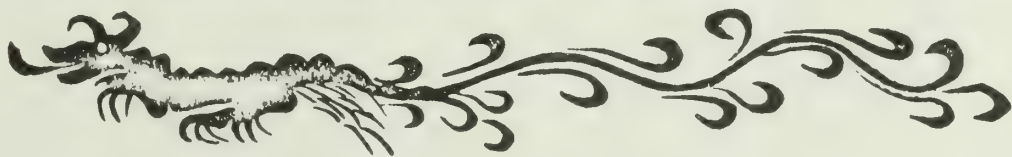






### Temptatio dyaboli de impaciencia

**T**ercio dyabolus temptat hominem infirmum per impacienciam que oritur ex magna infirmitate dicens si tu pateris istum dolorem gravissimum qui est intolerabilis omni creature et tibi penitus inutilis nec etiam tuis exigentibus demeritis dolor tantus uide deberet causari. Nam scriptum est In peius benignior temptatio facienda. Etiam quod multum grauat nullus tibi compatitur quod contra omnem rationem fieri nemo dubitat licet autem amici ore compatiantur tamen maxime propter bona relinquenda tuam mortem mente desiderant. anima quidem corpore exuta vix per prius diei spacium pro omni substantia relicta corpus tuum hospitari voluit. Istis et similibus ad impacienciam que est contra caritatem qua tenemur deum diligere super omnia iubetur dyabolus hominem ducere ut sic merita sua perdat. Nota quod mortuus maximus dolor corporis accidit hijs precipue qui non morte naturali que raro est sicut docet experientia manifesta sed frequenter ex acutibus putrefebris vel apostemate vel alia infirmitate graui et afflictius atque longa dissoluuntur que quidem infirmitas plerisque et precipue ad mortem indispositos et iuste morientes adeo redit impatientes atque murmurantes ut plerumque ex nimio dolore in impaciencia amentes atque insensati videantur sicut sepe visum est in uultis. Ex quo vere constat quod tales utique in vera deficiant caritate teste Hieronymo qui ait. Si quis cum dolore egritudinem vel mortem patitur seu accipit signum est quod sufficienter deum non diligit. Et paulus ait. Caritas pacis et benigna est: ~













## Bona inspiratio angeli de paciencia

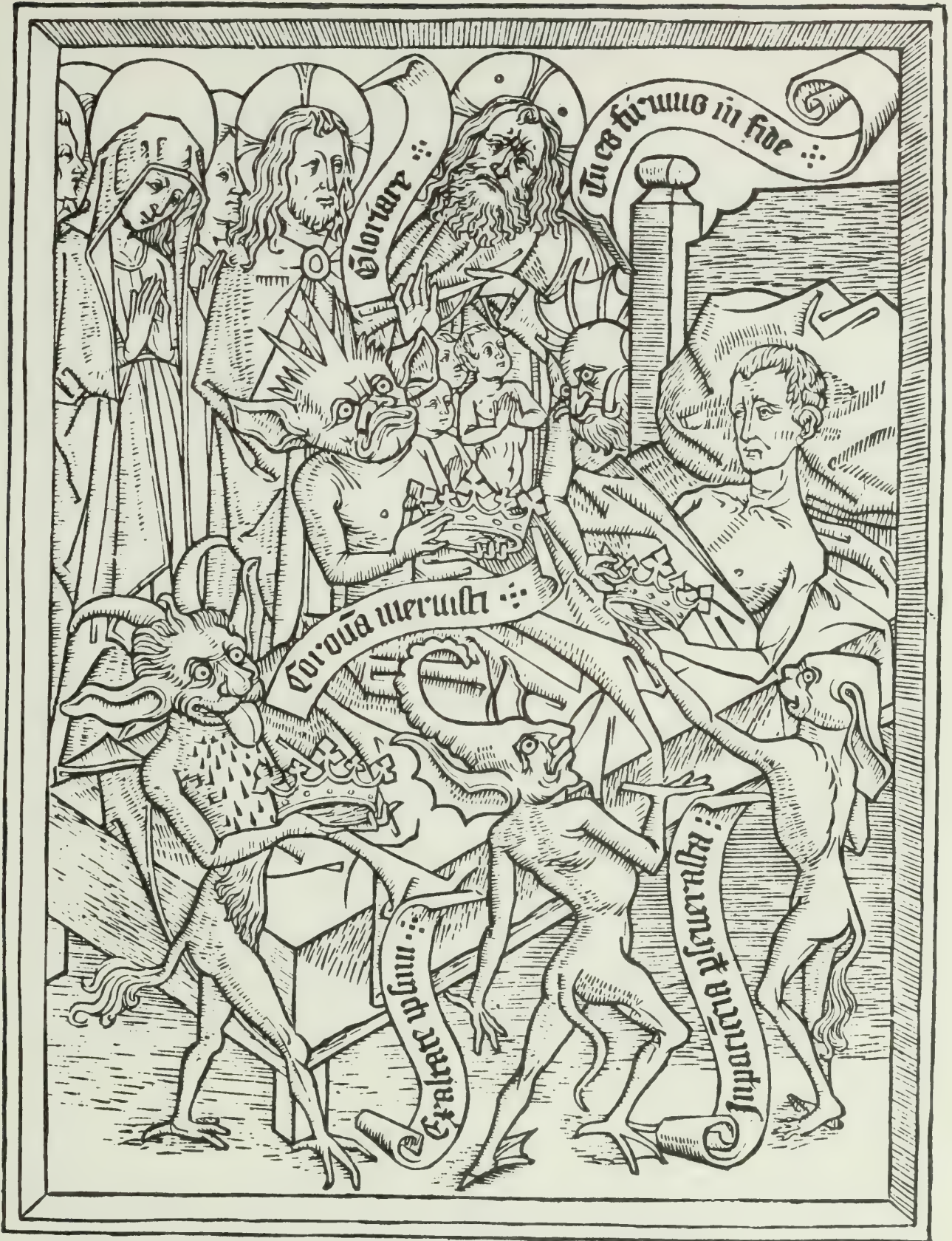
**C**ontra terciam temptationē dyaboli dat angelus bonā inspirationē dicens **D** homo auerte ab impaciā animi tui p quā dyabolus suis mortiferis instigationibus nichil aliud q̄ anime tue detrimentum querit, nā p impaciā et murmur animā pōitur. sicut p paciciā possidetur. teste Gregorio qui ait Regū celorū nullus murmurans accipit. Te igitur infirmitatis quē respectu meritorū tuorū leuis est. non tedeat cum ipā ante mortem sit quasi quoddam purgatoriū cum tolleratur ut oportet videlicet pacienter et libenter cum gratitudine, quia nō solum gratitudine opus est in hīs quē sunt ad consolationē sed etiam quē sunt ad afflictionē. quia ut gregorius ait. Misericorditer deus temporalē adhibet scueritatē ne eternam inferat vlcionē. Et aug⁹. Dñe hic vix et seculū ut metū michi pceas. Nulle ergo tribulationes te p̄turbent quia xp̄i nolle te relinquere oñdiunt iuxta illud Aug⁹. Mala que nos hic p̄uiunt ad deū nos ire opellunt. Non igitur anime salus approbatur in carnis beneplacitis sed potius eterna dampnatio iuxta illud Aug⁹. Signū manifeste dampnationis est beneplacita assensū et a mūdo diligere. Et utrum mirū est q̄ oñibus ieterū dāp- uandis oīs lapides nō surgūt ī solaciū. sed magis mirū est q̄ oñibus ieterū saluandis oīs lapides nō surgūt in piculū. Repelle ergo a te impaciā t̄q̄ pestē virulentā et assume paciā scutū fortissimū quo oīs inimici anime facilliter supantur et respice xp̄m patientissimū et omes sanctos vsq̄ ad mortem.

**N**ota cum infirmus sentit se temptari p impaciā glideret p̄mo q̄ nocua ē impaciā. quia ipm inquietando et p̄turbando a deo auertit quia dñs dicit Sup quē requiescet sp̄s n̄c̄is nisi sup quietū et humilē corde. Secundo glideret q̄ paciā ē sollicite seruanda. p̄mo quia ē n̄c̄ia. Vnde paulus paciā est vobis n̄c̄ia. Et dñs. Nunc oportuit pati xp̄m et ita intrare in gloriā suā. Et gregorius. Nūq̄ seruari concordia nisi p paciā valet. Secundo quia ē vtilis. Vnde dñs In paciā v̄ra possidebitis aīas v̄ras. Et gregorius. Melioris meriti est aduersa tollere q̄ bonis opibus insidare.

**I**dem Sine ferro martires esse possumus si paciā i animo veraciter seruamus. Et salomon. Melior est paciens vtro forti et qui dñatur animo suo expugnatoze vrbium.











### Temptacio dyaboli de vana gloria

**Q**uarto dyabolus temptat hominem infirmum p  
simplicis complacenciam que est supbia spiritualis  
p qua deuotis et religiosis atq; pfectis magis est infel-  
tis. Cum enim hominem ad deiciendum a fide aut in despacio-  
nem aut ad impacienciam non potest inducere tunc aggre-  
ditur cum p sui ipsius complacenciam tales teum iaculans  
cogitationes. **Q**uod si firmus es in fide qd fortis in spe et qd con-  
stanter pacies in tua infirmitate quoniam multa bona operatus  
es maxime gloriari debes quia non es sicut ceteri qui infi-  
nita mala perpetrarunt et tamen solo gemitu ad celestia reg-  
na peruenierunt igitur regnum celorum tibi iure negari  
non potest quia legitime certasti. Accipe ergo coronam  
tibi paratam et sedem excellenciozem pre ceteris optinebis  
per ista et similia dyabolus instantissime laborat homi-  
nem inducere ad spirituales superbiam suam ad sui ipsius  
complacenciam.

**P**ro quo notandum qd ista superbia multum est vitanda  
primo quia per eam homo efficitur similis dyabolo nam  
per solam superbiam de angelo factus est dyabolus.  
Secundo quia per ipsam homo videtur committere blas-  
phemiam per hoc qd bonum qd a deo habet a se presumit  
habere. Tercio quia tanta posset esse sua complacencia  
q per hanc dampnaretur. Vnde gregorius Reminiscen-  
do quis boni qd gessit dum se apud se erigit apud auc-  
torem humilitatis cadit. Et augustinus. Homo si se  
iustificauerit et de iusticia sua presumpserit cadit.







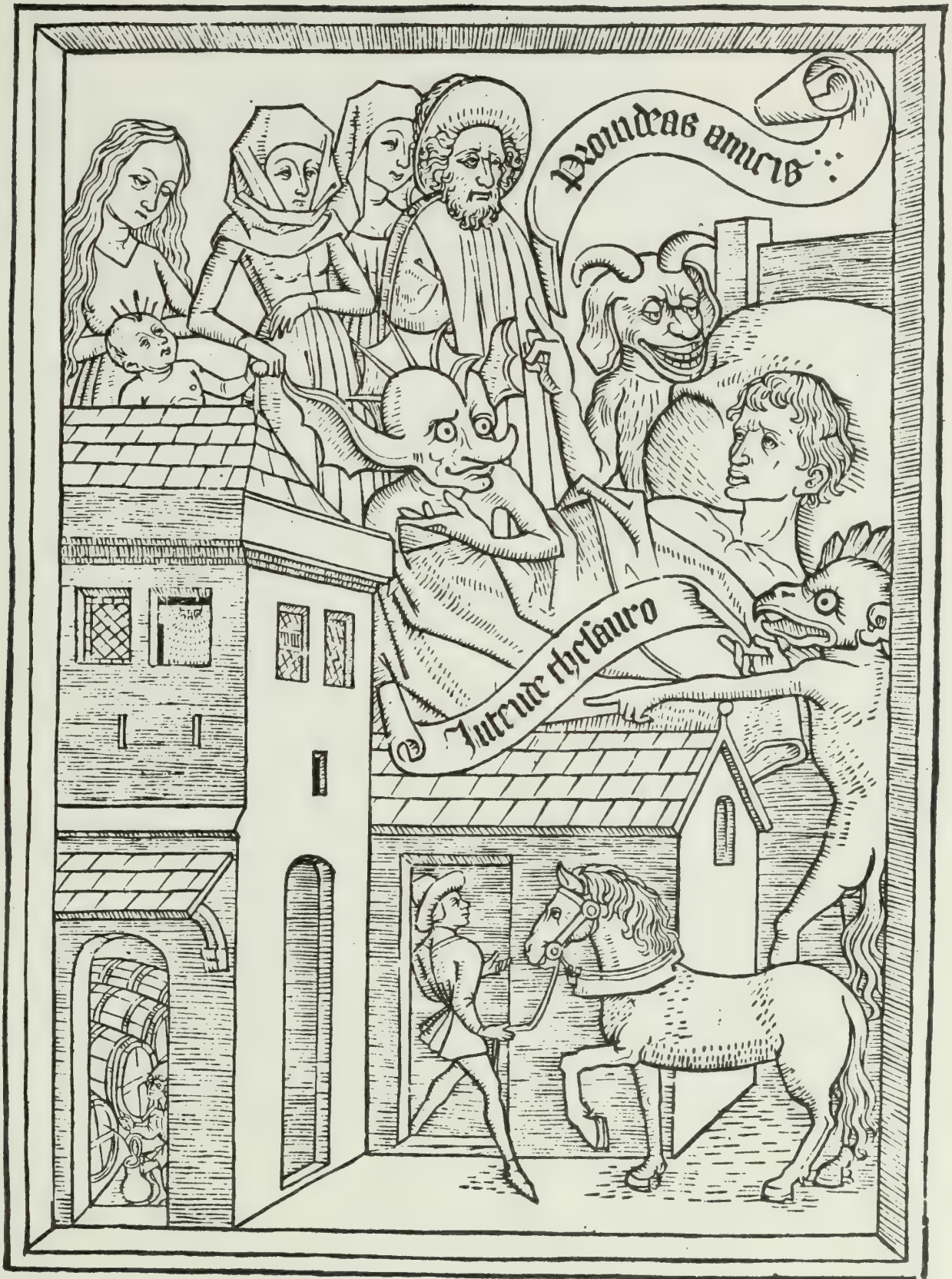




**B**ona inspiratio angeli contra vanā gloriā.  
 Contra quartā temptationē dyaboli dat angelus bonā  
 inspirationē dicens. Miser cūr tū superbis ascribendi  
 tibi ipi constanciā in fide spe et pauciā quic tū soli deo as-  
 cribenda est cū nichil boni ate habcas dñō dicente. Sive me  
 nichil potestis facere. Et alibi scriptū est. Non tibi arroges nō  
 te iactes non te insolenter extollas nichil de te psumas nichil  
 boni tibi tribuis. Et dñs ait qui se exaltat humiliabitur.  
 Et iterum. Nisi efficiamur sicut pūilis iste nō intrabit  
 in regnū celozum. Humilia ergo te et exaltaberis dicente  
 dño Qui se humiliat exaltabitur. Et ang. Sit humilias  
 deus descendit ad te, si te exaltas deus recedet ate. Ait ergo  
 mentē tuā a supbia quic luciferū quondā angelorū pulcherri-  
 um fecit dyabolozū deformissimū et de alta celozum proiecit  
 ad infernū profunda quic etiam fuit causa omniū peccatoz.  
 Unde bernardus iucū omnis peccati et causa totius pdi-  
 cionis est supbia. Idem. Tolle hoc viciū et sine labore omnia  
 vicia reserantur.  
 Unde singulariter notandum q̄ quicūq; moriturus sentit  
 se temptari per supbiā debet primo cogitare q̄ supbia tau-  
 tū deo displicuit q̄ sola ipius occasione nobilissimam crea-  
 turarū luciferū cū omib; sibi adherentib; de celis  
 relegavit in eternū dampnando. Et sic ex tali consideracio-  
 ne se humiliat atq; deprimat sua recogitando peccata  
 quia ignorat an odio vel amore dignus sit. Unde debet  
 precipue capere exemplū a sancto anthonio cū dyabolus dix-  
 it. O anthoni tū me viciisti cū cū volo te exaltare tu deprimis  
 cū te volo deprimē tū te erigis. Scdō debet cogitare q̄ hūilitas  
 tm deo placuit q̄ p̄cipue ipius occasione gloriosa virgo ma-  
 ria deū concepit et sup choros angelozum exaltata est.







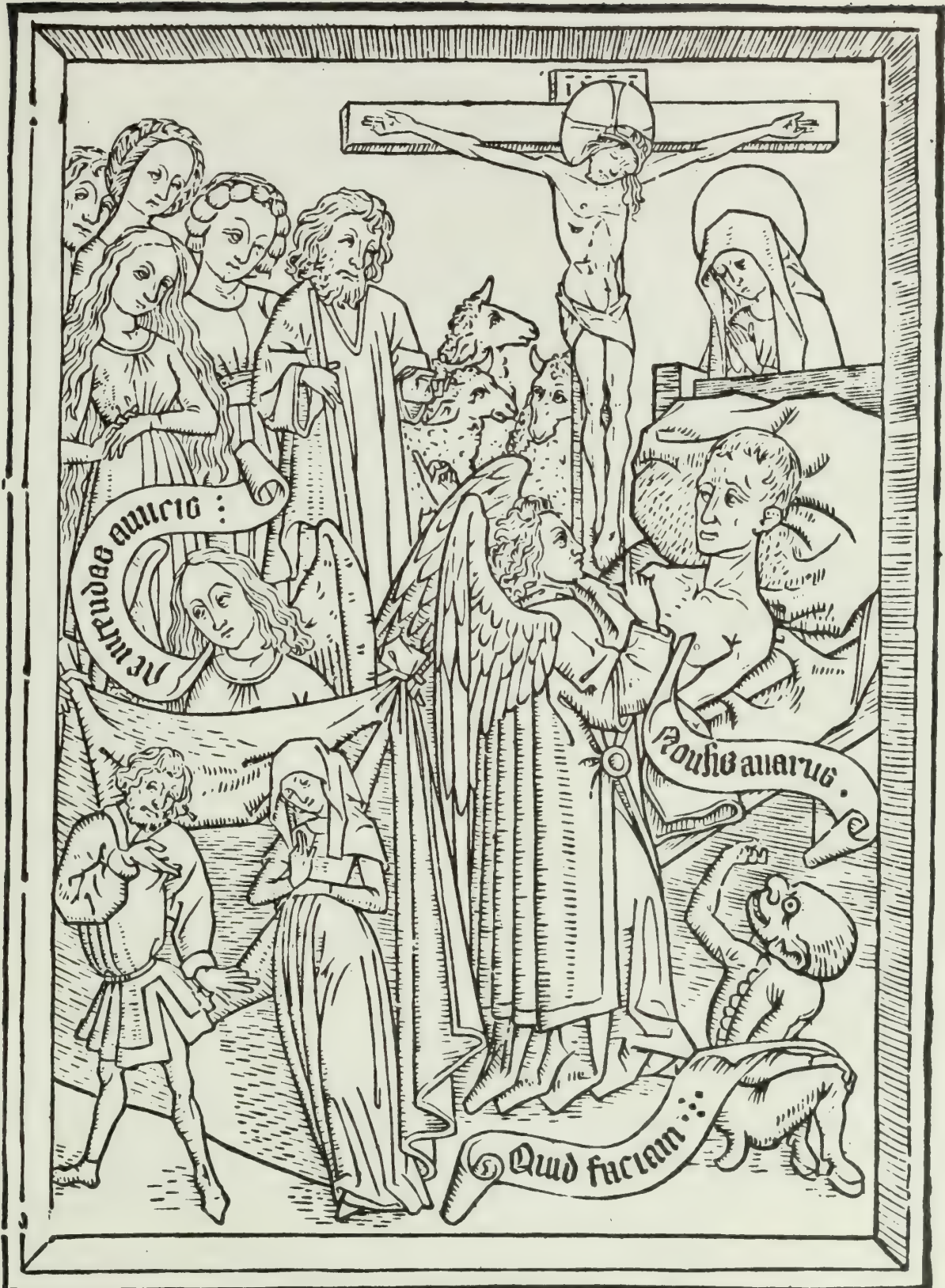


## Temptatio dyaboli de avaricia

**O**mnis temptatio dyaboli est avaricia magis secularis et carnalis infestans que est nimia occupatio temporalium atque exteriorum circa uxores et amicos carnales seu corporales divitias atque alia que magis in vita sua dilexerunt per que dyabolus hominem maxime vtrahit in fine dicens. Multum iam reliquies omnia temporalia que sollicitudinibus et laboribus maximis sunt congregata etiam uxorem proles consanguineos amicos carissimos et omnia alia huius mundi desiderabilia quorum te societati adhuc interesse tibi magnum foret solacium ipse quoque magnum boni occasio. Hec et similia dyabolus homini in certaminis de avaricia presertat ut sic per amorem et cupiditatem terrenorum avertat amore dei et propria salute. Unde singulariter notandum quod maxime caneri debet ne cum quod moriente amici corporales uxor liberi divitie et alia temporalia ad memoriam reducantur nisi in quantum illud infirmi spiritualis sanitas postulet aut requirat quia alias maxime periculosum esset. tum sic ab hijs que spiritus et salutis sunt quibus maxime tunc omnibus viribus interioribus et exterioribus intendendum est revocaretur ad ista misera temporalia et carnalia tunc cum maxima sollicitudine a memoria et mente remouenda in quibus certe tunc occupari est valde periculosum.









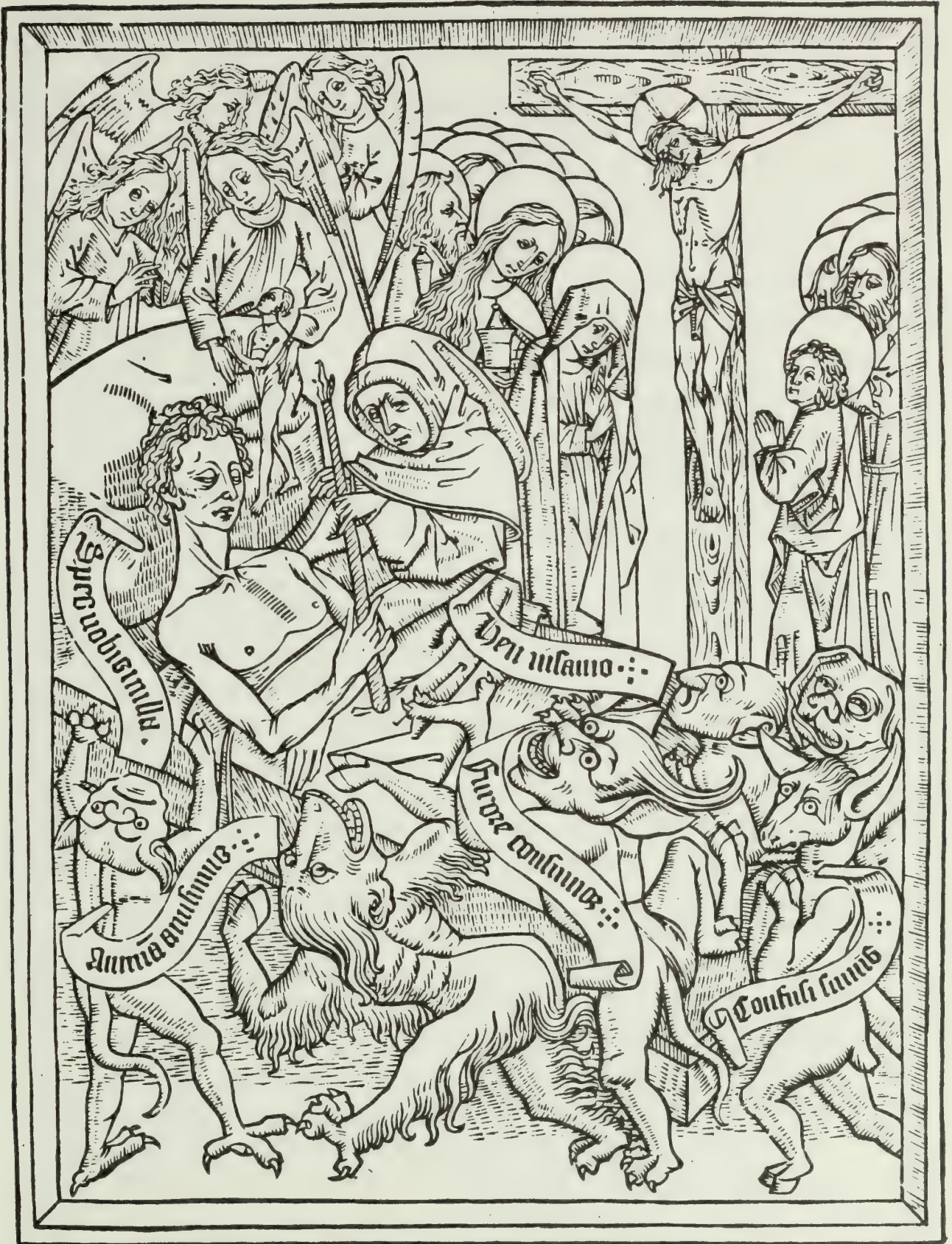


Bona inspiratio angeli contra auariciā

**C**ontra quātrā temptatiōē dyaboli dat angelus bonā in-  
 spiratiōē dicens. O homo averte aures tuas a mortife-  
 ris suggestiōibus dyaboli quibus te irritare et inficere cona-  
 tur. Et omnia temporalia totaliter post pone quorum memoria vtiq;  
 nichil salutis conferre potest. sed magnum impedimentū me-  
 mor vborū dñi ad eos qui illis adherent. Nisi quis renūciaue-  
 rit omnibus q̄ possidet nō potest meus esse discipulus. Et ite-  
 rū Si quis venit ad me et nō odit patrē suū et matrē et uxō-  
 rē et filios et frēs et sorores adhuc nō potest meus esse disci-  
 pulus. Itē ad eos qui illis renūciaverunt dicit. Et omnis qui re-  
 linquit domū vel frēs vel sorores aut patrē aut matrē aut  
 uxōrē aut filios aut agros ppter nōmē meū centuplū accipi-  
 et et vitā eternā possidebit. Memeto etiam paupertatis xp̄i in  
 cruce pte p̄cedēis. matrē dilectissimā et discipulos carissimos  
 ppter tuā salutē spontissime relinquentes. Considera etia q̄ totū  
 viri sancti tūto contemptu rerū tēvalū secuti sūt eū audienti il-  
 lud. Vēte bñdicti patris mei possidete regnū patrum vobis ab  
 origine mūdi. Imprime ergo ista tūe menti et omnia tūlōria tūp  
 valeam a te penitus repellendo cor tuū ad voluntariā paup̄ta-  
 tē itēgre comite. et sic regnū celoz ex p̄mīssio tibi debetur dicēte  
 dño. Bñ paup̄es spiritu quū ipoz est regnū celoz. tūp totū deo q̄  
 tibi divicias ḡssaret. sempiternas pleuarie quatte totā tuā fidu-  
 ciā tēu fundens. Nō quū infirmus sentis te temptari p auariciā  
 seu amorē terrenoz. considera p̄mo q̄ amor terrenoz a deo se-  
 parat. quia dei amorē secludit teste gregorio qui ait. Tanto  
 quis a sup̄no amore disīngitur q̄to hic inferius ī creaturis de-  
 lectatur. Secundo ḡsideret q̄ voluntaria paup̄tas hominē  
 beatificat et ad celum ducit dicente dño. Beati paup̄es  
 spiritu quū ipozū est regnū celorum











**S**agonizans loqui et vsum rois habere potuerit fundat o-  
 nes dei pmo invocando ut ipm p ineffabilem suam suam et  
 virtutis passionis sue suscipere dignetur. Secundo diligenter  
 invocet gloriosam virginem mariam pro sua mediatrice  
 Deinde omnes angelos et pcpue angelum pro sua cul-  
 todia deputati. Deinde apostolos martires confellores  
 atq; virgines specialius tamen illos quos vel quas  
 prius sanctis in veneratione habuit et dilexit quorum yma-  
 gines cum ymagine crucis et beate marie virginis  
 ei presententur Item dicat ter istum versum. Dissipasti  
 domine vincula mea tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis.  
 Nam iste versus secundum cassiodorum tante creditur esse  
 virtutis ut peccata hominum dimittantur si in fine vera confessione  
 dicatur. Item dicat ter hec vba vel similia que in summa beato  
 augustino attribuntur. Pax domini nostri ihu xpi et virtus passionis  
 eius et signum sancte crucis et integritas beatissime virginis marie et  
 benedictio omnium sanctorum ac sanctarum custodia angelorum necnon suffragia  
 omnium electorum sunt iter nunc et omnes inimicos meos visibiles et in-  
 visibiles in hac hora mortis mee domine ultimo dicat. In manus  
 tuas commendo spiritum meum. Si autem infirmus non sciat orationes dicere  
 dicat aliquis de assistantibus alta voce coram eo orationes vel historias  
 deuotas in quibus prout sancte delectabatur. Ipse vero oret corde et de-  
 siderio ut scit et potest. Unde nota ex quo tota salus hominis in fine  
 consistat sollicite curare debet unusquisque ut sibi de loco vel ami-  
 co deuoto fidei et ydoneo prouideat qui ei iuxta modum fideliter as-  
 sistat ad fidei constantiam patientiam deuotionem confidentiam et  
 perseverantiam ipsum iocitando animando ac magis orationes  
 deuotas pro eo fideliter dicendo. Sed heu pauci sunt qui in  
 morte proximis suis fideliter assistunt interrogando mouendo  
 et pro ipsis orando. preferti cum ipsi morientes nondum mori  
 velint et anime morientem sepe miserabiliter periclitantur.





[A significant memorial to Emerson, opened in 1971.]

The Friends of the Minneapolis Public Library  
cordially invite you  
to a dedication preview  
of the  
Ralph Waldo Emerson Room  
in the new  
North Regional Library  
1315 Lowry Avenue North  
Minneapolis, Minnesota  
Saturday, October 16, 1971  
7 to 9 p.m.

Refreshments

Program at 8 p.m.

R.S.V.P.

Miss Shoemaker 338-5772 (day)

Mrs. Juhl 521-3710 (evening)

[Envelope carrying Thoreau's letter to  
Bronson Alcott, dated Concord, Sept. 1,  
1856. See Correspondence, pp. 429-430.]

A. Bronson Alcott  
Walpole  
N.H.



[The lily on the next page was photographed by the Rev. Philip W. Roberts, Glastonbury, Conn.]









# MARGARET BOWEN'S POETRY—TRAVEL THROUGH PAIN

## SINGING PLACES

BY  
MARGARET BARBER BOWEN



THE CORNHILL COMPANY  
BOSTON

[1919]

TO  
A. B. C.  
WHO GOING DOWN THE PATH OF  
PAIN FINDS SINGING PLACES

*The Path of Pain is very dark  
And very, very long,  
But even in its utter deeps  
Somewhere upsprings a song.*

### MY PILGRIMAGE

Whereso'er my journeyings  
Over Earth's uncharted beauties  
There is something clear that sings  
Down my path of daily duties.

As I make my pilgrimage  
Thro' a world endowed with graces,  
Joy becomes my heritage;  
Lo! I walk thro' singing places.

Like a bird within its cage  
So my Heart a Song encases;  
Wheresoe'er my pilgrimage  
Still it leads thro' singing places.

### THE BLUE NUNS SING

Each day with setting of the sun  
From cloistered shelter slowly file  
The Nuns in Blue, and one by one,  
Proceed in shadows down the aisle.

(The outer bloom of Life and Sun  
Must be denied a holy Nun.)

Then seated silently apart,  
From mundane worshippers defined,  
These singers of the contrite heart  
Begin the worship of their kind.

But in the music, sweetly sung,  
The prisoned Woman's soul makes cry—  
The Womanhood so rudely flung  
Aside as sin, unconsciously,  
Unbidden, but insistent still,  
Sings with a voice that's all her own.  
The Nun is fabric of the will,  
But Woman—God can make alone!

The singing ceases with the light,  
The fleeting candle-gold is gone;  
The Blue Nuns pass into the night,  
Their tiny glimpse of Day is done.

(The outer bloom of Life and Sun  
Must be denied a holy Nun.)





## AT THE ENGLISH CRAFT-SHOP IN CASA GUIDI

*(The Home of the Brownings in Florence)*

Within the Casa Guidi mute I stood  
Where from its famed casement I could see  
Palazzo Pitti, and the Boboli  
Flinging its bloom across my memoried mood.  
Resist those memories, whosoever could  
Despite the lure of lapis lazuli  
And sun-kissed amber fashioned graciously—  
For here insistent did her presence brood—  
That English linnet, small and lyric-wise  
Who sang her heart out 'neath these Tuscan skies.  
So tiptoed I the stair past her dear door,  
Her craft-shop, where so radiantly were wrought  
The lucent jewels of a woman's thought . . .  
The craft-shop Casa Guidi knows no more.

### PAESTUM

Slowly o'er the plains to Paestum  
Trailed the tourist train;  
Bleak and bare and grim they stretched there  
In the April rain.

Slowly o'er the plains to Paestum—  
Suddenly a bush  
All aflame with reddening Springtime  
Broke the visual hush.

Slowly o'er the plains to Paestum  
Pilgrimage divine,  
Pilgrimage to pagan temples—  
What religion thine!

Noblest records of religion—  
Pagan was it? Then  
Might the Christian churches' builders  
Pagans be again!

For a wave of utter worship  
Flooded all my soul,  
And the peace of perfect Beauty  
On my spirit stole.

Beauty in its great dimensions  
Nothing is but God—  
And beside those pagan temples  
Knelt I on the sod.

Would that in ornate St. Peter's  
One could send a prayer  
Unassisted, straight to Heaven  
As in temples there,

Where the myriad emerald lizards  
Gleaming where we pass  
Praise him with their lucent beauty  
In the emerald grass;

Where those old and sacred columns  
Towering up in calm  
Are a moulded Benediction  
And a builded Psalm.

. . .

Slowly o'er the plains from Paestum,  
From the temples there,  
Came we chastened into Cava,  
Purified by prayer.

### RAVELLO

Breathless from the dizzy beauty of that drive  
within a dream  
Turquoise-colored, emerald-tinted, sapphire-  
shrouded, wind we still  
Upward, upward, ever upward, toward that cita-  
del supreme  
Which in centuries now silent held dominion  
on the hill.

Over roads where Latin princes, proudly mounted,  
used to ride,  
Roads which wear a look eternal, telling Man  
he is but dust,  
Winding, winding, ever-winding, serpent-like they  
coil and glide  
Round the crags and thro' the forests, and we  
follow where we must!

Pulsing, panting, palpitating, at the glory all  
amaze,  
Winding, winding, ever-upward in a wonder-  
woven spell,  
Till at last Completed Beauty lies before our sated  
gaze,  
And the olive-cheeked Giuseppe murmurs  
raptly: "E Ravell'!"

### THE LEPER ON THE CAPRI ROAD

I pray your gracious alms, Signora, sweet.  
A leper I, and tho' the scene be gay  
With hyacinthine glimpses of the bay,  
And orange-hedges coloring the street,



Yet am I sombre, lacking bread and meat;  
 No home but any lane wherein I stray,  
 Which dimmer grows as dimmer grows the day,  
 And wearier and worn my lagging feet.  
 I pray your gracious alms, O lady fair,  
 For as I caught the rustle of your gown,  
 And glimpsed the burnished amber of your hair,  
 I thought the Lady Mary had come down  
 In visioned answer to my silent prayer  
 To raise me up and crown me with her crown.

### AT OBERAMMERGAU

The Christ hangs white upon the cross,  
 The Marys silent weep,  
 And thief to left, and thief to right  
 Is sunk in shamèd sleep.

Then through the gloom of stricken throng  
 Strained in remorseful hush,  
 There shimmers sweet a triumph note—  
 God's messenger—a thrush!

### THE GARDEN-HOUSE AT WEIMAR

In the Garden-House at Weimar wistful with the  
 June  
 Peeped I forth from long-craved casement (bliss-  
 ful boon!)  
 From the cherished crystal casements whence his  
 frequent face  
 Had gazed down in sweet enjoyment of this place.

Emerald lawn and shaded pathway, cool and very  
 dim,  
 Velvet moss, a fragrant carpet crushed by him,  
 Flowering bush with eager Bluebird on its tilting  
 bough  
 To be telling of his music shrilly now.

Of his sweetly haunting music, wildest ecstasy  
 Mingling with a sadly-sweeter misery,  
 Music sometimes fondly chiming manly friend-  
 ship's strain  
 With its moving Schiller-*motif*, and again

Music shadowed with the sorrow of a love-lost  
 way,  
 Or again, the glorious passion of to-day.  
 These the strains the eager Bluebird would for me  
 retell  
 With its tiny-toned re-chiming silver bell.

Then a sudden, April-mocking, uninvited shower  
 Quick eclipsing Bird-in-song and Bush-in-flower,  
 But around the Titan-torrent flickered all the  
 while  
 Golden sunshine, swift-recalling Goethe's smile!

Round the Garden-House at Weimar linger Sun  
 and Rain,  
 Nature's subtle reminiscence—Joy and Pain  
 Such as filled the days of Goethe when his urgent  
 art  
 Was the bitter-sweet absorption of his heart.

Round the Garden-House at Weimar slowly Dusk  
 drew on  
 Cautious, dubious of the Daylight as a faun.  
 Thro' the silent, perfumed wetness, faintly breath-  
 ing by,  
 Then I heard the inspiration of a sigh!

And his spirit, in the dimness, almost touched my  
 own  
 Then, the mystic bond was broken—he was flown!  
 But the Garden-House at Weimar with its Goethe  
 thrill  
 Burned a scarlet spot in Memory—vivid still.

### IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

(Oxford)

How could'st thou, Shelley, in this sacred spot  
 Feel God is not?  
 Where every gracious bush and mystic flower  
 Proclaims His power,  
 Where Wisdom permeates the cloistral air  
 And proves Him there?  
 For what is Wisdom but a branch of God,  
 A flowering rod  
 Assuring by its very blossoming  
 That it did spring  
 From out a source beyond its patentness—  
 Could'st thou not guess  
 What Source? Thou ardent beauty-loving soul,  
 Not guess the whole,  
 When its so-radiant and persuading part  
 Entranced thy heart?  
 This hour within the University  
 They showed to me  
 Thy writing—by thy certain boyish hand—  
 When thou did'st stand  
 Declaring in thy knowledge, youngly-sure,  
 With purpose pure,  
 That no Supremer Being did exist;  
 An atheist





Thou with a fondly-proud publicity  
 Did'st claim to be.  
 O brave pathetic Boy! In thy white days  
 To choose thy ways  
 Alone, and unsustained essay thy flight  
 Thro' Life's black night . . .  
 Within thy Skylark on his starward wing—  
 In that small thing—  
 Unconsciously a greater wisdom grew—  
 He knew, he knew!  
 "Blithe Spirit," he winged surely to the skies,  
 So wise, so wise!

### THE LOVELY LADS OF RUGBY

(*"Dulce Domum Resonemus"*)

We waited there at Rugby  
 For the oncoming train  
 And thro' my thoughts the Rugby lads  
 Came homing back again.

So sweet a home is Rugby  
 That surely never yet  
 E'en space or years or sorrows  
 Could make the lads forget.

And now when England summons  
 They swift obey her call—  
 But turn their hearts to Rugby  
 Ere they must fight or fall.

Dear lads, the flower of England,  
 How gallant an array!  
 (For they are Youth incarnate  
 Upon this dreaming day.)

True to their master's model,  
 In nobleness defined  
 They marched in blithe battalions  
 Thro' my enmemoried mind.

The music of their marching  
 Made mystical refrain—  
 Then sang itself to silence  
 With the approaching train.

. . . . .

O lovely lads of Rugby,  
 Where are you marching now?  
 And which of you bears Death's calm kiss  
 Upon his boyish brow?

Within a rolling meadow above the river Ourcq,  
 Which flows beneath the autumn sun serenely to  
 the sea,  
 There rises straight a small green copse—  
 "The Wood of the Burned Bridge"—  
 Which has a look of sheltering, as tree stands close  
 by tree.

The little wood protectingly spreads out its  
 branching arms—  
 As e'en a human mother might to shield a cher-  
 ished child—  
 To guard the new-made mound of one who, sing-  
 ing, went to sleep  
 With all the blithe sweet melody of youth still  
 undefiled.

A cypress-spray lies friendly-wise upon his silent  
 graveside,  
 Placed tenderly by comrades in an ecstasy of  
 sadness—  
 But over there this singing boy, safe with the  
 Judge All-righteous,  
 May know himself anointed with the oil of utter  
 gladness.

Long may the little watchful wood stand sentinel  
 above him,  
 Soft may the little river run thro' bloodstained  
 meadow clover,  
 Until the poppies fill the grass proclaiming Peace  
 perpetual,  
 And Song immortal rise on wings—warfare for-  
 ever over!

### SIDNEY LANIER

His lyric wings superbly rove  
 The rarer ether, far above  
 The simpler blue wherein do move  
 The ordinary birds of song  
 To which we—you and I—belong—  
 (Our wings are neither sure nor strong.)

But he—a princely Nightingale—  
 With movements true to star-set sail  
 Undrooping thro' the sternest gale  
 Leaves us small sparrows near the ground  
 Still chirping—gay that he has found  
 The wonder-winding Way of Sound.





His lovely lingering notes of flute,  
Or softly-singing strains of lute,  
Make other music-makers mute;  
So perfectly he knew his art,  
A Song went singing down his heart  
Unknowing where it found its start!

## TO SAROJINI NAIDU

(On Reading "*The Broken Wing*")

From western Winter's stern and loveless cold  
Wistful for warmth and rapture, to your mild  
And lucent East, O "Golden-hearted Child,"  
We turn—to glimpse its beauties manifold  
Enmirrored for our eyes, as deft you hold  
The glass to visions—mystic, joyous, wild—  
As if the Orient Spring looked in and smiled  
To see her image violet and gold.

Chakora-birds come blithely at your call;  
Thrilled by your voice the oleanders bloom,  
Like us, swift servants to your lyric thrall;  
The lotus-buds burst gladly in the gloom;  
Saffron and silver, radiant over all  
The magic Dawn escapes her nightly doom.

## EMILY DICKINSON

(When she "took up her simple wardrobe and  
started for the Sun")

How was it when you reached the Gate?  
I think it was like this:  
You asked St. Peter was it late?  
You didn't want to miss  
Your personal appointment,  
For you had come to stay.  
He, twinkling, deft, the Gate unlocked  
And beckoned you, "This Way."  
Within the outer halls you met  
Old friends of Soul and Mind,  
But nodding amicably you  
Just left them there behind  
To penetrate Sanctissimum  
And find Himself, The Lord—  
'Twas He who asked you to respond  
And you could not afford  
To scatter silver instants  
When He awaited you—  
So punctual, and unperplexed,

You knocked a time or two;  
Then Milton came, and Shakespeare,  
Polite and very bland,  
Said, "Emily, allow me!"  
And kissed your little hand.  
But you, indifferent, hurried in,  
When they had had their say,  
With "I am looking for the Lord,  
I called on Him to-day!"

## SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

There came a vital impulse out of Spain,  
All Joyousness, all Nature, and all Light;  
A peasant-painter, conqueror of Pain,  
Portrayer of a pagan-pure Delight.  
The Elemental issues from his brush;  
Humanity breaks bonds from the Effete;  
The Sun, the Skies, the Seas, in primal rush  
Recover from conventionalized retreat.  
Enrapturing maidens, tawny-skinned and glad  
Sport in abandon, sunshine-kissed and free,  
And unrestrained, in Youth's brief beauty clad  
Play Atalanta by the frolic sea . . .  
Our thanks, Sorolla, and our homage, take,  
For this, thy glimpse of blithe reality,  
And many a pilgrimage we fain would make  
To watch thy mirthful waifs of Arcady.

## THE VIOLINIST

O Master of the glorious instrument  
Which voices all the deeps and mysteries  
Of souls that yearn in songful sacrament  
To offer up their grateful ecstasies,  
Of hearts that throb with music unexpressed,  
That pulse with joy or break in hidden shame  
To loose the imprisoned music, and confessed  
Stand forth the Artist 'midst a world's acclaim!  
Be, mighty Master, but the Servant, too,  
Of these, who dumb, thrill to themselves alone;  
Let their hushed melody burst forth thro' you  
As in the dim harmonics' tender tone  
The silent music of such souls upsprings  
And sobs itself away upon your strings.



## THE LULLABY OF MARY MOTHER

I creep between my friendly sheets  
As white and crisp as snow,  
And then I seem  
(As in a dream)  
To hear so soft, so low,  
The Holy Mary singing—  
As my Mother sings to me  
So sings she to her little boy  
Who died upon the tree:

"Sweetly sleep, O Heart o' my Heart,  
Thy mother doth watch o'er thee."

(O Mary Mother, dost thou know  
Thy son whom thou dost fondle so  
Will die upon the tree?)

"Sleep sweet, sleep deep, O Heart o' my Heart,  
Nay, do not tremble and weep and start,  
Hush—hush—sleep sweet, sleep deep, my Heart,  
Soft little Heart o' my Heart!"

## MY MOTHER'S EYES

Pure pools of perfect Joy they are,  
So liquid, lucent, lovely, dear,  
Dilating with a swift surprise,  
Grown radiant and crystal clear,  
Or deep with Mother-mysteries—  
My Mother's Eyes!

Amid the darker days of Life  
Two tender Stars that shine so true  
Flame thro' the Darkness, which denies  
Its sombre and despairing hue  
When it in dear delight describes  
My Mother's Eyes!

O pools of Joy! O shining Stars!  
Transmit your loveliness to me,  
That as the flitting Time-life flies  
And flutters to Eternity,  
Still here may glow, below the skies,  
My Mother's Eyes!

## MY LADY OF THE MORNING FACE

O Lady of the morning face,  
Where is your present dwelling-place?  
Have you a pair of purple wings,  
And in your hand a harp that sings?

Or do you climb the heavenly hills  
To dance among the daffodils—  
To pluck each golden dew-filled cup—  
And help the little angels up?

O surely God would let you do  
The things that make you really *You*  
Dispensing Joy and Love and Grace,  
My Lady of the morning face!

## THE LITTLE ROAD AND I

The little road went winding up,  
Went winding up to meet the sky;  
"I think I'll fare that way," quoth I,  
And so the little road and I  
Went winding up.

We deviated in and out,  
All in and out and roundabout,  
But ever facing toward the sky.  
And when we reached it, by and by,  
We found the Lord of Low and High  
Who bade us rest a little while,  
Since we had come a weary mile,  
A dusty and a weary mile,  
In winding up.

And so amid the sky and flowers,  
The sky and flowers, which all were ours,  
We rested there, the road and I.  
And when you, too, shall come to die  
You'll find us on that rim of sky,  
Waiting to greet you happily  
As you come winding up.

## THE POET

From out the words we all can write  
He brings new loveliness to light.  
With stones we builders set at naught  
He rears a radiant dome of thought.  
Its curves are wrought of golden Youth,  
Of undreamed Beauty, virgin Truth;  
And we lift up our earth-born eyes  
And marvel in unused surprise.





## THE SOARING OF THE SWALLOW

(Teach me to fly, Mother, teach me to fly!)  
 Oh, Brother of St. Francis, small swimmer in the  
 blue,  
 How marvellous thy instinct! Who guided thee  
 so true  
 (Not quite so high, Birdling, not quite so high!)  
 That blithely persistent, thou tak'st the up-  
 ward flight?  
 Thou makest, all undoubting, thy duty a delight.  
 Thy stumbling great Man-brother might joy with  
 thee to vie—  
 (Not quite so high, Birdling, not quite so high!)

## A PRAYER

Give me, dear Lord, an ample mind  
 That I through insight may be kind.  
 Let littlenesses of my Heart  
 Engender wings and swift depart!  
 And in my Soul let sympathy  
 Unfold her petals tenderly.  
 Dear Father, in humility  
 I do petition this of Thee.

## O YOUTH, SO SWIFTLY HAST THOU FLED

O Youth, so swiftly hast Thou fled,  
 Since erst pomegranate's juices red  
 We quaffed together—Thou and I—  
 A chalice drained too joyously  
 To chasten with a far-off dread.

Now pensive and demure I'm led  
 Down pallid pathways, tenanted  
 No longer by the butterfly,  
 O Youth!

For wingèd things with Thee have sped,  
 And creeping things do fare instead  
 Beside me, as I loiteringly  
 Wend down the path Maturity—  
 But Wisdom's morning lies ahead,  
 O Youth!

## THE LITTLE MAID AND THE MASTER

She sat at the spinet, the Little Maid,  
 She sat alone and afraid—afraid—  
 For the Master had said she had played—had  
 played!  
 So long she had practised so docilely  
 The scales with their counting of "One—Two—  
 Three,"  
 And arpeggios trickling painfully—  
 And now came this fearful ecstasy!  
*The Master had said she had played—had played!*  
 She slipped from her seat, all tremblingly,  
 And bent herself on her rounded knee,  
 While her voice ascended fragilely,  
 "O Master, Lord, please help Thou me  
 To practise ever faithfully!"  
 To The Master thus she prayed—she prayed.

## THE ANSWER

"Why gavest not Thou me the gift of Strength  
 That I might prove my manhood, O my Lord?  
 Why dost Thou thro' my days' wild wearying  
 length  
 Mute Unperformance unto me accord?"

"A pygmy task it is with body sure  
 To do, to act with vigor unabating.  
 'Tis only to the Strong who can endure  
 I give the task that's thine—the task of Wait-  
 ing."

## REPENTANCE

In gardens red with roses once I played  
 All careless of the radiance of one;  
 Now naught but bloomless stalks hedge in my  
 road  
 As I, unflowered, walk my way, alone.

Mine eyes so dull among the blossomed ways,  
 Grow clear in darkling days' austerer close,  
 And strain them in the dimness for one small  
 Relenting petal from an unplucked rose!





I heard Joy trail her garments near,  
 (My Heart, she's seeking thee!)  
 So sped I forth to kiss their hem  
 In blithe expectancy.

Then came a sobbing through the night,  
 A moaning in the mist,  
 So knew I (Hush, my little Heart!)  
 It was her shroud I kissed.

### THE BELATED NIGHTINGALE

When young I searched a darkling wood  
 For note of nightingale.  
 It came not, tho' my listening mood  
 Could scarce endure its fail.

Maturer, at the rim of night,  
 In Tuscan village small,  
 I caught a trill of bird delight—  
 "A thrush", thought I, "doth call."

At morn I said: "With joy I heard  
 A marvel-throated thrush."  
 "A nightingale" (they said) "the bird  
 That broke the purple hush."

But Youth's wild rose of bloom gone pale,  
 What broke the purple hush?  
 To them it was a nightingale—  
 To me—it was—a thrush!

### SINGERS

A solitary robin sang  
 Upon a lonely tree:  
 (Symbolic of my solitude  
 That robin's song for me.)

But tho' alone I, too, can sing,  
 (So Sorrow set me free!)  
 To swell the Music of the World  
 Is Joy enough for me.

Made up of daily arcs, whose sinuous lines  
 Curve ever-surely to the Circle drawn  
 In master-strokes and generous designs  
 By Him who painted the Creation's Dawn,  
 My Circle of Delight rounds out its plan.

My little hours move round from start to end,  
 Some golden, some subdued, but all divine;  
 Some glowing with the glory of a friend,  
 Some darkened by distress—but always *mine*,  
 My radiant ring—the Life of God in man.

For me the joyous task supremely given  
 By Him who lives in Wisdom's Perfect Light,  
 To mould my arcs of Life to compass Heaven  
 And so achieve my Circle of Delight  
 Which He had dreamed for me ere I began.

### SONG

"Oh! What is thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird,  
 (Bird fluttering its wings 'gainst my heart)?  
 Oh! speak me the truth—if thy name it be Youth,  
 So brave and so blithesome thou art!"

(O foolish One, no!  
 Ever swift, never slow  
 Are the wild wings of Youth to depart!)

"Oh! What is thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird,  
 (Bird singing so sweet in my breast)?  
 Thy name I would hear! Is it Happiness dear  
 That homing hath sought a soft nest?"

(O foolish One, no!  
 Fain doth Happiness go  
 Nor tarryeth ever to rest!)

"Oh! What is thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird,  
 (Bird cuddling so soft in my arm)?  
 O speak me thy name! Is it clear-singing Fame  
 That lieth so close and so warm?"

(O foolish One, no!  
 Fame is colder than snow,  
 Nor seeketh it shelter from harm.)

"Then tell me thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird,  
 (Bird nestling so trustful and near)!"  
 "My name, Sweet my Own,  
 All the days thou hast known,  
 It is Love, it is Love, ever dear!"



In radiant death the sinking saffron sun  
 Departs a victor in the dying day.  
 A cricket chirps the lingering light away  
 As cautiously approach the shadows dun,  
 And, bleating, swift the little lambkins run  
 Adown the dimming path they often stray  
 Unwatched and sportive, in their awkward play.  
 And now the Harvest Moon's bright benison  
 Sweeps o'er the plain of yellowing harvest-fields  
 Where, in the gracious gloaming, sing and reap  
 The happy harvesters, whose music rings  
 Around the harmony the Harvest yields . . .  
 All ended, they full soon shall sink to sleep  
 And darkling Silence hold the Heart of Things.

## A PURITAN

I've felt the thrill that sweeps the soul  
 In olived Italy;  
 I've threaded ways of ancient Rome,  
 And dreamed in Tuscany;  
 In Paestan temples have I prayed  
 Upon my bended knee—  
 But Oh! the sweet, salt, fragrant air  
 Of Plymouth-by-the-sea!  
 The Alps are dazzling white and fair,  
 But in her Springtime green  
 Mount Moosilauke's the fairest peak  
 That e'er mine eyes have seen!  
 The high-throned coast of Portugal  
 Compels my scrutiny,  
 But Oh! the blue, blue Berkshire Hills!  
 Their beauty speaks to me!  
 Through cloisters old and dim my feet  
 Have reverently trod,  
 But to a small white Meeting-house  
 I go to find my God.  
 And so whene'er in alien lands  
 I joyfully may roam  
 It sings and sings within my heart:  
 "New England is my home!"

Within my hempen crescent I  
 Am Voyager o'er land and sky,  
 The grasses brush me where I lie  
 And the vast blue is canopy.

All gloried green comes surge on surge  
 Of soft grass waves that silent merge  
 Toward Buttercup's deep golden urge.

The gnarled and wrinkled Apple Trees  
 Whose knotty, bowed and faithful knees  
 Uphold my crescent for my ease  
 Yield melody of Birds and Bees.

Gold Oriole and Chaffinch small,  
 And sparrow twittering thro' all  
 The other music, swiftly call.

And O my Heart! A Humming Bird  
 With ruby throat adds his wee word  
 Of perfect motion—the unheard  
 Sweetness of Grace his God conferred.

Within my hempen crescent I  
 When listless watch the Dusk draw nigh,  
 The Breezes are my Lullaby,  
 And Stars bend near for company.

## MOUNT KINSMAN IN AUTUMN

My sinuous shoulders bear, unspent,  
 The tamarack, fir and pine;  
 And, stalwart, bend against the sky  
 To the Divine Design.

Storm-sent, the ragged clouds sweep o'er  
 My wind-tossed, sun-seared head;  
 Caressing mists enswathe my brow  
 Where warmth and winter wed.

I stand serene when Eastern glow  
 Enwraps me in her bloom;  
 I stand serene, with aspect grim,  
 In twilight's gathering gloom.

Tho' men pass up and men pass down,  
 I stand, and give no sign;  
 My stalwart shoulders bend alone  
 To the Divine Design.





Nestling half way up the hillside, small and calm,  
all unaware  
Of the rushing and the rumble and the mart's  
tumultuous roar,  
A shrine to storied memory sleeps on the quaint  
old Square,  
Where Life slips back from Now to Then as  
through an open door.

The very air of England seems caught and cher-  
ished dear  
Within this tiny leisured spot of brick and  
guarded grass;  
We think the thoughts of bygone days, and "now  
that April's here,"  
Dream dreams of Youth and violets, all lovely  
things that pass.

The houses' brick austerity grows friendly and  
benign  
Beneath the jocund wooing sun; the slim young  
leaves unfold;  
A juvenile grey squirrel, his bushy tail in line,  
Runs up an ancient lichened elm and there  
begins to scold.

The chirping chickadees retort, and soon the  
startled air  
Is rent by myriad chatterings; till, sweet, a  
bluebird's note  
Restores the primal harmony, and once again the  
Square  
Sleeps on in "poetry of earth", quiescent and  
remote.

First, little Hours tricked out in golden Dawn  
Who send their fleet and winged heralds round  
To wake the world with sweetly chosen notes  
From yellow, blue and brown befeathered throats  
That swell soniferous with supple sound.  
And tiny winds in sleepy blades of grass  
That dream them flowers, begin to stretch and  
wake

And wash themselves within a cup of dew—  
Dear little children-Hours that are so few!

Then, older mid-day Hours brave to behold  
In liveries of brilliant blue and gold;  
Maturer Hours of later afternoon  
In shimmering mixture that an azure haze  
Subduing sunshine, fashions for the Day's  
Most lovely garment—fading Oh too soon!  
Next sunset Hours like cardinals arrayed  
By Nature, loving purple in parade;  
Such pomp and circumstance she now bestows,  
Such lavishness—as when she shapes a Rose!  
And last, as vaguer grow the Nears and Fars,  
There comes a dim procession bearing stars.

How sadly small the stature of his soul  
Who, gazing on this pageant of a Day,  
Can only sigh and blindly turn away—  
Instead of kneeling down in joy to pray!

### THE CLEARER VIEW

My stained-glass days, so brief and beautiful,  
Mid Gothic arches spent, with filtering light  
Of amber and of amethyst, are gone.  
Yet, love I more my present hours, all filled  
With visions of the sun's unveiled light  
Where gazing deep into the Heart of things  
I see my God, undimmed, approachable,  
Walk in the gladsome garden of His world.







## DEFINING THE AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTAL NOVEL

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Thirty years ago, Robert E. Streeter, in an illuminating article on Lydia Maria Child's Philothea (Boston, 1836), on three counts included that classical romance in the canon of Transcendental fiction: "...its exposition of the idealistic philosophy and of intuitionism, its author's personal history [i.e., association with Emerson and the Transcendentalists and a letter on that subject], and a significant critical reaction"—condemnation of the work as Transcendental and Swedenborgian by Prof. Cornelius Conway Felton, of Harvard University.<sup>1</sup> In view of the dearth of Transcendental fiction,<sup>2</sup> Streeter confessed, of course, to difficulty in defining such a sub-genre and concluded that "although one cannot conceive of Philothea without Transcendentalism, one can conceive of Transcendentalism without Philothea." One reason for Streeter's uncertainty regarding Mrs. Child's interesting volume, I suspect, is the fact that he was unconsciously aware of elements and purposes in that novel which he was not able to account for in his analysis besides the fact that he had arrived at his conclusion largely by extrinsic considerations—biographical facts and the evaluation of an anti-Emersonian reviewer,<sup>3</sup> who considered Transcendentalism to be German "moonshine."<sup>4</sup> I have indicated elsewhere<sup>5</sup> what seems to have been Mrs. Child's multiple purpose in composing Philothea. She certainly, I believe, intended to write a "Transcendental romance" and, possibly, to supply young readers with a fictional handbook to Greek culture after the model of Jean Jacques Barthélémy's Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis. She consciously or unconsciously made a Bostonian polemic response to Fanny Wright's A Few Days in Athens (1822), emphasizing in the Plato of her creation a repudiation not so much of the Epicurus of Fanny Wright's little book as of the much-bruited, coarse Epicureanism of Fanny Wright's personal life and of the social experiments in Tennessee and Indiana.

Without intending to be definitive in this area of Romantic fiction, I wish to emphasize intrinsic criteria that will justify our classifying Philothea and one or two other fictional works as Transcendental novels or romances. They are: (1) an exposition of the Platonic, Idealist philosophy and (2) a serious TONE. (I thus bypass considerations of an author's intention, except insofar as it may be adduced from the tone.) That the employment of Platonic Idealism in a work of fiction will not, in itself, justify our calling a novel "Transcendental" may be proved conclusively from a number of works of Romantic Hellenism that flourished in German literature contemporary with Goethe. I shall here concentrate on one of these, popular on both sides of the Atlantic in Emerson's day because John Richardson translated it into English: Christoph Martin Wieland's The History of Agathon, (4 vols.) London, 1773. Herein we find the Platonic themes exploited in considerable detail, but the author, writing with his tongue in his cheek, in the mundane conclusion reminiscent of the style of Henry Fielding, exposes them as inadequate or immature. The following thumb-nail synopsis, in which I allow the novel to speak for itself, reveals the Platonic path along which Agathon marches to find himself, at the end, a kind of battered Tom Jones.

- (1) ELECTIVE OR SPIRITUAL AFFINITIES BRING AND KEEP AGATHON AND PSYCHE TOGETHER IN SOUL, IF NOT IN BODY. (I, 17-18).

## C H A P. V.

*A Discovery.*

THE rising sun, announced by the rosy-fingered morn, gilded the Ionian sea with its earliest beams, and found the whole crew, who during the night, had sacrificed to *Bacchus* and his sister Goddess, to use *Virgil's* phrase, bu-

ried in wine and sleep. *Agathon* alone, who usually rose by break of day, was first roused from sleep by the rays of the sun gliding horizontally over his forehead. As soon as he had opened his eyes he perceived a young man before him in the habit of a slave, who viewed him with great attention. Beautiful as *Agathon* was, this amiable young man seemed to surpass him, both in delicacy of shape, and bloom of complexion. His countenance, indeed, and his appearance, had something in it which so nearly resembled the beauties of a female form, that had he been in women's cloaths, among a company of young virgins, he would, like *Horace's* favourite, have easily imposed upon the most accu-



rate observer. *Agathon* surveyed the young slave with equal attention, till the agreeable surprise he felt was insensibly heightened into extasy. The same emotions displayed themselves in the beautiful features of the young slave. Their souls acknowledged each other at the same instant, and seemed to intermix through the glances of their eyes, before they could even embrace, or their lips, trembling with rapture, could utter *Psyche!* *Agathon!* A long time they continued silent, nor is it in the power of language to express what they then felt: And what

use had they for words? Language becomes unnecessary, when souls immediately communicate, perceive and affect each other, and experience more, in one moment, than the tongue of the muses themselves would be able to describe in several years. The sun would, probably, have passed unobserved over them, and would have sunk into the ocean, before the raptures they were in would have allowed them to perceive the succession of the hours; but *Agathon*, whom it naturally became to be the first to put an end to their silence, gently disengaged

himself by a tender struggle from the arms of his dear *Psyche*, anxious to learn by what accident she had fallen into the hands of the pirates. The time, said he, my dearest *Psyche* is precious, we must improve these few moments, while these barbarians are still at rest, overcome by the power of their God. Tell me, by what means you were forced from me, without my being able to find out where you was conveyed, and how I now again find you, in this habit of a slave, and under the power of these pirates.

## (2) THEIR PLATONIC LOVE CHARACTERIZED. (II, 195-198).

Having no opportunity of seeing each other in the day time, we continued our interviews by night. Our love had already made a considerable progress, without our knowing that it was love: we called it friendship, and enjoyed under this appellation all its pure delights, undisturbed by the doubts, jealousies, and other symptoms of the passion. *Psyche*, as well as myself, had wished for a friend; we both thought we had obtained our wish; our turn of thinking, and the goodness of our hearts, produced an entire and unlimited confidence between us. As I had been accustomed, for a considerable time, to view things in a different light from the generality of people of my age, I beheld not *Psyche* as a beautiful girl, but as the most amiable and excellent of intellectual beings, whose spiritual charms shone through the transparent veil of an earthly covering. On the other hand, *Psyche*, who thirsted after knowledge, was never more happy than when I explained to her the mysteries of my poetical philosophy, and fancied while I spoke, that she heard the divine *Orpheus*, or *Apollo* himself. It is the property of love, however refined and abstracted from the senses it may be, to proceed by gradual advances, till it obtains the end for which nature appears to have designed it. Such was the progress of our's, which gradually underwent a variety of changes, though it still continued in reality the same. The

name of friendship seemed now insufficient to express what we felt for each other, we agreed that the love which subsists between brother and sister, appeared to be the strongest, and the most pure of all the affections nature hath implanted in us. We were transported with this idea, and, after having frequently regretted, that nature had deprived us of this happiness, we were at last surprised, we had not sooner discovered, that it was in our power to form such an alliance without her assistance. Accordingly we commenced brother and sister, and continued this connection for some time, interchanging the innocent endearments warranted by those names, without any infringement, in our opinion at least, of the laws of virtue, which we had sworn to observe with the same fidelity, as those of love. In this tender commerce of hearts, our enthusiasm led us to imagine, that the idea, or rather the bare possibility of our being such near relations was the voice of nature. In favour of this illusion, we went so far as to discover a real or imaginary resemblance in some of our features: but as we could not always conceal our doubts of the certainty of these marks of consanguinity, we found a still greater satisfaction in indulging the idea of a natural relation between our souls, a sympathetic correspondence of the one with the other, an intimacy already contracted in some prior existence in better worlds; and we traced

this enchanting idea through a thousand delightful images. But the fantastic turn of mind, which our intellectual passion had inspired, did not stop here; all the powers of our imagination were exerted to the utmost, in forming an idea of the kind of love subsisting between spiritual beings in a celestial sphere: nothing less than such an idea could correspond at once with the energy and purity of our sentiments, or be suitable to beings, who derived their origin from the heavens, to which they were destined to return. I

## (3) THE CONFLICT: AGATHON'S IDEALISM IS ASSAULTED BY THE SOPHISTS AND SENSUAL- ISTS. (I, 170-173; 79-97).

The Sophists, whose system of morality is not founded upon abstract ideas, but upon the real nature and qualities of things, take men just as they find them in different places. They hold a statesman at *Athens*, in no higher personal estimation, than a juggler at *Persepolis*; and a venerable Spartan matron is in their eyes, no more to be admired than a *Lais* at *Corinth*. It is true, that the juggler at *Athens*, and the *Lais* at *Sparta* would be hurtful to society; but an *Aristides* at *Persepolis*, and a Spartan matron at *Corinth*, if they were not equally prejudicial, would, at least, be entirely useless.





THE Idealists, for so I usually call those philosophers, who would new mould the world according to their ideas, form their disciples so, that they can never be considered as citizens of any particular state, because their morality presupposes a system of legislation, which has never existed. They continue poor and despised, because no nation confers honours or rewards on any persons, but those who promote its advantage, or at least, appear to do so. They, on the contrary, are looked upon as the corrupters of youth, and the secret enemies of society; and banishment or a cup of poison is at last, the only reward they receive for the thankless pains they have taken to spiritualize mankind, in order to raise them to the class of ideal existences, and put them upon a footing with mathematical points, lines and triangles. More prudent than these imaginary Sages, who like the musician of Aspondus play only for themselves; the Sophists leave the citizens to be informed of what is just or unjust, by the laws of their respective countries. As they themselves belong to no particular state, they enjoy all the privileges of a citizen of the world; and as they express an external regard for the laws and religion of every nation where they live, they by this means secure themselves from being molested by the guardians and dispensers of those laws. Indeed, they acknowledge and obey no law, than that general one of nature, which prescribes no other rule of right to mankind, than that of their own advantage. Their natural liberty is only confined by attending to a necessary prudence, which teaches them to give such a colouring, such a turn, and such graces to their actions, as will render them most agreeable to the persons with whom they are connected.

## CHAP. VI.

### *Dialogue between Hippias and his Slave.*

[While a slave, Agathon goes by the name of Callias.]

HIPPIAS.

CALLIAS, thou seemst to be lost in thought.

CALLIAS.

I imagined I was alone.

HIPPIAS.

Any other person in thy situation would have turned the freedom of my house to better advantage. And yet, perhaps, I may not be the less pleased with thee for this reserve. But, let me ask, on what subject thy thoughts were engaged?

AGATHON.

On the general silence around me; the radiance of the moon; the enchanting beauties of still nature; the air perfumed with odoriferous exhalations of flowers: a thousand agreeable sensations, whose pleasing confusion so totally possessed my soul, that I was in a kind of ecstasy: an ecstasy, in which another scene of beauties, unknown before, presented itself to my view. It was, indeed, but a moment, yet it was such a moment as I would not have exchanged for years of the Persian Monarch's life. (*Hippias smiles.*) This led me afterwards to reflect on the happiness of those spiritual beings, who, disengaged from their gross animal bodies, pass thousands of years in the contemplation of the intrinsic, incorruptible, eternal and divine excellence: years, which appear of no longer duration to them than a moment does to me. In such consideration was I deeply engaged when you surprized me.

HIPPIAS (*smiles.*)

Art thou still asleep, Callias? If not, thou hast more talents than thou hast occasion for. I perceive thou hast the faculty of dreaming while awake.

AGATHON.

There are, indeed, different kinds of dreams, and the whole life of some men seems to be nothing but one continual dream. But if these are dreams, they are such, at least, as are more pleasing to me than any thing I could have experienced at this time, waking.

HIPPIAS.

Perhaps thou imaginest too, that thou shalt become one of those spiritual beings whose happiness thou dost so highly extol.

AGATHON.

This is, indeed, what I hope, and

without this hope my existence would be of little value.

HIPPIAS.

Art thou then possessed of some secret for transforming corporeal bodies into spiritual; of some magic potion similar to that, by which the *Medeas* and the *Circes* of the poets wrought so many wonderful transmutations?

AGATHON.

I do not understand thee, *Hippias*.

HIPPIAS.

I will then express myself more clearly: If I do not misunderstand thee, dost thou not fancy that thou also art a spirit inclosed in an animal body?

AGATHON.

And what other idea should I have of myself?

HIPPIAS.

Are then quadrupeds, birds, fish and insects, also spirits inclosed in an animal body?

AGATHON.

Probably they are.

HIPPIAS.

And plants?

AGATHON.

Probably these too.

HIPPIAS.

Thy hopes then are founded on mere probabilities. If it is probable that animals are not spirits, thou probably art not one either; for it is very certain, that thou art produced like animals; thou growest up as they do, subject to the same wants, endued with the same senses and passions; thou art preserved in the same manner, and dost propagate thy species and die just as they do; and art turned into water and earth as thou wast before thou wast born. If thou hast any advantages over them, they consist chiefly in a more beautiful form, in the being furnished with two hands, which enable thee to execute more than an animal can with his feet: in the structure of certain organs, by which thou enjoyest the powers of speech: and in a quicker understanding, which proceeds from the superior delicacy of thy fibres, better adapted to receive impressions: an understanding, by which thou hast learned from animals those arts, the invention





of which we are so proud of.

AGATHON.

Thy ideas of human nature are very different from mine.

HIPPIAS.

Probably. Because I entertain no other ideas of it than those which are derived to me from my senses, and unprejudiced observation. I will, however, be so indulgent as to admit, that the principle which thinks within us, is essentially different from the body.—But, upon what dost thou ground thy expectation, that this same spiritual principle will continue to think after thy body is destroyed? What proof hast thou to establish an opinion contradicted by so many other proofs? I will not assert that it is annihilated; but thy body loses by death that form which constitutes it a body: What reason hast thou, therefore, to hope that thy spirit will not also lose that particular form which constitutes it a spirit?

AGATHON.

Because I cannot possibly conceive that the first and supreme spirit, whose creatures, or whose emanations all other spirits are, will destroy a being he has made capable of so much happiness, as I have already experienced.

HIPPIAS.

But this is another PROBABLY? And how dost thou come to the knowledge of this supreme spirit?

AGATHON.

From whence dost thou know the *Phidias* who made this statue of *Cupid*?

HIPPIAS.

Because I saw him make it; for a statue might, probably, be formed without the intervention of an artist.

AGATHON.

How so?

HIPPIAS.

An accidental concurrence of its smallest elementary parts, might in time produce it.

AGATHON.

What! Could an irregular and fortuitous motion produce a work of regularity and art?

HIPPIAS.

Why not? In playing at dice 'tis not

an uncommon thing to throw doublets. Is it not then equally possible that among several million of throws, one should at last happen, by which a certain number of grains of sand should form themselves into a circle? The application is easily made.

AGATHON.

I understand thee. But still, it remains infinitely improbable that the tortuous concourse of the elements, should have been able to produce only one of those shells, of which there is such an infinite number upon the shore: and even Eternity itself, seems not long enough to have formed our own globe in such a manner, although this is but a small particle, as it were, of the whole universe.

HIPPIAS.

It is sufficient, that among the infinite number of tortuous motions, which produce nothing either regular or durable, one may possibly happen, by which a world might be formed. This sets one probability against another, and therefore the proof upon which thou groundest thy opinion loses its force.

AGATHON.

Just as much as an infinite weight would lose of its heaviness, by subtracting from it a single grain of sand.

HIPPIAS.

Thou seemest to forget that an endless duration must be put into the other scale. However, I will not urge this objection as far as it might easily be carried; but of what advantage is this to thy opinion? Probably, the world has always been in the same general disposition as it is now? Probably, it is the only Being which exists of itself?—Probably, that spirit of which thou speakest, is forced by the essential properties of its nature to animate the universal system according to the laws of an immutable necessity.—Admitting, however, that the world, as thou conceivest, is the work of a free and intelligent cause, it may, probably, owe its origin not to one, but to many creators. In a word, *Callias*, thou must get the better of many possible chances, before thou canst establish, beyond a doubt, the existence of this supreme spirit.

AGATHON.

I make use of a much more compendious method to satisfy myself in this particular. I see the sun, therefore I conclude that it exists; I feel my own self, therefore I exist. I perceive and am sensible of the supreme spirit, therefore it exists.

HIPPIAS.

A man in a dream, in a delirium, or in a fit of lunacy, sees also; and yet what he sees, is merely ideal, and has no real existence.

AGATHON.

Because the situation he is in, does not permit him to see things as they are.

HIPPIAS.

How canst thou then prove, that thou art not exactly in the case of the sick man in this particular? The physicians will inform thee, that 'tis possible to be mad in one point only, and yet be very sensible in others, as all the strings of a lute may be well in tune, except one. *Ajax* in his fury saw two suns and a double *Thebes*. What infallible criterion hast thou to discern truth from the mere appearance of it; or to distinguish what thou really dost perceive, from what thou only dost imagine; or to determine the difference between what thou art sensible of, while in health, and what is represented to thee, in a disordered state of thy body? And how wouldst thou be able to form a judgment, if every sensation thou dost experience, were only a deception, and if no object existed in nature, as thou dost perceive it?

AGATHON.

I am very little concerned about that point. For supposing the sun is not in reality, what I see and feel it to be, yet its effects with regard to my sight and perception are just the same; and that is sufficient for me. The influence it has upon my other sensations is not, therefore the less real though it is not exactly what it appears to my senses, or even though it does not exist at all.

HIPPIAS.

I should be glad to hear what application thou wouldst make of this?



AGATHON.

The sense which I have of the existence of the supreme spirit, has the same influence upon my internal system, as that which I have of the existence of the sun, has upon my corporeal one.

HIPPAS.

How so?

AGATHON.

When my body is indisposed, the absence of the sun increases my anxiety. The sun-shine returning animates, enlivens, revives my body, and I find myself either perfectly recovered, or greatly relieved. The sense of the all-animating spirit of the universe produces just the same effect upon my soul: it enlightens, comforts and encourages me: it dissipates my anxiety, it animates my hope, and prevents my being unhappy in any situation, which without it would be insupportable.

HIPPAS.

I am therefore happier than thou, because all these things are unnecessary for my happiness. Experience and reflection have freed me from prejudices: I enjoy every thing I wish for, and wish for nothing, which I have not the power of obtaining. Care and anxiety seldom affect me. I have few hopes, because I am content with the enjoyment of the present. My pleasures are tempered by moderation, that I may enjoy them the longer, and whenever I feel a pain, I bare it with patience, as this is the surest method to shorten its duration.

AGATHON.

Upon what principle then dost thou ground thy virtue? What entertains, what animates it? How dost thou get the better of the obstacles which retard its progress? How dost thou resist the temptations which ensnare it, the contagion of example, and the tumult of the passions; and how dost thou overcome that indolence which the soul so often experiences, whenever it attempts to raise itself above material objects?

HIPPAS.

Young man, too long have I heard

thine incoherent rhapsodies. In what a train of fancied ideas has the liveliness of thy imagination involved thee! Thy soul is in a perpetual enchantment, alternately affected with tormenting and pleasing dreams, and the true nature of things is as much a mystery to thee, as the visible form of the world is, to a man born blind. I pity thee, *Callias*. Thy figure and qualifications entitle thee to aspire to every thing, which can render human life happy, thy peculiar turn of thought alone will make thee miserable. Accustomed to behold ideal beings only all around thee, thou wilt never learn the art of making thy advantage of mankind. Thou wilt wander about, like an inhabitant of the moon, in a world which thou art as little acquainted with, as it is with thee; and thou wilt never be in thy proper situation, but in a desert, or in the tub of *Diogenes*. What is to be done with a man who sees spiritual beings? With one, whose virtue requires him to live in constant opposition to himself and to all the world? With one, who sits down by moon light, and reflects upon the happiness of spirits disengaged from their bodies? Believe me, *Callias*, I am acquainted with the world, and yet I see no spirits; thy philosophy might, probably, serve instead of some other amusement, to divert a set of indolent men; but it is a folly to attempt to put it in practice. Thou art yet young, and the retirement thou hast lived in during the earlier part of thy life, added to the Eastern enthusiasm, which some idle Grecian adventurers have introduced amongst us, from the Egyptians and Chaldeans, have given thy imagination a romantic turn; and the extreme sensibility of thy frame has increased this agreeable delusion: to people of this cast nothing they see is beautiful enough; nothing they feel sufficiently agreeable; their imagination must create them other worlds, to satisfy the insatiable desires of their souls. But, this evil can yet be remedied, a natural

accuracy of judgment, discovers itself even in the extravagancies of thy imagination, and only requires to be applied to other objects. A little docility and an unprejudiced examination of what I shall say to thee, are the only things necessary to cure thee of that strange kind of phrenzy, which thou considerest as wisdom. Let me lead thee down from those invisible worlds, into a visible and real one; it will appear strange to thee at first, merely because it is new, but when once thou art familiarized with it, thou wilt as little miss thy aerial worlds, as a young man the toys which amused him in his infancy. This enthusiasm is the offspring of leisure and retirement. A man who is extremely desirous of agreeable sensations, and is deprived of the means of procuring himself real ones, is obliged to entertain himself with the conceits of his own imagination, and for want of better company, to converse with the Sylphs. Experience will afford thee the best proof of this. I will unfold to thee, the mysteries of a philosophy, which will lead thee to the enjoyment of every thing good and agreeable, that nature, art, society, and even imagination (for man is not made to be at all times wise) can procure thee. If I am not greatly mistaken in thee, the voice of reason, which thou dost not seem to have ever heard, will recall thee from the devious path thou hast wandered in, for if thou dost continue thy journey in this ideal land of hope, thou wilt in the end, reap no other advantage than arriving at the certainty of having deceived thyself. It is now time to rest, but the next leisure morning I have, shall be dedicated to thee. I need not tell thee how much I am satisfied with the manner in which thou hast discharged thy office, and only wish that thy turn of mind would so far agree with mine, that I might be enabled to give thee the truest proofs of my friendship. In saying this *Hippas* went away, and left our *Agathon* in a situation which the reader will see in the following chapter.





(4) THE BACKGROUND OF DANAE, WHO REPRESENTS THE SENSUAL AND WHO CAUSES AGATHON MOMENTARILY TO FORGET HIS PSYCHE. (I, 217-223).

C H A P. III.

*History of the beautiful Danae.*

THE lady, whom we have introduced to the acquaintance of our readers in the former chapter, has, probably, not been so disagreeable to many of them, but that they should expect a more circumstantial account of her character and history. This expectation of theirs we shall the more readily comply with, as the subsequent part of our history seems to make it necessary, that the reader should be enabled to form a true judgment of the fair *Danae*.

It was the general opinion at *Smyrna*, that she was the daughter of the celebrated *Aspasia* of *Miletum*, who in her native country had carried the art of gallantry to such a degree of perfection, by connecting it with the study of philosophy and the finer arts, that she might justly be considered as the inventress of it. *Aspasia* afterwards retired to *Athens*, where she exerted her uncommon qualifications with such peculiar address and prudence, that she at last gained an absolute power over the great *Pericles*, who then ruled over all *Greece*; or, as the comic poets of that age express it, she was raised to the dignity of being the *Juno* to this Athenian *Jupiter*. But the conjectures, upon which the general opinion of *Danae's* birth was founded, are not of sufficient weight to induce us to set aside the testimony of several historians, who assure us, that she was a native of the island of *Scios*; and that after having lost her parents at the age of fourteen, she came with her brother to *Athens*, in order to procure a subsistence by her accomplishments, in a city where all agreeable talents met with so favourable a reception. The art, which she here professed, was a kind of pantomine dance, which generally required one or two persons, who represented, by certain gestures and attitudes accompanied with the music of a flute or lyre, some piece selected either from the Grecian mythology, or

from the history of one of their heroes. But, as this art, on account of the number of those who professed it, was not sufficient to support her, she found herself under a necessity of serving as a model for the Athenian artists. Besides the profit she derived from hence, she enjoyed the flattering honour of seeing herself placed upon the altars, either as a *Diana* or a *Venus*, and becoming an object of admiration among the connoisseurs, and of adoration among the people. It happened, one day, as she was setting for a model of the Acrician *Danae*, that she was surprized by the young *Alcibiades*, and appeared so charming to him, that he thought no man inferior to himself should be indulged in the sight of so much beauty. On the other hand, the young *Danae* was so struck with the figure, behaviour, rank and fortune of this lovely seducer, that he easily persuaded her to put herself under his protection. He conducted her to the house of *Aspasia*, which was then the rendezvous of all the Athenian wits, and a kind of female academy, in which young ladies of the most agreeable accomplishments, under the inspection of so perfect a mistress, received an education, which qualified them to entertain the great and wise men of the state in their hours of leisure and retirement. *Danae* improved so much these opportunities, that she soon became the favourite, and at length the confidant of *Aspasia*, who far superior to the mean jealousy of common souls, saw herself live again in the person of this young beauty, with so much satisfaction, that the affection she had for her, probably, gave rise to the report before mentioned. In the meantime *Alcibiades* alone reaped the fruit of this education, by which the natural accomplishments of his lovely friend were brought to such perfection, that she acquired the name of the second *Aspasia*; and the beautiful *Danae* imposed it upon herself as a duty, to observe the strictest fidelity towards him, which he did not think it necessary to return. As the love

of variety was a far stronger passion in him, than that which any woman could inspire; so *Danae*, after having for a considerable time maintained the first place in his affections, was at length obliged to yield to some other favourite, who had no advantage over her, but novelty. However weak the heart of *Danae* might be in some respects, it was not less noble in others. She loved *Alcibiades*, because she admired his person and his qualities, and therefore took little care to secure herself any advantages from his fortune. The bare remembrance of having been loved by the most amiable man of his time, was all she would have retained of her connection with him, had he not been as noble and generous, as she, contrary to the usual custom of ladies of her cast, was disinterested. I leave thee, *Danae*, said he to her, but I will not suffer her, who has once been the favourite of *Alcibiades*, ever to be under the necessity of yielding to the richest man, what should only belong to the most amiable. In saying this, he forced her to accept of a sum, which was more than sufficient to free her from any apprehensions of that nature. The death of *Aspasia*, and the changes consequent upon it, induced her to quit *Athens* in a few years; and after some adventures, in which her heart had no small share, she at last fixed upon *Smyrna* for her constant residence. Here she became acquainted with the younger *Cyrus*, whose excellent qualities, the pen of a *Xenophon* have rendered as well known, as the unfortunate event of that enterprize, by which he thought to raise himself to the throne of the first *Cyrus*. The first sight of her captivated the heart of this prince, who was so sensible of the force of those charms, by which the scholars of *Aspasia* were so eminently distinguished from those living statues, destined in eastern countries for the pleasures of the great; and which, considering the only use that is made of them, seem to have little occasion for a soul. But, however flattering this conquest was





to her, she could not be prevailed upon to accompany him to *Sardis*, and sacrifice her freedom to the honour of being the first of his slaves. She continued, there-

fore, at *Smyrna*; and *Cyrus*, who would not be surpassed in generosity by any Athenian, rewarded her so liberally, that she had nothing to think of, but how

she might spend her time most agreeably. She made use of this fortune so as to keep up the character of a second *Aspasia*. Her house had the appearance of a temple of the Muses, and Graces . . . .

(5) AGATHON'S CONSCIENCE LEADS HIM TO REJECT DANAE AND TO SEARCH FOR PSYCHE.  
(III, 42-48).

In a word, he considered her now only as a woman of intrigue, who, in the point of view she appeared to him at present, had nothing to distinguish her from others of the same cast, but that she was more dangerous.

BUT his indignation could not be so violent against her, without recoiling upon himself. The idea that he had supplied the place of a *Hippias*, of a *Hyacinthus*, made him appear in his own eyes as the most contemptible of slaves; he blushed for his former better self, when he thought of the account he had to give of his residence at *Smyrna*. Would he, had *Danae* been even what the intoxication of his passion had represented her, have been able to justify his conduct before the tribunal of virtue? What could he then answer, when he could not but accuse himself, for having ingloriously lavished away so much time in indolence and ease, without any one commendable action: time, lost to his understanding, lost to

virtue, lost to his own and to the public good? And what rendered the thought still more insupportable was, that it had been passed in contemptible efforts to gratify the voluptuous taste of a *Danae*, to indulge her inclinations, and her imagination yet inflamed with the remains of the lascivious fire of her youth. The reproaches which from these partial suggestions of jealousy he heaped upon himself, were carried as far, as the passionate emotions of a soul, impressed with a too violent but innate love of virtue, could possibly reach. The anguish, which in consequence of these reflections tortured his mind was so severe, that he passed the whole night succeeding this dreadful day, in violent agitations. A state, which together with his present disposition of soul, may afford us a very apt image of those torments, in which, according to the general belief of all people, the

vicious expiate in another state, the crimes they have committed in this.

. . . . He excused himself for having so ardently loved her, as long as he had reason to think the excellencies of her soul, as extraordinary as the beauties of her person. But, she lost all influence over his heart, the moment she had forfeited his esteem. The resolution of leaving her was the natural consequence of this: a resolution which did not cost him a single sigh, so thorough a contempt did he now feel for her. The recollection of what he had been, the consciousness of what he might again be, whenever he would, made it impossible for him to bear the thought of being one moment longer the slave of a second *Circe*; who, by a more shameful metamorphosis, than any of those which the companions of *Ulysses* must have undergone, had changed the hero of virtue into an effeminate voluptuary.

(6) WHEN AGATHON REDISCOVERS PSYCHE, HE FINDS HER MARRIED TO ANOTHER. EVIDENCE PROVES HER TO BE HIS LONG-LOST SISTER PHILOCLEA. [DID MRS. CHILD RECEIVE A HINT FOR HER PHILOTHEA FROM THE HISTORY OF AGATHON?] (IV, 180-185).

The Gynæcium among the Greeks, we know was commonly as inaccessible to strangers, as the Harem among the people of the East. But *Agathon* was not treated as a stranger in the house of *Archytas*. This amiable old man therefore, after they had conversed together about a couple of hours, which seemed very short to our Hero, conducted him in company with his two sons into the inmost recess of the house, where the female part of the family resided, in order, as he said, not to deprive his daughters any longer of a pleasure, in the expectation of which they had so long rejoiced. Re-

present to yourself how much he must have been astonished, when the first person who caught his eye as he entered, was his *Psyche*!—Situations such as these are better painted than described.—This apparition was so unexpected, that he at first thought himself deceived by an accidental resemblance of this young lady to his beloved *Psyche*. He started; he looked at her again; and if he had even been unwilling to trust any longer to his eyes, what passed in his heart would have been sufficient to clear his doubts. Yet it scarce appeared credible to him, that after so long an absence, and with so lit-

tle probability of ever seeing her again, he should be so fortunate as to find her in the Gynæcium of his friend at *Tarentum*! Another thought, which in these circumstances was very natural, increased his confusion, and prevented him from giving himself up to that joy, which a sight, as much desired as it was little expected, diffused over his soul. *Psyche* did not appear in character of a slave in this house; what else could he therefore suppose, but that she must be the wife of one of the sons of *Archytas*? It is true indeed, he might as well have imagined her to be his newly discovered daughter; but in





such circumstances our imagination is ever led to suppose what we most apprehend. He had in reality guessed the matter at once; *Psyche* had been the wife of *Critolaus* a few months.

Our readers may now perceive, what a fine opportunity this little incident gives us for pathetic descriptions and tragical scenes—What a situation!—After a long and painful separation, unexpectedly to find again the object of the tenderest affections of his heart, his first love; but, then to find her again, only to see her in another's arms, and what precludes all right of complaining, of being enraged or breathing revenge in the arms of one's dearest friend!—Luckily for our Hero!—and for the author—the persons who at this instant were witnesses of his astonishment, were not so passionately fond of pathetic scenes, as to be capable of taking pleasure in his torment. They only wished to have the satisfaction of surprizing him; but it would have been cruel to make him go through a tragical scene, how fortunate soever the catastrophe might at last have turned out. The

tender *Psyche* beheld his confusion for a few moments; but could not contain herself any longer. She flew to him with open arms, and while with tears of joy she bedewed his glowing cheeks, he heard himself called by a name, which justified her tenderest caresses, even in the presence of a husband.

HAD the love with which she inspired him in the groves of *Delphos* been less Platonic, the discovering a sister in the beloved of his heart, would not have been so joyful to him as it was. But it may be remembered, that their love, however infinitely tender it was, resembled rather that kind of affection which nature excites between brothers and sisters of a similar disposition, than that which is founded on the magic power of another instinct, from the ardent symptoms of which their love had been always exempt. They had already at that time found a particular satisfaction in imagining, that their souls at least were nearly related to each other, though they had not sufficient reasons, how much soever they might wish it, to ascribe the

innocent passion they felt for each other, to the effect of the natural sympathy of consanguinity. *Agathon* therefore was happier than he could have expected to be, when after the explanations that were made to him, he could no longer doubt of recovering in *Psyche* a sister, whom from the account before given him by his father he supposed to be dead. He was still the more happy, as by her means he became connected with a family, in whose favour his heart was already so much prepossessed, that the thought of being ever separated from them would have become insupportable to him. Now, my fair readers, he wanted nothing more to make him as happy as a mortal could be, than that *Archytas* should have some amiable daughter or niece, to whom we might marry him. But unluckily for him *Archytas* had no daughter; and if he had any nieces, which we cannot positively affirm, they were either already married, or not calculated to banish the image of the beautiful *Danae*, and the recollections of his former felicity, which grew daily more and more lively.

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At the end of his romance, Wieland enlarges the reader's sympathies for *Danae* by portraying her as less public and considerably more subdued than in the earlier scenes—possibly even contrite—living modestly in the neighborhood of *Archytas*, who has a high regard for her. When, therefore, *Agathon* and she are eventually brought together through the agency of *Archytas*, their relationship is easily restored, Wieland implying that his hero is at last mature—at last freed from the Platonic nonsense.

In *Philothea*, on the contrary, Mrs. Child takes her Platonism or Idealism seriously, making no concession to the school of *Aspasia*, *Alcibiades*, or even nineteenth-century Boston! The center of reality is patently transcendental, and the virtue that is ultimately rewarded is Platonic and largely non-sexual. She almost exhausts the machinery of transmigration, intuitionism, spiritual reciprocity, dreams, the supernatural, and New England ethical proprieties. The spirit of dedication manifest in her treatment of these themes constitutes the tone, which I here suggest is the best criterion for a "Transcendental American novel." Judd's *Margaret* reflects a similar high seriousness. The motif of "A stone, a leaf, an unfound door...", the expressed and implied doctrine of the "lapse," and the epiphany of Ben Gant's ghost at the end of Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* do the same.<sup>6</sup> These three fictional works taken together, therefore, illustrate the intrinsic criteria which I have recommended and, at the same time, manifest the variety, plenitude, and uniqueness which we must always grant to literary works—especially in Romanticism anywhere!

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1 "Mrs. Child's 'Philothea'—A Transcendentalist Novel?" *N E Q*, XVI, no. 4 (Dec., 1943), 648-654. For a modern text of this romance, see *A T Q*, no. 6 (II Quar., 1970).





- 2 Loc. cit., p. 648: "Perhaps the only novel which has been clearly and consistently identified with Transcendentalism is...Judd's Margaret...." See my discussion, "The Episcopal Church in the Romanticism of Sylvester Judd," E S Q, no. 35 (II Quar. 1964), pp. 100-101.
- 3 C. C. Felton, "Emerson's Essays," Christian Examiner, XXX, pp. 253-262 (May, 1841). Cf. the review of Transcendentalism in general and of Emerson's Nature in particular by Felton's Harvard colleague, Francis Bowen, in the Christian Examiner, XXI, pp. 371-385 (Jan., 1837).
- 4 See my article, in the present issue of the A T Q, "Emerson, Transcendentalism and Literary News in the Stearns Wheeler Papers."
- 5 "Notes on Two Hellenic Romances," A T Q, no. 6 (II Quar. 1970), part 3, pp. 1-36.
- 6 For Wolfe's spiritual kinship with the great writers of the American Renaissance—especially Whitman—see my review of Floyd C. Watkins, Thomas Wolfe's Characters from Life (Norman, Okla., 1957) in South Atlantic Bulletin, XXIII, no. 4 (March, 1958), p. 10.

## EMERSON MANUSCRIPTS UNGATHERED AND MIGRANT (VI)

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

"I AM REALLY INTENDING TO PRINT MY VERSES...  
THOUGH IT SEEMS LIKE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE TIMES  
OF DEARTH WHEN WE BRING...INFERIOR FRUIT TO MARKET"

49. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. American essayist and poet. Autograph Letter Signed, three pages, quarto, Concord, [Massachusetts], March 30, 1846. To Henry Furness, Philadelphia, with integral address leaf. Fine condition.  
\$500.00

"That essential point, the date, the last day of grace or opportunity for the contributors to the *Diadem* - you have not named.... When I know...I will honestly respect the coming fact, in my writing or in my reviewing of that which is written; and will either find you something passable or give you timely notice that I cannot. I am really intending to print my verses [his first volume, *Poems*, appeared in 1847] before the next new year though it seems like taking advantage of the times of dearth when we bring what we know to be inferior fruit to market. You will be glad to know that your unpromising correspondents, Wiley and Putnam, have offered what I consider pretty good terms for the new Carlyle book of which nearly 300 pages arrived by the last steamer...." [Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, published in 1845, revolutionized the contemporary estimate of Cromwell.]

50. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter Signed, *R. W. E.*, one page, octavo, Concord, [Massachusetts], November 15, no year. To Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, educator and author.  
\$150.00

Emerson returns "Festus with thanks for your kind thought in sending it to me. If I have kept it too long for a sale, I have no great objection to keeping it. But if anybody wants it, let it go". He continues, "I will presently send or bring some direction for the tickets. We are all relieved by the news that Lieutenant Greene is convalescent. May he live long and prevail far!..." Elizabeth Palmer Peabody in 1839 opened a bookshop in Boston, presumably the period from which this letter dates. She had previously been a student of Emerson in a ladies' finishing school which he had taught in after his graduation from Harvard. In later years she became a member of the Transcendental Club, and often visited Emerson at his home in Concord.

KENNETH W. RENDELL, INC.

62 BRISTOL RD., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Cat. 79 (Sept., 1972)

Cat. 77 (July, 1972)

63. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. American author. Autograph Letter Signed, one and a half pages, octavo, Concord, February 10, 1870. To Mrs. M. G. W. Dorr. Fine.  
\$125.00

"I shall break my home keeping habit to obey your kind invitation for Tuesday; and I am sorry and my wife is sorry that she is in these days too much an invalid to come with me. She sends you her thanks and regrets."

49. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. ALS, 2½pp., 8vo, Concord, June 30, n.y.  
\$85.00  
Fine.

Emerson is much obliged to his correspondent for having renewed his kind invitation "Which yet I have put myself out of the power to accept. Some friends at Brookline have...arranged a visit for me - a visit which I have long owed to very old friends, and which I suppose they will hold me to now. I should rather...have stayed in town, but I could not very well deny them. So you shall please excuse me...."

Cat. 42  
[1969]

61. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. DS, 1p., oblong, 8vo, Boston, May 22, 1879. Receipt to Henry Davenport for his share in the proceeds of an estate. Fine example.  
\$60.00

Cat. 41  
[1969]

70. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter Signed, one and a half pages, octavo, undated. To Mrs. Silsbee. Fine condition.  
\$125.00

Cat. 69  
[1972]

"Forgive my delay, I am always slow but New Year's brought me an inundation of letters and duties, - as it does to everybody, - but I am slow and others are swift and clear. I send thee two notes, - your son shall present them sealed or open as he decides on that disputed etiquette. I have read the poem in the *Reveille*...."





## CORRECTED PROOF SHEETS

85. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Corrected proof sheets of his pamphlet entitled *An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, August 31, 1837*. Twenty-four pages, [incomplete], large octavo, second edition, published in Boston, 1838. Frayed at the edges, not affecting the text. Basically in fine condition. \$350.00

Emerson has made approximately one hundred ink corrections in the text, almost exclusively of punctuation. This oration is described by Appleton as "our intellectual Declaration of Independence". Eloquently describing education and the scholar, Emerson then turns to a protest against the prevailing practice of strongly catering to European taste and demands of each individual man "to plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide.... We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak with our own minds...."

86. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter Signed, two pages, octavo, Concord, May 27, 1861. Fine. \$125.00

"I will bring you the discourse you ask for, as I agreed with Mr. Dudley, on the next Sunday. Certainly the committee shall have it on the terms they propose."

83. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. AQS, 1p., oblong 8vo, September, 1861. As *sings the pine tree in the wind/So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine*. Fine condition. \$150.00

Cat. 48 (June, 1970)

80 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. American author. A.L.S., almost 1 full page, 4to, Concord, February 27, 1837. To Rev. Henry Achilles at Lowell, with integral address-leaf in Emerson's hand and bearing manuscript postal markings. With an A.L.S. of HENRY GEORGE. Two pieces. (50.00)

Interesting letter, written during the period in Emerson's life when he was an active preacher. This letter offers to serve as an exchange minister at Lowell, Massachusetts. "If you will, let us exchange on the fourth Sunday of March. My wife who means to visit Mrs. Warren when I go, wishes me to wait so long. I have made an offer of exchange to Mr. Austin of Wayland in about the same terms you offer me. If he should chance to name the fourth, I will advertise you immediately & change the day. At East Lexington, Mr. Robbins receives the minister..." (seal tear in blank portion of address-leaf, otherwise fine). The accompanying A.L.S. of HENRY GEORGE, 1 full page, 4to, San Francisco, California, October 3, 1877, penned in purple ink, advises Nathan Appleton that he "will take pleasure in co-operating with you in any movement for free trade... I do not think it will be difficult to organize an agitation of the question here which might soon make the vote of the Pacific States... for free trade... I also am an 'out-and-out free trader'..." (mounting traces on verso of left margin, otherwise fine.)

Unusual and attractive pair, each suitable for framing or display.

81 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Two A.L.S.s., each 3 full pages, 8vo, Concord, Massachusetts, February 9, 1861 and November 11, 1864. With a cut signature and three portraits, one in color. In all, six pieces. (70.00)

Handsome letters about Emerson's lecture tours, penned in jet-black ink. The 1861 letter to Rev. Wheeler, advises that "... I am not quite sure of the feasibility of reading to you the lecture you refer to: fear it may be broken up, & not quite reproducible in that form it had. But I am glad of the permission your letter gives. I will see if it be presentable: Else, may try to read my lecture on the *Crises of Men*... I am going eastward in the morning train, & I think it will be prudent... to stick close to the hotel & railway..." (in fine condition.) The 1864 letter, to Edwin F. Sweet, discusses the possibility of lecturing in Dansville, "... I am hoping to go to Rochester, and thence to Erie, Cleveland and Toledo and other towns between 13 and 25 January... I will write you and name the best day I can offer you. If I come, the association shall pay me fifty Dollars..." (slight fold wear, otherwise fine.)

82 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. A.L.S., 1½ pages, 8vo, Concord, February 10, (18) 70. To Mrs. M. G. W. Dorr. (30.00)

"I shall break my home-keeping habit to obey your kind invitation for Tuesday; and I am sorry and my wife is sorry that she is in these days too much an invalid to come with me..."

Very slight marginal wear, otherwise a fine example.

Cat. 71 [1972]

SANBORN (P[ranklin] B.) T.L.S., Concord, Mass., Feb 4, 1903, to Moncure D. Conway, NYC. One page, 4to. Answers to the best of his recollection a query regarding Emerson's participation in an inspection tour of West Point; discusses the family tree of Judge Taft, the new war secretary" [later President] who, according to Sanborn's researches, was a distant cousin of Emerson. "I have not yet begun my Reminiscences... it is not true as some have intimated, that E[mer]son ever changed his mind about [John] Brown; he was not in the habit of changing his mind on serious subjects... [etc]" (A very interesting letter from one veteran of the antislavery wars to another.)

The Americanist  
Shenkel Road  
RD2 Pottstown,  
Penna. Cat. 48  
(June, 1989)

Charles Hamilton  
New York City  
Auction No. 23  
Dec. 12, 1967.

\$35.00



ROBERT K. BLACK, 109 LORRAINE AVE., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J. 07043.

AFTER HIS DEATH

Cat. 117, May, 1968

- 39) EMERSON (R. W.) et al. Mammoth Cod Association of Massachusetts Bay. Pictorial Broadside, lp., 8vo, N.p., June 1882. Announcement of a cruise on the steamer Nantasket. The advance planning is underlined by the fact that Emerson's name appears as a sponsor although he had died on April 27th. This Association was the inspiration for one of Mark Twain's scatological and surreptitiously printed efforts. Rare. \$55.00

"As Carlyle suggested"

Cat. 116, Mar., 1968

- 39) EMERSON (R. W.). American Author. Autograph Letter Signed, lp., 4to, Concord, May 29, 1839, to Charles Stearns Wheeler of Harvard, with address-leaf. "I think we had better print the inclosed petition (which I copied out of the Examiner) at the close of the 'Rahel' article, if it comes in time for that place; if not, at the end of the Appendix. I have copied the punctuation accurately --- I concluded on some consideration not to insert such a note as Carlyle suggested --- the passage did not seem to me to require it, and moreover I think C. spoke of it from memory, & would not have said the same thing if it had been before his eyes. But I am also only remembering & perhaps misremembering his letter." Carlyle's Essays appeared in 4 vols. in Boston, 1838-9, with an introduction by Emerson. Full-page, scarce in quarto, and a splendid literary association piece. \$225.00

"A most friendly star"

Cat. 112, May, 1967

- 50) EMERSON (R. W.). American Author. Autograph Letter Signed, 1½pp., 12mo, Concord, March 22, 1863. Brief but charming. "--- One house in Lynn has long been a most friendly star in my zodiack." \$32.50

Carlyle - Emerson

TYNDALL, JOHN. 1820-1893. Physicist. Autographed copy of his printed address "On Unveiling The Statue of Thomas Carlyle." Six pages. Fine signature.

[216A] \$45.00

Tyndall closed his eulogy with "It now becomes my duty to unveil and present to the British public, and to the strangers within our gates who can appreciate greatness, the statue of a great man. Might I append to these brief remarks the expression of a wish, personal perhaps in its warmth, but more than personal in its aim, that somewhere, upon this Thames Embankment, could be raised a companion memorial to a man who loved our hero, and was by him beloved to the end? I refer to the loftiest, purest, and most penetrating spirit that has ever shone in American literature—to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the life-long friend of Thomas Carlyle."

The Flying Quill  
Goodspeed's Book Store  
18 Beacon Street  
Boston, Mass. 02108

May 15, 1968

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Royalty check from "Ticknor and Fields," October, 1868 (\$100.00). Endorsed "R. Waldo Emerson." [86] \$35.00

Lowell — Emerson

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL. A.L.S., one page, Boston, undated. To R. W. Emerson. [161] \$45.00

"Miss Bremer has promised to stay a day longer and she and Mrs Kemble are to dine with us on Tuesday. Will you come?" etc.





153 EMERSON, R. W. American poet. A.L.S., 1½ pages, 16mo, Concord, 1855. To author THOS. STARR KING, "I am greatly encouraged by your strong reply. I have written ... to Mr. Beck, & will not fail to write to Mr. Alger ..." Tiny marginal nick, else choice. (40.00)

Charles Hamilton, Cat. 49 May 6, 1971

110 LONGFELLOW, H. W. and R. W. EMERSON. A.L.S. of each, 1 full page, 8vo Cambridge, November 24, 1873, and Concord, November 7. Both to Dean Gurney. Two pieces. (50.00)  
Longfellow's letter agrees to dine with Dean Gurney, and Emerson's accepts membership on the "Committee of the Lee prizes ..." Both are slightly dampstained, but otherwise fine one-page examples. Charles Hamilton, Cat. 28 July 25, 1968

## Goodspeed's Cat. 540 Apr., 1967

235B EMERSON, RALPH W. A.L.S., two pages, to Mrs. Stearns (probably in 1864.) \$85.00

"Mrs. Emerson and I mean to keep the day and hour you have set . . . meantime, I give you joy of the good public news which each day brings: and may Better show the way to the Best!"

235C EMERSON, R. W. A.L.S., two pages, no year, to "Mr. Thayer". \$75.00

"I heard yesterday, that, Ezra Ripley has a commission in Webster's Regiment. Doubting it is a mistake I send a note to Sumner" etc.

513 EMERSON, RALPH W. A.L.S., 2 pages, Concord, undated. Fine. \$40.00

Concerning a book "which you promised to look into," etc.

514 GARIBALDI, GIUSEPPE. Patriot. L.S., one page, 1876. Fine. \$15.00

## Parke-Bernet Galleries Sale 2527, Mar. 7, 1967

42. AUTOGRAPHED CHECKS, ETC. A group of about 90 bank checks, sight drafts, etc., signed by American Statesmen, Authors, and others. A few mounted.

Includes checks and drafts by George Washington (Spring Forgery), Thomas Jefferson (one entirely in his hand), Andrew Jackson, James Madison, Francis Hopkinson, Robert Morris, Henry Clay, Gen. Henry Knox, Gen. Robert E. Lee (entirely in his hand); James Fenimore Cooper, Charles Dickens, R. W. Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. An important group.

CHECKS. We are pleased to offer a selection of partly printed bank checks, each personally signed by a famous person. All are in fine or better condition.

a. ARTHUR, CHESTER A. President. 1875.	\$35.00
b. BIDDLE, NICHOLAS. Pres. Bank U.S. 1838.	\$25.00
c. CARROLL, CHARLES OF CARROLLTON. Signer. 1830.	35.00
d. CLYMER, GEORGE. Signer. 1804.	25.00
e. COOLIDGE, CALVIN. President. 1910.	15.00
f. DAVIS, JEFFERSON. Pres. C.S.A. 1873.	75.00
g. DICKENS, CHARLES. English author. 1868.	35.00
h. EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Am. author. 1873.	45.00
i. HARDING, FLORENCE K. First Lady. 1918.	10.00
j. HARRISON, BENJAMIN. President. 1886.	35.00
k. HARRISON, WM. HENRY. Pres. Holograph (A.D.S.) 1834.	85.00
l. MADISON, JAMES. President. 1816.	50.00
m. MEREDITH, SAMUEL. Treasurer. 1800.	10.00
n. SCOTT, SIR WALTER. English poet. 1826.	25.00
o. SPINNER, FRANCIS E. Treasurer U.S. 1849.	7.50
p. SUMNER, CHARLES. Am. Statesman. 1872.	10.00
q. WEBSTER, DANIEL. Am. Statesman. 1824. Sm. tear.	10.00

EMERSON, RALPH W. A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to. Concord, Nov. 17, 1845. To John A. Peters. \$125.00

Fine letter declining to come to Bangor, Maine for a lecture during the winter months. He writes that after March he hopes that his schedule will permit him to visit Bangor. Quarto size letters of Emerson are scarce!

## Catalogue 19

PAUL C. RICHARDS

233 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass. 02146

Autographs

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. American author and philosopher. A.L.S., April 25, no year, written in London. With wood-engraved portrait. In black and gold. 11½" by 14". \$85.00

**The Month at Goodspeed's**

XXXIX, nos. 2-3

(Nov.-Dec., 1967)

page 58.





EMERSON. A.Ms.S. "Nature", 2 pp., 4to. about 1850. \$450.00

Original manuscript poem consisting of 23 lines. Rapidly scrawled, with several smudges and corrections, this fascinating poem bears the title of one of Emerson's most famous essays. Original signed manuscripts of Emerson are of great rarity and this example is in extremely fine condition. The first four lines read:

*She is gamesome & good,  
But of mutable mood,  
No dreary repeater now & again,  
She will be all things to all men.*

EMERSON A.L.S., 2 full pp., 12mo, March 13, 1873. With an additional A.N.S., in pencil, on Emerson's visiting card. Both to J. Lorimer Graham. \$100.00

In the letter Emerson declines an invitation because of an early train, and also excuses Dr. Grimm due to prior engagements. On the visiting card, Emerson writes: "Mr. Emerson will hope to obey Mr. Graham by visiting at 7:30 P.M. & will take leave to bring his friend Herman Grimm of Berlin with him."

EMERSON. Autograph Verse Signed, 1 p., 12mo. \$125.00

*O what is friendship but the fellowship  
Of friends that each can stand against  
the world,  
By its own meek, but incorruptible will?*

PAUL C. RICHARDS

233 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass. 02146

579 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. ALS, 2pp., 8vo, Concord, April 19, 1872. Interesting letter to W. T. Harris. "Until this hour I hoped to see & hear you on the morrow at one or both houses to which I was summoned. But the masses have been cruelly unpropitious, & have put a penalty on my leaving my desk tomorrow which I cannot meet. I send the letter of Stirling which was read by Mr. Alcott, Mr. Cabot, as well as myself, with interest & hope . . ." 65.00  
580 EMERSON. ALS, 2pp., 8vo, Concord, Sept. 17, 1868. To E.H.G. Clarke re lecturing in Syracuse. "I incline to accept that day, and unless I write you very soon to the contrary, will keep it." With original envelope. 65.00

Cat. 19

Cat. 21 (1967)

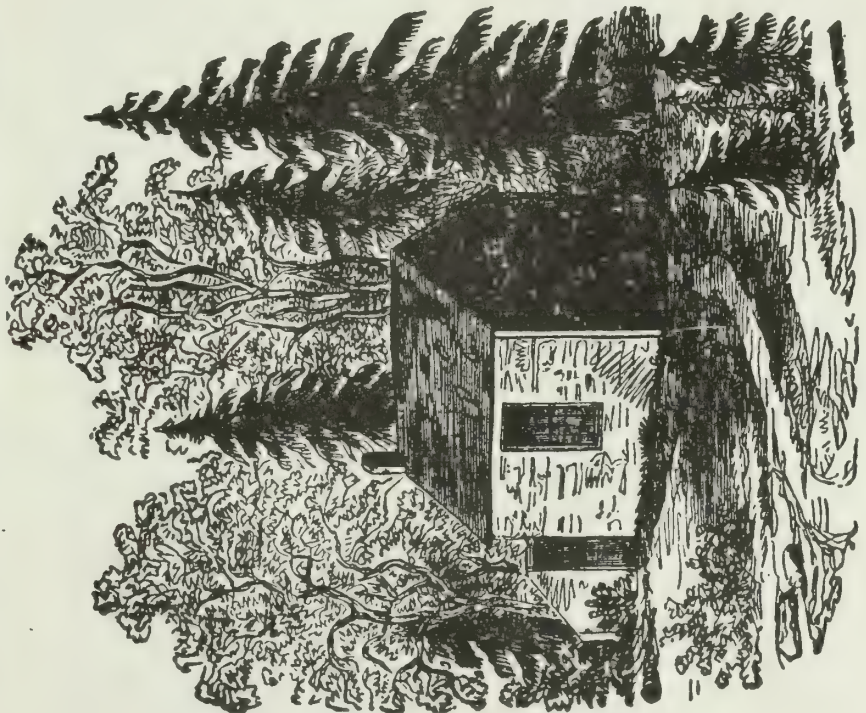
Cat. 20 First Editions

200. EMERSON, RALPH W. Nature. Original stamped reddish-brown cloth. Boston, 1836. First ed., but with page 94 correctly numbered. Inscribed on fly-leaf by Wendell Phillips. Laid in is a 2pp A.L.S. from Emerson, Cincinnati Dec. 7, 1852, making an appointment while on one of his many lecture tours. In a brown 1/2 morocco slipcase. BAL 5181. 100.00

# WALDEN.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU,

AUTHOR OF "A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS."







# Lesson for the Teacher

—DONALD NOBLE

**A**T six o'clock, on a morning in May, feeling just a little foolish, I left my motel in Concord, Mass., and drove to Walden Pond. I guess I felt foolish because the whole thing seemed so "literary," self-conscious, privately dramatic, a "pilgrimage." But looking back now, it turned out to be one of the high points of my own education and of my academic life.

With the exception of a white bathhouse and a well-worn dirt path around the pond, Walden is much as it must have been when Henry Thoreau lived there. No vehicles, no power boats are allowed. The only sounds that morning were angry chipmunks and large mosquitoes.

Walden started me at first. It's much bigger than one would think. In reading Thoreau's descriptions of the pond, I had always assumed his phrases like "mighty Walden" were affectionate exaggeration. Not so. As I walked around the pond, finding the site of Thoreau's cabin, the place where the beanfield must have been, the tracks of the railroad Thoreau was so ambivalent about, that piece of literature, "Walden," became "alive" and real for me in a way in which no other nonfictional piece ever has. Now I knew what he was "talking about."

As I rounded a curve, I came upon a girl hunkering down next to the water holding a piece of string. We were friends. (Can't two people who meet at Walden at 6:30 A.M. assume they are friends?) So I asked her what she was doing and she showed me. On the end of her string was a thermometer and, she said, every morning she took the temperature of Walden Pond. A man in a garage mechanic's uniform came with his small boy to fish for a couple of hours before work. Walden was being treated properly; I was satisfied.

After breakfast, the class I was conducting—a three-week travel-study course in Literary New England—met in my room and we discussed transcendentalism and Thoreau's life. Then we went to Walden together. The 21 of us walked half-way around Walden, then sat on the

steep grassy bank where, under the best imaginable educational conditions, I lectured on "Walden": the cycles, the seasons, the symbolism of pond and cabin. It never sounded better.

This experience, and the other 15 days of the trip, constituted one of the 50 courses offered in the first year of the University of Alabama's May Interim Term. Under this program, any professor could offer almost any course he could think of, for three credits, to undergraduates, for three weeks, provided he could recruit the students to take it. Serious consideration was given to what students might like to take, instead of what would be "good for them." A teacher of Russian history took a group to Russia; a home economics group traveled to New York City to the garment industry and fashion centers; a professor who never was able to get enough Faulkner into his courses offered a course in Faulkner and included a trip to Oxford, Miss. The imaginative range of much of the faculty had increased many times, overnight.

When my group first met it was a shy, cool bunch. Those who already knew one another, sorority sisters, for instance, stuck together. Teachers often assume that the students know one another when, in fact, the teacher is the only common denominator; and in this case the students came from all over the University and I had never laid eyes on half of them.

The transformation from individuals and small groups took several days, but it was nearly complete. The primary affiliation emotionally became *that group*. As Ken Kesey might put it, we were "on the bus" and those who weren't on the trip weren't "on the bus."

My own relationships to the students surprised me. Young, by academic standards, extroverted, not especially uptight (as I see myself), I had always felt that I knew a lot of students and knew them better than most teachers did, and maybe this was so. But when a boy of 20 or a senior girl came up after three or four days and said "Know what, Mr. Noble? I'm not afraid of you any more," it was a shock. I didn't know they had ever been "afraid."

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A good many times, I think, when a teacher believes he has rapport with students, it may be the thinnest, most superficial kind of relationship. Sure, you get along, drink coffee together, talk about important things, but the final barrier never comes down. To the students' delight, we occasionally become teachers who are human; how much better it would be if we were regarded as humans who are also, by chance, *teachers*. On this trip, I flatter myself, students and teacher came to know one another.

After we returned to the university and before the summer session began, I fell to thinking: how to continue in the same vein? How could I manage, in "regular" classes, to create the same kind of enthusiasm for the material? How could a class of students be brought to a state of harmony and trust with one another and with me?

It seemed possible, until I walked into my room, a room I had taught in many times. At the front was a raised platform, on the platform a desk, on the desk a lectern. In straight rows, the chairs were arranged. I mounted the platform, gripped the lectern with two hands and looked out.

There they were, pens poised, waiting for the word. Who had designed that classroom not 10 years old—a 19th century minister? A man who had never taught? A man who was afraid of students? The distance, the gap, between teacher and student isn't merely a function of personality, then, or even of the institution, or "system." In a case like this it is built right into the physical plant.

Summer school has been on for several weeks now, and we're all settled down. I've gotten to know some of the students pretty well, I think. But there are a couple of them out there who were on the trip and, once in a while, during a lecture, our eyes meet and their eyes reassure me that it's going all right, but they also tell me that they remember what it can be like.





## TWO THOREAU POEMS—VARIANT READINGS

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

Since the text of some of Thoreau's poems is still either corrupt or doubtful, we should welcome even small gains on the way to a definitive, explicated text. Because F. B. Sanborn seems to have given his transcript of "Annus Mirabilis" and "Inspiration" to the reporter from a Boston newspaper at the time he quoted them before the Concord School of Philosophy in August, 1882, and because several variant readings are superior to those Professor Carl Bode has chosen, I here reprint the clipping in order that it may be fully evaluated.

## PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD

*A Lecture from Miss Elizabeth  
P. Peabody.*

Childhood, Considered in a Philo-  
sophical Light.

*Aug 1882*  
*Mr. F. B. Sanborn Occupies the*  
*Evening Session.*

Interesting Readings from Unpub-  
lished MSS. of Thoreau.

The following poems of Thoreau were read by Mr.  
Sanborn:

## ANNUS MIRABILIS.

Thank God, who seasons thus the year,  
And sometimes kindly plants his rays,  
For in his winter he's most near,  
And plainest seen upon the shortest days.

Who gently tempers now his heats .  
And then his harsher cold, lest we  
Should surfeit on the summer's sweets  
Or pine upon the winter's cruelty.

A sober mind will walk alone,  
Apart from nature, if need be;  
And only its own seasons own  
For nature leaving its humanity.

Sometimes a late, autumnal thought,  
Has crossed my mind in green July,  
And to its early freshness brought  
Late ripened fruits, and an autumnal sky.

The evening of the year draws on,  
The field is a later aspect wear  
Since summer's farrishness is gone,  
Some grains of night tincture noontide air.

Behold! the shadows of the trees  
Now circle wider 'bout their stem,  
Like sentries that by slow degrees  
Perform their rounds, gearily protecting them.

And as the year doth now decline,  
The sun affords a scantier light  
Behind each needle of the pine,  
There larks a small auxiliary to the night.

I hear the cricket's slumberous lay,  
Around, beneath me, and on high,  
It rocks the night, it lulls the day;  
And everywhere is nature's lullaby.

But most he chirps beneath the sod  
Where he hath made his winter bed;  
His creak grown saluter, but more broad,  
A film of autumn o'er the summer's spread.

Small boats in fleets migrating by  
Now beat across some meadow's bay;  
And as they tack and veer on high  
With faint and hurried creak beguile the way.

Fat in the woods these golden days  
Some leaf obeys its Maker's call,  
And through their hollow aisles it plays  
With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall.

Gently withdrawing from its stem,  
It lightly lays itself along  
Where the same hand hath followed them,  
Resigned to sleep upon the old year's throng.

The loveliest birch is brown and sear,  
The furthest pool is strewn with leaves,  
Which float upon their watery bier  
Where is no eye that sees, no heart that grieves.  
Concluding this Mr. Sanborn said:

To these poetic pictures, prosaically drawn, let me  
add the poet naturalist's own chart of his spiritual  
life drawn out, but never published by him, under  
the name of

## INSPIRATION.

Whate'er we leave to God, God does  
And blesses us,  
The work we choose should be our own  
God lets alone.

If with light head erect I slog,  
Though all the muses lend their force,  
From my poor love of anything  
The verse is weak and shallow at its source,

But if with bended neck I grope.  
Listening behind me for my wit,  
With faith superior to hope,  
More anxious to keep back than forward it,

Making my soul accomplice there  
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,  
Then will the verse forever wear;  
Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.

Always the general show of things  
Floats in review before my mind,  
And such true love and reverence bring  
That sometimes I forget that I am blind.

But now there comes unsought, unseen,  
Some clear, divine electuary,  
And I who had but sensual been,  
Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.

I hearing get, who had but ears,  
And sight, who had but eyes before;  
I moments live who lived but years.  
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.





I hear beyond the reach of sound,  
I see beyond the range of sight,  
New earths and skies and seas around,  
And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

A clear and ancient harmony,  
Pierces my soul through all its din,  
As though its utmost melody,  
Further behind than they—further within.

More swift its bolt than lightning is,  
Its voice than thunder is more loud,  
It doth expand my privacies  
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

It speaks with such authority,  
With so serene and lofty tone,  
That little Time runs gadding by,  
And leaves me with Eternity alone.

Then chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only then my prime of life.  
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,  
'Tis peace's end and war's beginning strife.

It hath come in broadest noon,  
By a gray wall, or some chance place;  
Unseasoned time, insulted June,  
And vexed the day with its presuming face.

Such fragrance round my couch it makes,  
More rich than are Arabian drugs,  
That my soul scents its life, and wakes  
The body up beneath its perfumed rugs.

Such is the Muse, the heavenly maid,  
The star that guides our mortal cause;  
Which shows where life's true kernel's laid  
Its wheat's fine flower, and its undying force.

She with one breath attunes the spheres,  
And also my poor human heart,  
With one impulse propels the years  
Around, and gives my throbbing pulse its start.

I will not doubt forevermore  
Nor falter from a steadfast faith,  
For though the system be turned o'er  
God takes not back the word which once he saith.

I will then trust the love untold,  
Which not my worth nor want has brought,  
Which loved me young and loved me old,  
And to this evening hath me brought.

My memory I'll educate  
To know the one historic truth,  
Remembering to the latest date,  
The only true and sole immortal youth.

Be but thy inspiration given  
No matter through what danger sought,  
I'll follow hell, or climb to heaven,  
And yet esteem that cheap which love has brought.

Faire cannot tempt the hard  
Who's famous with his God,  
Nor lazel him reward  
Who hath his Maker's nod.

With this poem in which the thought and aspiration of Thoreau reached its highest expression, said Mr. Johnson, add which so truly picture the noble soul of our friend, these readings may fitly close.

Charles Johnson Woodbury

## EMERSON'S TALKS WITH A COLLEGE BOY.



WHILE still an undergraduate, my connection with certain lectures delivered by Mr. Emerson before the students of Williams College and elsewhere necessarily threw me much with him; and now it is a youth's experience of him that I would give to youth.

Well do I remember his tender, shrewd, wise face as I first saw it. Almost before we were alone he made me forget in whose presence I stood. He was merely an old, quiet, modest gentleman, pressing me to a seat near him, and all at once talking about college matters, the new gymnasium, the Quarterly, and from these about books and reading and writing; and all as if he continually expected as much as he gave. And so it was ever after; no circumstances so varying but, whether I saw him alone or in the presence of others, there was the ever-ready welcome shining in his eyes, the same manifest gentleness and persistent preference of others.

One day, in my own room, glancing up at some "Laws of Writing" on the wall, he began abruptly:

"The most interesting writing is that which does not quite satisfy the reader. Try to leave a little thinking for him. That will be better for both. The trouble with most writers is, they spread too thin. The reader is as quick as they; has got there before and is ready and waiting. A little guessing does him no harm. So I would assist him with no connections. If you can see how the harness fits, he can. But make sure that you see it. Then when you have

something new to say, say it! Out with it! Don't lead up to it! Don't try to let your hearer down from it. That is to be commonplace. Say it with all the grace and force you can, and stop. Be familiar only with good expressions.

"Expression is the main fight. Search unweariedly for that which is exact. Do not be dissuaded. Know words etymologically. Pull them apart, see how they are made; and use them only where they fit. Avoid the adjective. Let the noun do the work. The adjective introduces sound; gives an unexpected turn, and so often mars with an unintentional false note. Most fallacies are fallacies of language. Definitions save a deal of debate.

"Neither concern yourself about consistency. The moment you putty and plaster your expressions to make them hang together you have begun a weakening process. Take it for granted that truths will harmonize; and as for the falsities and mistakes, they will speedily die of themselves. If you *must* be contradictory, let it be clean and sharp, as the two blades of scissors meet.

"Out of your own self should come your theme; and only thus can your genius be your friend. Eloquence, by which I mean a statement so luminous as to render all others unnecessary, is possible only on a self-originated subject.

"Don't run after ideas. Save and nourish them, and you will have all you should entertain. They will come fast enough and keep you busy.

"Reading is closely related to writing. While the mind is plastic there should be care as to its impressions. The new facts should come

from nature, fresh, buoyant, inspiring, exact. Later in life, when there is less danger of imitating those traits of expression through which information has been received, facts may be gleaned from a wider field. But now keep close to realities. You then accustom yourself to getting facts at first hand. If we could get all our facts so, there would be no necessity for books; but they also give us facts, if we

know how to use them. They are the granaries of thought as well. "Read those men who were not lazy; who put themselves into contact with the realities. So you learn to look with your eyes, too. And do not forget the Persian, Parsee, and Hindu religious books; books of travel, too! And when you travel describe what you see. That will teach you what to see. Read those





who wrote about facts from a new point of view. The atmosphere of such authors helps you even if the reasoning has been a mistake.

"And there is Darwin! I am glad to see him here. And you must read George Borrow's book about the Gypsies. He went among them, lived among them, and was a Gypsy himself. There is nothing from second sources, nor any empiricism in his book. You can rely upon everything, and it is quaintly told. From such as he you learn not to stop until you encounter the fact with your own hand.

"Avoid all second-hand borrowing books—'Collections of —,' 'Beauties of —,' etc. I see you have some on your shelves. I would burn them. No one can select the beautiful passages of another for you. It is beautiful for him, well! Another thought: wedding your aspirations will be the thing of beauty to you. Do your own quarrying.

"Do not attempt to be a great reader; and read for facts, and not by the bookful.

"You must know about ownership in facts. What another sees and tells you is not yours, but his. If you had seen it, you would not have seen what he did, and even less what he tells. Your only relief is to find out all you can about it and look at it in all possible lights. Keep your eyes open and see all you can; and when you get the right man question him close. So learn to divine books, to *feel* those that you want without wasting much time over them. Often a chapter is enough. The glance reveals when the gaze obscures. Somewhere the author has hidden his message. Find it, and skip the paragraphs that do not talk to you."

Upon my pressing him for directions more particular and practical, a process which was rarely successful, he, after a moment's hesitation, continued as follows:

"Well, learn how to tell from the beginnings of the chapters and from glimpses of the sentences whether you need to read them entirely through. So, turn page after page, keeping the writer's thought before you, but not tarrying with him, until he has brought you to the thing you are in search of; then dwell with him, if so be he has what you want. But recollect you read only to start your own train.

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention." (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) "And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get *their* best too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what is n't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote

from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think.

"Reading long at one time in any book, no matter how it fascinates, destroys thought as completely as the inflections forced by external causes. Do not permit this. Stop, if you find yourself becoming absorbed, at even the first paragraph. Keep yourself out and watch for your own impressions. This is one of the norms of thought. You will accumulate facts in proportion as you become a fact. Otherwise you will accumulate dreams. Information is nothing, but the man behind it.

"Yield not one inch to all the forces which conspire to make you an echo. That is the sin of dogmatism and creeds. Avoid them. They build a fence about the intellect.

"You are anxious about your career. I know without your telling me. Every college boy is. You think you can study out yourself what you are best fitted for? No. But you remember our séance with Professor — over in the chemical laboratory yesterday; how he took a substance and tried it with others, one after other, until he discovered the affinity? So a man finds, by trying, what he can do best. Each man and woman is born with an aptitude to do something impossible to any other.

"By working, doing for others simultaneously with the doing of your own work, you make the greatest gain. That is the generous giving or losing of your life which saves it. Don't put this aside until you are more at liberty. That is slow death. Have something practical on your hands, it makes small matter what, at once. If your disposition is right you will select well.

"Live in a clear and clean loyalty to your own affair. Do not let another's, no matter how attractive, tempt you away. So, true and surprising revelations come to you, and experiences resembling the manifestations of genius. There are so many who are content to be, without being anything. Opportunities approach only those who use them. Even thoughts cease by and by to visit the idle and" (after a pause) "the perverse. But sudden and unforeseen helps and continued encouragement are vouchsafed to the devout worker. For God is everywhere, having his will, and he cannot be baffled. Make his business yours, as did his son. The man who works with him is constantly assured of achievement.

"Be choice in your friendships. You can have but few, and the number will dwindle as you grow older. Select minds who are too strong and large to pretend to knowledge and resources they do not really possess. They address you sincerely."

About poetry he uttered the following suggestions, occasioned by the criticism of some Class Day rhymes:

"I suppose you read over your verses after they are written?"

to poetry than rhyme or rhythm. Study Greek for expression; but the poetic *fact* is half the battle. Nature, gathered in by the sensitive soul, forms the furniture of the poet.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do, if you give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overtired brain! A breath under the apple tree, a siesta on the grass, a whiff of wind, an

if a thing seems good to me, it shall to my fellow. I can sympathize with the desire for outward confirmation. Still, the poet is his own assurance. Poetry," — and here he lapsed into that manner of reverie as if all hearers were far away, — "whether it comes in dreams or in gleams is noble. It must serve no sordid uses. It is of the above.

"You must keep some fact-books for poetry. I think that they are much more nearly related

"Generally." "I suppose then, after a little, they grow old to you?"

"Indeed, they do."

"And you continue to write. If, after a long time, you look over any of your lines and you come to one or a succession and say to yourself, 'That is good,' it is good; but destroy everything from which this verdict must be withheld. The Me is the judge, after all. And





interval of retirement, and the balance and serenity are restored. A clean creature needs so little and responds so readily! There is something as miraculous as the Gospels in it. Later in life, society becomes a stimulus. Occasionally, the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed. A mind invents its own tonics, by which, without permanent injury, it makes rapid rallies and enjoys good moods. Conversation is an excitant, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

Years after, I met Mr. Emerson in the West and mentioned in the conversation a bit of exciting experience among the Tennessee mountains, which drew from him the following:

"What tonic can be more inspiring and healthful than an adventure? It gives back to the blood all its youth."

At a meeting of one of our college debating societies, Mr. Emerson said:

"I was interested in your critic's report. But there are nine of you here; then there should be nine critics. It is possible that you associate a wrong meaning with this word. I observed that your critic noted such minutiae as that a certain word was pronounced wrong; that a plural verb followed a single nominative; that a gesture was made with the index finger instead of the open hand; that a speaker stood

with his feet six inches apart instead of two. So you regard the speeches as so many targets, and listen to pick flaws, to find faults and little inaccuracies. You gain something in marking these things alone, but you lose immensely more. Criticism should not imply to you such a watching out, for that begets hostility of thought, a closing of the mind to the natural impulses of the speech, lest it be influenced by them; and indulgence in the silent rehearsing of premature rejoinders. You are chiefly here, I take it, for the study of method, manner, style. Then you should project yourselves into sympathy with the speaker. Make certain that you receive his effort. Receive it all, and receive it well. Put yourself in his place. Try to see why he sees as he does; and then proceed outward to investigate his sentiments and their expression. Remember all criticism dealing with isolated points is superficial. The prevailing thought and disposition are your main care.

"Then, seek what is characteristic. Get the method of the man, the way in which he tries to develop and impress his idea. Attend closely to the *quality* of the matter presented. It is an index to the speaker's originality and culture, and therefore of his ability to impress others.

"When your attention is held without effort from yourself; when you are conscious of thoughtfulness, a change of opinion working within—then attend, attend! Your speaker has power. Overlook all fault, intonation, emphasis, pronunciation. Lay hold of his secret. The genuine impressions of a speech are the thoughts it immediately arouses, and these are the sources of true critical activity."

I do not think of Mr. Emerson as primarily a critic. His was not generally the posture indicated by the word. He was familiar with the laws that determine excellence of form, but sincerity and the satisfaction of the moral sense constituted his criterion. "The first and main attention of men to one another is to listen and be taught," he said, "and we are continually surprised at the riches of our fellows." His criticism was of that rarest order, creative rather than judicial; and his historical and biographical judgments have been affected only by the discovery of facts and perspective unknown to him. He always saw the good—a rare trait. It is easy to point out defects.

Mr. Emerson talked apparently without reservation to me about his contemporaries and historical personages. I select such of his delightful comment as seems distinguished for the consideration of "his noble young men," as he called them.

I remember one afternoon we were walking among the hills of Williamstown in the locality known as Bryant's Glen.

"Yonder is a serious mountain," said Mr. Emerson, pointing to Greylock. "I should think this would be just the place to read 'The Excursion.' The hills are very like those of Westmoreland. Here one can see the poet standing on the shore and looking off on the wide sea-light, and backward on the glows of the mountains, and then recognizing the inner supernal light, the subjective, as he framed that most famed combination:

"The light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

"Wordsworth," he continued, "is the poet of England. I see 'The Reader' lately acknowledges it. He is the only one who comes up to high-water mark. Other writers have to affect what to him is natural. So they have what Arnold called *simplism*, he, simplicity.

"The first three books of 'The Excursion' are the best. The discussions are uninteresting, but the adventures of the wonderful Peddler always charm me. There is sometimes an extreme even in Wordsworth. What is that 'horrible' line in 'Peter Bell'?"

"The hard, dry see-saw of his horrible bray!"

"The ass is unpoetical; and perhaps 'Alice Fell' is too childish, a little. His sonnets are good. They are, indeed, as pure, chaste, and transparent as Milton's. They are the witchery of language. He is the greatest poet since Milton."

Emerson could quote almost entirely "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," so much had he pondered them.

"There are no books for boys," he concluded, "like the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Every boy loves them if they are not put into his hands too late. 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'The Lady of the Lake'—they surpass everything for boy-reading we have."

It was uncommon to hear Mr. Emerson speak with such emphasis of any one as he

Carlyle, I believe, confesses that he cannot read Plato.

"I am glad you have so many of the Greek tragedies," continued Mr. Emerson. "Read them largely and swiftly in translation, to get their movement and flow; and then a little in the original every day. For the Greek is the fountain of language. The Latin has a definite shore-line. But the Greek is without bounds." Then after a pause he added, half to himself,

"Read Plato's 'Republic'! Read Plato's 'Republic'! Read Plato's 'Republic'!" he repeated, on another occasion. "He lifts man towards the divine, and I like it when I hear that a man reads Plato. I want to meet that man. For no man of self-conceit can go through Plato."

did of Plato. At our first railroad restaurant, where, although there was plenty of time, everybody was eating as they do generally at travel-tables, Mr. Emerson leaned over towards me and said humorously, with a smile:

"Wasn't it Plato who said of the citizens of Agrigentum,—they, you know, were colossal architects and eaters,—'These people build as if they were immortal; and eat as if they were to die instantly'?"





"Dead languages, called dead because they can never die."

Of Gibbon he spoke strikingly as follows:

"He is one of the best readers that ever lived in England. You know his custom of examining himself both before and after his reading a book to see what had been added to his mental experience? All previous and contemporary British historians are barefooted friars in comparison with Gibbon. He was an admirable student, a tremendous worker. He banished himself to a lonely château just to work harder. But he thought uncleanly. He had—as also did Aristophanes, whom I never could read on that account—an imagination degraded and never assailed, a low wit like that which defaces out-buildings. He was a disordered and coarse spirit, a mind without a shrine, but a great example of diligence and antidote to laziness.

"Locke was a stalwart thinker. He erected a school of philosophy, which limited everything to utility. But the soul has its own eyes, which are made illuminating by the spirit of God."

With the same lofty accent he spoke of Harriet Martineau, and compared her attitude with that of her brother.

"It was a grief to me when I learned that she had become a materialist." After a long pause he added, lifting his head, "God? It is all God."

"Read Chaucer," he said. "In a day you will get into his language, and then you will like him. Humor the lines a little, and they are full of music.

"I have seen an expurgated edition of Chaucer; shun it! Shun expurgated editions of any one, even of François Villon. They will be expurgating the Bible and Shakspeare next."

Of Shakspeare he talked much, and always without a word of subtraction. Of no one else did he speak in a similar strain of encomium excepting that imperial man, Walter Savage Landor.

"So far as we know," he said, "the 'Essays' of Montaigne is the only book Shakspeare owned. Like Aristophanes, Shakspeare had the care of the presentation of his plays. So they were kept practical. It has had much to do with their surviving.

"But Shakspeare was a wonder. He struck twelve every time"; and then, after a pause, "We have not such creatures in America." Somehow the words, and his half-sad manner in uttering them, brought back to me old Nestor's lament:

For not any time have I seen such men, nor shall I as Perithous or Gyas, etc.

He spoke of the songs of Ben Jonson as "the finest in the English language. They are rich and succulent and metrical. Few men have that wonderful power of rhyming, especially double-rhyming, that he has"; and he instanced "The Mask of Dædalus," and recited four stanzas of Jonson's ode to himself in illustration.

Of the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he said:

"I liked him; not as Professor Wilson, but as Christopher North. He was a man singularly loved. Hare, author of 'Guesses at Truth,' wrote his life, but it was incomplete. Then Carlyle attempted it, but he wrote too much with the air of a patron, too much condescension, as a teacher might say, 'Fine boy!'—too much pat-him-on-the-head in it. I wrote Carlyle I would rather agree with Wilson than himself."

I was much interested in his words on Shelley and Blake. While he seemed hesitatingly to recognize and allow the wide gleams of truth the disciples of these mystics claim for them, he yet insisted that their visions were rather a curiosity than a discovery; and rebuked them strongly for their trait of "obliteration of the imagination" by natural objects.

"I cannot read Shelley with comfort," he said. "His visions are not in accord with the facts. They are not accurate. He soars to sink."

He quoted Blake's

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,

over and over, almost the only thing I ever heard him quote that he put into the "Parnassus."

He many times referred to Leigh Hunt, and advised me to read him—"a true and gentle friend to all men."

Of Matthew Arnold he said: "He is stored with all critical faculties except humor, but so far he shows little of that." And of Browning: "He is always a teacher."

"Have you read any of Goethe?" he asked.

On my replying affirmatively as to "Wilhelm Meister," he said:

"Ah, yes, that is good. It wants to be read well. It contains the analysis of life. Wasson in 'The Atlantic' some time ago had some excellent words upon it, more a panegyric than a criticism. But Wasson must have just come to it. We have loved Meister a long time."

Of Fichte he said: "He would use any weapon to convert a hearer. I think he would trepan a person, if so he could pass his own edacious conception into the bared brain."

I once asked his opinion of the novels of George Sand, and he answered as follows:

"It is wonderful, the amount she has written—everything; she seems to know the world. But her stories—I do not know about them. I do not read stories. I never could turn a dozen pages in 'Don Quixote' or Dickens without a yawn. Why read novels? We meet stranger creatures than their heroes. What writer of stories would not be derided if he gave us creatures as impossible as Nero or Alva or Joan of Arc?"

Again, referring to a poet then rather the fashion: "Melancholy is unendurable. Grief is abnormal. Victor Hugo has written such a book. I have not read it. I do not read the sad in literature."

These words were the first seismic tremors in my new heavens and new earth. They set my wits a-swimming, troubled me with apprehension of possible limitation in him. So the next day, with a youth's temerity, I told Mr.

generous nature can be developed. Everything interests him.

"Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, is a book you must certainly read. It is wonderful. I had great hopes of Whitman until he became Bohemian. He contrasts with Poe, who had an uncommon facility for rhyme, a happy jingle. Poe might have become much had he been capable of self-direction."

He spoke of Daniel Webster as "deformed. He became to me the type of decay. To gain

from the master the feeling of nausea it could not but cause. The release saved me my friend and made of his friendship the greater blessing.

Of ciscean contemporaries, Mr. Emerson spoke as follows:

"The connecting link between England and America is Oliver Wendell Holmes. If that acute-minded man had been born in England they would never have tired of making much of him. He has the finest sensibility, and that catholicity of taste without which no large and

Emerson of my inability to accept his statements on this matter as I understood them.

He heard me patiently, watched my quivering lips a moment, and then said briefly but with a beaming glance:

"Very well; I do not like disciples." This remarkable reply illustrates Mr. Emerson's peculiar and wholesome ways with lovers, emancipating them even from himself. From this time disappeared from his pupil the boyish and servile acquiescence, and I doubt not





his ambition, he gave ease, pleasure, happiness, wealth; and then added honor and truth. He had a wonderful intellect; but of what importance is that when the rest of the man is gone?

"Hawthorne's writings are of the terrible, the grotesque, and somber. There is nothing joyous in them. It is the same way with Hugo. No man ought to write so.

"— wrote a pitiful book about Napoleon. But he was a wonderful man enough; always fell on his feet. The best memoirs of him are those of Las Cases. Scott is too British; O'Meara, the Irish surgeon, writes well of him—a little low, untutored, rough; but he had personal access, and Napoleon breathed through all the men about him. What was that he said about making his generals out of mud? His meanness, which could speak no chivalric word, spoke there, but it spoke fact."

Of Margaret Fuller he spoke much at one time and another, but nothing that teaches, unless it is the following:

"I was amused with what she said of Bettina Brentano—something like this: 'She has not pride enough. Only when I am sure of myself would I pour out my soul at the feet of another. In the assured soul it is kingly prodigality; in one which cannot forbear it is babyhood.'"

He repeated the word "kingly" with a musing circumflex, as if another woman would have used a different gender, and added:

"But she would need to be certain of her lover as well as herself—which Bettina could not. There is something, too, in the lover. Margaret never met Goethe. She was a strange woman. Her eyes in some moods were visible at night; and her hair apparently lightened and darkened. She had unconscious clairvoyant instincts, and could read the fortune in the human face; she was most inspired when in pain. What she wrote me is expressive of her deepest nature:

"'With the intellect I always have, always shall overcome, but that is not the half of the work, the life, the life! O my God! shall the life never be sweet?'"

The flame was in the heart of this dazzling woman. If Emerson was the brain of this Concord circle, Margaret Fuller was its blood.

Of this group, the most conspicuous in its domain that has ever existed in America, Mr. Emerson was easily chief; and during his strongest years perhaps he was more. There was something "catching" about him. No one could exactly explain or even understand it, but every one was sensible of it, so that his friends in England and America felt called upon to warn admirers that they must be on their guard; if they sought a familiarity closer than his pocket edition, not to be carried too far, for he could not encourage an imitator. Amusing stories have been told of characteristic exaggerations resulting from too much Emerson in the neighborhood. Indeed one had to be more than human to remain in the presence of such a nature and not betray the fact. He was not a man to be approached closely. Nor was it well to be loved by him

too dearly. Thoreau felt the perilous singling until his tones and his mode of speaking caught the trick of Emerson's so nearly that the two men could hardly be separated in conversation. What wonder that Channing, Bartol, Alcott, and the rest, strong and stately men (more than that—among the heavenliest bodies our material new world has seen), felt to some slight deflection of their orbit the unintentional, if not unconscious, attraction of the mild Jupiter so near them. Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller fled and saved themselves, but even they betrayed during their Concord residence a faint Emersonian adumbration. The fact is, no one meeting Emerson was ever the same again. His natural force was so resistless and so imperceptible that it commanded men before they were aware. Leaders, scholars of high cultivation, theorists and men of thought *de vieille roche*, who visited the lonely eminence where he dwelt apart, noticed the contagion. Then there were others, a curious throng, themselves often curiosities, who came. Concord contained during Emerson's solstitial years a great lighthouse, shining far and wide, and showing many ships their goal, but covered with the shreds of wrecked barks, which had been attracted by its clear, cold, solitary flame.

But of Thoreau, that hypethral man, I cannot say enough. Of no one did Mr. Emerson talk so often and so tenderly. The relation adverted to between the two needs a clearer understanding. Emerson made Thoreau. He was a child of Emerson, as it of his own flesh and blood. The elder took the younger fresh from college (rather drowsy, and he dozed after his return to Concord, but the Middlesex woods were his college); Emerson woke him, gave him his start, and immediately and astonishingly nourished him.

The disciple became as his master, unconsciously adopting his accent and form, realizing his attractions and antipathies, and knowing his good and evil. The development of this sturdy bud into its sturdier flower was a perpetual delight to the philosopher. In Thoreau he lived himself over again. He said he liked Thoreau because "he had the courage of his convictions," but I think he meant his own (Emerson's) convictions. In both we mark the same features; as a severe and *outré* way of looking at events and a searching for lessons in them, intolerance of makeshifts, etc.

"Henry was," continued Mr. Emerson, "homely in appearance, a rugged stone hewn from the cliff. I believe it is accorded to all men to be moderately homely. But he surpassed sex. He had a beautiful smile and an earnest look. His character reminds me of Massillon. One could jeopard anything on him. A limpid man, a realist with caustic eyes that looked through all words and shows and bearing with terrible perception! He was a greater Stoic than Zeno or Scævola or Xenophanes; greater, because nothing of impurity clung to him, a man whose core and whose breath was conscience. But he thought and said that society is always diseased, and the best, most so. Men of note would come to

and guide you to the spot after day unerringly.

"Things happened to him, came to him, as they will to lovers of the woods and fields. I remember once a friend accosted him while they were walking, with a request for an arrow-head, if he should ever find one, lamenting how fruitlessly he had searched for one.

"They are rare," said Thoreau, stooping and picking up a fragment of earth-covered substance he saw in the sod, 'and now that

justice to the influence of his college in forming him.

"Though living in civilization he was the keenest observer of external nature I have ever seen. He had the trained sense of the Indian, eyes that saw in the night, his own way of threading the woods and fields, so that he felt his path through them in the densest night without delay or interruption. He would hear a partridge fly into a bush in the dark of dawn

talk with him.

"'I don't know,' he would say, 'perhaps a minute would be enough for both of us.'

"'But I come to walk with you when you take your exercise.' 'Ah, walking, that is my holy time.'

"He refused on graduating from Harvard to take his degree. 'It is n't worth five dollars,' he said.

"I have always thought that he did not do





you have an opportunity you had better examine this!' And he presented a fine specimen from which he finished disengaging the earth-rust. An accident? I do not know. Sometimes I think the entire woods were a *cache* for him, he had such secrets of hiding things and finding them again."

As Thoreau exhibited Emerson the recluse, so Amos Bronson Alcott, a most benign, saintly, and unworldly man when I knew him, was a joyous, buoyant embodiment of Mr. Emerson socially. For Emerson was not what one would term "talkative." Indeed it is seldom one meets a man more held in duress by his own thought. When he was surprised into utterance, it was mostly a monologue of oral reflections which seemed to be addressed to a widely read and thoughtful audience, and which always exacted much of the listener. It is somewhat remarkable that a man who has given more movement to thought than almost any other since Plato should have shown in habit so little sympathy with this law by which men most naturally receive ideas. But I think he secretly found irksome the simplest conditions under which people meet.

Mr. Alcott had a much more extended adaptiveness. He founded the parlor conversation as a means of culture.

Faith in man and man's final victory was Mr. Emerson's evangel. His transcendentalism is to be regarded as a fragment existing less as a religious idiosyncrasy, much less a passing fashion, than as a lifting and permanent force in general religious culture. As a modifying influence in thought, as an impulse towards a finer life, it has become a power. Its subtle suggestions, its aspirations; that which it stood for and symbolized; its exultant, soaring spirit—these gave it meaning to every elevated soul drawn into it. Where it touched the practical duties of life its touch was recognized as honest. Mr. Emerson's language often identified God incarnate with man perfected. The future was serene. Almost the last words I was ever to hear him utter were with a smile and cheer regarding a doubt he could not dispel.

"For that," he said, "we must wait until to-morrow morning."

By

That great and grave transition,  
Which may not king or priest or conqueror spare,  
And yet a babe can bear,

the morrow's morning has come to him.

The true Emersonian does not seek the master for knowledge, but for wisdom, and the best wisdom, a new life. And does not this search

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no. 80 (Feb.,  
1890), 621-627.

indicate that seminal, germinal, developing quality which is the central essence of the man himself? He comes immediately into the mind, a revolutionary force, questioning, suggesting, destroying composure, provoking doubt of the order that is; destroying gods, both Penates and Totems, not with blows, but with frost and fire; emancipating thought; sowing a sane discontent and elation; then stimulator, inspirer, and liberator of power. With what other service is such service comparable?



THE TOWN—NEW YORK. 1849





## TWO HARVARD POEMS BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

Two of Holmes's ungathered poems<sup>1</sup> are interesting chiefly because they throw light on Harvard undergraduate taste and "Commencement fare" in 1829. The first, which Holmes offered as his Exhibition part on April 28 of his senior year, is entitled "Forgotten Ages."<sup>2</sup> The second was given no title either in the manuscript or on the printed "Order of Exercises for Commencement" on August 26, 1829.<sup>3</sup> See the accompanying facsimile.

## [FORGOTTEN AGES]

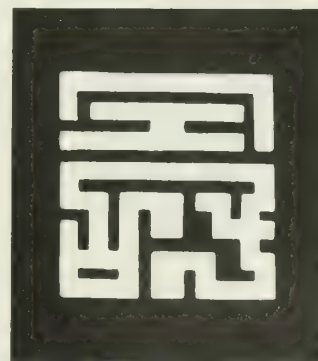
From yon high chamber, on whose naked walls  
The slanting ray of rosy morning falls—  
Where kind Aurora showers her earliest beams  
To wake the sleeper from delusive dreams—  
Where playful zephyrs riot through the floor  
Laugh at the cracks and revel round the door—  
From the bright home the poet gladly flies  
To meet the radiance of these brighter eyes.

What various beauties crowd upon my sight  
Flash from the left and sparkle from the right.  
The matron's sweetness and the maiden's bloom—  
The flaunting ribband and the waving plume—  
Blushes that saucers never owned before  
And locks unpurchased from the fancy store—  
In queenly pride the lofty head-dress towers  
And bonnets blossom with unfading flowers—  
Their different charms the smiling sisters blend  
All nature gives, and all that Art can lend.

O envious time, could not thy chariot stay  
A moment longer on its silent way?  
Must all thy glories burst upon the eye,  
Like angel's pinions, only as they fly?  
How short our empire on this little stage!  
How swift these moments in the train of age!  
In vain the light that beauty sheds around  
To stay our footsteps on the enchanted ground.  
Time waves his wand—the short-lived pageant flies  
And other hours, and other forms arise.

As fades the memory of an idle day  
The name of ages hastens to decay;  
Wrapped in the past, in darkness disappears  
The gleam of moments and the light of years.

O where, forgotten in the silent shade  
Are all the forms, that once had being, laid?  
Where sunk the palace and where fell the throne  
On which the sun of ancient splendor shone?  
Nations have been where we may look in vain  
For one frail remnant on the voiceless plain.  
Unchecked the wind around the desert flows  
Where proud Ambition's lofty turrets rose.  
Some wasted slowly into dull decay  
Till, stone by stone, their grandeur dropped away.  
The conqueror came, and in a single hour  
Fell the bright trophies of imperial power.  
Some sank beneath the red volcanic wave  
And after ages trod their burning grave—  
The surge has rolled o'er many an ancient shore  
And Ocean sweeps where man has reigned before.





Quenched is the lustre of the glancing eye—  
Cold is the heart that once beat warm and high—  
The lips that nature only formed for smiles  
Lie in the ashes of their buried piles.  
In thousand paths the subtle shafts have fled  
And none is left—the herald of the dead.  
The torch of famine seared the dying land,  
The warrior fell beneath another's hand:  
And slow disease hath wasted many a form,  
That rode in triumph on the battle-storm.

They sleep, unconscious that the hour has come  
When all that echoed to their voice is dumb;  
Alike to them if o'er their dark repose  
The forest blossoms or the ocean flows.  
The hand of spring their funeral chaplet weaves,  
And autumn strews them with his withered leaves;  
Or wildly murmuring round their stormy home  
The towering billow stoops its crest of foam.  
In vain they bade their mausoleums rise,  
And reared their pillars till they reached the skies.  
No stone is rescued from the dust to tell  
Where once they stood and where at last they fell

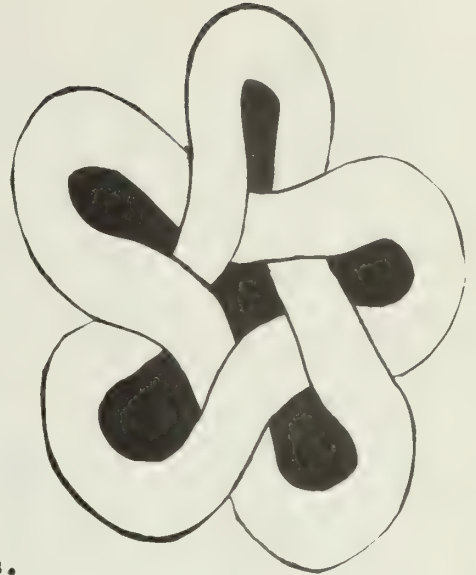
O'er other lands that wore the crown of old  
The shroud of age is gathering fold by fold.  
But still half-lost amid the deepening gloom  
The dying sun-beam plays around their tomb.

Though art has risen from her native clime  
All is not darkened in the clouds of time;  
We trace her brightness in the lingering glow  
Her foot has kindled while it walked below.  
The stately relics of departed pride—  
The temple mouldering by its builder's side.  
The prostrate column and the fallen shrine  
Point to the days that saw their glory shine,  
And tell the stranger on their hallowed ground  
That man is crumbling in the soil around.

And some have lived, if that be life which Fame,  
When all is dust, can lavish on a name;  
Still rings the harp that Athens loved to hear  
And bright-eyed Thalia woos the modern's ear.  
But they who called her from the mountain-steep—  
Can music wake them from their silent sleep?—

And we, the children of a later birth,  
The transient monarchs of this changing earth,  
We too shall pass and leave no single trace  
To fix our memory on some future race.  
Our heroes glory in the crimson wreath  
Their hands have wrested from the brow of death.  
They little see it, in their fevered dream,  
Torn by the ripple of the noiseless stream:  
Our rulers frame their statutes for the free  
Of after ages that shall never be.  
The luckless votaries of Apollo's lyre  
Catch far more real than poetic fire;  
And vainly scatter from their pictured urns,  
Not "thoughts that breathe," but "many a word that burns."

So flies a moment, and so rolls an age,  
Monarchs and poets quit alike the stage;  
They leave at last their sceptre and their crown,  
We gently bow and lay our laurels down.  
If our young Muse has managed to beguile







## ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR

# COMMEMENT,

XXVI AUGUST, MDCCXXIX

### *Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.*

\* \* \* The performers will speak in the order of their names.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin.

CHARLES FAY, *Cambridge.*

2. A Conference. "Novels formed upon Fashionable, Humble, and Sea Life."

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS FOXCROFT, *Cambridge.*  
CHARLES LOWELL HANCOCK, *Boston.*  
JOSHUA WARD, *Salem.*

3. A Colloquial Discussion. "An active Profession, as injuring or assisting the Efforts of a Literary Man."

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, *Cambridge.*  
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, *Boston.*

4. A Conference. "The Efforts to abolish War, Duelling, and Abuses of Controversy."

CURTIS CUTLER, *Lexington.*  
SOLOMON MARTIN JENKINS, *Easton, Md.*  
ALBERT LOCKE, *Ashby.*

5. A Colloquial Discussion. "The comparative Influence of Governments and Individuals in effecting great Public Improvements."

JAMES TAYLOR, *Leominster.*  
GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW, *Watertown.*

6. An Essay. "Incorporating Historical Truth with Fiction."

GEORGE WILLIAM PHILLIPS, *Boston.*

7. A Conference. "Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History, considered in relation to the Tendency of each to improve and elevate the Intellectual Faculty."

GEORGE THOMAS DAVIS, *Sandwich.*  
JOSIAH QUINCY LORING, *Boston.*  
SAMUEL RIPLEY TOWNSEND, *Waltham.*  
EDWIN CONANT, *Sterling.*

8. A Philosophical Discussion. "The Influence of Lord Bacon's Writings on the Progress of Knowledge."

SAMUEL DEVENS, *Charlestown.*  
WILLIAM BRIGHAM, *Grafton.*

9. A Poem.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Cambridge.*  
10. A Literary Discussion. "An Author's writing many Books, or resting his Fame upon a few."

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, *Boston.*  
JAMES THURSTON, *Exeter.*

11. A Dissertation. "The Encouragement to Young Men to educate themselves exclusively or chiefly for high Political Offices."

EDWARD LINZEE CUNNINGHAM, *Boston.*

12. A Forensic Disputation. "Whether the Inequalities of Genius in different Countries be owing to Moral Causes."

JOEL GILES, *Townsend.*  
CHANDLER ROBBINS, *Roxbury.*

13. A Dissertation. "Originality of Thought, supposed to be necessarily lessened as the World grows older."

GEORGE HUMPHREY DEVEREUX, *Salem.*

14. A Forensic Disputation. "Whether inflicting Capital Punishments publicly has any Tendency to diminish Crime."

BENJAMIN PEIRCE, *Cambridge.*  
JAMES HUMPHREY WILDER, *Hingham.*

15. An Oration in English. "The Character of Lord Bacon."

BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS, *Cambridge.*

16. A Dissertation. "Modes of publishing, circulating, and perpetuating Literary Works in different Ages and Countries."

WILLIAM GRAY, *Boston.*

17. An Oration in English. "The Diversities of Character."

CHARLES STORER STORROW, *Boston.*

### *Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.*

1. An Oration in English. "Literary Justice."

Mr. TIMOTHY WALKER.

2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin.

Mr. JOHN HAM WILLIAMS PAGE.





Her fairer sisters of one favoring smile—  
 If hard-heeled students and if booted boys  
 Will aid her exit with their flattering noise—  
 If sterner age will spare the humble lays  
 And kindly pardon what it cannot praise,  
 Though e'er tomorrow it shall be forgot,  
 That she has hovered round this little spot,  
 Without a murmur that her feeble wings  
 Must share the fate of empires and of kings,  
 No longer fluttering in your wearied sight,  
 She folds her mantle and she takes her flight.

## [A POEM]

As the proud champion in the days of old  
 Ere the deep thunders for the onset rolled  
 Turned to the ranks where beauty's bright array  
 Rose like the crescent on the brow of day  
 And sought through all the glowing forms to trace  
 His own fair lady in the crowded place  
 To ask the favour of one gentle sigh—  
 To claim one tribute from her glancing eye  
 So would we turn, in anxious hope to find  
 Some pitying symptoms from the fair and kind  
 And ask for mercy as we humbly bow  
 Down at their feet our laurel cinctured brow.

And this dread moment is at last our own  
 And we are left unpitied and alone  
 With beating heart and trembling hands to dare  
 The idle glance—the stern unwavering stare  
 The sneers of youth—the darker frown of age  
 The schoolboy critic and the solemn sage  
 The pensive miss who listens as she sighs  
 For 'golden ringlets' and for 'sunny skies'  
 The nameless being whose existence fills  
 What would be vacuum in his faultless gills  
 The sober people that consult the time  
 And think of dinner in despite of rhyme  
 And those that crowd around the sacred door  
 To see the place they never saw before.

Fair creatures kindling with a starlike glow  
 The hallowed precincts of the lofty row  
 Since ye are straining all your eyes to scan  
 The curves and angles of our outer man  
 And we all quivering with dismay must feel  
 Your curious looks that creep from crown to heel  
 Since fate's dark pleasure has decreed to day  
 That you must hear what we shall choose to say  
 To make at once the mutual compact fair  
 We turn to you and find our subject there.

We be your subject[?] lisps the miss of ten  
 Why poets are as impudent as men!  
 We be your subject! cries the shrinking belle  
 This horrid bonnet! but the gown looks well—  
 Pray did he think we wanted to be seen  
 In Cupid's name what does the creature mean?  
 The married lady hints that she allows  
 No such remarks from her well managed spouse  
 Or whispers glancing at her wedding ring  
 I wish my husband had said such a thing.

Bid all your fans their slender veils expand  
 Knit the fair brow and clench the little hand





The timid muse is happy ere she flies  
To light her taper in your flashing eyes.

There sits the wife—and though a wife may seem  
A curious subject for the poet's dream  
Yet there is something in that gentle name  
That wakes the slumbers of the soul to flame.  
When the last angel winged his silent way  
From earth's dark shadows to a brighter day  
Yet erring man of heavenly forms bereft  
Could thank his God that one at least was left.  
O had our mother like the modern Eves  
Robed her fair form in those luxuriant sleeves  
Then had poor Adam like their husbands known  
How hard his fortune who is all alone  
And walked in sorrow by his blooming bride  
Some twenty paces from the lady's side.

On yonder seat—but fancy says beware  
Nor wake the vengeance that is slumbering there  
By all your prospects, as you hope to claim  
A lasting record on the page of fame  
Tread not too rashly on the sacred ground  
Where the soft votary of the muse is found.  
The time has been when nature's simple child  
Was free and fearless in his forest wild  
His lovely savage in her native grace  
Asked not the aid of ribbons or of lace  
She read no novels poems or reviews  
And men were happy in the want of blues.  
The times have changed—the steps of womankind  
Are first and foremost in the march of mind  
The housewife's manual sleeps upon the shelves  
They read—they write—they criticise themselves.  
Turn for a moment to that youthful fair  
With dovelike aspect and with gentle air  
Who softly flutters with her little fan  
And looks as much like fainting as she can.  
If you have seen—and by a victim's tears  
The sight is common in these latter years  
A fairhaired maiden who forever sought  
For what she called 'a sweet poetic thought'  
Who wrote in lines that jingled at their ends  
And kept an album for her private friends  
Then gentle hearer you indeed have seen  
The female monster that our verses mean.  
Trust not the light of her insidious smile  
Tis but the splendour of your funeral pile  
Though all the Graces in her front appear  
That pinkleaved album follows in the rear.

Nor these alone the fleeting muse require  
To waste the glimmer of her waning fire  
While lips like thine celestial beauty claim  
The worthless offering of her feeble flame.  
Fairest of beings, if thy melting eyes  
Have caught the azure of the summer skies  
Or the pure spirit send its flashes through  
The kindling shadows of a darker hue  
If o'er thy forehead parts the raven fold  
Or the high\* tresses float in liquid gold  
We own thy influence and we bow to thee  
The atheist's God—the despot of the free  
We coldly bend at many a prouder throne  
But the heart's homage—it is all thine own.

\*MS.: hight]



- 1 See Thomas Franklin Currier and Eleanor M. Tilton, A Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes, N.Y., 1953, pp. 308 and 315. I am grateful to the Harvard University Archives through its former custodian, Clifford K. Shipton, Esq., for permission to edit these poems in their entirety.
- 2 Call number: HUC 6829.19.
- 3 HUC 6828.82.

Our time is past—we may not stay to raise  
The idle paeans of unneeded praise  
If the poor graduate's ever frugal board  
Shall soon or late so strange a thing afford  
One classic tribute shall at least be thine—  
The deepest bumper of the brightest wine—





## UNGATHERED LETTERS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

The first of the two Holmes letters edited herein was written to an undergraduate committee of Harvard College's Natural History Society—Thornton Kirkland Lothrop (H.U. 1849), Joshua Rindge Peirce (H.U. 1850), and Horatio Robinson Storer (H.U. 1850)—and the second,<sup>2</sup> to an unidentified landlord:

Boston. April 21. 1849

Gentlemen,

I am obliged to say that I do not feel able to accept your very kind invitation to deliver a public Lecture before the Natural History Society. I have already pledged myself for one of the Summer anniversaries, and after many months of what is to me hard labor, however small its results, I am anxious not to assume any new responsibilities for the present. Fortunately there are many who know a great deal more about the subjects in which your Society is interested, and I trust you may gain as much from my inability to serve you as I shall lose in not having the pleasure of appearing before you at your annual meeting.

Believe me, gentlemen

Very truly your friend

O. W. Holmes.

Messrs. T. K. Lothrop

J. Pierce [sic]

Horatio R. Storer

Boston, March 9<sup>th</sup> 1887

My dear sir,

I think it would be well to put on record the terms we have agreed upon, which I take to be these:

—Rent one thousand dollars to be paid at such time as we agree upon as most convenient

—House taken for one year, with privilege of continuance at same rate so long as needed. The age and condition of myself and another member of my family renders [sic] our length of tenure necessarily uncertain, but we are not likely to change if we are satisfied, as we expect to be, with the house.

As to all arrangements about repairs, changes etc. as we never had trouble with our landlord of many years, we are not likely to have it with our new one, but can probably fix matters without strikes

Yours very truly

O. W. Holmes.

1 In the Harvard University Archives (HUD 3599.510.2) and edited here with the kind permission of its former custodian, Clifford K. Shipton, Esq.

2 In the George Ketchum Autograph Collection of the Canton Historical Society, Canton, Mass., edited here with its permission.

## THOREAU'S DECLAMATIONS AT THE CONCORD ACADEMY

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

In an earlier article,\* I recorded largely from the papers of Phineas Allen (now in the Concord Free Public Library) the extent of Thoreau's participation in the academic life of the Concord Academy. I here particularize the recitations he gave at the time of "examinations" before parents and the "committee"—when possible indicating the probable rhetorical reader in which he found them.

- (1) Feb. 25, 1829. George Croly's "The Death of Leonidas." [Not located in a rhetorical reader. Possibly taken from a newspaper or periodical.]
- (2) Aug. 22, 1829. Thomas Moore's "Lines Written in 1821 on Hearing that the Austrians had entered Naples...." [Taken from John Pierpont's The American First Class Book; or Exercises in Reading and Recitation [Known as Pierpont's Fifth Reader.] Many editions. I quote from the 30th, N.Y., [1835], pp. 440-441.]





- (3) Feb. 25, 1830. "Dialogue between Charles II and William Penn." Participants were Thoreau and Edward William Wright. [Not located. Possibly an original composition.]
- (4) Feb. 25, 1830. Extract from Edward Everett's Oration delivered at Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 22, 1824. [Taken from John Pierpont's The National Reader; A Selection of Exercises in Reading and Speaking. [Known as Pierpont's Fourth Reader.] Many editions. I quote from the 28th, N.Y., [1835], pp. 200-205.]
- (5) Aug. 18, 1830. William Wirt's Letters of the British Spy (1803). [Found in John Pierpont's The American First Class Book, ed. cit., 324-329.]
- (6) Ca. 1831. "Buonaparte's Address to his Army." [Not located in a speaker.]
- (7) Ca. 1832. "Speech in the National Convention of France." [Not located.]

\* "Young Henry Thoreau in the Annals of the Concord Academy (1829-1833)," E S Q, no. 9 (IV Quar. 1957), pp. 1-42.

## [ 2 ]

## LESSON CXIII.

*Lines written in 1821; on hearing that the Austrians had entered Naples—with scarcely a show of resistance on the part of the Neapolitans, who had declared their independence, and pledged themselves to maintain it.—MOORE.*

Ar, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!  
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,  
That shrunk from the first touch of Liberty's war,  
Be sucked out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On—on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,  
Ye locusts of tyranny!—blasting them o'er:  
Fill—fill up their wide, sunny waters, ye sails,  
From each slave-mart in Europe, and poison their shore.

May their fate be a mock-word—may men of all lands  
Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,  
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,  
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,  
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,  
To think—as the damned haply think of the heaven  
They had once in their reach,—that they might have  
been free.

Shame! shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat  
Ever rose o'er the zero of Castlereagh's heart,  
That did not, like Echo, your war-hymn repeat,  
And send back its prayers with your Liberty's start! . . .

When the world stood in hope—when a spirit that breathed  
Full fresh of the olden time whispered about,  
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,  
But waited one conquering word to flash out! . . .

When around you the shades of your mighty in fame,  
*Filicinas* and *Petrarchs* seemed bursting to view,  
And their words and their warnings,—like tongues of bright  
flame

Over Freedom's apostles—fell kindling on you! . . .

Good God! that in such a proud moment of life,  
Worth ages of history—when, had you but hurled  
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife  
Between freemen and tyrants hath spread through the  
world. . . .

That then—O, disgrace upon manhood! e'en then  
You should falter—should cling to your pitiful breath,  
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,  
And prefer a slave's life, to a glorious death!

It is strange!—it is dreadful! Shout, Tyranny, shout  
Through your dungeons and palaces, 'Freedom is o'er'—  
If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out,  
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,  
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss:—  
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,  
Than sully even chains by a struggle like this.

## [ 4 ]

## LESSON CVIII.

*Extract from an Oration, delivered at Plymouth, Mass. 22d  
Dec. 1824, in commemoration of the landing of the Pil-  
grims.—E. EVERETT.*

It is not by pompous epithets or lively antitheses, that the exploits of the pilgrims are to be set forth by their children. We can only do this worthily, by repeating the plain tale of their sufferings, by dwelling on the circumstances under which their memorable enterprise was executed, and by cherishing and uttering that spirit, which led them across the ocean, and guided them to the spot where we stand.—We need no voice of artificial rhetoric to celebrate their names. The bleak and deathlike desolation of nature proclaims, with touching eloquence, the fortitude and patience of the meek adventurers. On the bare and wintry fields around us, their exploits are written in characters, which will last, and tell their tale to posterity, when brass and marble have crumbled into dust.

The occasion which has called us together is certainly one to which no parallel exists in the history of the world. Other countries, and our own also, have their national festivals. They commemorate the birthdays of their illustrious children; they celebrate the foundation of important institutions: momentous events, victories, reformatations, revolutions, awaken, on their anniversaries, the grateful and patriotic feelings of posterity. But we commemorate the birthday of all New England; the foundation, not of one institution, but of all the institutions, the settlements, the establishments, the communities, the societies, the improvements, comprehended within our broad and happy borders.

Were it only as an act of rare adventure; were it a trait in foreign or ancient history; we should fix upon the achievement of our fathers, as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no other principle than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing—it must gain—in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has pre-



served to us of the wanderings and settlements of the tribes of man. A continent for the first time effectually explored; a vast ocean traversed by men, women, and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest regions of the old world; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundations so perilously laid by this pious band:—point me to the record, to the tradition, nay, to the fiction, of any thing, that can enter into competition with it. It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say, that there is nothing in the accounts of Phenician, of Grecian, or of Roman colonization, that can stand in the comparison.

What new importance, then, does not the achievement acquire to our minds, when we consider that it was the deed of our fathers; that this grand undertaking was accomplished on the spot where we dwell; that the mighty region they explored is our native land; that the unrivalled enterprise they displayed is not merely a fact proposed to our admiration, but is the source of our being; that their cruel hardships are the spring of our prosperity; their amazing sufferings the seed, from which our happiness has sprung; that their weary banishment gave us a home; that to their separation from every thing which is dear and pleasant in life, we owe all the comforts, the blessings, the privileges, which make our lot the envy of mankind.

### LESSON CIX.

*Second Extract, from the same.*

It was not enough that our fathers were of England: the masters of Ireland, and the lords of Hindostan, are of England too. But our fathers were Englishmen, aggrieved, persecuted, and banished. It is a principle, amply borne out by the history of the great and powerful nations of the earth, and by that of none more than the country of which we speak, that the best fruits and choicest action of the commendable qualities of the national character, are to be found on the side of the oppressed few, and not of the triumphant many. As, in private character, adversity is often requisite to give a proper direction and temper to strong qualities; so the noblest traits of national character, even under the freest and most independent of hereditary governments, are commonly to be sought in the ranks of a protesting minority, or of a dissenting sect. Never was this truth more clearly illustrated than in the settlement of New England.

Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast; armies, to defend the infant communities; and the flattering patronage of princes and lords, to espouse their interests in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage; happy, that they fell into no such protecting hands; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast, in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt; so that, when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born amidst hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favours, and owing no duty. From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it, to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and, if this sometimes deepened into melan-

choly and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters, which the little band of pilgrims encountered;—sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel—one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow men,—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims; no Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans; no well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness; no craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dōradōs of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronised, or helped the pilgrims: their own cares, their own labours, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not sown: and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favour, which had always been withheld, was changed into wrath; when the aim, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the May-Flower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-timed prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route;—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm heals through the rigging

the labouring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers.—Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved





and left, beyond the sea;—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?—And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope?—Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious? \* \* \*

I do not fear that we shall be accused of extravagance in the enthusiasm we feel at a train of events of such astonishing magnitude, novelty and consequence, connected, by associations so intimate, with the day we now hail, with the events we now celebrate, with the pilgrim fathers of New England.. Victims of persecution! how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles! Apostles of liberty! what millions attest the authenticity of your mission! Meek champions of truth! no stain of private interest, or of innocent blood, is on the spotless garments of your renown! The great continents of America have become, at length, the theatre of your achievements; the Atlantic and the Pacific the highways of communication, on which your principles, your institutions, your example, are borne. From the oldest abodes of civilization, the venerable plains of Greece, to the scarcely explored range of the Cordilleras, the impulse you gave at length is felt. While other regions revere you as the leaders of this great march of humanity, we are met, on this joyful day, to offer to your memories our tribute of filial affection. The sons and daughters of the pilgrims, we have assembled on the spot where you, our suffering fathers, set foot on this happy shore. Happy, indeed, it has been for us. O that you could have enjoyed those blessings, which you prepared for your children!—that our comfortable homes could have shielded you from the wintry air; our abundant harvests have supplied you in time of famine; and the broad shield of our beloved country have sheltered you from the visitations of arbitrary power! We come, in our prosperity, to remember your trials; and here, on the spot where New England began to be, we come to learn, of our pilgrim fathers, a deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal, and faith!

## [ 5 ]

## LESSON CXLVI.

*Letter from the British Spy, in Virginia.—WIRT.*

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER 22, 1803.

I HAVE just returned from an interesting morning's ride. My object was to visit the site of the Indian town, Powhatan; which, you will remember, was the metropolis of the dominions of Pocahontas' father, and, very probably, the birthplace of that celebrated princess.

The town was built on the river, about two miles below the ground now occupied by Richmond: that is, about two miles below the head of tide water.

Aware of the slight manner in which the Indians have always constructed their habitations, I was not at all disappointed in finding no vestige of the old town. But as I traversed the ground over which Pocahontas had so often bounded and frolicked in the sprightly morning of her youth, I could not help recalling the principal features of her history, and heaving a sigh of mingled pity and veneration to her memory.

Good Heaven! What an eventful life was hers! To speak of nothing else, the arrival of the English in her father's dominions must have appeared (as indeed it turned out to be) a most portentous phenomenon. It is not easy for us to conceive the amazement and consternation which must have filled her mind and that of her nation at the first appearance of our countrymen. Their great ship, with all her sails spread, advancing in solemn majesty to the shore; their complexion; their dress; their language; their domestic animals; their cargo of new and glittering wealth; and then the thunder and irresistible force of their artillery;

the distant country announced by them, far beyond the great water, of which the oldest Indian had never heard, or thought, or dreamed—all this was so new, so wonderful, so tremendous, that, I do seriously suppose, the personal descent of an army of Milton's celestial angels, robed in light, sporting in the bright beams of the sun and redoubling their splendor, making divine harmony with their golden harps, or playing with the bolt and chasing the rapid lightning of heaven, would excite not more astonishment in Great Britain, than did the debarkation of the English among the aborigines of Virginia.

Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please; but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it.—Bought it! Yes;—of whom?—Of the poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity by seeming to yield with grace, what they knew that they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag, "worn and hackneyed" in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in heaven's chancery, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of compulsion.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators; no wonder that, in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people, here, affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginian; erase, from the Indian nation, the tradition of their wrongs; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests, their beloved forefathers, once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Make them forget too, if you can, that in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity, and bliss—the white man came; and lo!—the animated chase, the feast, the dance, the song of fearless, thoughtless joy were over; that ever since, they have been made to drink of the bitter cup of humiliation; treated like dogs; their lives, their liberties, the sport of the white men; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them, in cruel succession: until, driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years, rolled back, nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves.

Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation even yet bleeding afresh, from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin, which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, their language, their name, and every thing that belongs to them. No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the





Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

Great God! To reflect that the authors of all these wrongs were our own countrymen, our forefathers, professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus! O! it was impious; it was unmanly; poor and pitiful! Gracious Heaven! what had these poor people done? The simple inhabitants of these peaceful plains, what wrong, what injury, had they offered to the English? My soul melts with pity and shame.

As for the present inhabitants, it must be granted that they are comparatively innocent: unless indeed they also have encroached under the guise of treaties, which they themselves have previously contrived to render expedient or necessary to the Indians.

Whether this have been the case or not, I am too much a stranger to the interior transactions of this country to decide. But it seems to me that were I a president of the United States, I would glory in going to the Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying to them, 'Indians, friends, brothers, O! forgive my countrymen! Deeply have our forefathers wronged you; and they have forced us to continue the wrong. Reflect, brothers; it was not our fault that we were born in your country; but now, we have no other home; we have no where else to rest our feet. Will you not, then, permit us to remain? Can you not forgive even us, innocent as we are? If you can, O! come to our bosoms; be, indeed, our brothers; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family.'

I believe that a magnanimity of sentiment like this, followed up by a correspondent greatness of conduct on the part of the people of the United States, would go farther to bury the tomahawk and produce a fraternization with the Indians, than all the presents, treaties, and missionaries that can be employed; dashed and defeated as these latter means always are, by a claim of rights on the part of the white people which the Indians know to be false and baseless. Let me not be told that the Indians are too dark and fierce to be affected by generous and noble sentiments. I will not believe it. Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknomok, a Logan, and a Pocahontas.

The repetition of the name of this amiable princess brings me back to the point from which I digressed. I wonder that the Virginians, fond as they are of anniversaries, have

instituted no festival, or order, in honor of her memory. For my own part, I have little doubt, from the histories which we have of the first attempts at colonizing their country, that Pocahontas deserves to be considered as the patron deity of the enterprise. When it is remembered how long the colony struggled to get a footing; how often sickness or famine, neglect at home, mismanagement here, and the hostilities of the natives, brought it to the brink of ruin; through what a tedious lapse of time it alternately languished and revived, sunk and rose, sometimes hanging, like Addison's lamp, "quivering at a point," then suddenly shooting up into a sickly and shortlived flame; in one word, when we recollect how near and how often it verged towards total extinction, maugre the patronage of Pocahontas; there is the strongest reason to believe that, but for her patronage, the anniversary cannon of the fourth of July would never have resounded throughout the United States.

Is it not probable, that this sensible and amiable woman, perceiving the superiority of the Europeans, foreseeing the probability of the subjugation of her countrymen, and anxious as well to soften their destiny, as to save the needless effusion of human blood, desired, by her marriage with Mr. Rolfe, to hasten the abolition of all distinction between Indians and white men; to bind their interests and affections by the nearest and most endearing ties, and to make them regard themselves, as one people, the children of the same great family?

If such were her wise and benevolent views, and I have no doubt that they were, how poorly were they backed by the British court! No wonder at the resentment and indignation with which she saw them neglected; no wonder at the bitterness of the disappointment and vexation which she expressed to captain Smith, in London, arising as well from the cold reception which she herself had met, as from the contemptuous and insulting point of view in which she found that her nation was regarded.

Unfortunate princess! She deserved a happier fate! But I am consoled by these reflections: first, that she sees her descendants among the most respectable families in Virginia; and that they are not only superior to the false shame of disavowing her as their ancestor, but that they pride themselves, and with reason too, on the honor of their descent; secondly, that she herself has gone to a country, where she finds her noble wishes realized; where the distinction of color is no more; but where, indeed, it is perfectly immaterial "what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burned" on the pilgrim.

## HAWTHORNE MEMORABILIA IN THE NATIONAL RECORDS

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

In 1961, I edited a number of papers bearing on Hawthorne of the custom-house period,\* and here offer a few more touching on his appointment and removal—as well as a few earlier and later. I am grateful to the National Archives and Record Service, Washington, D.C. 20408, for placing them at my disposal for the use of all those at work in the Hawthorne department of American letters.

\* "New Light on Hawthorne's Removal from the Customs House," *E. S. Q.*, no. 23 (II Quarter 1961), pp. 2-5.





## I

Salem (Mass) May 31st. 1840.

Sir,

I have been requested to appeal to you in behalf of a young man, James Cook by name, who is now serving as a common seaman in the navy. Mr. Cook had been one of the publishers of the Salem Advertiser (the leading Democratic paper in Essex county) from the time of its establishment till its transfer to other hands—a space of four or five years. My own acquaintance with him was but slight; but I know him to have been a man of education and ability, and much respected for his exemplary conduct. Some six or eight months since, he disappeared from home; and as his friends could gain no intelligence of him, he was generally supposed to have committed suicide in a fit of insanity—an idea which was strengthened by the singularity of his deportment, when last seen. Nothing had since been heard of him until very recently, when a letter was received by his parents, informing them of his enlistment in the navy, and that he is now at the Norfolk Station, on board of the ship the Caroline. There can be no doubt that he took this step under the influence of insanity, both because his previous demeanor indicated mental derangement, and because no reasonable motive is discoverable or imaginable; in as much as he thereby sacrificed very fair prospects, and gave up all the advantages of prosperous circumstances and an unstained character. If, on consideration of the facts, you should judge this a case where the rigid rule of the service may be relaxed, you would comfort the hearts of his aged parents, who are awaiting your decision with anxious hopes. I know not whether it be worth while to mention—yet perhaps I may say it to Mr. Paulding, if not to the Secretary of the Navy—that there is a young lady to whom Cook was engaged to be married, and who has kept both her faith and her hopes throughout the period of his absence.

It is with reluctance, Sir, that I have taken this liberty, as being unknown to you personally, nor perhaps by reputation, and yet, apart from your official character, I cannot but feel it one of my birth-rights to address Mr. Paulding who has made himself the admired and familiar friend of every reader in the land.

Respectfully,  
Your obedient serv<sup>t</sup>

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Hon. J. K. Paulding,  
Sec<sup>re</sup> of the Navy.

[I am grateful to David R. Proper, Esq., Librarian of the Essex Institute of Salem, Mass., for the following information: Printer James Kennedy Cook (or Cooke) was located at Salem as a printer at least as early as 1832, when, with Edward Palfray, he began the Commercial Advertiser, the first organ of the modern Democratic Party in Salem. This semi-weekly, issued on Wednesdays and Saturdays, was sold on July 8, 1837, to Charles W. Woodbury and became the Salem Advertiser. Altogether, it lasted seventeen years. Palfray and Cook also issued the Saturday Evening Bulletin, a neutral paper, for one year beginning May 18, 1833.

James Kennedy Cook married Catherine P. Ware, daughter of Erastus Ware, of Marblehead, in Salem on May 28, 1846. He moved to Andover, where he died in 1884. His daughter Kate married Charles F. Foster, of Andover and, later, Chicago. He was mechanical engineer-in-chief at the Chicago Fair in 1893 and at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895.

James Kennedy Cook is buried at Harmony Grove Cemetery in Salem, the gravestone indicating that he was born on Oct. 16, 1809.]

## II

Boston 29th Oct. '45.

To the Hon. R. J. Walker,  
Sec<sup>y</sup> U. S. Treas<sup>y</sup>.

Sir—

I understand that the friends of the administration at Salem, are anxious to have Nathl. Hawthorne, Esq. appointed Surveyor at that port. Mr. H. is a gentleman well worthy of the confidence of the government and of the position solicited for him; he possesses talents of the highest order, a knowledge of business, and a character without a blemish. I am confident that his appointment to the Station in question would [be] very gratifying to the democracy of this state, advantageous to the government, and popular, generally, with the whole Community where the office is located.

With much respect  
Yr Obt Svt

Charles G. Greene

## III

[Hawthorne's bond for \$1,000, dated at [Salem?], April 8, 1846, and signed by Hawthorne, Benjamin F. Browne, and Horace L. Conolly. Witnessed by William Cross and Edward H. Knight. Attested by Robert Rantoul, Jr., U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts. At the end is Hawthorne's affidavit, of April 9, 1846, witnessed by Ephraim F. Miller, Deputy Collector.]





**Know all men by these presents,** That we,  
*Nathaniel Hawthorne, Reg. F. Buone and*  
*Simon B. Conally, - all of Citizens in the*  
*State of Massachusetts*

are held and firmly bound unto the United States of America, in the full and just sum  
of *One* thousand dollars, money of the United  
States; to which payment, well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, jointly and  
severally, our joint and several heirs, executors and administrators, firmly by these  
presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated this *Eight* day of *April*  
in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty- *by* —

**THE CONDITION OF THE FOREGOING OBLIGATION IS SUCH,** That,  
whereas the President of the United States hath, pursuant to law, appointed the said  
*Nathaniel Hawthorne to the Office of Surveyor*  
*for the District of Salem and Danvers and*  
*Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Salem*  
*in the State of Massachusetts.*

**NOW, THEREFORE,** if the said *Nathaniel Hawthorne*  
has truly and faithfully executed and discharged, and shall continue truly and faithfully  
to execute and discharge all the duties of the said office, according to law; then the above  
obligation to be void and of none effect, otherwise it shall abide and remain in full force  
and virtue.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of

*William Cross*  
*Edward H. Thayer*

*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

*Reg. F. Buone*

*Simon B. Conally*

*Noted Mar 1 April 9th. 1846 certify that*  
*Reg. F. Buone & Thayer & Conally are good &*  
*sufficient Sureties for the payment of the above obligation*  
*and* *Wm. Cross & Thayer*  
NOTE.—The names to be written and signed in full—seals to be affixed with wax or wafer—signatures to be witnessed by two witnesses.  
The sufficiency of the Sureties to be certified by the United States District Judge or Attorney  
*for the District*





I, *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, having been appointed to the Office of *Surveyor* for the *Port of Salem and vicinity* and Inspector of the Revenue for the *Port of Salem in the State of Massachusetts*.

do solemnly, sincerely, and truly *swear* that I will diligently and faithfully execute the duties of the said office of *Surveyor & Inspector*, and will use the best of my endeavors to prevent and detect frauds, in relation to the duties imposed by the laws of the United States. I further *swear* that I will support the Constitution of the United States.

*Nath. Hawthorne, Surveyor &c*

*sworn* and subscribed this *27th* day of *August* 184*6*, before me. Witness my hand and seal.



*E. H. Miller Sec Collector of Customs*

## IV

Surveyor's Office,  
Salem, August 27th. 1846.

Sir,

I enclose a letter from two respectable merchants, calling in question the accuracy of the hydrometer in use at this Custom House, for testing the proof of domestic spirits. Similar complaints have heretofore been made. On comparing this instrument, a few days since, with one used at the Boston Custom House, I found a difference of between five and six degrees; the Boston instrument being, to that extent, more favorable to the exporter.

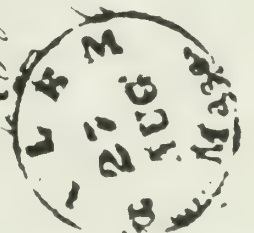
I beg leave to ask the instructions of the Department, whether I am to consider the Boston instrument as a standard one, and am authorized to adjust the proof of spirits at this port, in accordance with it?

Respectfully, Sir,  
Your Obedient Servt.  
*Nath. Hawthorne,*  
Surveyor

Hon. Robert J. Walker,  
Secretary of the Treasury,  
Washington, D. C.

10

*10*  
*27th Aug. 1846*  
*Secretary of the Treasury*  
*Washington*  
*D. C.*





V  
Surveyor's Office  
October 19<sup>th</sup> 1846.

Sir,

I beg leave to call your attention to the following subjects:-

The portico of the Custom House stands in need of a thorough repair. The wood-work is considerably decayed; and the ceiling and exterior covering of tin, require to be renewed. Some slight repairs are likewise necessary in other parts of the edifice.

I would also suggest the expediency of causing one of the chambers, in the second story of the Custom House, to be fitted up for the accommodation of the Inspectors. Much inconvenience is often experienced, as respects the business of this office, from the fact that they have, at present, no stated place of rendezvous. The nature of their duty renders it especially desirable that this class of officers should be constantly within call of the Surveyor, but, having no apartment assigned them, either within the Custom House or elsewhere, this object is impossible to be attained. I would the more earnestly offer the subject to your notice, from considerations referring to the comfort of the Inspectors themselves.

Judging from estimates made by a competent person, I am led to believe that the repairs &c. above suggested, may be completed at an expense certainly not exceeding \$300. and perhaps considerably within that amount.

Respectfully, Sir,  
Your obedient Serv<sup>t</sup>  
Nath<sup>l</sup> Hawthorne,  
Surveyor.

Gen James Miller  
Collector &c.  
Salem.

VI

Surveyor's Office, Salem.  
March 17<sup>th</sup>. 1847

Sir,

The enclosed letter refers to seventy-five hogsheads of rum, which were exported in the Brig Tigris of this port, in May last, and on which the debenture was refused, because the hydrometer then in use here caused it to appear below proof. Our present hydrometer, which agrees precisely with the one used in the Boston Custom House, would have made it considerably above proof. In accordance with instructions from the Department, the debenture was

allowed on a quantity of rum exported in the Cuba, on the 25<sup>th</sup>. of August last, which was likewise below the proof of our old hydrometer, but was above the Boston standard. The circumstances being precisely the same in both cases, it would appear that the claim alluded to in the enclosed letter should be adjusted on the same principle.

Respectfully,  
Your obedient serv<sup>t</sup>  
Nath<sup>l</sup> Hawthorne,  
Surveyor.

General James Miller  
Collector &c.

VII

Boston 19. June 1849.

To Wm. M. Meredith Esq.

Secretary of the Treasury of the U.S.

Dear Sir,

In common with other persons engaged in literary pursuits in this part of the country, I was glad to learn some years ago, that Mr. Hawthorne had received a place in the Customs whose salary would give the bread they needed to his wife & children. Like others, I have lately been pained to learn, that his removal from office throws him back again to poverty.

I recommend nobody for government patronage. I am a Whig of the elder school & busy myself with party politics no further than to vote. But, in the particular position, in which Mr. Hawthorne now stands, I feel bound to say, that, from all I have heard from trustworthy sources, I am satisfied that while he is a Democrat, he is a retired, quiet and inoffensive one; rarely voting and never writing political articles for the newspapers or other periodicals of his party; as sensitive in his nature, as any body from his books, might infer him to be; and as little of a practical Democrat as he can be and yet profess the Democratic faith.

Thus much, as I have intimated, I feel it a duty to say in favor of one, who is rather a man of letters than any thing else. Let me add, that I say it the more willingly, because my words are addressed to one whose manly and independent character has been known to me from his boyhood, and whose love of intellectual pursuits insures his sympathy for a man of genius and refinement, who would gladly devote himself to them entirely.





Your friend & Servant  
George Ticknor.

## VIII

New York. June 22. 1849.

Dear Sir,

It is a matter of national interest that I take the liberty of intruding on you a letter in regard to the recent removal of Hawthorne from his little office as Surveyor of the Customs at Salem, Mass.

Feeling satisfied that it must have been made under misapprehension, and believing that its recall would be an act eminently graceful to the administration & creditable to the country, I beg leave to submit to you the enclosed refutation of the charges against him.

Every Whig with whom I have conversed on the subject (including Governor Fish) has united in expressions of surprise & great regret at this removal. I believe it calculated to do more moral damage to the Administration than five hundred ordinary cases of removal.

As Editor of the Democratic Review in former years, I can testify to the truth of the statement that he never wrote a political line for that work. As a personal friend, and a poor man of letters, he furnished for it some of the most exquisite gems of pure literature that adorn the language. I should as soon have dreamed of applying to a nightingale to scream like a vulture, as of asking Hawthorne to write politics.

In personal character, both he and his wife & children are as lovely and delightful as the genius of his own writings. He is as retired as a hermit, as gentle as a girl, as shy as a deer, with, at the same time, the highest attributes of the man of principle, honor and heart. Singularly combining the practical talent & good sense of the Yankee mind, with the imaginative genius of the poet, he has always discharged the duties of his office in the most exemplary manner. I speak on the authority of Mr. Bancroft under whose Collectorship at Boston he filled for a couple of years the most uncongenial office of a Measurer. Unlike the Pegasus of Schiller, he could draw the plough as well as though the empyrean were not his proper sphere.

Permit me to ask your attention to the following short extract which I cut from the Albany Atlas:

## Official Removal.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (the author of "Twice-Told Tales"), has been removed from the office of Surveyor of the Port of Salem, to make place for a Whig.

HAWTHORNE removed! Can it be possible? If Gen. Taylor had come in with the extreme professions of the "spoils" doctrine, still we should never have dreamed of witnessing such an application of it! If every other democratic incumbent of office had been swept by the board, we should still have looked to see an exception made in the case of the gentle ELIA of our American literature. When the ruthless conqueror gave all the rest of the Thebes to the torch and sword, he commanded his soldiers to spare the home of Pindar. Why, this act is perfectly disgusting. Whose act is it? What influence caused it? Certain are we that neither Gen. Taylor nor Mr. Meredith could have been aware of what they were doing, in removing Hawthorne from the modest little office which he honored by filling. They could not have known that it was *the* Hawthorne. The man who would knowingly commit such an act would broil a humming-bird, and break a harp to pieces to make the fire.

Though neither a political friend nor a personal acquaintance, I hope you will consider this letter justified by my solicitude for the credit of our country & institutions. I presume no further than thus to lay before you, for your information, the facts & statements it contains & encloses.

Very Respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

J. L. O'Sullivan  
Hon<sup>bl</sup> Mr. Meredith, Sec<sup>y</sup> of Treasury.

## IX

Advertiser Office,  
Salem, Mass.,  
June 30, 1849.

Dear Sir,

I have been not less surprised than flattered to notice that the authorship of the political articles published in the humble journal with which I am connected, have been attributed to you; and I have taken the liberty to address to you a letter denying that you have ever written a line of political matter for the Salem Advertiser. As you are aware, since I have occupied the editorial chair of the Advertiser, — a period of about three years, — only two articles from your pen have appeared in its columns: one a notice of a dramatic company, the other a notice of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

I am also surprised to hear you charged with being a partisan leader, while every one acquainted with your character and habits, knows that so far from taking an active part in





politics, you have never attended any meetings or conventions of the party, and have frequently neglected even the privilege of the American citizen at the ballot-box.

Respectfully yours,

Eben. N. Walton,  
Editor Salem Advertiser

N. Hawthorne, Esq.

X

Salem, June 29. 1849.

My dear Sir,

In view of the recent unfounded charges against you as a Politician published in the Whig Prints, will you permit me to volunteer my testimony to their falsity, it is a source of much gratification to me, that I think I can completely exonerate you from the knowledge of any of the details of party politics here, it might be a matter of surprise to any one who was not so conversant as myself with the recklessness of Party assertions, that any one would dare risk their reputation as Politicians by making such an absurd charge and one so utterly foreign to your nature as this, but knowing as you do, the utter falsity of the charge I trust it gives you no uneasiness.

The Whig Party here have always charged me with doing every thing pertaining to Party management with the Officers at the Custom House and Mr Chapman the Editor of the Register admitted this in a conversation with one of the Officers,—whom I suspect he was attempting to bribe with the hope of holding his office if he told a good story, against you—I say Mr Chapman admitted that he knew I was the one, but that it was necessary just now to lay it at your door.

I can truly assert as a fact within my own knowledge, that you never had any cognisance of party matters here, of the necessary means of carrying on an election, of any party subscription, of the amount of money, how, or by whom it was raised, that you never attended any of our party drills or caucuses or allowed your name to be used in any manner by the Party, and that any charge against you on either of these points is false

With high respect

I am most truly yours

Z Burchmore jr

N. Hawthorne esq<sup>r</sup>

XI

Salem Mass. July 7, 1849

Hon. W<sup>m</sup> M. Meredith

Secretary of the Treasury

Sir

The Whigs of Salem, at two very full meetings, have formally and officially expressed their views in reference to our Custom House— I hope to start early next week to present to you personally the results of their action—

I will only say, at present, that they declared, with earnest unanimity, their hearty approval of the removal of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the appointment of Captain Allen Putnam—

I shall have the honor of communicating to you their views and feelings, in reference to the extraordinary interference of persons, unacquainted with the circumstances, in this transaction, in a written document, which, I trust, will satisfy you that the Whigs of Salem are fully entitled to the confidence of the administration

They also expressed their views in reference to the Collectorship, and naval office—

Their proceedings, on all points, will be laid before you—

Most respectfully your obedient  
Servant

Charles W. Upham

XII

West Newton, July 5<sup>th</sup> 1849.

Hon. W<sup>m</sup> Meredith,

Dear Sir.

Will you permit me to say a word, in regard to the contemplated removal from office, of Nath<sup>n</sup> Hawthorne Esq. of Salem.

I enclose a letter from Mr. Hawthorne to G. S. Hillard Esq., of Boston, which was published in the Boston Daily Advertiser. Its statements I believe to be literally true, & that they can be substantiated by incontestible evidence.

Mr. Hawthorne is charged with being a contributor of political articles to the Democratic Review. Mr. O'Sullivan, former Editor of the Review can, (if he has not already) disprove this



charge. Mr. Hawthorne denies it. He is charged with being a political correspondent of the Salem Advertiser. Accompanying this, is the letter of Mr. Welton, the Editor of that paper, from which the falsity of this charge will also appear.

To show that Mr. Hawthorne has not been an active political partisan,—nor, indeed, a partisan at all, I forward a certificate of four gentlemen, whose knowledge of all Mr. Hawthorne's movements has been uninterrupted & intimate,—like that of eye-witnesses. Mr. Barstow is President of the Hickory Club, & a member of the Democratic State Committee. Mr. Burchmore is Ch<sup>m</sup> of the Democratic Congressional District Committee. Mr. Pike is Ch<sup>m</sup> of the Democratic County Committee. Mr. Browne is the late Post-Master at Salem. For the fact, then, that Mr. Hawthorne has been a non-combatant in politics, you have the positive testimony of these four gentlemen,—with the further evidence that, if their testimony were not true, Mr. Hawthorne would not allow it to be used. But I believe them to be gentlemen whose word can be relied on. Mr. Barstow, for instance, I know as President of the Salem Lyceum,—an institution that numbers among its members many of the most respectable people of Salem.

I know that active partisanship is utterly repugnant to Mr. Hawthorne's [sic] nature; & that, having received his appointment in recognition of his literary character, he has held it to be morally wrong to administer it as a politician.

The question then arises whether it becomes the administration of General Taylor, after all his declarations about being the President of the country & not of a party; & especially after the solemn, oath-like assurances contained in his inaugural, to remove officers for opinion's sake. Will not such a measure harm the author a thousand times more than it will the object?

In this country, too, is not literary merit, (provided it is accompanied with the requisite business qualifications,) a fair ground of appointment to office, & of holding it when appointed? The President is not, & cannot be an official Maecenas. He has no literary offices or honors, or pensions in his gift. Except thro' the Patent Office, the administration can hardly recognize such a thing as literature & science. If, then, in its appointments, it shows no affinity, no sympathy, no regard, for men of distinguished scientific attain-

ments or literary merit, does it not write itself down as barbarian?

Permit me to add further, in behalf of Mr. Hawthorne, that if there [are] any other charges, than those above referred to, exhibited against him, & he can be favored with a copy of them, they shall be defended, explained or disproved, or his friends here will no longer deprecate the falling of the axe.

The general opinion of the whigs, here, so far as I can learn is that the administration, in this instance, has been imposed upon; & that it will rejoice in any information that will save it from taking a wrong step. It is under these impressions that I have written th[e] above. Excuse the length of this letter, & believe me to be

With sentiments of high personal regard, I am your friend & servant,

Horace Mann.

#### XIII

Department of State,  
Washington, June 9" 1853.

Hon. James Guthrie  
Secretary of the Treasury.

Sir,

I have the honor to transmit, herewith, the Official Bond, approved, of Nathaniel Hawthorne Esq. appointed Consul of the United States for the Port of Liverpool.

With high respect,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. L. Marcy.

#### XIV

Consulate of the United States,  
Liverpool, Feb 13<sup>th</sup> 1857

Sir,

I beg permission to resign my office as Consul of the United States at this Port, from and after the date of August thirty-first, 1857.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Serv t,

<sup>1</sup>  
Nath Hawthorne.

To

The President of the United States.





know all Men by these Presents,

That we, *Nathaniel Hawthorne* of Concord,  
*William D. Ticknor* of Concord, *Cornelius Wiswell*,  
 of Boston all of the District of Massachusetts

are held and firmly bound, to the United States of America, in the sum  
 of eight thousand dollars, money of the said United States, to the pay-  
 ment whereof we bind ourselves, jointly and severally, our joint and several  
 heirs, executors, and administrators. Witness our hands and seals, this  
*sixth* — day of *June* —, 1855.

The Condition of the above Obligation is such, That if the above  
 bounden *Nathaniel Hawthorne* — appointed  
*Consul* — of the United  
 States, to the port of *Liverpool*, —

shall truly and faithfully discharge the duties of his said office, accord-  
 ing to law, and also shall truly account for all moneys, goods and  
 effects, which may come into his possession by virtue of the laws of the  
 United States, or of his said office, then the above obligation to be  
 void, otherwise to remain in full force.

Signed, sealed, and delivered, }  
 in the presence of

*Nath. Hawthorne*

*John Wilson Jr*

*Wm D. Ticknor*

*Cornelius Wiswell*

Deposited of State, Newington June 8th 1855 Approved. Wm D. Ticknor





U.S. of America District of Massachusetts, Boston J.  
 On this 20th day of June A.D. 1853, personally  
 appeared William D. Ticknor and Thomas  
 Iniscall, and severally made oath that they are  
 residents in Boston in said District and City and  
 said District, engaged in trade & merchandise  
 and that they are each of them severally worth  
 the penalty of the within bond, in the value  
 of their respective estates, over and above each of  
 their personal liabilities. Before me

B. F. Walcott } Commissioner of Court.  
 Cornelius H. Hill

W. D. Ticknor

Hereby Certify that from my personal knowledge and  
 inquiry, as to the ability of the sureties, to the foregoing  
 Bond I am satisfied that they are amply and  
 fully sufficient for the penalty therein each in his  
 own estate and property, and that said Bond is good  
 and sufficient

B. F. Walcott } U. S. Attorney  
 for Massachusetts  
 District—



YOUNG POE AND THE ARMY—VICTORIAN EDITING

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

Because George E. Woodberry's researches were conducted in days before photostating and xerox prints, he was obliged to depend upon copies of the Poe papers in the Adjutant General's Office, prepared by Army clerks. Many of the documents and transcripts edited from the collection in the Valentine Museum, in Richmond, moreover, show evidences of editorial liberties which are no longer sanctioned by exact scholarship. In submitting a sheaf of the original State Papers, I call attention to the fact that our most competent scholarly works like Arthur Hobson Quinn's Edgar Allan Poe still reprint the badly edited transcripts, as may be seen in a single example. Compare the following transcript of pages 164-165 below (John Allan's letter to John H. Eaton of May 6, 1829) with the version Quinn gives on pages 136-137 and note the FORTY or more discrepancies in spelling, punctuation, capitalization and paragraphing!

Richmond May 6<sup>th</sup>, 1829

D sir,

The youth who presents this, is the same alluded to by Lt. Harvard Cap<sup>t</sup> Griswold Col<sup>o</sup> Worth our representative & the speaker the Hon<sup>'ble</sup> Andrew Stevenson and my Friend Maj<sup>r</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup> Campbell. He left me in consequence of some Gambling at the university at Charlottesville, because (I presume) I refused to sanction a rule that the shopkeepers & others had adopted there, making Debts of Honour, of all indiscretions - I have much pleasure in asserting that He stood his examination at the close of the year with great credit to himself. His History is short. He is the Grandson of Quarter Master Gen<sup>l</sup> Poe of Maryland; whose widow as I understand still receives a pension for the Services or disabilities of Her Husband - Frankly Sir, do I declare that He is no relation to me whatever; that I have many [in] whom I have taken an active Interest to promote thiers; with no other feeling than that; every Man is my care, if he be in distress; for myself I ask nothing but I do request your kindness to aid this youth in the promotion of his future prospects - and it will offer me great pleasure to reciprocate any kindness you can shew him - - pardon my Frankness; - but I address a Soldier

rsy y<sup>r</sup> s<sup>vt</sup>

John Allan

[The following facsimiles were kindly supplied by the National Archives, Washington, D.C.]





Forbes Charles Meredith

General

I request your permission to be -  
 absent - from the service Edgar A. Perry, at  
 present the Surgeon Major of the 1.<sup>st</sup> Regt. of Artillery  
 on his leaving a substitute -

The said Perry is one of a family of orphans  
 whose unfortunate parents were the victims of  
 the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre, in 1809.  
 - The subject of this letter, was taken under the  
 protection of a Mr Allen, a gentleman of wealth  
 & respectability, of that city, who, as I understand,  
 adopted his Protégé as his son & heir - with the  
 intention of giving him a liberal education,  
 he had placed him at the University of Virginia  
 from which, after considerable progress in his  
 studies, in a moment of youthful indiscretion  
 he absconded - and was not heard from by his Father  
 for several years - in the mean time, he had been  
 reduced to the necessity of selling up into the law





and by order as a soldier in my  
 Regiment, at Fort Independence in 1827. — Since the  
 issue of his company at this place, he  
 has made his situation known to his Patron  
 at whom request, the young man has been  
 permitted to visit him — The result is, an intimate  
 reconciliation on the part of Mr. Allen, who  
 re-enters him into his family & favor — and who  
 in a letter I have received from him requests that  
 his son may be discharged on promising a  
 substitute — An experienced soldier & approved  
 Sergeant, is ready to take the place of Perry  
 & soon as his discharge can be obtained — The  
 good of the service, therefore cannot be materi-  
 ally injured by the exchange

I have the honor to be  
 With great respect  
 Your obedient  
 Servant  
 J. H. Housh

Col. 1st Ar

to the  
 General Commanding  
 the E. Dep. U. S. A.



To the

Commanding General  
of the Eastern Department  
New York

Sanctioned. A. H. 2. 1829  
S. J. 3.

Copy made Dec. 5. 1888 for Mr  
Woodbury, yellow.

3 March 1829

Col. Housen

requesting permission  
to discharge Capt. Perry  
Major A. Perry, on his  
procuring a substitute

Filed with 9374 O.R.D. 93

"Cadet's pps."

Incl 1

"

Recd April 4 1829





Wm. J. Moore by 20th April 1849

Edgar Poe late Lieut Major in the 1<sup>st</sup> Regt  
 Cavalry under my command in H. Company  
 14 (Regt of Artillery from June 1827 to Jan-  
 1829. During which time his conduct  
 was unexceptionable - he performed  
 the duties of company clerk and assistant  
 in the Adjutant's Department, both of  
 which duties were promptly and faithfully  
 done. his habits are good, and entirely  
 free from drinking

Wm. J. Moore  
 Lieut 1<sup>st</sup> Regt -

In addition to the above I have to  
 say that Edgar Poe was appointed Deputy  
 Major of the 1<sup>st</sup> Regt on the 1<sup>st</sup> of Jan<sup>y</sup> 1849.  
 and up to this date has been exemplary  
 in his department, prompt & faithful in



in the discharge of his duties - and is  
highly worthy of confidence.

Fort's Honor  
April 20<sup>th</sup> 1849.  
H. W. Ginn  
1st Capt & Adj't 1st Regt

I have known & had an opportunity of observing the  
conduct of the above mentioned Sgt. May for some  
three months since which his deportment has been  
highly praiseworthy & deserving of commendation. His  
education of the very high order as he appears  
to be from printed letters in face the testimony of  
it shows & Adj't Ginn is full & that point -  
to be satisfied he is that his friends are applicants  
for his services & as such, I unhesitatingly recommend him  
to be promoted to a position of the 1st Regt a time  
of that nature & deserving of the promotion.

H. W. Ginn

1st Capt & Adj't

Fort's Honor





Dr Sir,

Richmond May 6. 1825.

I beg leave to introduce to you Mr. Edgar  
 Poe who wishes to be admitted into the Military  
 Academy, & to study the engineering in France! He  
 has been two years in the service of the U. States  
 & carries with him the strongest testimonials, from  
 the highest authority! He will be an acquisition  
 to the service & I most earnestly recommend  
 him to yr special notice & approbation!

Very respectfully

J. D. Hill, Jr.

of the Corps of Engineers

---

To

Genl. & Mr. Peter!

Adj. of War!



And's  
May 8

Engineer & Architect  
8th May 1829

"Cutter"  
(9374PR43)  
J. K. Pater -

Sec. G. a. Rar.

Don't expect it

E. J. R.

5/1/29





Richmond 6<sup>th</sup> May 1829

Sir.

The history of the youth. Edgar Allan Poe is a very interesting one as detailed to me by gentleman in whom veracity I have entire confidence and I unite with great pleasure with Mr. Stevenson - Son of Col Worth in recommending him <sup>for</sup> a place in the Military Academy at West Point. My friend Mr. Allan of this City by whom this orphan & friendless youth was raised and educated is a gentleman in whom word you may place every confidence and can state to you more in detail the character of the youth & the circumstances which claim for him the patronage of the government

With great respect

Yours Ob<sup>ly</sup>

John Campbell



1829  
 May 8  
 Box 4  
 "Coast Road"  
 Dec. 11, 1829  
 Copy of the paper made for  
 25.00 per the Secretary of War

1129  
 (93748843)  
 The Hon.  
 The Hon.  
 The Hon.

John H. Eaton  
 Sec of War  
 Washington

1829  
 J. H. Eaton  
 1829





Richmond May 6 1829

2<sup>d</sup> Sir,

The youth who presents this, is the same alluded to by Lt. Howard (Capt. Greenwood Col. Worth) our Representative to the speaker the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Andrew Stevenson, and my friend Maj<sup>r</sup> J. Campbell. He left me in consequence of some fault at the university at Charlottesville, because (I presume) I refused to sanction a rule that the shopkeepers & others had adopted there, making debts of Honor, of all indiscretions. - I have much pleasure in asserting that he stood his examination at the close of the year with great credit to himself. His History is short. He is the grandson of Quarter Master Gen<sup>l</sup> Poe of Maryland. whose widow as I understand still receives a pension for the services or disabilities of her husband - Frankly Sir, do I declare that he is no relation to me whatever; that I have many whom I have taken an active interest to promote this.



with no other feeling than that: every  
 man is my care, if he be in distress  
 for myself I ask nothing but I do  
 request your kindness to aid this  
 youth in the promotion of his future  
 prospects - and it will afford me great  
 pleasure to reciprocate any kindness  
 you can show him - - pardon  
 my frankness - but I address a  
 Soldier  
 (yourself).

John Allan

The Hon'ble

John. H. Carter

Secy of War

Washington City





Sir

Richmond Va Aug 21<sup>st</sup> 1842

Some of the friends of young Mr Edgar Poe have solicited me to address a letter to you in his favor believing that it may be useful to him in his application to the Government for Military service. I know Mr Poe and am acquainted with the fact of his having been born under circumstances of great adversity.

I also know from his own productions and other undoubted proofs that he is a young gentleman of genius and talents - Believe he is destined to be distinguished, since he has already gained reputation for talents & attainments at the University of Virginia - I think him possessed of feeling & character peculiarly entitling him to public patronage.

I am entirely satisfied that the salutary system of military discipline, will soon develop his honorable feelings, and elevated spirit, and prove him worthy of confidence. I would not write in his recommendation if I did not believe that he would remunerate the Government at some future day, by his services and



please, for whatever may be done for him.

I have the honor to be

very respectfully

Your av. ser

James B. Preston

Engr. Dept.  
45th May, 1829

MAJ

FILE

Goodt application

Major John Eaton

Secy of War

Washington

Large 171

Wagon for

J. P. Preston

(1844-1845)

adit 1845

1846

May.





Washington March 13: 1830--

Hon John Pickens

Dear Sir

I have met a gentleman in Richmond of the name  
of 'Edgar & Poe' stating that he was an applicant  
for a situation in the Military Academy  
at West Point. He requested me to let you, if  
there was any probability of his receiving  
a warrant to enter that institution.  
I am not personally associated with  
Mr Poe - but from information I would  
say his capacity & learning eminently  
qualified <sup>him</sup> to make in a few years a  
distinguished officer -

I am Sir

With great respect

Yours &c &c

Fortholan Hill

son

Mr Pickens

Residing at War.

—



March 13

Box 7

Box "C" 100

(9374 P. 43)

John & Eaton

Living at

Prison

Mr. P. G. W.

Mr. J. A. W.

Ernest. B. J. in  
115th. Box 30.

3/10/1820

152-29





Richmond Virg<sup>a</sup>.

March 31<sup>st</sup> 1830

Sir

As the Guardian of Edgar Allan Poe,  
I hereby, signify, my assent, to his signing  
articles, by which he shall bind himself,  
to serve the United States, for five years,  
unless sooner discharged, as stipulated in  
your Official Letter appointing him a  
Lieut<sup>nt</sup>

Respectfully,

Wm B F

The

Hon<sup>ble</sup> Sec<sup>y</sup> of War

Washington

Edgar Allan,  
Lieut<sup>nt</sup>

copy 25/1/1830 156.  
9-29

March 31. 1830  
Edgar Allan Poe  
in to set apppt

(9374PR093)

"Cavaliers"

Set 8

April 25



## Case of Edgar Allen (Pc) Perry.

1. Bally H 1<sup>st</sup> Arty was stationed at Fort Independence, Baton Rouge from May 26<sup>th</sup> 1827 to date of muster October 31<sup>st</sup> 1827; at Fort Moultrie S.C. " " " 31<sup>st</sup> 1828; and at Fort Monroe, Va. subsequently - actual dates of departure from and arrival at the Posts above named are not given on rolls. Regimental Returns (with Mr. Kirkley) may give dates.
2. Edgar A. Perry enlisted at Boston, Mass. (May 26<sup>th</sup> 27).
3. Muster Rolls, only show "Appointed Sergeant Major January 1<sup>st</sup> 1829." nothing further. \* X
4. Muster Rolls do not show absence on Feb'y 27<sup>th</sup> March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1829. he is reported present for duty Feb'y 28/29 (at Fort Monroe). He dropped on the next roll as discharged April 15<sup>th</sup> 1829.
5. Mr. Boock's files may give some information, although it is hardly likely. because the rolls say discharged by substitute, Deft. order. evidently meaning that the order for discharge emanated from Deft. H<sup>on</sup>. Gr. (SO 28 East 15<sup>th</sup> Sept 4<sup>th</sup> 1829.)
6. No Officer now in service, or alive.

\* was an artificer from May 1<sup>st</sup> 28 to date of appointment as Sergt Major

R. C. H. 1829





# Memorandum of military history of Edgar Allen (Poe) Perry

Edgar A. Perry enlisted at Boston, Mass May 26, 1827, in Battery M. 1st Artillery, then stationed at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. The battery changed station about Oct 31, 1827, to Fort Moultrie, S.C. and remained there until October 31, 1828, when it changed to Fort Monroe, Va. While stationed at Fort Moultrie, Perry served as an Artificer from May 1, 1828 to the date of his appointment as Sergeant Major January 1st 1829 while at Fort Monroe, Va. On the muster roll of the battery dated February 28, 1829, he is reported present for duty at Fort Monroe, Va. and on the next roll of the battery he is reported as discharged April 15, 1829, by substitute, under D.O. 28 from Eastern Department dated April 14, 1829. At date of enlistment (May 26 1827) Perry gave his age as 22 years, born in Boston, Mass, grey eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, 5 feet 8 inches in height & by occupation a clerk.

Edgar A. Poe was admitted to Military Academy July 1, 1830 & dismissed March 6, 1831, by sentence of Court Martial per Military Academy Orders No 7 Engineer Dept. Feby 8 1831.

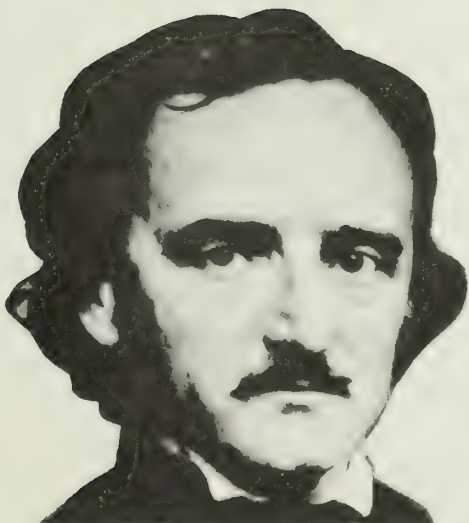


Rolls fail to show that Edgar A. Perry was absent in February or March 1829. [note: this question has been reported on previously]

At date of enlistment May 26/27 he gave his age as 22 years. Personal description as follows: born in Boston, Mass.: Grey eyes, Brown hair, fair complexion. 5ft. 8 inches in height. occupation a clerk. -

There is no record of the enlistment of Calvin F. S. Thomas on or about the date of Perry's enlistment

Reg. Army Roll Division  
May 19 1884 J. H.



With sincere friendship and esteem  
I am  
Yours  
Edgar A. Ross





WAR DEPARTMENT  
Washington City

June 5<sup>th</sup> 18 84.

My dear sir:

I have received your letter of the 23<sup>rd</sup> ultimo, requesting a copy of the official letter of appointment of Edgar A. Poe as a cadet to the United States Military Academy, issued by the War Department in March, 1830, and which you desire in connection with Poe's age at the time of his admission to the Academy.

In reply, I have the honor to inform you that the letter of appointment referred to by Mr. Allan in his letter to Secretary Eaton dated March 31, 1830, was, undoubtedly, a printed form of Conditional appointment (copies of which were not at that time retained,) similar in purport to the form now in use: a copy of which I enclose, and which, you will observe, would have



contained no information as to age.

From a careful search of the records, which I have caused to be made, it appears that no mention, whatever, was made of Peis age, in connection with his appointment as a Cadet, prior to his admission to the Academy; the first and only record appearing on the Semi-Annual roll of Cadets dated February 1<sup>st</sup> 1831, which reports his age as nineteen (19) years and five (5) months at date of Admission, July 1<sup>st</sup> 1830.

Very respectfully, yours.

Wm. A. R. [Signature]

Secretary of War

Mr. George E. Woodbury.

Beverly.

Massachusetts.







## United States Artillery School,

Fort Monroe, Virginia. June 13. 1884.

The Adjutant General.

U. S. Army.

Washington, D. C.

Sir:

Replying to your letter of the 5<sup>th</sup> inst. on the subject, I have the honor to inform you that nothing can be found on the records of this post indicating absence of Sergt Major Edgar A. Perry (Poe) 1<sup>st</sup> Artillery, at any time during the months of February and March 1829.

The Morning Report Book shows that a Sergeant Holden of Worth's Co. Art. 1<sup>st</sup> Artillery, was appointed Sergt. Major Artillery School on the 3<sup>d</sup> of February, 1829 Col. House Commanding and does not indicate that Ft. Monroe was the Headquarters 1<sup>st</sup> Artillery during the months above referred to.

I am, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

Wm. C. Feltwell

Lieut. Col. 3<sup>d</sup> Artillery.

Bvt. Brig. General

Commanding.



No. 162

## Fort Monroe, Virginia.

February 26th, 1887.

The Adjutant General, U.S. Army,

Washington, D.C.

Sir:-

Referring to a letter from your office, dated June 5th, 1884, and my reply dated June 13th, 1884, regarding Edgar A. Perry (Poe) 1st Artillery, I have the honor to say that in a further examination of the records of this post I find the following:-

"Special Orders, No. 91, Fortress Monroe, Va., Dec. 20th, 1828."

"Private E.A. Perry, Company "H" 1st Artillery, do-"  
 "tailed for duty in the Adjutant's Office".

"March 30th, 1829.----Letter to Headquarters Engineering De-"  
 "partment requesting the discharge of Sergeant Major Edgar A. Perry"  
 "1st Artillery".

"Special Orders No. 28, Headquarters Engineering Department".  
 "Discharges Sergeant Major Edgar A. Perry, 1st Artillery."

It has also been found that the Headquarters of the 1st Artillery remained here till September 26th, 1831, when it was changed by Orders No. 52, A.G.O., September 26th, 1831.

Very respectfully, your obdt. svt. .

*Jno. C. Tidball*

Colonel 1st Artillery,

Commanding.

[Jno. C. Tidball]





Fort Monroe, Va.

December 18th. 1901.

L.S. 8576-1901-

Mr. John G. Scofield,

Chief Clerk, War Department,

Washington, D.C.

My Dear Mr. Scofield:-

Referring to your letter of December 11th. in regard to a communication from Colonel James House, 1st. Artillery, at Fort Monroe, Va. March 30th. 1829, requesting the discharge from the service of Sergeant Major Edgar A. Perry, 1st. Artillery, &c., I am sorry to say that I cannot furnish the information asked for. A search of the records here shows nothing in regard to this matter. I am informed that the old post records of Fort Monroe were turned in to the War Department many years ago, and can probably, referred to there. The records of the First Artillery, which should be at the War Department, might also contain the papers &c., relating to Sergeant Major Perry.

Very respectfully,

*J. L. Penner*  
Colonel, Artillery Corps,  
Commanding Post.

Filed with 9374, P.P.S.  
413944-1903

Fort Monroe Va.  
Dec. 13, 1901.  
J. L. Penner,  
1st. Artillery Corps,  
Commanding Post.

In reply to war dept  
letter of Dec. 11, 1901, says  
he can give no info re  
Sergeant Major  
Edgar A. Perry. 1st. Artillery.

Records Jan 17, 1902

addition

413944 i. 1/15.

Received A.S.S. 100 6 02





**WAR DEPARTMENT,**  
**THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,**  
 WASHINGTON

1480672

June 27, 1910.

Mr. J. H. Whitty,

1400 Brook Road,

Richmond, Virginia.

Sir:

With reference to your letter of the 23d instant, in which you state that about 1884 the Secretary of War, Hon. Robert Lincoln, and Adjutant General R. C. Drum wrote Professor G. E. Woodbury, giving him a copy of a number of records concerning the connection with the Army of E. A. Poe, who enlisted at Boston in 1827 under the name of Edgar A. Perry; that among the records given was the appointment of Perry, or Poe, at Fortress Monroe, January 1, 1829, to sergeant major; and that you wrote the Department several months ago, through Hon. John Lamb, asking for the record of January 1, 1829, of E. A. Perry, and that you were informed that there was none; and in response to your request to be furnished with a brief extract of all records relative to Edgar A. Perry, or Edgar A. Poe, dating from May, 1827, to July, 1829, and to be further informed if there is a record of the enlistment of any other person named Perry about this date, I have the honor to advise you as follows:

The records of this office show that Edgar A. Poe was admitted to the Military Academy July 1, 1830, and dismissed March 6, 1831. The papers upon which he was appointed a cadet show that he served in Battery H, 1st Artillery, and as sergeant major, 1st Artillery. The name Edgar A. Poe does not appear, however, on the records of the 1st Artillery, but the name Edgar A. Perry is borne, who enlisted May 26, 1827, and was assigned to Battery H, 1st Artillery; appointed artificer May 1, 1828; promoted sergeant major, 1st Artillery, January 1, 1829; and discharged April 1, 1829. The records of the 1st Artillery show that the name Edgar A. Perry was furnished with information similar to the foregoing of the Sec-





etary of War in a letter dated November 20, 1883, but no copies of records were furnished.

There is no further information in this man's case.

The records further show that in a communication dated January 26, 1909, at 28 North 9th Street, Richmond, Virginia, forwarded to the Department by Hon. John Lamb, you requested a copy of the application of Edgar A. Perry for the position of sergeant major, 1st Artillery, which was approved and granted January 1, 1829, and that under date of January 27, 1909, Mr. Lamb was advised that an examination of the records had been made, and that no such application as that described had been found on file, i. e. the application for the position of sergeant major.

There is no record of the enlistment of any other man under the name Perry during the year 1827.

Very respectfully



The Adjutant General.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON.

1480672

July 2, 1910.

Mr. J. H. Whitty,  
1400 Brook Road,  
Richmond, Virginia.

Dear Sir:

In response to your letter of the 29th ultimo, received yesterday, relative to the case of Edgar A. Perry (E. A. Pee), in which letter you refer to pages 37-41 of American Men of Letters--Edgar Allen Pee--by George E. Woodberry, I beg leave to advise you as follows:



The statement, in the letter addressed to you by this office under date of June 27, 1910, that no series of records were furnished to Mr. George E. Woodberry, of Haverly, Massachusetts, with the letter dated November 20, 1883, from the Secretary of War to Mr. Woodberry, is correct. However, from a further examination of the records, it appears that copies of the letters that are printed on the pages of Mr. Woodberry's book, before referred to, were furnished to him by the War Department at a later date. The originals of those records are on file in this office, and they are correctly reproduced in that book.

With regard to your inquiry concerning the duties of an "artificer" in the Army, I beg leave to advise you that paragraph 126, Army Regulations, (Edition of 1847), provides that "No man, unless he be a carpenter, joiner, carriage maker, blacksmith, saddler, or harness maker, will be mustered as an 'artificer'." A similar provision has not been found in earlier editions of the Regulations. However, the grade of artificer has always been one that should be filled by "military mechanics" of some kind. Nothing has been found of record to show what duties were actually performed by Edgar A. Perry while he filled the grade of artificer, Company H, 1st Artillery, nor has anything been found to show whether or not he actually had mechanical skill of any kind.

Very respectfully,

The Adjutant General.

1480672-C

Mr. J. H. Whitty,  
1400 Brook Road,  
Richmond, Va.

September 14, 1916.

Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter of the 1st instant, addressed to the President and referred to this Department for acknowledgment and consideration, in which letter you state that about the year 1884 Secretary of War Lincoln made an investigation for Professor G. E. Wood-





berry into the war records regarding the matters of Edgar A. Perry, name under which Edgar Allen Poe enlisted at Boston in 1827 in the 1st U. S. Artillery, and in response to your request that you be furnished with copies of all records on file in the Adjutant General's Office relative to the military service of Perry and to be informed whether he was present for duty on Feb. 28, 1829, the period during which a furlough was granted to him subsequent to that date, and whether the records on file in this office are original records, I have the honor to inclose herewith official copies of all papers that have been found in this Department relative to the service in question, which copies are made from original records on file in this office, and to inform you as follows:

It appears from the official records that Perry was present with his command for duty on Feb. 28, 1829. Nothing whatever has been found to show that a leave of absence was granted to him subsequent to the

1480672

date mentioned.

This Department has no knowledge of the existence of papers outside of the Department relative to Perry's military service.

It appears that considerable information has heretofore been furnished to Mr. Whitty concerning the service of Poe or Perry in letters of this office dated June 27, 1910, and July 2, 1910.

Very respectfully,

[H. P. McCain]

The Adjutant General.

8-11-10



## MELVILLE AND NATIONAL MATTERS

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

Although the following manuscripts have been mentioned and drawn upon for a sentence or a paragraph in Jay Leyda's indispensable The Melville Log (2 vols., N.Y., 1951), referred to hereafter as M L, they deserve a more complete representation and a more careful editing. (One or two Leyda overlooked.) With the exception of Items 16 and 17 (from the papers of the Treasury Department), all are from the Melville folder in the State Department Records.

(1) Amasa Junius Parker to Pres. Franklin Pierce, Albany, Apr. 20, 1853. (Partly printed in M L, I, 469.)

(2) G. Y. Lansing to Franklin Pierce, Albany, Apr. 21, 1853. (Only mentioned in M L, I, 469.)

(3) Charles O'Connor to Franklin Pierce, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1853. (Partly printed in M L, I, 470.)

(4) Edward C. West to Franklin Pierce, N.Y., Apr. 22, 1853. (Mentioned in M L, I, 470.)

(5) Allan Melville to Nathaniel Hawthorne, N.Y., Apr. 22, 1853. (Mentioned in M L, I, 470.)

(6) H. W. Bishop to William Learned Marcy, Secretary of State, Boston, May 24, 1853. (Partly printed in M L, I, 473-474.)

(7) Alexander Hamilton Rice to [? William Learned Marcy], Washington, D.C., Feb. 28, 1861. (Mentioned in M L, II, 634.)

(8) Alexander Warfield Bradford to [Abraham Lincoln], N.Y., [March, 1861]. (Partly printed in M L, II, 635.)

(9) E. P. Hurlbut, Alexander Warfield Bradford, Samuel Blatchford, Richard Milford Blatchford, John Adams Dix, and George F. M. Davis to Abraham Lincoln, [?N.Y.] March, 1861. [Reproduced below.]

(10) John Chipman Hoadley, citizen of Lawrence, Mass., to Charles Sumner, N.Y., March 11, 1861. (One sentence appears in M L, II, 634.)

(11) Julius Rockwell, James D. Colt, H. Colt, P. L. Page, E. H. Kellogg, Robert Campbell, William Pollock, J. D. Adamson, and Theo. Pomeroy to Abraham Lincoln, Pittsfield, Mass., March 14, 1861. (Mentioned, omitting one name, in M L, II, 634.)

(12) John R. Rollins, John Chipman Hoadley, Henry Kemble Oliver, William C. Chapin, George P. Briggs, George D. Cabot, and Charles S. Storow to Abraham Lincoln, Lawrence, Mass., Mar. 19, 1861. (Mentioned in M L, II, 634.)

(13) George Griggs to Charles Sumner, Boston, Mar. 21, 1861. (Partly printed, but with errors, in M L, II, 636.)

(14) Lemuel Shaw to Charles Sumner, Boston, Mar. 21, 1861. (Partly printed in M L, II, 636-637.)

(15) Julius Rockwell to Charles Sumner, Pittsfield, Mass., Mar. 25, 1861. (Partly printed with omitted italics in M L, II, 638.) [Reproduced below.]

(16) Register of Customs Officers, I, no. 2, p. 85, and I, no. 5, p. 225, Records of the Treasury Department. [Reproduced below.]

(17) E. L. Hedden to the Secretary of the Treasury, N.Y., June 16, 1886. From a typescript among the records of the Treasury Department.





[1]

Albany April 20, 1853.

Gen. Franklin Pierce,

President of the United States,

My Dear Sir,

The example you have set, in appointing M<sup>r</sup> Hawthorne to the Consulship at Liverpool, has given to your friends the most gratifying assurance of the esteem in which you hold the Literary reputation of the country and of your desire to promote it.

May I suggest, for your consideration, the propriety of also awarding a consulship to Herman Melville Esquire of the city of New York.\*

Mr Melville has contributed to our Literature much that is instructive and delightful, and gives ample promise, with proper encouragement, of a most brilliant career as a writer. But he is toiling early & late at his literary labors & hazarding his health to an extent greatly to be regretted.

Mr Melville is a democrat, Descended on the side of his mother, from, Gen Gansevoort, distinguished in the history of the Country, and on the side of his father from one of the most gallant actors at Boston in the early scenes of the Revolution, he could not be otherwise than a true & faithful supporter of democratic principles.

M<sup>r</sup> Melville, as you are probably aware, is the son-in-law of Ch. J. Shaw of Massachusetts.

If you should deem it consistent with your sense of duty, to tender M<sup>r</sup> Melville some desirable place abroad, while the act would, I think, be very acceptable to the nation generally, and throughout the world where "Typee" is read, it would also, I am sure, be most gratifying to his personal friends.

With sincere regard,

I have the honor to be,

Very Respy

Yours &c &c

Amasa J. Parker.

\* who resides at Pittsfield Mass.

[2]

His Excellency

Franklin Pierce

My Dear Sir

The friends of Herman Melville Esquire desirous that he should be relieved from his literary pursuits, have

suggested an application for a consular Appointment-

M<sup>r</sup> Melville is a Grandson of General Gansevoort, who was eminently useful in our revolutionary struggle, and is respectably connected- With a mind highly cultivated, and with great integrity of Character, he will ably and faithfully discharge the duties of a Consular Appointment-

I beg leave most respectfully to add my request to those of his friends, that his Application may receive favorable Consideration- and am

Most respectfully & truly

Your ob<sup>t</sup> serv<sup>t</sup>

G Y Lansing

Albany 21. April 1853.

[3]

To New York April 21. 1853

His Excellency

Franklin Pierce

My dear Sir

From my knowledge of your sentiments and the observation of your official acts, I am sure you will excuse this intrusion.

Notwithstanding your multiplied cares in the laborious department of appointing to office I venture to solicit your attention to the application of M<sup>r</sup> Herman Melville for the Consulate at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands.

Mr Melville has added lustre to the american name by his numerous and popular literary productions. He has contributed to the advancement of our fame as a nation throughout the civilized world and by effects of genius\* commanding general admiration has formed a bond of union and amity between our great republic and the isles of the Pacific.

I know no one who would more appropriately represent us at the place designated and I sincerely hope you may find it consistent with your views of duty to confer upon him the desired appointment

I am dear Sir

Yours truly

Ch. O'Connor

\*[A possible alternative reading: "efforts of genius"]



[4]

New York April 22. 1853\_\_

Franklin Pierce

President of the United States.

Sir.

Many friends of the distinguished Author Herman Melville would be gratified by his Appointment to some suitable position abroad.

His labors have been so severe of late years as to make it a point of great importance and earnest desire with his friends to secure for him some relief from his toils; and it is thought that if your Excellency would assign to him the performance of some public duty abroad the object of his numerous friends and admirers would be accomplished by your kind interference.

The fitness of M<sup>r</sup>. Melville in the department of public service spoken is of the highest character and I presume well known to your Excellency.

It is with great pride and sincere pleasure that I number myself among those who will feel the Appointment of M<sup>r</sup>. Melville a personal favor

With high respect

Yr ob St.

Edw. C. West.

[5]

New York April 22. 1853.

My dear Sir.

I have but a few moments before the closing of the mail in which to enclose to you letters to the Presidentt [sic] from Charles O'Connor, now United States District Attorney (a very strong one)—Amasa J. Parker one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this State. G. Y. Lansing Chancellor of our University and one from Edward D. West.

In the struggle for Honolulu if my brother is fairly placed before the President, his chances cannot but be good— I beg of you a perusal of the enclosed letters, especially that of M<sup>r</sup> O'Connor whoes [sic] name must have great weight with the President.

I beg of you M<sup>r</sup> Hawthorne to do what your [sic] can and what I know you are willing to do to aid in the selection of my brother for the Consulate at Honolulu—

Should it in your opinion be impossible to secure to him this post. I would

mention Antwerp as a consulate of which I have certain information.

I suppose that my brother would prefer a post in Great Britain

But I can learn nothing definite of Consulships there which are to be filled by new men.

I have taken more measures to procure letters from Massachusetts supposing that it would be unnecessary, as you yourself could speak for the Commonwealth

But to day I have written to Judge Shaw on the subject, I hope to expect something from Boston in a few days.

Excuse the freedom of this note &amp;

Believe me

Sincerely Yours

Allan Melville

M<sup>r</sup>/

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Washington

I understand from Gen<sup>l</sup> Dix that it was supposed no more consulates would be filled from New York. He considered my brothers residence in Mass. as favorable

A M

[6]

Hon. Wm. L. Marcy Sec<sup>y</sup>. of State.

My dear Sir,

Among those applying for the consulate at the Sandwich Islands I observe the name of Herman Melville Esq of Pittsfield in this state. I can not forbear to second the friends of Mr Melville in their efforts to procure for him this post. His acquaintance with the world & its commercial relations peculiarly fits him for it. He belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished democratic families of this state. With us, the name of Melville is associated with early republicanism, & Jeffersonian doctrines— What his political views now are, I hardly know.— His literary tastes & habits have withdrawn him from party controversies.— That the firm & stable democracy of Massachusetts, would approve, & be proud of his appointment, to the post, which, through his friends he solicits, I have little doubt.

I am Sir, with sentiments of great Esteem & respect





Most Cordially your friend  
& Serv<sup>t</sup> H. W. Bishop

Boston, May 24/53.

[7]

Washington D C  
Feb. 28. 1861.

I take very great pleasure in uniting with others in cordially recommending Herman Melville Esq<sup>r</sup>, as a gentleman of eminent fitness to fill the United States Consulship at Florence, and in soliciting his appointment.

Alex<sup>r</sup> H. Rice.

[8]

ALEXANDER W. BRADFORD }  
A. G. BRADFORD,  
A. BRADFORD.

**Law Office,**

No. 6 WALL STREET, NEW-YORK,

To the President  
of the United States

Mr Herman Melville is an applicant for the office of Vice Consul at Florence. It would be difficult to speak too highly of his qualifications for the position. I have known him from his youth, and believe him competent to occupy any post.

He is the grandson of the late Major Thomas Melville, one of the Boston tea-party, and on the Maternal side grandson of General Peter Gansevoort of Fort Stanwix memory.

Mr Melville at any [sic] early period of his life distinguished himself by his literary efforts—and has since continued to Inlarge his fame. He is a gentleman of accomplished mind, excellent character and pure purpose. His appointment will reflect Credit upon his Country wherever he may represent it.

Respectfully Yours

A W Bradford

[9]

[See page 187.]

[10]

New York, March 11./61.  
Hon. Chas. Sumner, M.C.  
Boston.—

Dear Sir:

The object of this note is to solicit your influence in behalf of Herman Melville, who desires to be appointed Consul at Florence.—

His friends also earnestly desire to procure this situation for him.— Of his eminent qualifications for such an office, you can have no doubt.

His appointment, as a literary man, would be thought a graceful act by men of all classes and parties, and would add to the popularity and support of the Administration.— I beg leave to refer you to Hon. Lemuel Shaw, to Mr. Geo. Sumner, & to Geo. Griggs, of Boston, for information as to Mr. Melville's qualifications, and close, as I began, with an earnest appeal for your powerful influence.

I have nothing to ask for myself,— nothing for any other friend, and most earnestly desire to see this object accomplished.—

Very Truly,

Your Obt. Servt,

J. C. Hoadley,  
(of Lawrence, Mass.)—

[11]

Pittsfield, Mass., March 14,  
1861.

To His Excellency,  
The President of the United States.

We, the Undersigned, respectfully beg leave to recommend Mr. Herman Melville for the office of Consul at Florence.

Mr. Melville has done much to enhance the reputation of our national literature, is a gentleman of the most estimable character, and is highly qualified for the post we earnestly recommend and request may be given him.—

Theo Pomeroy	Julius Rockwell
	James D. Colt
	H. Colt
	P. L. Page
	E H Kellogg
	Rob <sup>t</sup> Campbell
	Wm Pollock
	J. D. Adamson

[For a facsimile  
of the signatures,  
see page 192 below.]



To His Excellency Abraham Lincoln  
President of the United States

The undersigned are informed that Mr  
Herman Melville, is desirous of receiving  
the appointment of Consul at Florence  
and take pleasure in commending him  
to your confidence and favor. We be-  
lieve that Mr Melville is not only highly  
competent to fill the station referred to,  
but that he is a patriot, & a gentleman  
of fine attainments, & wants to honor to his  
country abroad.

March, 1861.

E. P. Huntington

*[Signature]*  
Advised

Sam Blatchford

R. M. Blatchford

John A. Dix

express a rare appointment of to be made.

Edw. M. Davis

Secretary





[12]

Lawrence, Mass., March 19. 1861.—

To Abraham Lincoln  
President of the United States.

We, the Undersigned, beg leave respectfully to recommend the Appointment of Herman Melville, Esq, as Consul at Florence. Mr. Melville has done much to enhance the reputation of our national literature; is a gentleman of most estimable character, and highly qualified for the office which we respectfully and earnestly request may be given him.

John R. Rollins  
J. C. Hoadley.—  
H. K. Oliver  
W<sup>m</sup> C. Chapin—  
Geor. P. Briggs  
Geo. D. Cabot  
Cha<sup>s</sup> S. Storrow

*John R. Rollins*  
*J. C. Hoadley.—*  
*H. K. Oliver*  
*Wm C. Chapin*  
*Geor. P. Briggs*  
*Geo. D. Cabot*  
*Chas S. Storrow*

[13]

Boston March 21. 1861

My Dear Sir,

I am not quite certain whether you are acquainted with my brother-in-law Herman Melville Esq who will hand this note to you. But if not personally acquainted, you have long known him as a member of the Republic of Letters.

He is desirous of Serving the country, whose literature he has helped to make, in the Capacity of Consul at Florence, and to diversify the labors of authorship, with those of the consulate.

I know you will be very happy to recognize in him, the Claims of "the Men [of] thought" though I fear you are almost oppressed by the Claims of "Men

of Action"

Any assistance you may render him in the object of his visit to Washington will be gratefully regarded as a personal favor

I am

With high regards

Very truly yours

Geo. Griggs

Hon Charles Sumner

U. S. Senator &amp;c &amp;c.

[Addressed:]

Hon Charles Sumner

U. S. Senator &amp;c &amp;c.

Washington

D. C.

(Herman Melville Esq)

[14]

Boston 21 March 1861

Dear Sir,

Mr Herman Melville of Pittsfield, whose literary reputation is well known to you, is desirous of obtaining a consulship, at Florence. He has suffered somewhat in his health, as his friends believe, by devotion to study, and a life of extreme solitude; and they fully believe, that with the improvement to be derived from a mild climate, a more-free social intercourse with artists and men of letters and refinement, he would be able to perform the duties of American Consul [sic] at Florence, with great credit to his country, and to the benefit of the many Americans, travellers and residents, who seek the refined and polished society of that seat of the arts. He would find there, as I understand, the advantages of cheap living, & the benefits of education for his children. I do therefore earnestly recommend his case to your favorable notice, and consideration.

I am, My Dear Sir, with the highest respect, and ever faithfully,

Your friend and obedient servant

Lemuel Shaw

Hon. Charles Sumner,

Senator of U. S. &amp;c &amp;c. —

[15]

[See page 189.]



Wm. C. (address)

Wm. C. 25. 1861.

Honorable Charles Sumner

My Dear Sir

Give me credit to say  
I have not troubled you before  
for your love & patronage

But my neighbors & friends  
Herman Melville, author of  
Typee - and many  
many other things which are  
"boys forever", does want  
an office. I trust he may  
have a Consulship. I hope  
you will aid him in it.

Let his genius & his imperfect  
health - his "no angustia  
domi" - his noble wife,  
and his four children -

pleased, with his friends & friends  
for him: and I shall to them  
my power, but earnest,  
persistent will & wishes.

I cannot say more - I will  
not say less; and if it  
can be of any use, please  
say to the President as  
much as you can in my  
name, which I trust he  
may remember with some  
kindness - Truly your friend

Julius Rockwell





# Collector's Office Inspectors

83-

No	Name	Office	Station	Conf. in Previous year	When Appointed
181	Yusuf A. Husein	Dr.	Mar. 4, 1860		May 10, 1861
	J. C. Smith	Dr.	do		May 10, 1861
	J. J. Brinkley	Dr.	do		May 31, 1861
	H. C. Manning	Dr.	do		Apr. 24, 1861
185	John Smith	Dr.	Dr.		July 5, 1866
	Hermon McBride	Dr.	Dr.		Nov. 24, 1866
189	J. L. Hollister	Dr.	Dr.		July 27, 1868
	John W. Smith	Dr.	Dr.		Sept. 2, 1868
	James L. Ellery	Dr.	Dr.		Apr. 23, 1869
190	Edw. J. Fairfield	Dr.	Dr.		Sept. 4, 1865



Inspectors

Continued

NO.	NAME.	DESIGNATION.	COMPENSATION PER—		DATE OF APPOINTMENT.
			Month	ANNUAL.	
131	<del>Samuel L. Wright</del> <del>and formerly</del> <del>1850</del>	Inspector	From	Annual	June 3, 1873.
	<del>Wm. C. Douglas</del>				June 21, 1880.
	<del>St. William's</del>				April 3, 1880.
	Edward Farnsworth				Oct 26, 1882.
132	John H. Lawrence				Oct 11, 1890.
138	Herman Melville				Dec 5, 1866.
139	David A. Merritt				Dec 31, 1868.





[17]

Custom House, New York,  
Collector's Office  
June 16th, 1886

The Honorable  
The Secretary of the Treasury  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I submit, for your approval, the nomination of William W. Penfield, to be Inspector of Customs, No. 138, Class 2, at a compensation of four dollars per diem, to serve a probationary term of six months, vice H. Melville, resigned December 31, 1885.

Yours respectfully

E. L. Hedden  
Collector

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AND ENGLAND: NEW

LETTERS

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

*Thos. M. [unclear]*  
[Signers of Letter 11]

*Julius Rockwell*

*James L. [unclear]*

*H. [unclear]*

*J. L. [unclear]*

*E. H. [unclear]*

*Robt Campbell*

*Wm. F. [unclear]*

*A. [unclear]*

The following letters from the folders of the State Department are only a few, doubtless, of those filed in the National Archives concerning James Russell Lowell's period of government service. Future biographers will do well to explore these resources.

(1) Robert Carter (on the staff of the American Cyclopaedia, Appletons' Building, 551 Broadway, on the letterhead of which appear the names of George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, editors) to Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State in Washington, D.C. Dated N.Y., March 30, 1876.

(2) Peter Walsh, of Jefferson House, Boston, Mass., to Hamilton Fish, dated Boston, April 7, 1876.

(3) S[amuel?] Bartlett to William Maxwell Evarts, Secretary of State, Washington, D.C., dated Boston, April 10, 1877.

(4) Richard Watson Gilder, editor-in-chief of the Century Magazine, to Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, Washington, D.C. Dated N.Y., November 11, 1881.

(5) Henry Bergh, founder of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to President Chester Alan Arthur, dated N.Y., June 5, 1882.

(6) R. T. Ellis, recording secretary of the Knights of Labor, St. Joseph, Mo., to President [Chester A. Arthur], dated St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 30, 1882.



[1]

The American Cyclopaedia,  
Appletons' Building, 551 Broadway.  
New York, March 30 1876

Dear Sir,

Mr. Dana's rejection by the Senate is likely to do mischief in Massachusetts, and I write to suggest that it might be politic to nominate as his successor James Russell Lowell.

I know the State well, having been for many years an editor in Boston, and an active Free Soil and Republican politician. Mr Lowell's appointment would placate Massachusetts, and I think satisfy the Country. He is more popular than Mr. Dana, has hosts of friends and admirers and no personal enemies. In character and manners he is all that could be desired. He is well known in England where they have given him their highest honors—L.L.D. at Cambridge & D.C.L. at Oxford, and as a literary man & man of learning is much better known than Mr. Dana.

He is a cautious man, and with a good Secretary would be perfectly safe and trustworthy. I have known him intimately for thirty years, and am sure he would be equal to the post & would accept it. He declined the Russian Mission because, at the time, his wife's sister, who lived with him, was apparently at the point of death, and his own health was shaken by long care of her. But there is nothing now in his circumstances to prevent his acceptance, if the post is offered to him.

respectfully yours

Robert Carter

Hon. Hamilton Fish.

[2]

Private }  
~~~~~

Boston, Mass.

April 7<sup>th</sup>, 1876.

Hon. Hamilton Fish.

Sec't'ry Of State.

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I hope you will excuse the liberty of addressing you, but as an American Citizen I may have some right to give my opinion on a subject of importance, to the Country at large, and this is the appointment of a Minister to England.

Now that Mr. Dana has been rejected by the Senate, why not send Prof. James Russell Lowell of Cambridge, Mass. he

would fill the position with honor to the Country and be satisfactory to the People as an instance of the Administration's desire to send none but men of undisputed integrity to replace the late incumbent of that position.

Mr Lowell is a Citizen of such universal reputation, that his appointment would be hailed with joy, by the people of all parties.

Sir Hoping you will excuse my liberty of thus expressing my sentiments on a question of importance to every American Citizen.

I remain very Respectfully &c

Peter Walsh.

Jefferson House.

Boston, Mass.

[3]

Boston Ap 10. 77

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Evarts

By the common consent of those here who favor or fight the Administration (if the latter are not too few to be of account) James Russell Lowell will be held as admirably fitted for the post of Minister to St James'

His history political & as a man of letters is public & I beg leave to add that that [sic] in my Judgement—he is no mere student but a thoroughly practical man of affairs.

I would that I could say or do more than this to secure an appointment so creditable to the President & his advisers

Very Truly Yours

S Bartlett

[4]

Editorial Department

The Century Magazine

Union Square New-York

Nov 11, 1881,

My dear Mr Frelinghuysen,

I see your name used, (I don't know how authoritatively) in connection with the new Cabinet. I don't want you to tell me anything you ought not—but I very much wish I could do something, no matter how small, to help strengthen Mr. Lowell's present position. Is there any way of getting the President to feel that his removal would be a mistake? I think I speak not only for the "lit-





erary fellows"—and not only also for the journalists of the Country—but in some sense for the intelligent young men—the men of my own generation throughout the country—in saying that it is considered a creditable thing for the country to have such a man in such a place. I happen to know privately—(& not through him) what a strong influence he has there not only with the intelligent classes in England, but with the few powerful persons by whom much can be accomplished.

A hint from you might be of use to me—at any rate you will not, I trust, be bored with a letter from

Your old friend

R. W. Gilder  
Editor &c

P.S.—This letter is written entirely of my own motion My [sic] enclose by [sic] warm regards to the members of your family

[5]

**THE AMERICAN SOCIETY**  
**FOR THE**  
**Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.**

*Headquarters, Fourth Avenue cor. 22<sup>nd</sup> Street.*

*New York June 5 1882*

To His Excellency  
Chester A Arthur  
President of the United States.

Dear Mr President

I labor under the disadvantage, perhaps, of being a native born American; which is enhanced, as some persons think by being related to ancestors, who came to this Country and State 150 years ago!

I should not allude to this insignificant Circumstance, but in support of the fact, that, as an American, I feel a deep interest in the justice and welfare of my Country.

I learn through the Press, that it is the intention of your Excellency, to recall Mr Lowell from the post of Minister to Great Britain; and that this purpose is the result of Irish dictation in the United States; based upon Mr Lowell's alleged neglect to demand

the liberation of some Irishmen, calling themselves Americans, who had been conspiring against a government, with which our Country is at Peace.

My object in addressing you, is to offer my most respectful, and solemn protest against so great a wrong as that would be; while giving ascendancy to a foreign element, whose traditions and practices among us, for the most part, are far from entitling it to any such abnormal partiality; and, moreover, would in my opinion, offend diplomatic Comity, and tarnish the fair record of your Excellency's administration.

I have no personal acquaintance with Mr Lowell, nor ever saw him, but he is an American gentleman, dignified and loyal in the discharge of his duties, whose recall, I hold, would violate the spirit of international intercourse, and give umbrage to every right thinking American in the land.

With great respect

Henry Bergh

[6]

Saint Joseph Mo Sept 30<sup>th</sup> (82  
Mr President  
Dear Sir

At a Meeting of the Knights of Labor of this City the following Resolution was unanimously adopted and the Secretary was Instructed to forward the Same to your Honor hoping that It will receive due and careful attention at your hands

Resolved

That this assembly does Emphatically protest against the action of our Minister To England as Thoroughly unamerican and as having a Tendency To pander To the Interest of an Element Positively antagonistic to the Interest of the Industrial Community in view of which we ask His recall from His position and Some one appointed more in Sympathy with Republican Institutions

Your's & C

R. T. Ellis

Recording Secretary





# LITERARY NEWS IN AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

## NEWSPAPERS (6)

Kenneth Walter Cameron  
Trinity College

### RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE NEW YORK TABERNACLE.

[Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.]

NEW YORK, March 8th, 1854.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON delivered a lecture in the Broadway Tabernacle last evening, upon *Slavery*. One has a curiosity to hear what such a man has to say upon such a subject, and how he says it,—a subject which has been beaten to and fro over and over again, but which yet summons new voices to the chorus of the battle-cry, and new assailants to the field. All grades of verbal warriors now try their strength upon it. The musketry of the newly-fledged Congressman and the cannonade of the Massachusetts Senator have just been levelled against its front. Wendell Phillips pierces it with the delicate rapier of his silvery eloquence. Garrison slashes at it with the big battle-axe of fervid denunciation. Theodore Parker stabs at its heart with the crooked, poisoned dagger of his bitter sarcasm. Now and then we hear a pistol-shot—it is from one of the female allies who ceaselessly harass the enemy's flanks. From them, too, come the tiny, barbed arrows,—like unto those wherewith the Lilliputians wounded the great Gulliver—that sting like insects, and ruffle the giant's temper. And now appears once more in the battle-field the great dreamer; he, who, like Fine-Ear in the fairy tale, lies upon the greensward and listens to the motion of each blade of grass, to the blossoming of flowers, hears the green leaves opening to the sunshine and the whole harmony of Nature's song, and then tells us—but not often in a language which all men comprehend—what he has heard the grass, and flowers, and green leaves say. His weapon is the glittering lance, rather than the battle-axe, or broadsword, or other implement of war. So the battle continues, and will continue to the end—the time of whose coming no man knows.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson stood up in the Tabernacle last night, one could have heard a pin drop. He had entered the hall with that shy, shrinking manner that made Frederika Bremer think him an animated icicle, and looking very much like an elderly divinity student making his *debut*, or a frightened country clergyman in a great city church. A man behind me said, 'I don't expect much of him!' But when he began to speak, and his voice, rich and musical: to the ultimate degree, broke the silence with those well-compacted sentences, the vast audience was hushed into a close attention that was the best proof of their interest in the man, and his speech. Of applause there was little, except toward the close; but every eye was on the speaker, and no word fell upon inattentive ears.

It is useless to attempt to report what Emerson says. The types will not give his look or the tone of his voice, any more than the pencil will paint the rippling of a brooklet, or the odor of a flower. And therefore there is the same difference between hearing his spoken words, and reading them in the printed sheet, as exists between the dewy, fragrant landscape, with its singing birds, and hum of bees, and waving grain, seen from a breezy hillside, and the faint counterpart of its beauty, upon the artist's canvass. The outward form and outline are there, but not the summer air, nor the

murmuring sounds that are borne upon the breeze. And in like manner, losing the fascination of the glance of his clear eye, of his voice, of his peculiar utterance,—half faltering, half *staccato*,—of that indescribable influence which surrounds the bodily presence of all men, and which the Swedenborgians happily call one's *sphere*, we lose half the charm of his spoken efforts. Frederika Bremer inaptly compares Emerson to the Sphinx. He is rather like that statue of Memnon, from whose lips came at intervals so strange a music. Yet it is perhaps better to say that even to those who do not sympathize with his peculiar views, the close of his discourse is like the ending of one of Beethoven's Symphonies. Though here and there, the hidden sense has been obscure to our dull perceptions, or a false note has been struck which jars upon our ears, yet the strains of music float in our delighted senses with too sweet a tone to sanction a word of censure. We hear in our memories only the grand harmony that has enchanted us—gladly forgetting 'the discord and the straining.'

Mr. Emerson told his hearers that he did not like to speak in public, upon the great questions of the day. Only when those questions seemed to reach the closets of students and scholars, to which his habitual view is confined, did he leave his peculiar track. Yet that class of students in some sort comprises all mankind; comprises every man in the best hours of his life; and in these days, in our own land, not only virtually but actually;—for who are the readers and thinkers of 1854? Look into the moving train, which from every suburb, carries the workman to his toil, and the merchant to his counting-room. With them enters the small newsboy,—the humble priest of philosophy, and literature, and religion, and unfolds his magical sheets. Then instantly the entire rectangular assembly, fresh from their breakfast, are bonding as one man for the second breakfast.

Soon Mr. Emerson began to speak of Webster; growing more animated in his manner, and slowly moving his clinched hand to and fro. He said that in what he had to say of that eminent man, he should not confound him with vulgar politicians of his time or since. There are always those who are base enough, and mean enough, to calculate upon the ignorance of the masses. That is their quarry and their firm. The low can best win the low, and all men like to be made much of. There are men, too, who have power and inspiration only to do ill. Not such a man was Daniel Webster. Though he knew very well, when necessary, how to present his personal claims, yet in his argument he generally kept his fact bare of personality; so that his splendid wrath, when his eyes became lumps, was the wrath of the cause he stood for. His power, like that of the Greek masters, was not in excellent parts, but total. He had a great and everywhere equal propriety. He worked with that closeness of adhesion which a joiner uses; and had the same quiet fitness of place that an oak or a mountain might have. The great show their power in nothing more than in their ability to mislead us. In perilous times, men look for some great captain, under the shadow of whose name, inferior men may shelter themselves. He is responsible, and they will not be. It will always suffice to say, 'I will follow him.'

From this line of remark, Mr. Emerson passed to a consideration of Mr. Webster's course on the

forms of conventions, laws, constitutions, are of use no more. They are all declaratory of the will of the moment; and are passed with more levity, and on grounds much less honorable, than ordinary business transactions in the street. You relied upon the Missouri Compromise—that is ridden over. You relied upon State sovereignty to protect its citizens; but they are driven with contempt out of the courts and territories of the Slave States. And now you relied on those dismal guarantees infamously made in 1850; and before the body of Webster is yet crumbled—the eternal monument of his fame and the common Union is gone! These things show that no forum—neither constitutions, nor laws, nor coronants—are of any use of themselves. The Devil nestles comfortably

all. Surely, that speech is a ghastly result of all those years of experience. It was like that doleful lament, falsely attributed to Brutus, 'Virtue, I have followed thee through life; but now I find thee a shadow!'

Then Mr. Emerson discoursed, for a time, upon the Fugitive Slave law, in a manner which would have made a Southerner's hair to stand on end with indignation; and so went on to say, that, in our instruction as a nation, we have not got beyond the simplest lesson. Events roll; millions of men are engaged, and the result is always some of those first commandments which we heard in the nursery. The events of this very month are teaching one thing plain and clear—that papers are of no use, resolutions of public meetings, plat-

7th of March; saying that no one doubted, that, with regard to the cause of the South, many good and plausible things might be said. But the great question then, was not a question of ingenuity, nor of syllogisms,—but of sides. All know where he was found. How came he? The great question which history will answer in the final hour, is this: In the conflict of forces, when he was forced by the peremptory necessity of closing armies to take sides, did he take the side of great principles, of humanity, of justice, or the side of abuse, oppression and chaos? We are told that he left as a legacy to the State of Massachusetts, his speech of the 7th of March, with its motto, 'Vera pro gratia'—true things instead of pleasant ones—a motto which is praised as the most felicitous of





in them all. The only hope is in the life itself of a man.

After saying much about the folly of trusting implicitly to the opinions and authority of others, the speaker came to the conclusion of the whole matter, and it was this: That patience and the efforts of good men will at last be repaid, for nature is not so helpless but that it can rid itself of every wrong. It is the stern edict of progress, that liberty shall be no hasty fruit, but that event on event, age on age, shall cast itself into the opposite scale: and not until liberty has accumulated weight enough to preponderate against these, shall the counterpoise come. The inconsistency of slavery with the principles upon which the world is built, guarantees its downfall. But while we own that the patience it requires to wait is almost too sublime for mortals, and one sees how fast the rot spreads, I think we demand of superior men of the country, that they shall be superior in this: that the mind and virtue of the country shall give their verdict in their day, and help to pull the nuisance down. Liberty is the crusade of all brave and conscientious men—the epic poetry, the new religion, the chivalry of all gentlemen. Now, at last, we are disenchanted, and have no more false hopes. I respect the Anti-Slavery Society. It is the Cassandra that has foretold all that has befallen us; fact after fact, years ago, foretold it all, and no man took it to heart. It seemed, as the Turks say, 'Fate makes that a man should not believe his own eyes.' But the Fugitive Law did much to

unglue the eyes of men, and now the Nebraska bill leaves us staring! The Anti-Slavery Society will add many members this year. The Whig party will join it; the Democrats will join it; the population of the Free States will join it; I doubt not, at last, the Slave States will join it. But be that sooner or later, when it pleases God, and whoever comes or stays away, I hope we have come to the end of our unbelief—have come to a belief that there is a Divine Providence in the world, which will not save us but through our own co-operation.

So the speech ended; and those who had entered the hall, thinking that the speaker could find no new form in which to exhibit his hackneyed subject, no felicity of illustration that had not been pressed into service, found that, in the hands of the master, the old theme wears a new beauty when clothed with the graces of his thought.

DELTA.

[The Liberator, XXIV,  
no. 11, Boston, March 17,  
1854, page 4.]

### BROWN IN THE BOSTON CHURCHES, ON SUNDAY.

Brown Sermon by Ralph Waldo Emerson.  
[From the Atlas and Daily Bee.]

The desk at Music Hall, on Sunday, was filled by Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord. The hall, notwithstanding the storm, was nearly full. The services were commenced with the singing of the congregation of the following hymn, from the pen of a young gentleman of Concord, supposed to be Mr. Thoreau, which was effectively read by John R. Manly, the Secretary of the Society. It was sung to the tune of "Arlington." It is as follows:

To-day beside Potomac's wave,  
Beneath Virginia's sky,  
They slay the man who loved the slave,  
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim fathers' earnest creed,  
Virginia's ancient faith,  
Inspired this hero's noblest deed,  
And his reward is—Death!

Great Washington's indignant shade  
Forever urged him on—  
He heard from Monticello's glade  
The voice of Jefferson.

But chiefly on the Hebrew page:  
He read Jehovah's law,  
And this from youth to hoary age  
Obeyed with love and awe.

No selfish purpose armed his hand;  
No passion aimed his blow;  
How loyally he loved his land  
Impartial Time will show.

But now the faithful martyr dies,  
His brave heart beats no more,  
His soul ascends the equal skies,  
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him,  
Like him in God we trust;  
And though our eyes with tears are dim,  
We know that God is just.

The congregation joined in the singing with no little union.

Mr. Emerson then took the desk and delivered an address on "Morals." The tenor of thought running through the discourse was that a high standard of morality faithfully adhered to, gives to man his noblest thoughts and inspires his grandest and best deeds. "Morals," he characterized as "A science of substance and not of shows." In treating of the power which devotion to a great idea or principle will accomplish in the individual, and out in society and the world, he alluded to the recent events in the life of John Brown. The desire of giving freedom to those who were in bondage—of establishing a moral, intellectual, governmental equality—such had lifted an obscure Connecticut farmer into the regions of the great man; and made all others appear as inferior men.—It was hard, he said, to find in all history so noble a man as this who dared to sacrifice life to principle. A few such men, the speaker asserted, had done more for the world than all the tribe of merely intellectual men mankind has ever seen.

In this connection Mr. Emerson recited the following very appropriate poem:

A man there came, whence none could tell,  
Bearing a touchstone in his hand,  
And tested all things in the land  
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose  
From fair to foul, from foul to fair;  
The golden crown he did not share,  
Nor scorn the beggar's clothe.

Of heirloom jewels prized so much,  
Were many changed to chips and odds,  
And even statues of the gods  
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,  
"The loss outweighs the profit far,  
Our goods suffice us as they are,  
We will not have them tried."

But since they could not so avail  
To check his unrelenting quest,  
They seized him saying, "let him taste  
How real's our jail."

But though they slew him with the sword,  
And in the fire the touchstone burned,  
Its doings could not be overturned,  
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all further harm,  
They strewed its ashes to the breeze,  
They little thought each grain of those,  
Conveyed the perfect charm.

Those were the only allusions made to Brown. Geo. W. Curtis will give an address next Sunday on "The Present aspects of American Slavery."

[N.Y. Evening Express,  
Tues., Dec. 6, 1859,  
page 1.]

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. OCTOBER. Tick-  
nor & Fields.

Among the literary papers, the notice of Henry D. Thoreau will attract attention by its keen analysis of the pretensions of that conceited and solitary humorist, and its lively pictures of the intellectual movement in New-England, of which Mr. R. W. Emerson and Thoreau may be regarded as the products and exponents. We give a bit from the curious history described by the writer.

What cotemporary, if he was in the fighting period of his life, (since Nature sets limits about her conscription for spiritual fields, as the State does in physical warfare,) will ever forget what was somewhat vaguely called the "Transcendental Movement" of thirty years ago. Apparently set astirring by Carlyle's essays on the "Signs of the Times," and on "History," the final

and more immediate impulse seemed to be given by "Sartor Resartus." At least the republication in Boston of that wonderful Abraham & Sancta Clara sermon on Lear's text of the miserable forked radish gave the signal for a sudden mental and moral mutiny. *Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile!* was shouted on all hands with every variety of emphasis, and by voices of every conceivable pitch, representing the three sexes of men, women, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The names eagle of the tree Yedrasil was about to sit at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed from all sides, each eager to thrust under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which the new and fuller Creation was to be hatched in due time. *Relevant Saturnia regna*—so far was certain, though in what shape, or by what methods, was still a matter of debate. Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Bran had its prophecies, and the prescient simplicity of Adam its martyrs, tailored imprudently from the tar-pot by incensed neighbors, and sent forth to illustrate the "fractured Mercury," as defined by Webster and Worcester. Plaudens of speech was carried to a pitch that would have taken away the breath of

George Fox; and even swearing had its evangelists, who have created a simple inquiry after their health with an old burlesque ingenuously of imprecation that might have been memorably sanctified by Mark Twain in general orders. Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else's business. No brain but had its private mugshot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes. Not a few impetuous zealots adjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had an assurance of instant millennium so soon as books and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. Men renounced their old gods, and beatified only whether to bestow their furloughed allegiance on Thor or Buddha. Conversations were held for every

hitherto inconceivable purpose. The belated gift of tongues, as among the Fifth Monarchy men, spread like a contagion, rendering its victims incomprehensible to all Christian men; whether eagerly so to the most distant possible brethren or not, was unexperimented,

though many would have subscribed liberally that a fair trial might be made. It was the pentecost of Shinar. The day of utterances reproduced the day of rebuses and engrams, and there was nothing so simple that would not make into a riddle. Many foreign revolutionists out of work added to the general misunderstanding their contribution of broken English in every moment's notice to reform everything but themselves.

The general motto was:

"And we'll talk with them, too.  
And take upon 'em the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies."

The portrait of Mr. Emerson is striking, but perhaps drawn more from the imagination of the writer, than from the features of the original.

The aristocracy of Emerson is narrow, as every well-read critic must feel at once; and so is that of Eschylus, so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne, so is that of Schiller, so is that of nearly every one else.





cept Shakespeare; but there is a gauge of high not less than of breadth, of individuality as well as of comprehensiveness, and, above all, there is the standard of genetic power, the test of the masculine as distinguished from the receptive mind. There are staminate plants in literature, that make no fine show of fruit, but without whose pollen, the quintessence of fruitifying gold, the garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is emphatically one of these, and there is no man to whom our æsthetic culture owes so much. The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically, and the Revolution politically independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and the glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget, or cease to be grateful for, the mental and moral *nudge* which he received from the writings of his high-minded and brave spirited countryman. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is aside from the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better for having awakened, whether that something be of opposition or assent, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own would be disposed to deny. His oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, or our Harvard parallel to the last public appearances of Fichte.

Mr. Thoreau is more happily delineated by the critic, who appears to have gained a true perception of the Walden Pond philosopher, in spite of the illusory veil which his adulators have thrown around his remains since his decease.

He seems to us to have been a man with so high a conceit of himself that he accepted without questioning, and insisted on our accepting, his defects and weaknesses of character as virtues and powers peculiar to himself. Was he indolent, he finds none of the activities which attract or employ the rest of mankind worthy of him. Was he wanting in the qualities that make success, it is success that is contemptible, and not himself that lacks persistency and purpose. Was he poor, money was an unmixed evil. Did his life seem a selfish one, he condemns doing good as one of the weakest of superstitions. To be of use was with him the most killing bait of the wily tempter Uncelessness. He had no faculty of generalization from outside of himself, or at least no experience which would supply the material of such, and he makes his own whim the law, his own range the horizon of the universe. He condemns a world, the hollowiness of whose satisfactions he had never had the means of testing, and we recognize Apemanus behind the mask of Timon. He had little active imagination; of the receptive he had much. His appreciation is of the highest quality; his critical power, from want of continuity of mind, very limited and inadequate. He somewhere cites a simile from Oslan, as an example of the superiority of the old poetry to the new, though, even were the historic evidence less convincing, the sentimental melancholy of those poems should be conclusive of their modernness. He had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness, but exquisite mechanical skill in the shaping of sentences and paragraphs, or (more rarely) short bits of verse for the expression of a detached thought, sentiment, or image. His works give one the feeling of a sky full of stars,—something impressive and exhilarating certainly, something high overhead and freckled thickly with spots of isolated brightness; but whether these have any mutual relation with each other, or have any concern with our mundane matters, is for the most part matter of conjecture,—astrology as yet, and not astronomy.

It is curious, considering what Thoreau afterward became, that he was not by nature an observer. He only saw the things he looked for, and was less poet than naturalist. Till he built his Walden shanty, he did not know that the hickory grew in Concord. Till he went to Maine, he had never seen phosphorescent wood, a phenomenon early familiar to most country boys. At forty he speaks of the seedling of the pine as a new discovery, though one should have thought that its gold-dust of blowing pollen might have earlier drawn his eye. Neither his attention nor his genius was of the spontaneous kind. He discovered nothing. He thought everything a discovery of his own, from moonlight to the planting of acorns and nuts by squirrels. This is a defect in his character, but one of his chief charms as a writer. Everything grows fresh under his hand. He delved in his mind and nature; he planted them with all manner of native and foreign seeds, and reaped, abundantly. He was not merely solitary, he would be isolated, and succeeded at last in almost persuading himself that he was autochthonous. He valued everything in proportion as he fancied it to be exclusively his own. He complains in "Walden," that there is no one in Concord with whom he could talk of Oriental literature, though the man was living within two miles of his hut who had introduced him to it. This intellectual selfishness becomes sometimes almost

painful in reading him. He lacked that generosity of "communication" which Johnson admired in Burke. Do Quincy tells us that Wordsworth was impatient when any one else spoke of mountains, as if he had a peculiar property in them. And we can readily understand why it should be so: no one is satisfied with another's appreciation of his mistress. But Thoreau seems to have prized a lofty way of thinking (often we should be inclined to call it a remote one) not so much because it was good in itself as because he wished few to share it with him. It seems now and then as if he did not seek to lure others up "above our lower region of turmoil," but to leave his own name cut on the mountain peak as the first climber. This itch of originality infects his thought and style. To be misty is not to be mystic. He turns commonplace end for end, and fancies it makes something new of them. As we walk down Park-st., our eye is caught by Dr. Windship's dumb-bells, one of which bears an inscription testifying that it is the heaviest ever put at arm's length by any athlete; and in reading Mr. Thoreau's books we cannot help feeling as if he sometimes invited our attention to a particular sophism or paradox as the biggest yet maintained by any single writer. He seeks, at all risks, for perversity of thought, and revives the age of *conceits* while he fancies himself going back to a pre-classical nature. "A day," he says, "passed in the society of those Greek sages, such as described in the Banquet of Xenophon, would not be comparable with the dry wit of decayed cranberry-vines and the fresh Attic salt of the mossbeds." It is not so much the True that he loves as the Out-of-the-Way. As the Brazen Age shows itself in other men by exaggeration of phrase, so in him by extravagance of statement. He wishes always to trump your suit and to *ruff* when you least expect it. Do you love Nature because she is beautiful? He will find a better argument in her ugliness. Are you tired of the artificial man? He instantly dresses you up an ideal in a Peabodiot Indian, and attributes to this creature of his otherwise-mindedness as peculiarities things that are common to all woodsmen, white or red, and this simply because he has not studied the pale-faced variety.

The theological readers of the "North American" will find a profound and original vein of discussion opened in the article on "Faith and Science," which treats of the higher questions of man's religious nature with signal ability and force.

[N.Y. Tribune, XXV, no. 7,660, Oct. 26, 1865, page 6]

← J. R. Lowell's article.

#### Emerson.

The following criticism on the most original of our poets differs widely from any that has before been offered to the public. We take it without permission from a private letter, but its excellence is excuse enough. It is of that sort which goes irresistibly into print without asking leave of any body:

"I have just been reading Emerson's *Representative Men*. The work is so manifestly full of genius, the good part so signalizes itself, the flashes are so much before the eye, and the subtlety of the truth and remark so penetrating, that I feel no manner of ability to praise the book, or to speak well of it. When anything rises to a certain excellence, the best service you can do is to abuse it. I feel it a great pity that abusing has fallen so entirely into the hands of enemies; that it has become diabolic, when it ought to be rescued and to be put into the hands of friends. It is as though the surgeon should be chosen for hating you instead of for loving, and should put a spice of cruelty into his slashes, when all you want is clean cutting. And therefore if I were able to think of reviewing Emerson, I should vindicate to myself the right of finding nothing but fault. If he were one of those thick, phlegmatic geniuses whose souls are deep though their eyes are leaden, and who are diamonds only in their white-hot moments, it would be wrong to

throw any discredit upon a greatness which the public already discredits; but on the contrary it is mere light, electricity, sunset, north shine, and imponderable essence; and the best way to receive him, and the only way to exhibit him, is on a dark ground of criticism and heavy remark. The worst of it is, I know of nothing black enough to set him properly off. I have tried, by putting Atheist behind him, to see how his Cometship would show, but alas! he illuminated the term, and lightened it away, and I found that I saw through him into the profound. So, unfortunately, I fell through.

"His lecture on Swedenborg is, however, the only one on which I could say a word. I find Ralph Waldo guilty of great timidity and ghost-fearing in shirking the whole problem of his spiritual experience as he does, in annihilating the spiritual world by a mere dislike and *noli tangere*. The thing is too hard for that, and haunts the man in spite of his rapid revolutions of his back. A murdered world will be avenged, and though Emerson wishes to face every thing, and to have no back, yet let him stand ever so *planely* with his dorsum up against the wall, the ghost will intrude between wall and dorsum, and establish a haunt. It is useless to turn the back upon things to which every thing is interstitial, and every interstice roomy. So my friend's first fault is TIMIDITY, which is only not recognized as such on account of its vast proportions. I grant, then, that the funk is sublime, which is a true and friendly admission.

"The next fault to be signalized is Emerson's excessive ORTHODOXY. His objections to Swedenborg are the most advanced objections of orthodoxy, carried out to an Emersonic length. All the ordinary heterodoxy is nothing but the other extreme of plain and current views. Orthodoxy is the stake to which it is painfully tethered. The Heterodox man exclaims that he is far from that center. Yes, says the Orthodox, but what you call distance, I call string. Now Emerson and the Bishop of London are but positive and negative of one thing, but inward fruit and outward rind, which by their very opposition copulate into one form, and carry forward one force. Whereas Swedenborg belongs to a new order, which stands with its feet equally upon both. The negative patronizes him for the time as good against the positive; but he is really poised and supported with one leg upon either. And the positive has as much right to him as the negative. The second accusation then is, that Emerson, terribly tied to Orthodoxy, cannot suspect for a moment that here is a phenomenon outlying it and commencing to supersede it; and hence he judges Swedenborg from the normal and orthodox point, as a child accustomed to the sight of cheeses, will have the moon to be a green specimen of that genus.

"My third accusation is, his exaggerated SECTARIANISM. Unitarianism, carried out to its last consequences, furnishes his guide to possibility and his inmost point of view. I know that he repugns Unitarianism. But when a man knocks down his own papa, he does not thereby cease to belong to the family; nay, if his father has done the like to his grandfather, he is only the more a chip of the old block for knocking down his father. It is not by going from thick to thin that you alter, but by becoming a new mind through both thick and thin. But all this is too short to be readily intelligible. I have only succeeded in hinting at a back ground for this Elfin sword-gleam—this brother of the lightning; but whether the canvas will stand his luminous emanations, I cannot say."



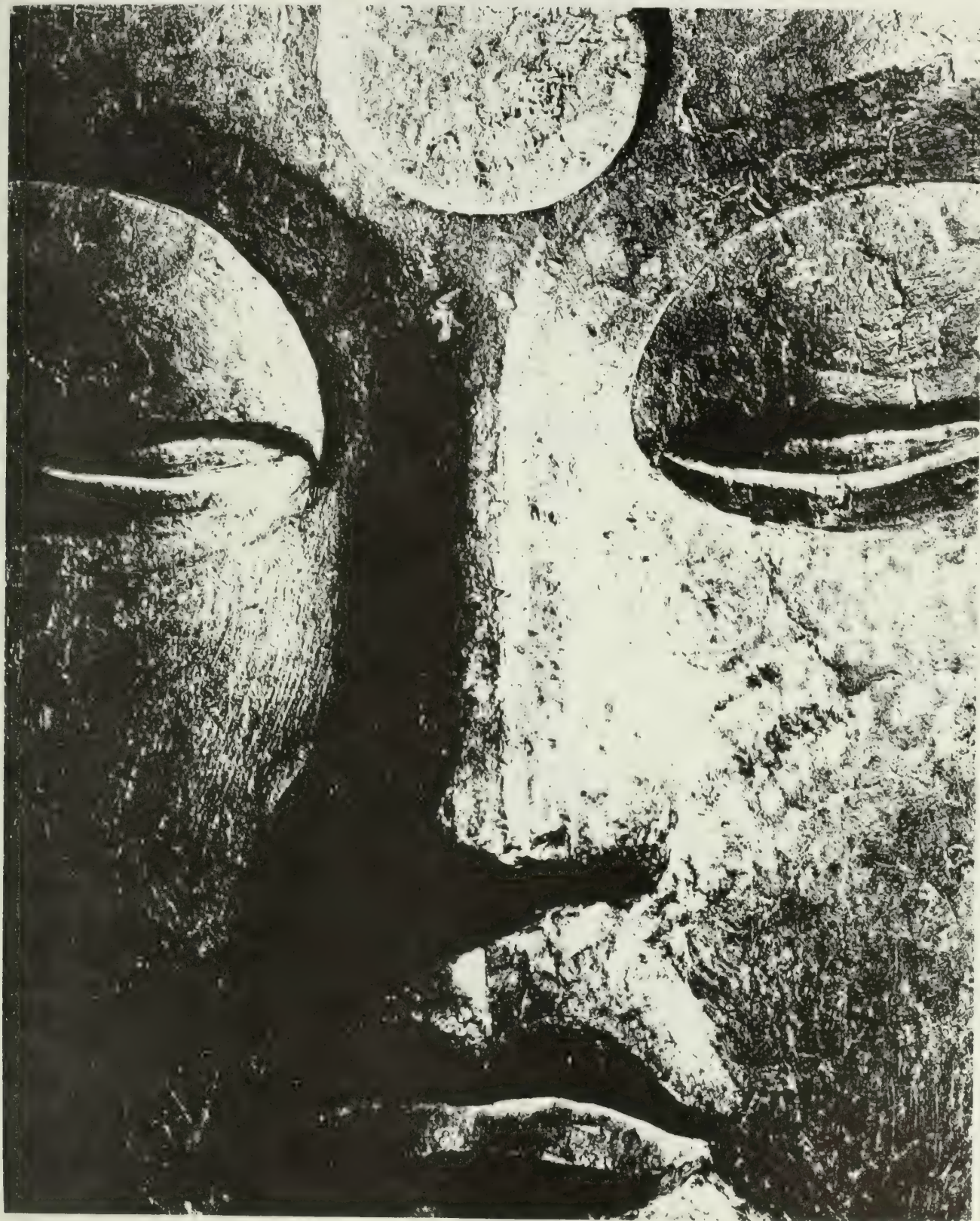


AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTAL QUARTERLY  
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12

SUPPLEMENT

PART ONE





A WORD-INDEX TO  
A WEEK  
ON THE CONCORD  
AND MERRIMACK  
RIVERS

*By*

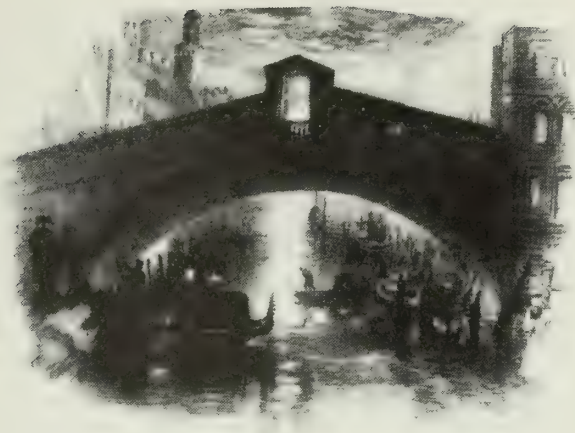
JAMES KARABATSOS



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KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



TO MY WIFE





## INTRODUCTION

This Word-Index is based on the standard Walden edition, which serves as a scholarly primary text. Since it is not a substitute for the primary text, the most troublesome problem was to determine its comprehensiveness. Compilers usually delete common function words (articles, prepositions, conjunctions), certain pronouns, auxiliary verb forms, and some common verbs (be, have, do), which often comprise nearly half the individual words of a given text, although they may be significant, especially to the student of stylistics. The frequency of personal pronouns like I, for example, is directly related to the persona. Consequently, the fact that the Week contains 566 uses of I, whereas Walden contains 1181, invites examination; similarly the frequency of intensifiers in certain contexts often reveals important stylistic values; so, too, the use of negatives in conjunction with personal pronouns may reveal modes of assertion and qualification. This index excludes all items occurring more than 100 times, except those that are especially important in A Week: man, men, river, and water. Similarly, chapter titles are entered in a number supplement, not in the main index; quoted prose is not indexed; and quoted poetry is indexed in a separate appendix. Although Ernest E. Leisey has identified all poetic allusions in the Week, coding them to the Riverside edition, this index codes them to the Walden edition in another appendix. All numerals, dates, initials, title words, foreign words and expressions--most of which are botanical and piscatory classifications--are contained in yet another supplement. In general, the index contains all words in the Walden edition except the following, whose frequencies are listed parenthetically, together with the frequencies of these deleted words as they appear in J. Stephen Sherwin and Richard C. Reynolds' A Word Index to Walden (Charlottesville, Virginia, 1960):

|         | <u>Week</u> | <u>Walden</u> |       | <u>Week</u> | <u>Walden</u> |        | <u>Week</u> | <u>Walden</u> |         |      |        |
|---------|-------------|---------------|-------|-------------|---------------|--------|-------------|---------------|---------|------|--------|
| a       | 2166        | (2781)        | for   | 660         | (884)         | nor    | 73          | (104)         | they    | 535  | (615)  |
| about   | 99          | (154)         | from  | 455         | (474)         | not    | 766         | (909)         | this    | 452  | (513)  |
| above   | 71          | (40)          | had   | 397         | (508)         | now    | 170         | (122)         | those   | 93   | (113)  |
| after   | 93          | (95)          | has   | 211         | (220)         | of     | 3374        | (3225)        | though  | 133  | (174)  |
| all     | 323         | (447)         | have  | 514         | (600)         | off    | 58          | (109)         | through | 148  | (143)  |
| along   | 68          | (31)          | he    | 484         | (693)         | on     | 677         | (676)         | time    | 151  | (161)  |
| am      | 50          | (91)          | her   | 124         | (71)          | one    | 317         | (463)         | to      | 2346 | (2743) |
| an      | 273         | (356)         | here  | 120         | (79)          | only   | 244         | (248)         | too     | 86   | (73)   |
| and     | 4097        | (4237)        | him   | 169         | (246)         | or     | 565         | (819)         | two     | 71   | (144)  |
| any     | 171         | (200)         | his   | 687         | (658)         | other  | 125         | (150)         | under   | 79   | (91)   |
| are     | 642         | (591)         | how   | 98          | (140)         | our    | 594         | (294)         | up      | 185  | (213)  |
| as      | 1107        | (1116)        | I     | 566         | (1181)        | out    | 159         | (219)         | upon    | 61   | (60)   |
| at      | 529         | (606)         | if    | 344         | (486)         | over   | 149         | (182)         | us      | 277  | (105)  |
| be      | 515         | (645)         | in    | 1792        | (1931)        | said   | 66          | (68)          | very    | 101  | (119)  |
| been    | 161         | (156)         | into  | 187         | (183)         | say    | 58          | (68)          | was     | 546  | (828)  |
| before  | 119         | (125)         | is    | 1289        | (1171)        | see    | 114         | (129)         | we      | 1017 | (442)  |
| being   | 63          | (98)          | it    | 1173        | (1389)        | seen   | 95          | (62)          | well    | 102  | (111)  |
| between | 94          | (47)          | its   | 429         | (351)         | shall  | 47          | (54)          | were    | 368  | (375)  |
| but     | 738         | (715)         | last  | 83          | (99)          | she    | 46          | (44)          | what    | 222  | (247)  |
| by      | 548         | (641)         | life  | 149         | (192)         | should | 110         | (153)         | when    | 284  | (393)  |
| can     | 152         | (156)         | like  | 233         | (285)         | so     | 331         | (431)         | where   | 198  | (193)  |
| could   | 114         | (169)         | long  | 116         | (136)         | some   | 331         | (346)         | which   | 778  | (793)  |
| day     | 118         | (172)         | many  | 137         | (164)         | still  | 232         | (163)         | while   | 124  | (108)  |
| did     | 75          | (125)         | may   | 181         | (189)         | such   | 166         | (191)         | who     | 247  | (339)  |
| do      | 127         | (181)         | me    | 115         | (306)         | than   | 253         | (292)         | whom    | 43   | (31)   |
| does    | 78          | (82)          | might | 58          | (96)          | that   | 854         | (1199)        | whose   | 86   | (68)   |
| down    | 138         | (111)         | more  | 289         | (332)         | the    | 7141        | (6750)        | will    | 210  | (242)  |
| even    | 169         | (162)         | most  | 142         | (185)         | their  | 526         | (450)         | with    | 797  | (813)  |
| every   | 82          | (121)         | much  | 96          | (146)         | them   | 233         | (306)         | without | 111  | (144)  |
| far     | 92          | (100)         | my    | 167         | (722)         | then   | 84          | (118)         | would   | 193  | (305)  |
| few     | 86          | (72)          | never | 138         | (158)         | there  | 415         | (370)         | yet     | 140  | (138)  |
| first   | 91          | (120)         | no    | 257         | (261)         | these  | 195         | (153)         | you     | 165  | (295)  |

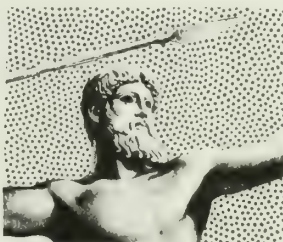




Despite its efficiency and accuracy, the IBM 1130 computer used in this project is subject to certain limitations because its disc has a small storage capacity. Setting aside the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and ten numerals leaves only five digits for assignment to the blank, the quotation mark, the hyphen, the apostrophe, and the slash. The last of these was used to bring together such units as "Concord River" and "Sir Walter Raleigh." Although some indexes separate such elements, listing, for example, "Concord" among the c's and "River" among the r's, in this index such units appear in their entirety under the first letter of the leading word. Secondly, the computer does not differentiate capitalized words. This index, however, lists separate entries for some capitalized forms. Thus there are distinct entries for God and god, Spirit and spirit, Being and being, etc. Words at the beginning of a sentence appear as capitalized in the index only if proper nouns. Phrases and words that Thoreau italicized primarily for emphasis are not italicized in this index; similarly book titles that do not appear in italics in the Walden edition are not in italics in the index. Hyphenated words are reproduced just as they appear in the Walden edition. Where such words are hyphenated at the end of a line, they are entered in the index in this way only where all references of the word in the text are so treated. Where the text reveals variant practices, both forms are listed in the main index.

The appendices, which collect entries according to the major concerns in the Week, will, I hope, prove useful. Appendix A is a guide to proper names. Appendix B is a list of Thoreau's poetic sources. Appendix C collects Thoreau's own poetry which he liberally sprinkled throughout A Week. Following the poetry appendices are four general ones, selected to provide guides to key considerations of the book: (D) Ethics, Philosophy, and Religion; (E) Language, Style, and Literature; (F) Topography; and (G) Mythology and History. Some entries are listed in more than one place since the categories are not mutually exclusive; and even though only the base form of the entry is listed, the user can explore all related forms in the main index. The governing principle of these appendices is to provide clues to meanings beyond the literal denotations.

I owe thanks to many who contributed to this work: to Professor Dudley Bailey, who directed my dissertation which is the basic source of this index; to Fr. Edward Sharp, Director of the Computer Center, Creighton University, who made available its resources and who wrote the program for the project; to my close friend, Professor Reloy Garcia, who contributed many valuable ideas and assisted in some editorial tasks; and finally to my wife, who key-punched the bulk of the text, aided in the proof-reading, typed the manuscript, and provided encouragement during long hours of "harmless" drudgery.





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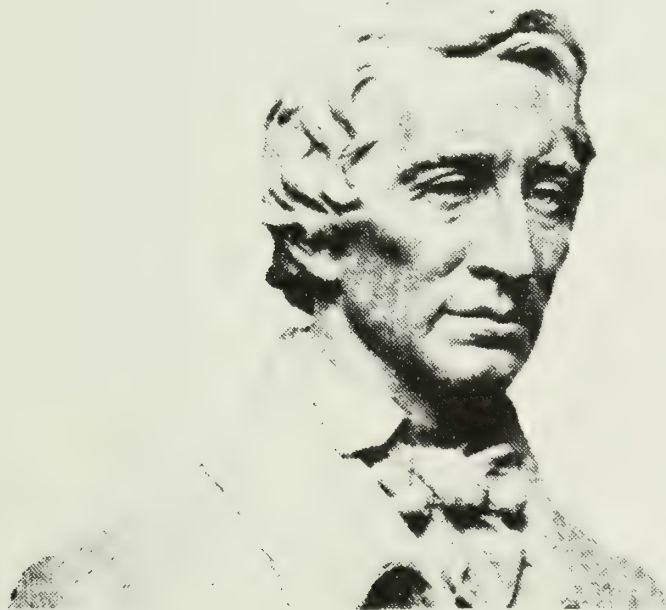
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## SUPPLEMENT: NUMBERS, DATES, INITIALS, CHAPTER HEADINGS, FOREIGN WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

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|----------|------------|--------|--------------|------|---------|--------|-----------|---------------|
| Concord  | 3.T        | N. E.  | 33.29        | 34.1 | 1725    | 123.21 | Wednesday | 249.T         |
| 1635     | 3.5        | W. I.  | 33.29        | 34.1 | 1690    | 168.11 | 1822      | 263.9 269.2   |
| 75       | 6.21       | 25     | 34.3         |      | 1754    | 168.11 | 1660      | 267.31        |
| 1812     | 6.22       | Sunday | 42.T         |      | 1700    | 168.16 | 1728      | 268.26        |
| 1831     | 8.22       | 1614   | 92.1         |      | 1725    | 173.30 | 1752      | 268.26        |
| 1628     | 8.31       | 1665   | 114.1        |      | Tuesday | 188.T  | 1777      | 269.1         |
| 1652     | 8.31 90.12 | 1683   | 114.2        |      | 1656    | 204.11 | Thursday  | 317.T         |
| Saturday | 12.T       | 1675   | 114.8 114.22 |      | 1815    | 207.21 | 15th      | 342.6         |
| 1839     | 12.1 64.20 |        | 168.14       |      | 22      | 232.6  | 31st      | 342.28        |
| 1775     | 14.16      | 1694   | 115.15       |      | 1677    | 232.6  | Friday    | 356.T         |
| 1672     | 27.15      | Monday | 121.T        |      | 1670    | 232.31 | 1785      | 379.26 380.19 |
| 1805     | 33.28      | 18th   | 123.20       |      | 1685    | 233.3  |           | 380.29        |
|          |            |        |              |      |         |        | 1818      | 380.2         |

Salix Purshiana 18.4 43.27  
 Chelone glabra 18.16  
 Eupatorium purpurcum 18.18  
 Pomotis vulgaris 24.16  
 Perca flavenscens 26.19  
 Leuciscus pulchellus 27.18  
 Leuciscus argenteus 28.19  
 Leuciscus chrysoleucus 28.23  
 Esox reticulatus 29.10  
 Pimelodus nebulosus 29.30  
 Catostomi Bostonienses  
 tuberlati 30.17  
 Muraena Bostonienses 31.1  
 Petromyzon Americanus 31.9  
 Mikania scandens 43.23  
 parterres 55.28  
 θυμῶ θιχέουσα τε,  
 κηδομένη τε 65.18

Campanula rotundifolia 92.10  
 ἑπείη μαχα πολλά μεταξύ 96.14  
 οὔρεά τε διιδένεα, θάλασσά τε ἡχέεσα.  
 terra firma 100.26  
 fluvius 113.5  
 rivus 113.5  
 transjectus 122.31  
 dulce-far-niente 132.3  
 Ex oriente lux 149.31  
 Tilia Americana 166.3  
 lapide corpora 177.14  
 οὐκ ἔστι 198.23  
 Sciurus striatus 205.27  
 quaeque diu steterant in montibus  
 altis, Fluctibus ignotis  
 insultavere carinae 228.8  
 ubique gentium sunt 232.30  
 ὅ χρῆσθαι νοεῖν νόου ἀνθεῖ 239.21

sua si bona norint 257.19  
 necessarius 291.5  
 particeps criminis 328.21  
 sanctum sanctorum 330.16  
 Trichostema dichotomum 377.12  
 Rhexia Virginica 377.14  
 Prunus littoralis 381.20  
 sumen 382.9  
 λόγος τοῦ ἔργου ἄνευ ὕλης 386.8  
 λαγὸς καθεύδων 389.6  
 O alma redemptoris mater 398.11  
 γηγενεὺς 406.8  
 Ardea herodias 416.23  
 ἔρη 419.28

## APPENDIX A: PROPER NAMES

|                      |                       |                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| Abelard              | Boccaccio             | Democritus           | Gray            |
| Abner                | Boreas                | Dido                 | Great Spirit    |
| Abraham              | Botta                 | Diogenes             | Griselda        |
| Achilles             | Braddock              | Dodona               | Hafiz           |
| Adam                 | Brahma                | Donne                | Hannah Dustan   |
| Aeacus               | Brenton               | Dowlat Shah          | Hannibal        |
| Aeneas               | Briareus              | Drayton              | Hastings        |
| Aeolus               | Bruce                 | Dr. Johnson          | Hearne('s)      |
| Agassiz              | Buddha                | Dryden               | Helen           |
| Alcaeus              | Burns                 | Dudleian             | Helius          |
| Alexander            | Caleb Harriman('s)    | Dunbar of Scotland   | Heloise         |
| Alpheus              | Calidas               | Earl of Bridgewater  | Henry           |
| Alwakidis            | Captain David M'Clary | Edmund Halley        | Herbert         |
| Amos                 | Captain John Smith    | Edward the Third     | Herodotus       |
| Anacreon             | Captain Lovewell      | Edwin of Northumbria | Hesiod          |
| Anchises             | Cato('s)              | Elbridge             | Hippocrene      |
| Anna                 | Charles Wilkins       | Eleazar Davis        | Holy Ghost      |
| Antigone             | Charon                | Elisha('s)           | Homer           |
| Apollo               | Chateaubriand         | Elnathan             | Horace          |
| Arch-Fiend           | Chaucer               | Endymion             | Hussein Effendi |
| Arethuse             | Christ                | Eumenides            | Ibrahim Pasha   |
| Argus                | Cincinnatus           | Euphemus             | Ibycus          |
| Ariadne              | Colonel George Reid   | Eurypylus            | Iris            |
| Aristeus             | Columbus              | Eve                  | Isaac           |
| Aristotle            | Confucius             | Evelyn('s)           | Isaiah          |
| Arjoon               | Constance             | Farwell              | Isis            |
| Arthur('s)           | Croder                | Fillan               | Ismene          |
| Aubrey               | Culluca Bhatta        | Fingal               | Jacob           |
| Aurora               | Cumaeen Sibyl         | Francis Beaumont     | Jamblichus      |
| Bacchus              | Cummings              | Franklin [Benjamin]  | James K. Polk   |
| Battus               | Cuviers               | Fuller               | Jason           |
| Baxter('s)           | Cylon                 | Galileo              | Jehovah         |
| Belknap              | Dame Nature           | Gesner               | Jesus           |
| Belphoebe            | Dandamis              | God                  | John Eliot      |
| Ben Jonson           | Daniel                | Goethe               | John Gutenberg  |
| Black Prince         | Dante                 | Gookin               | John Hogkins    |
| Blanche the Duchesse | Davis                 | Gower                | John Lovewell   |





|                         |                         |                   |                    |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| John of Gaunt           | MacRoine                | Onesicritus       | Sachem Pasaconaway |
| John Owamosimmin        | Marvell                 | Orpheus           | Sachem Wannalancet |
| Johnson                 | Mary Marks              | Osiris            | Sadi               |
| John Stark              | Mary Neff               | Ossian            | Samuel Lennardson  |
| Jonah                   | Memnon                  | Pan               | Sam Linis          |
| Jonathan Frye           | Menander                | Patroclus         | Sanjay             |
| Jonathan Tyng           | Mencius                 | Paugus            | Scott('s)          |
| Joseph Hassell          | Menu                    | Persius           | Shakespeare        |
| Joseph Wolff            | Miantonimo              | Petrarch          | Simon Detogkom     |
| Josiah Jones            | Miles Howard            | Phaethon          | Simonides          |
| Josselyn                | Miles Standish          | Phidias           | Sir James Clark    |
| Jove                    | Milton                  | Philip            | Sir Joseph Banks   |
| Juno                    | Mimnermus               | Philyra           | Sir Thomas Browne  |
| Jupiter                 | Minerva                 | Phoebu(s')        | Sir William Jones  |
| Juvenal                 | Moore                   | Pindar            | Sisyphus           |
| King Creon              | Moses                   | Plato             | Socrates           |
| King Hary               | Mr. James Parker        | Plutarch          | Solomon            |
| King James              | Mr. John Hales          | Polynices         | Solon              |
| Kreeshna                | Mr. Jorge Rodunnonukgus | Pope              | Sophocles          |
| Kreeshna Dwypayen Veias | Mr. Lund                | Popham            | Spaulding          |
| Latona                  | Musaeus                 | Prioreess('s)     | Starne             |
| Lavoisier               | Narcissus               | Prometheus        | Stesichorus        |
| Lawrence                | Nathan                  | Proserpine        | Swedenborg         |
| Ledyard                 | Nathan('s)              | Pythagoras        | Tahatawan          |
| Leucippus               | Neptune                 | Rasselas          | Tamerlane          |
| Lieutenant Farwell      | Nestor                  | Richard Arkwright | Thomas Fuller      |
| Linus                   | Newton                  | Robert Boyle      | Timias             |
| Little John             | Odin                    | Robin Hood        | Toahitu            |
| Lovewell                | Oivana                  | Robinson Crusoe   | Trenmore           |
| Lycurgus                | Oliver Cromwell         | Roger Bacon       | Triton             |

## APPENDIX B: POETIC ALLUSIONS

|                                                                                                                      |       |                                                                                                                         |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| " <u>Fluminague obliquis cinxit declivia ripis...</u> " (He confined the rivers).<br>Ovid, <u>Metamorphoses</u> .    | 2.T*  | "There is an inward voice, that in the stream..." W. E. Channing, "The River."                                          | 44.22 |
| "Beneath low hills, in the broad interval..." Emerson, "Musketaquid."                                                | 3.T   | "A man that looks on glass..." George Herbert, "The Elixir."                                                            | 48.5  |
| "And thou Simois, that as an arrowe, clere..." Chaucer, <u>Troilus and Criseyde</u> .                                | 10.15 | "Bedford, most noble Bedford..." Contemporary ballad.                                                                   | 50.29 |
| "Sure there are poets which did never dream..." Denham, "Cooper's Hill."                                             | 10.20 | "Some nation yet shut in..." William Habington, " <u>Nox nocti indicat scientiam</u> ."                                 | 56.11 |
| "Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try..." Francis Quarles, "Christ's Invitation to the Soul," <u>Emblems</u> . | 12.T  | "And Iadahel, as saith the boke..." John Gower, <u>Confessio Amantis</u> .                                              | 57.15 |
| "Were it the will of Heaven, an osier bough..." Pindar, in Emerson's <u>Commonplace Book</u> .                       | 13.28 | "Jason first sayled, in story it is tolde..." John Lydgate, "A Poem against Idleness, and the History of Sardanapalus." | 57.22 |
| "By the rude bridge that arched the flood..." Emerson, "Concord Hymn."                                               | 14.20 | "The seventh is a holy day..." Hesiod, <u>Works and Days</u> .                                                          | 64.3  |
| "...renning aie downward to the sea." Chaucer, <u>Troilus and Criseyde</u> .                                         | 21.31 | "Where is this love become in later age..." Quarles, <u>Jonah</u> .                                                     | 68.20 |
| "...a beggar on the way..." "Robin Hood and the Beggar," in Percy's <u>Reliques of Ancient Poetry</u> .              | 34.29 | "The world's a popular disease, that reigns..." Quarles, <u>Emblems</u> .                                               | 68.25 |
| "That bold adopts each house he views, his own..." Quarles, <u>Emblems</u> .                                         | 35.1  | "All the world's a stage..." Shakespeare, <u>As You Like It</u> .                                                       | 68.29 |
| "The river calmly flows..." W. E. Channing, "Boat Song."                                                             | 42.T  | "Doth grow the greater still, the further downe..." William Alexander, "A Paraenisis to Prince Henry."                  | 88.1  |
|                                                                                                                      |       | "So silent is the cessile air..." Alexander Hume, "Thanks for a Summer's Day."                                          | 92.17 |

\*All poems that appear at the beginning of a chapter in A Week are identified by the letter T.



|                                                                                                                                            |         |                                                                                                                     |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| "Jam laeto turgent in palmite gemmae..."<br>Virgil, <u>Eclogues</u> .                                                                      | 93.14   | "...campoque recepta..." Ovid                                                                                       | 113.13 |
| " <u>Strata jacent passim sua quaeque sub</u><br><u>arbore poma...</u> " Virgil, <u>Eclogues</u> .                                         | 93.16   | "Make Bando thy scout watch to bark at a<br>thief..." Thomas Tusser, "Five Hundred<br>Points of Good Husbandry."    | 115.10 |
| "As from the clouds appears the full<br>moon..." Homer, <u>Iliad</u> .                                                                     | 95.4    | "I thynke for to touche also..." John<br>Gower, Prologue to <u>Confessio Amantis</u> .                              | 121.T  |
| "While it was dawn, and sacred day<br>was advancing..." Homer, <u>Iliad</u> .                                                              | 95.12   | "The hye sheryfe of Notyngghame..." "Gest<br>of Robin Hood."                                                        | 121.T  |
| "They, thinking great things, upon the<br>neutral ground of war..." Homer, <u>Iliad</u> .                                                  | 95.23   | "His shoote it was but loosely shott..."<br>"Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne."                                       | 121.T  |
| "Went down the Idaean mountains to<br>far Olympus..." Homer, <u>Iliad</u> .                                                                | 96.5    | "Gazed on the Heavens for what he missed<br>on Earth." William Browne, "The Shepherd's<br>Pipe."                    | 121.T  |
| "For there are very many..." Homer,<br><u>Iliad</u> .                                                                                      | 96.16   | "All courageous knichtis..." Alexander<br>Montgomerie, "The night is near gone."                                    | 121.8  |
| "Then rose up to them sweet-worded<br>Nestor, the shrill orator of the<br>Pylians..." Homer, <u>Iliad</u> .                                | 96.23   | "He and his valiant soldiers did range<br>the woods full wide..." "Ballad of Lovewell's<br>Fight."                  | 123.26 |
| "Homer is gone; and where is Jove? and<br>where..." Philip J. Bailey, <u>Festus</u> .                                                      | 97.19   | "Of all our valiant English, there were<br>but thirty-four..." "Ballad of Lovewell's<br>Fight."                     | 124.3  |
| "You grov'ling worldlings, you whose<br>wisdom trades..." Quarles, <u>Emblems</u> .                                                        | 99.16   | "And braving many dangers and hardships in<br>the way..." "Ballad of Lovewell's Fight."                             | 124.22 |
| "Merchants, arise..." Quarles, "A<br>Feast for Worms," <u>Divine Poems</u> .                                                               | 100.1   | "A man he was of comely form..." "Ballad<br>of Lovewell's Fight."                                                   | 125.3  |
| "To Athens gowned he goes, and from<br>that school..." Quarles, "Job<br>Militant."                                                         | 100.18  | "For as we are informed, so thick and fast<br>they fell..." "Ballad of Lovewell's<br>Fight."                        | 126.10 |
| "What I have learned is mine; I've<br>had my thought..." Diogenes Laertius<br>on Crates.                                                   | 101.1   | "Yet I doubt not through the ages one<br>increasing purpose runs..." Tennyson,<br>"Locksley Hall."                  | 129.1  |
| "...ask for that which is our whole<br>life's light..." Ellery Channing.                                                                   | 102.14* | "Men find that action is another thing..."<br>Samuel Daniel, <u>Musophilus</u> .                                    | 132.27 |
| "Let us set so just..." William<br>Habington, "To my honoured friend<br>and kinsman, R. St. Esquire."                                      | 102.20  | "And round about good morrows fly..."<br>Charles Cotton, "The Morning Quatrain."                                    | 134.26 |
| "Olympian bards who sung..." Emerson,<br>"Ode to Beauty."                                                                                  | 103.5   | "The early pilgrim blythe he hailed..."<br>"The Lordling Peasant," in Thomas Evans,<br><u>Old English Ballads</u> . | 134.29 |
| "...lips of cunning fell..." Emerson,<br>"The Problem."                                                                                    | 104.2   | "Now turn again, turn again, said the<br>pinder..." "The Jolly Pindar of Wakefield."                                | 136.21 |
| "That 't is not in the power of kings<br>to raise..." Samuel Daniel, Dedication<br>of the <u>Tragedy of Philotas</u> , "To the<br>Prince." | 104.21  | "Virtues as rivers pass..." Donne,<br>"Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, Brother<br>to the Countess of Bedford."    | 137.6  |
| "And that the utmost powers of English<br>rhyme..." Samuel Daniel, Dedication<br>of the <u>Tragedy of Philotas</u> , "To the<br>Prince."   | 104.27  | "Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep<br>into the younger day..." Tennyson,<br>"Locksley Hall."                   | 163.20 |
| "And who, in time, knows whither we<br>may vent..." Samuel Daniel, <u>Musophilus</u> .                                                     | 105.1   | "Fragments of the lofty strain..." Walter<br>Scott, "Thomas the Rhymer."                                            | 164.30 |
| "How many thousands never heard the<br>name..." Samuel Daniel, <u>Musophilus</u> .                                                         | 106.8   | "They carried these foresters into fair<br>Nottingham..." "Robin Hood's Progress to<br>Nottingham."                 | 174.30 |

\*See Carl Bode's Collected Poems of Henry Thoreau, p. 374, for explanation of this poem.





|                                                                                                       |         |                                                                                                                                 |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| "Gentle river, gentle river..." "Rio verde, rio verde," in Percy's <u>Reliques</u> .                  | 175.14  | "...bees that fly..." Giles Fletcher, "Christ's Triumph over Death."                                                            | 266.11  |
| "Then did the crimson streams that flowed..." "Ballad of Lovewell's Fight."                           | 176.17  | "He that hath love and judgment too..." Matthew Royden, "An Elegie, or Friends Passion, for his Astrophill."                    | 283.16  |
| "When the drum beat at dead of night." Thomas Campbell, "Hohenlinden."                                | 181.7   | "Why love among the virtues is not known..." Donne, "Second Letter to the Countess of Huntington."                              | 283.23  |
| "Before each van..." Milton, <u>Paradise Lost</u> .                                                   | 186.5   | "And love as well the shepherd can..." Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "Another to his Cinthia."                                   | 288.3   |
| "On either side the river lie..." Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott."                                    | 188.T   | "When manhood shall be matched so..." Richard Edwards, "The Renuing of Love."                                                   | 291.15  |
| "Heaven itself shall slide..." Giles Fletcher, "Christ's Victory in Heaven."                          | 198.28  | "There be mo sterres in the skie than a pair..." Chaucer, "The Parlement of Foules."                                            | 293.25  |
| "Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye..." Shakespeare, "Sonnet 33."                           | 199.17  | "Silver sands and pebbles sing..." W. Raleigh to C. Marlowe, "Another Passionate Shepherd to his Love."                         | 314.27  |
| "Anon permit the basest clouds to ride..." Shakespeare, "Sonnet 33."                                  | 199.22  | "Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray." Donne, "Of the Progress of the Soul, The Second Anniversary."                    | 315.17  |
| "How may a worm that crawls along the dust..." Giles Fletcher, "Christ's Victory and Triumph."        | 199.28  | "And more to lulle him in his slumber soft..." Spenser, <u>Faerie Queene</u> .                                                  | 316.5   |
| "And now the taller sons, whom Titan warms..." Giles Fletcher, "Christ's Victory and Triumph."        | 202.30  | "He trode the unplanted forest floor, whereon..." Emerson, "Woodnotes."                                                         | 317.T   |
| "In a pleasant glade..." Spenser, <u>Faerie Queene</u> .                                              | 214.19  | Lines from Persius.                                                                                                             | 327-332 |
| "Amongst the pumy stones, which seemed to plain..." Spenser, <u>Faerie Queene</u> .                   | 219.9   | "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright..." George Herbert, "The Temple."                                                       | 335.4   |
| "His reverend locks..." "Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green," in Percy's <u>Reliques</u> .            | 219.22  | "To journey for his marriage..." Chaucer, "Dream."                                                                              | 337.24  |
| "Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure." Emerson, "The Humble Bee."                                       | 230.11  | "...The swaying soft..." W. E. Channing, "The River."                                                                           | 338.22  |
| "Too quick resolves do resolution wrong..." Quarles, <u>Emblems</u> .                                 | 236.18  | "Not only o'er the dial's face..." James Montgomery, "The Sun-Dial."                                                            | 340.25  |
| "Nor has he ceased his charming song, for still that lyre..." Simonides, <u>Epigram on Anacreon</u> . | 238.13  | "Old woman that lives under the hill..." Mother Goose ballad.                                                                   | 347.3   |
| "The young and tender stalk..." "The Faery Queen," in Percy's <u>Reliques</u> .                       | 240.1   | "The laws of Nature break the rules of Art." Quarles, "To My Booke."                                                            | 350.3   |
| Translations from Anacreon.                                                                           | 240-244 | "The Boteman strayt..." Spenser, <u>Faerie Queene</u> .                                                                         | 356.T   |
| "Man is man's foe and destiny." Charles Cotton, "The World."                                          | 249.T   | "Summer's robe grows..." Donne, "The Anatomy of the World."                                                                     | 356.T   |
| "He knew of our haste..."                                                                             | 258.20  | "And now the cold autumnal dewes are seen..." Quarles, <u>Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man</u> .                                | 357.20  |
| "...springing up from the bottom..." Pindar, <u>Olympian Odes</u> .                                   | 259.6   | "From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain." Marlowe, <u>Hero and Leander</u> .                                            | 359.4   |
| "The island sprang from the watery..." Pindar, <u>Olympian Odes</u> .                                 | 259.9   | "Wise Nature's darlings, they live in the world..." William Drummond, "A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir William Alexander." | 359.10  |
| "Rome living was the world's sole ornament..." Spenser's translation of Du Belay's "Ruines of Rome."  | 264.24  | "...at all<br>Came lovers home from this great festival." Marlowe, <u>Hero and Leander</u> .                                    | 359.20  |



|                                                                                                     |         |                                                                                                               |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Lines from Ossian.                                                                                  | 367-371 | "Although we see celestial bodies move..."<br>Donne "Elegy 18."                                               | 406.1  |
| "And what's a life? The flourishing<br>array..." Quarles, "The Brevity of<br>Human Life."           | 377.1   | " <u>Largior hic campos aether et lumine<br/>vestit...</u> " Virgil, <u>Aeneid</u> .                          | 406.15 |
| "I see the goldenrod shine bright..."<br>W. E. Channing, "Autumn."                                  | 378.1   | "Unless above himself he can..." Samuel<br>Daniel, "Epistle to the Lady Margaret,<br>Countess of Cumberland." | 407.10 |
| "For first the thing is thought within<br>the hart..." Chaucer, <u>The Court of<br/>Love</u> .      | 397.10  | "I asked the schoolman, his advice was<br>free..." Quarles, <u>Emblems</u> .                                  | 407.18 |
| "If that God that heaven and yearth<br>made..." Chaucer, <u>Legend of Good<br/>Women</u> .          | 399.11  | "He that wants faith, and apprehends a<br>grief..." Quarles, "On Faith," <u>Divine<br/>Fancies</u> .          | 414.23 |
| "There is a place beyond that flaming<br>hill..." Giles Fletcher, "Christ's<br>Victory in Heaven."  | 403.27  | "By them went Fido, marshal of the field..."<br>Phineas Fletcher, "The Purple Island."                        | 414.28 |
| "The earth, the air, and seas I know,<br>and all..." George Chapman, <u>Caesar<br/>and Pompey</u> . | 405.22  | "Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the<br>night..." William Drummond, <u>Flowers in<br/>Sion</u> .         | 417.7  |
|                                                                                                     |         | " <u>Pulsae referunt ad sidera valles</u> ," Virgil,<br><u>Eclogues</u> .                                     | 417.26 |

## APPENDIX C: POETRY INDEX

|                      |                       |        |        |                  |
|----------------------|-----------------------|--------|--------|------------------|
| abate                |                       |        |        | before           |
| abate 302.27         | along 76.33           | 171.34 | 247.24 | avails 277.3     |
| abide 186.11         | 255.31                |        |        | await 172.14     |
| able 242.33          | always 276.11         |        |        | awake 314.2      |
| abroad 313.9         | always 171.8          | 240.27 | 279.21 | away 15.12       |
| absence 277.4        | amber 172.3           |        |        | 186.9            |
| a-calking 229.6      | amid 46.21            | 170.30 |        | 186.9            |
| accord 276.18        | amidst 366.6          |        |        | 188.16           |
| acquaintances 277.23 | among 244.10          |        |        | 188.16           |
| across 152.3         | Anacreon 241.28       | 241.34 | 242.11 | 200.18           |
| acts 186.14          | ancient 15.13         | 278.25 |        | 200.18           |
| adventures 184.25    | angel 187.1           |        |        | axe 173.5        |
| advice 299.2         | anon 16.14            | 278.30 |        | axle 103.27      |
| Aeolian 184.14       | another 103.16        | 411.2  |        | ay 17.9          |
| aerial 229.16        | anticipate 313.23     |        |        | Azores 278.27    |
| afar 103.28          | antiquated 234.18     |        |        | babbling 186.23  |
| affairs 76.18        | ants 320.27           |        |        | back 244.8       |
| affinity 275.7       | anxious 184.18        |        |        | backbone 76.15   |
| afflicted 244.24     | anything 331.10       |        |        | bade 242.25      |
| afflicts 244.23      | appear 103.32         |        |        | banks 201.12     |
| Africa 278.32        | appears 314.6         |        |        | bare 410.24      |
| after 276.8          | appropriate 373.27    |        |        | bargain 277.2    |
| again 86.24          | approve 173.12        |        |        | bask 302.24      |
| 320.21               | arch 234.12           |        |        | bates 375.13     |
| 375.10               | argument 170.24       |        |        | Bathyllus 241.10 |
| against 267.12       | arm 15.14             |        |        | 241.29           |
| 320.31               | armed 373.28          |        |        | 243.30           |
| 331.10               | around 152.3          |        |        | battles 240.33   |
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     186.27 186.29 186.30 277.14  
     278.29 279.2 375.7 416.1  
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## APPENDIX D: ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION

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 Arch-Fiend  
 Aristotle  
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 blaspheme  
 bless  
 Brahm  
 brother 120.10 141.31  
     302.5  
 Buddha  
 Canaan  
 catechism  
 celestial  
 Chaldaean  
 charity  
 cherubim  
 Christ  
 church  
 conscience  
 created  
 creed  
 crucifixion  
 Culluca Bhatta  
 Dandamis  
 Daniel  
 death  
 deluge  
 destiny  
 devil

devotional  
 Dherma Sastra  
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 divine  
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 essence 141.22  
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 Eve  
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 Holy Sepulchre  
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 Isaiah  
 Jacob  
 Jehovah  
 Jerusalem  
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 Jew  
 John Eliot  
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 theogeny  
 theology  
 Tree of Knowledge  
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 unbaptized  
 universe  
 Vedas  
 Virgin  
 Vishnu Purana  
 Wandering Jew  
 Wickliffe  
 Zoroaster







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 Alcaeus  
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 Aubrey  
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     58.24 59.10 107.18  
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 Sir William Jones  
 Sir Thomas Browne  
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 Xanthus

## APPENDIX F: TOPOGRAPHY

- Aboljacknagesic [River]  
 Agiocochook  
 Amoskeag [River]  
 Assabet River  
 Babboosuck-Brook  
 Baker's River  
 Ball's Hill  
 bank  
 basin  
 bay  
 beaches  
 beaver-dams  
 Beaver River  
 Bedford  
 Belknap  
 Bellow Falls  
 Bennington  
 Berwick  
 Bilberry  
 Billerica  
 Billerica Falls  
 Billerica dam  
 birch  
 Biscuit Brook  
 bluffs  
 Bradford  
 Brenton  
 Bristol  
 brook  
 bulrushes  
 Bunker Hill  
 burdock  
 bushes  
 button bush  
 button woods  
 cactus  
 calamint  
 Cambridge  
 Camden  
 camping ground  
 canal  
 cape  
 Carlisle  
 Carlisle Bridge  
 Catskills  
 Chain Bridge  
 Chelmsford  
 cliffs  
 clover  
 Cohass Brook  
 Cohasset  
 Conantum  
 Concord  
 cones  
 Contoocook [River]  
 Coos Falls  
 Coppermine River  
 copses  
 copse wood  
 corn fields  
 coves  
 crags  
 Cranberry Island  
 Cromwell  
 Cromwell's Falls  
 Crooked River  
 dams  
 Deerfield River



|                        |                     |                           |                      |
|------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Derwent                | lagoons             | Nine Acre Corner          | South Adams          |
| dogwood                | Lake Huron          | North Adams               | Southborough         |
| Dracut                 | lakes               | North Bridge              | spruce               |
| Dunstable              | Lake Winnipeg       | oaks                      | squashes             |
| evergreen              | laurel              | orchard                   | straw                |
| Fair-Haven Bay         | Lawrence            | Ottaway [River]           | strawberries         |
| falls                  | ledges              | Otternic Pond             | stumps               |
| Falls of Amoskeag      | Ledyard             | pasture-ground            | Sturgeon River       |
| fields                 | Lexington           | Pawtucket [Canal, Dam,    | Sudbury              |
| foliage                | lichens             | Falls]                    | Sudbury River        |
| Fort Niagara           | lilies              | peaks                     | sugar cane           |
| fowl-meadow            | limes               | peat-meadows              | sugar maple          |
| Fox Island             | Lincoln [Town of]   | Pelham                    | summack              |
| Framingham             | linden              | Pembroke [Town]           | summit               |
| Franconia              | Litchfield          | Pemigewasset [River]      | sunflower            |
| fruit trees            | Lovewell Town       | Penobscot [River]         | table-land           |
| Goff's Falls           | Lowell              | pickerel-weed             | tansies              |
| Goffstown              | Lydgate             | Piscataquoag [River]      | thistle              |
| Goffstown Mountain     | Mad [River]         | plains                    | Thornton's Ferry     |
| goldenrods             | Malvern Hills       | Plaistow                  | toadstool            |
| Grape Island           | Manchester          | plantain                  | topography           |
| grape-vine             | maples              | plum                      | trees                |
| Great Bend             | Marlborough         | Plum Island               | trumpet-weed         |
| Great Nesenkeag Brook  | marshes             | Plymouth                  | Tyngsborough         |
| Griffith's Falls       | Massabesic Lake     | ponds                     | Uncannunuc Mountains |
| Groton                 | Massabesic Pond     | Ponkawtasset              | vales                |
| groves                 | McGaw's Island      | Poplar Hill               | valleys              |
| gum tree               | Meadow River        | poppy                     | vegetation           |
| Hallidon Hill          | meadows             | potherbs                  | verbena              |
| Hampstead              | meads               | promontory                | vines                |
| Haverhill              | melons              | Rabbit Island             | violets              |
| hay                    | Michilimackinac     | raspberries               | Wachusset            |
| hemlock                | Middlesex           | Read's Ferry              | Wachusset Mountain   |
| herbs                  | mills               | reeds                     | water-lilies         |
| hibiscus               | Monadnock [Mount]   | rivers                    | waterfalls           |
| Highlands of Neversink | Moore Falls         | rocks                     | watermelons          |
| hills                  | Moose-hillock       | roses                     | weeds                |
| hillock                | moss-bed            | rye                       | weeping willow       |
| honeysuckle            | mountains           | Saddle-back Mountain      | weirs                |
| Hooksett               | Mt. Ktaadn          | Salmon Brook              | Westborough Swamp    |
| Hooksett Falls         | Mt. Saber           | sand [banks, bars, hills] | Westford [Town of]   |
| Hooksett Pinnacle      | Musketaquid [River] | Sandy Hook                | wheatfields          |
| Hoosack Mountain       | musquash            | sapling                   | White Mountains      |
| hop-fields             | Namaskeak [River]   | sap-wood                  | Wicasuck Falls       |
| Hopkinton              | Nashua [River]      | shad blossom              | Wicasuck Island      |
| Hopkinton Pond         | Nashville [Village] | Shelburne Falls           | wild-apple           |
| Horseshoe Interval     | Naticook Brook      | Sherman's Bridge          | Williamstown         |
| houstonia              | Nesenkeag [Stream]  | slippery-elm              | Windham              |
| huckleberries          | Neville's Cross     | Smith's River             | Winnipiseogee [Lake] |
| juniper                | New Concord         | soapwort gentian          | witch-hazel          |
| Kat tree               | Newbury             | Soucook [River]           | woodland lots        |
| Kearsarge [Mount]      | Newfound Lake       | Souhegan [River]          | woods                |

## APPENDIX G: MYTHOLOGY AND HISTORY

|                  |                      |                       |                    |
|------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Abner            | Anchises             | Athenians             | Caleb Harriman     |
| aboriginal       | Astoria City         | Attic                 | Capt. David McLary |
| Achilles         | antediluvian         | Aulus Perseus Flaccus | Capt. John Smith   |
| Acropolis        | Apollo               | Aurora                | Capt. Lovewell     |
| Aeacus           | Appian               | Bacchantes            | Carnac             |
| Aegean           | Arabia               | Bacchus               | Carthage           |
| Aeneas           | Arabian [Chronicles; | Bagdat                | Cato's             |
| Aeolus           | Nights]              | Baiae                 | Celtic             |
| Aeolian Harp     | Arabic               | Banquet of Xenophon   | Charles Wilkins    |
| Agassiz          | Arcadia              | barbarian             | Charon             |
| Alcaeus          | Arethuse             | Bashpish              | Chippeway          |
| Alexander        | Argonauts            | Battus                | Colchian Dragon    |
| Alpheus          | Ariadne              | Black Prince          | Col. George Reid   |
| Alwakidis        | Aristeus             | Bokhara               | Columbus           |
| Amazon           | Arjoon               | Boreas                | Confucius          |
| ambrosia         | Arthur's             | Botta                 | Constance          |
| American Indians | Astoria City         | Braddock              | Corybantes         |
| Amos             | Astraea              | Briareus              | Cromwell           |





|                      |                             |                         |                      |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Cumaeen Sibyl        | Haroun Alraschid            | Mr. Jorge Rodunnonukgus | Richard Arkwright    |
| Cummings             | heathen                     | Mr. Lund                | river gods           |
| Cylon                | Helius                      | Musaeus                 | Robert Boyle         |
| dark ages            | Henry                       | muse                    | Robin Hood           |
| Davis                | Hippocrene                  | Mussulman               | Robinson Crusoe      |
| deities              | history                     | mythology               | runes                |
| demi-god             | <u>History of Concord</u>   | mythus                  | Salamis              |
| demonic              | <u>History of Dunstable</u> | Naiads                  | Samuel Lennardson    |
| Democritus           | Hudson's Bay Company        | Narcissus               | Sam Linus            |
| Dido                 | Iambe                       | Nemesis                 | Saturn               |
| Diogenes             | India                       | Neottia                 | satyr                |
| Dodona               | Io                          | Neptune                 | savage               |
| Dryads               | Ionian                      | Nestor                  | Saxon                |
| Dudleian             | Iris                        | Newton                  | scythia              |
| Dunbar of Scotland   | Isis                        | Nile                    | Shawshine            |
| Earl of Bridgewater  | Isphaham                    | Norman Conqueror        | Simon Detogkom       |
| East Indian Company  | James K. Polk               | Normans                 | Sir James Clark Ross |
| Edmund Halley        | Jason                       | Nottingham              | Sir Joseph Banks     |
| Edward the Third     | John Gutenberg              | nymph                   | sirens               |
| Edwin of Northumbria | John Hogkins                | Oceanides               | Sisyphus             |
| Egypt                | John Lovewell               | Odin                    | Solomon              |
| Elbridge             | John of Gaunt               | Oliver Cromwell         | Solon                |
| Eleazar Davis        | John Owamosimmin            | Olympia                 | Spaulding            |
| Elnathan             | John Stark                  | Olympic games           | Styx                 |
| Elysian fields       | Jonathan Frye               | Onesicritus             | Syracuse             |
| Endymion             | Jonathan Tyng               | Ophir                   | Tahatawan            |
| Epeians              | Joseph Hassell              | oracle                  | Tamerlane            |
| Ethiopians           | Josiah Jones                | Oreads                  | Tartar               |
| Etruria              | Jove                        | oriental                | Tempe                |
| Etruscan             | Juno                        | Orpheus                 | Thebes               |
| Eumenides            | Jupiter                     | Osiris                  | Thera                |
| Euphemus             | King Hary                   | Ossa                    | Timbuctoo            |
| Euphrates            | King James                  | Ostia                   | Titans               |
| Eurypulus            | Latona                      | Pan                     | Toahitu              |
| Falkland Isles       | Lavoisier                   | Pantheon                | Trojan War           |
| fauns                | Lethe                       | Parthenon               | Troy                 |
| Fort Niagara         | Lexington                   | Parthian                | Trosachs             |
| fossil               | Libyan Cyrene               | Pasha                   | Tuscan               |
| frontiers            | Lt. Farwell                 | Patroclus               | Tyrrhenian           |
| furies               | Linus                       | Paugus                  | Uncannunuc           |
| Gael                 | Little John                 | Pelasgic                | Venus                |
| Galileo              | Luxor                       | Penacock Indian         | Wamesit              |
| Ganges               | Lycurgus                    | Phaethon                | Warren Hastings      |
| General Court        | Mary Marks                  | Pharoah                 | Wawatam              |
| goat song            | Mary Neff                   | Phidias                 | Webster              |
| goddess              | Megareans                   | Philip's War            | West Saxons          |
| godlike              | Memnon                      | Philyra                 | William Holden       |
| gods                 | Miles Howard                | Phoebus                 | Winandermere         |
| golden age           | Miles Standish              | Poictiers               | Windham              |
| Golden Fleece        | Minyas                      | primeval                | Winthrop             |
| Gookin               | Mohawk                      | Prometheus              | Xenophon             |
| graces               | Montaup                     | Proserpine              | Zephyr               |
| Great Spirit         | Morzouk                     | Queen Semiramis         | Zeus                 |
| Hannah Dustan        | Mr. James Parker            | Raleigh                 |                      |
| Hannibal             | Mr. John Hales              | Rhodes                  |                      |



Central part of Concord village—from J. W. Barber, Massachusetts Historical Collections, 1841



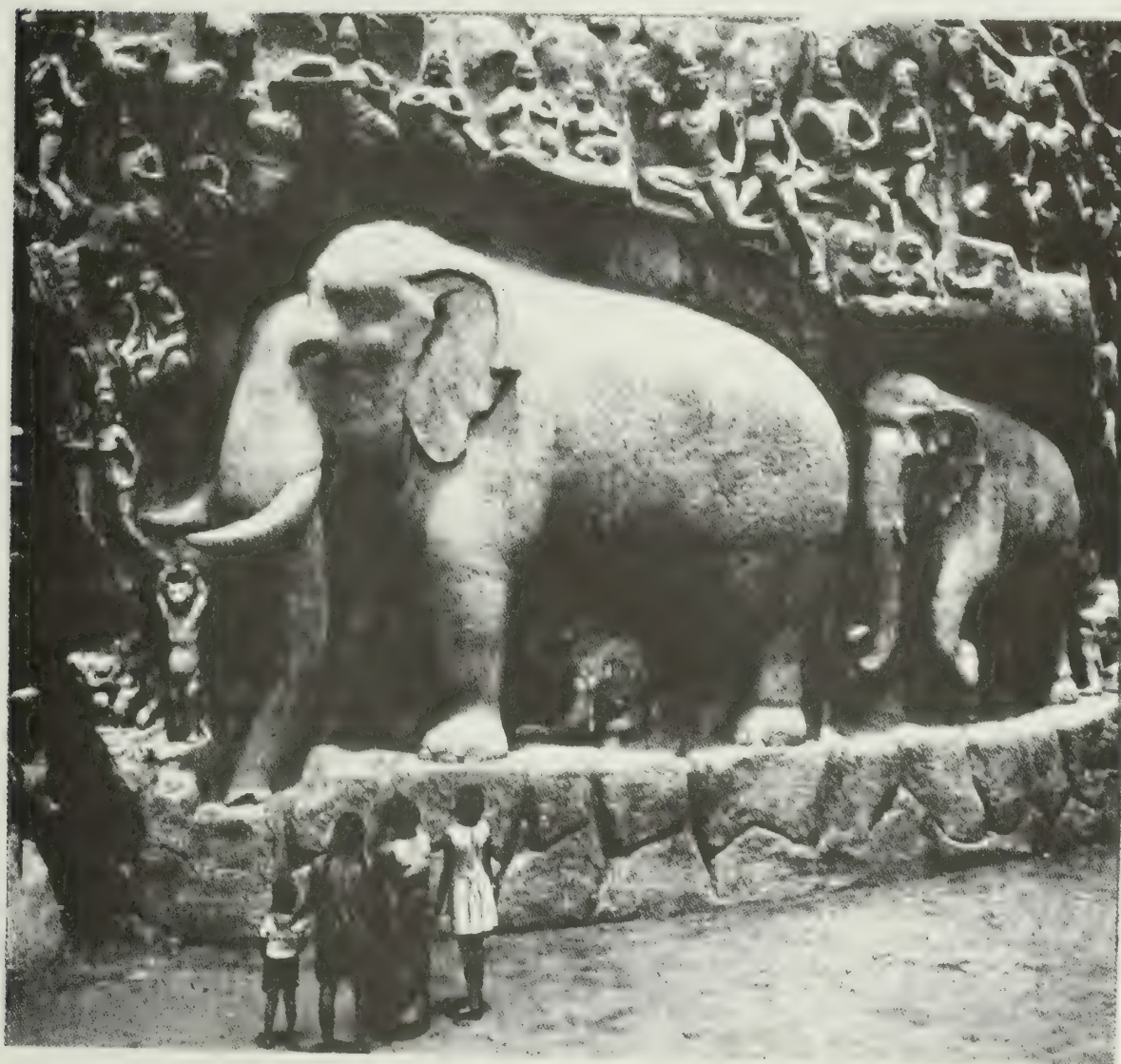


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# EMERSON'S DISCOVERY OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTICS, 1818-1836

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In the preface to his anthology of poetry, Parnassus (1874), Emerson describes "two classes of poets,-- the poets by education and practice...and poets by nature."<sup>1</sup> Pope is the single example of the former, those poets whose "taste and wit" demand respect, but who "never rose to grandeur or to pathos." Of the latter Emerson lists Chaucer, Shakespeare, Jonson, Herbert, Herrick, Collins, and Burns. Notably absent from this catalogue are those with whom Emerson is most often associated by time or temperament or both, the major romantic poets of the 19th century: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Tennyson, all of whom Emerson knew intimately before the 1870's and many of whose poems are included in his anthology. The fact is, Emerson's favorites were the poets of the 17th century, particularly Shakespeare, Milton, and Herbert. Surprisingly, perhaps, he did not find among the poets of his own age even one representative of the kind he most admired, who combined a natural and simple style with the religious idealism which he embraced.

Nevertheless, Emerson could not help admiring his romantic contemporaries and sympathizing with many of their ideals, for they shared with him the sense of a new age and contributed in no small measure to his development as a poet and philosopher. Whereas he had studied the great writers of previous generations as a schoolboy, he came to the romantics on his own and discovered them for himself at a time when he was asking the very questions which they raised, when he was exploring cautiously but persistently the epistemological, moral, political, and metaphysical issues with which these writers were preoccupied. Thus, though none of the English romantics ranked among the greatest poets for Emerson, he was deeply interested in them as partners in the enterprise of living in the 19th century, as men like himself caught between the rationalisms of the Age of Pope and the Age of Bentham against which Thomson and Young joined hands with Carlyle and Arnold through Coleridge and Wordsworth.

This essay examines Emerson's discovery of the English romantics and his growing affection for them, not necessarily as poets, but as moralists and visionaries. During the period 1818-1836 he gradually began to see Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle as the great men of the age, but only after his early interest in the favorite writers of his father's generation, Pope, Swift, and Dryden, and in the most popular poets of his own time, Campbell, Scott, and Byron. (His interest in Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson lies outside the scope of this study.) Only by the late 1820's did Emerson begin to see the limitations of Scott and Campbell as well as the neoclassicists, and discover an intellectual and spiritual kinship with those romantics whose influence remained strong throughout his lifetime.

## I

Having learned the art of rhetoric and the principles of composition from Hugh Blair's Lectures On Rhetoric, his Harvard teachers, Edward Everett and E. T. Channing, and the popular reviews of his day, the Edinburgh and the North American, it was inevitable that Emerson should regard the writers of the 18th century and before as the paramount figures of literary excellence. Furthermore, the Emerson brothers were entertained and educated in their youth by the books approved by their parents, which included the prominent novelists of the 18th century, Richardson, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Fielding, as well as the works of the popular women novelists, both American and British. Besides Young and Pope and such minor poets as Falconer and Beattie, the Emersons read such works of native American poets as Timothy Dwight's Conquest of Canaan and Joel Barlow's Columbiad. The Emerson family's taste in literature is best suggested by the fact that Maria Edgeworth's stories and novels were withdrawn far more frequently from the Boston Library Society than the work of any other writer. The Emersons read and reread Edgeworth's Moral Tales for Young People, The Parent's Assistant, Tales of Fashionable Life, and Popular Tales, and the novels, The Absentee, Patronage, and The Modern Griselda.

The records of books he withdrew from the Boston Library Society and the Harvard College Library and the quotations and reading lists in his journals and notebooks indicate that Emerson read widely in the



work of 18th century writers.<sup>2</sup> During his college years he read Fielding's Tom Jones, Richardson's Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, and Smollett's Peregrine Pickle. Later in the 1820's he read Swift's Gulliver's Travels and Johnson's Rasselas. He frequently quotes Young's Night Thoughts and Samuel Butler's Hudibras (which he borrowed in 1820). He undoubtedly read Pope's Moral Essays and Essay on Man, as well as the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" and other shorter poems, and withdrew a volume of Pope's Works from the Harvard College Library in 1825. He returned again and again to Dryden in the early 1820's. During this period he read Swift, Addison, and especially Johnson, whose Lives of the Poets introduced Emerson to most of these writers and helped to sustain his good opinion of them.<sup>3</sup> In addition, he was familiar with Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village," Gray's "Elegy," Thomson's The Seasons, Johnson's "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and Cowper's "The Task." Thus, when he saw the sort of poetry written in his own age under the pretext of originality, he chided his contemporaries for not stepping "in the good old-fashioned march of Milton or Pope & Dryden."<sup>4</sup> "Mr. Pope's judicious poems" he ranked with the work of the essayists whom he continued to admire, Bacon and Montaigne: "the Moral Essays & Essay on Man which without originality seize upon all the popular speculations floating among sensible men & give them in a compact & graceful form to the following age" (JMN, II, 265). Though he did not approve of Dryden--he was one of the "licentious wits of Charles' days" (JMN, II, 365)--he liked "On the Death of a Very Young Gentleman" and "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (JMN, II, 275, 321). Swift he regarded as one of the great reformers, "a modern Tyrtæus, who turned the tide of political opinions and the British nation" (JMN, II, 346-347). "If you love poetry," he wrote to his cousin, Hannah Haskins Ladd, "make acquaintance with Milton Pope and Cowper" (1824, L, I, 156).

Emerson's favorite among the writers of the 18th century was Samuel Johnson, whose Rambler he read frequently, especially during the 1820's, and whose opinions he sought out in Boswell's biography.<sup>5</sup> Along with the Tatler and Spectator (read by the Emerson family and again by Emerson during his college years) he considered the Rambler an important and influential work.<sup>6</sup> "Much has been done in the higher ranks of modern society by the English periodical Essays. [¶] Ranked with the elegant classics of the age they have penetrated into society where treatises professedly moral would never have come. Much has been claimed for the Spectator in rooting out, first the lighter follies of fashion and afterwards striking an effectual blow at vice of graver character as gaming, duelling, and others. This real good, done to mankind has not been over-rated and the authors of the Tatler, Spectator, Rambler, & Adventurer deserve the praise which Socrates acquired. They have diffused instruction by unfolding, in pleasing forms, the excellence of Virtue, and by taking advantage of that principle in our nature which induces us to enjoy with satisfaction and delight pictures of finished virtue they have censured vice with wit and recommended virtuous principles in moral strains so artfully that they could not displease" (JMN, I, 331). In 1820, Emerson wrote, "we require such works as The Rambler & books of that description, moral & learned & argumentative writers, minds of a firmer make, built up to persuade & convince the stubborn, employing themselves in encountering prejudices & detecting frauds, in checking & chastising profane abuse, & subjecting to controul those passions which corrode & fret the soul" (JMN, I, 172). He regretted that "such works are rare in our american literature" and felt that Irving's Sketch-book did not measure up to the mark. Johnson's Lives of the Poets provided him with "elevated amusement" as well as provocative ideas (JMN, II, 300). In 1819 he planned to write an essay on Johnson's literary life for the Bowdoin Prize competition. Consequently in February he requested William to send him "as much intelligence as you choose" on the subject. By April, however, he had "not read half of Johnson's works" and eventually wrote on Socrates (see L, I, 76, 80).

All things considered, it is not surprising to find Emerson saying in 1824 that the 18th century "abounded in greatness" (JMN, II, 208). By the 1830's, however, he had found new writers to study and admire. In one of his early lectures, "On the Best Mode of Inspiring a Correct Taste," he suggested that an apprentice poet should be weaned "from traditionary judgments. And will you not save him wholly that barren season of discipline which young men spend with the Aikins and Ketts and Drakes and Blairs acquiring the false doctrine that there is something arbitrary or conventional in letters, something else in style than the transparent medium through which I should see new and good thoughts?"<sup>7</sup>

By this time he had begun to regard the 18th century, with its "barren season of discipline," as a literary stuffed shirt. "The man of Locke is virtuous without enthusiasm, and intelligent without poetry." Addison, Pope, and Johnson, he believed, could not "make any pretension to the amount, or the quality, of Milton's inspirations" ("John Milton," EL, I, 149-150). This paucity of genius he attributed to the influence





of "the French school." Writers like Dryden, Pope, and Swift had "a frivolous style of thought" which resulted in a serious decline in respect for the poet "as a priest or divine man" ("Chaucer," EL, I, 274). Emerson could still admire Addison as an influential moralist, but found him "not very original" ("Ethical Writers," EL, I, 366). The work of both Addison and Pope he considered "coarse prentice-work compared to enchantments of Shakspear in that sort" ("Shakspear" [Second Lecture], EL, I, 310). Indeed, the "frenzy and word-catching" which he found in recent literature were minor faults compared to the serious shortcomings of neoclassical writing. Even Johnson as a literary critic was inadequate, like Dryden and Addison, when it came to judging the work of a man of genius like Milton, for they were "able, but unsympathizing critics" ("John Milton," EL, I, 148). It would take a man endowed with Milton's genius to appreciate Milton, but the 18th century provided no such critic.

Johnson, however, fared much better than his contemporaries under Emerson's critical scrutiny even in the 1830's. Like Jesus, and like Sampson Reed, "'he taught as one having authority'" (JMN, III, 185). Yet Johnson, too, suffered depreciation under the repudiation of 18th century rationalism. To the budding transcendentalist the great neoclassical critic appeared to be a morally impressive character with some significant weaknesses: "A man whom it is always a refreshment to remember because with whatever faults and whatever mountainous prejudices encumbered he was a man of principle and therefore had the inexhaustible resources of principle and the power which always attends it to inspire respect into men of every degree and every character. He is always accompanied by something of the majesty proper to virtue. His intellect is not very subtle nor do his observations indicate very profound philosophy yet always is his sense so vigorous and his sympathy with virtue so perfect, and moreover so deeply does he stamp every sentence with his own mode of thought that the faults of his learning and the limits of his own speculation have not diminished his fame or influence" ("Ethical Writers," EL, I, 366). Certainly the Rambler "contains many of those passages which we are stronger and happier for having read," yet some might find it "a tedious book" ("Ethical Writers," EL, I, 368). As a poet Johnson was less impressive. For instance, Irene was "poetry of the manufactory and not of the muse" ("Shakspear" [Second Lecture], EL, I, 309).

This qualified estimate of Johnson's talents suggests that Emerson had not only altered his philosophy and his poetics but had also become a maturer critic capable of making discriminating judgments on his own rather than borrow literary evaluations from Francis Jeffrey or Edward Everett. Nevertheless, because of his philosophical and literary disposition, he had clearly repudiated the neoclassicists despite his youthful attachment to them. And the same process of gradual disenchantment is discernible in his estimate of the popular romantic writers of the early 19th century, Byron, Scott, and Campbell, each of whom in one way or another owed a large literary debt to the 18th century.

From his reading of Don Juan in 1819 and throughout the early 1820's Emerson read almost all Byron's poetry. In his journals and notebooks he quoted profusely from Childe Harold, Don Juan, Manfred, and the tales. Despite the critical controversy which Byron stirred up in the literary reviews, he "was the most popular English writer of the hour...and the ascendancy of the Byronic verse was much more lasting and marked than that of Scott's octo-syllables."<sup>8</sup> The Edinburgh Review commented in 1816, "If the finest poetry be that which leaves the deepest impression on the minds of its readers--and this is not the worst test of its excellence--Lord Byron, we think, must be allowed to take precedence of all his distinguished contemporaries."<sup>9</sup>

During the same period Emerson read more than a dozen of Scott's novels in addition to poems such as The Vision of Don Roderick, Lady of the Lake, Rokeby, and Lay of the Last Minstrel. His interest in Scott was nurtured by the Edinburgh and Quarterly reviews, which applauded each novel as it was published. In 1832 Francis Jeffrey declared that "perhaps no writer has ever enjoyed so extensive a popularity as the Author of Waverly."<sup>10</sup> And a few years before, Emerson had asked, "Who are the real sovereigns of Britain...." Sir Walter Scott, he answered, along with Mackintosh and Jeffrey (JMN, III, 13).

Of the lesser poets of the age, Emerson was familiar with the works of Burns, Crabbe, and Rogers, who were among Francis Jeffrey's favorites, and he read Moore's Lalla Rookh, Hunt's Feast of the Poets, and Southey's Thalaba. Among these his favorite, at least during his years at Harvard, was Thomas Campbell, a poet whose work was known to him in his youth and who, according to Kenneth W. Cameron, exerted a strong influence on the young Emerson by the example of his Pleasures of Hope and by the theory of poetry



presented in his Essay on English Poetry and his "Lectures on Poetry" which appeared in 1821.<sup>11</sup> Campbell was admired not only by the Edinburgh Review, but by American critics as well, among whom he was known as "the poet of liberty."<sup>12</sup>

At the Boston Latin School, reports one of his classmates, Emerson's "favorite piece for declamation" was a passage from Pleasures of Hope,<sup>13</sup> which was withdrawn from the Boston Library Society in 1816. His family had borrowed Campbell's Poetical Works in 1812 and 1814, and Emerson himself borrowed a volume of this collection in 1820. In that year he copied down a few lines of Campbell's Battle of the Baltic in the middle of a rough draft of his Pythologian Society poem, "Improvement" (JMN, I, 238). And in 1821, discussing the difficulty of writing "impassioned poetry," he cited Campbell's "O'Connor's Child" as "one of the few successful attempts of this sort" (JMN, I, 281). Considering Emerson's enthusiasm at this time for Campbell, it is surprising to find that the poet is seldom mentioned again in Emerson's writing. Significantly his name does not appear in any of Emerson's lectures of the mid-1830's devoted to a consideration of English poetry. In 1831 Emerson praised Campbell's "Lines on Poland," but by this time he found his old favorite, Pleasures of Hope, lifeless, "dead verses" (JMN, III, 280).

Emerson's enthusiasm for Sir Walter Scott was almost as short-lived, although at first he thought him a writer of the first rank. Scott impressed him by his unaffectedness and lack of vulgarity (JMN, III, 13). In 1824 he wrote to his cousin, "if you love romance you may read Scott's Novels without sin or scandal" (L, I, 156). Though Emerson did not care for The Vision of Don Roderick and was disappointed with The Fortunes of Nigel (L, I, 21, 124), he believed that the characters in Rokeby did "honour to [Scott's] mind & heart" (JMN, I, 163), quoted a stanza from the Lay of the Last Minstrel as "a beautiful measure" (JMN, I, 378), thought that The Abbot "must be to its author 'a source of unmixed delight & unchastened pride'" (JMN, I, 42), and praised Quentin Durward as "a very respectable novel" in a letter to J. B. Hill (L, I, 134). Apparently, Emerson's favorite Scott novel was The Bride of Lammermoor, which he recommended half seriously as a cure for unhappiness (JMN, I, 44). In 1822 he praised Scott's use of prophecy in the novel: "It is the most beautiful use of supernatural machinery in fiction" (JMN, II, 24). Inspired by this book, he was attracted by the thought of becoming a novelist (L, I, 198). And almost a decade later he found in The Bride of Lammermoor an example of the sympathetic imagination which he had so much admired in Campbell: "Pleasure taken in Ravenswood's grand feudal character great. And why? because the contemplation of somebody that we could depend upon, & should without risk admire & love if we should converse with him, is pleasing. The soul believes in its own immortality & whilst this character floats before it, is already anticipating intercourse with such in other states of being. Is it not too, that by the law of sympathy the soul sees in every great character only a mirror in which its own pinched features are expanded to true dimensions [,] 'the shows of things to the desires of the mind'" (JMN, III, 246-247).

By the late 1820's, however, despite his enduring appreciation of The Bride of Lammermoor, Emerson had begun to regard the novel as a worthy but decidedly second-rate literary genre. "The passion for novels is natural," he wrote in 1829. "Every child asks his Grandpapa to tell him a story. Cinderella and Red Ridinghood are the no[v]els of the two shooses, & Walter Scott is the grandpa of the grown up children" (JMN, III, 150-151). In his second lecture on Shakespeare, he apparently reconsidered his earlier judgment of Scott's unaffectedness: "We praise Scott for taking kings and nobles off their stilts and giving them simple dignity but Scott's grandees are turgid compared with the princeliness of Hamlet or Prince Hal" (EL, I, 313). In a later lecture he spoke at some length of Scott's virtues and limitations. On the one hand he has filled our lonely hours with entertainment, relieved us in our distress, and demonstrated his strong sense, good nature, and humor, as well as the power of his fancy and the constancy of his observation. The praise, if it can be called that, is flat and thin. On the other hand, Scott lacks imagination, in the highest sense, and he has therefore merely amused and failed to teach. "The vice of his literary effort is that the whole structure is artificial." His dialogue is too often pedantic, his characters have no depth, and he substitutes tricks of fancy for "divine impulse." In short, "If Scott is advanced from the crowd of his contemporaries and compared with the standard English authors...it will be found that he has done little for permanent literature" ("Modern Aspects of Letters," EL, I, 376, 375).

Lord Byron, like Campbell and Scott, was a favorite of Emerson's during college years. In 1818 he wrote to his brother Edward, "I never go up a hill now but I think of Manfred or some of Byrons heroes or else of Scotts Bertram in Rokeby" (L, I, 60). Earlier that year he had written to Edward in praise of the third Canto of Childe Harold: "[It] is the most beautiful poetry in my humble opinion that I ever read" (L,





I, 55). In 1819 Emerson spoke at length and appreciatively of Byron's Corsair, The Giaour, and Childe Harold. His originality, Emerson believed, "is not so much owing to this common desire to please by novelty as to the natural peculiarity of his own character" (JMN, I, 165). Byron's flaunting disregard of the opinions of others did not impress him, yet he approved of his "intensity of feeling" and his "impas-sioned earnestness" combined with his remarkable simplicity and spontaneity. These pre-eminent virtues counteract "the debasing tendency of vice," for although all Byron's heroes are "vicious characters," he gives them a rare "elevation of sentiment" and always shows "the bitterness of their misery," all of which makes them not "conducive to immorality" (JMN, I, 167). Again, in 1822, he defended the Byronic hero as a species different in kind from the satanic figures of Scott's Guy Mannering or Richardson's Clarissa. "Byron's [heroes] have redeeming gentle affections;" the others have "a dreadful tendency in roughly wear-ing off the moral delicacy by such a familiarity with profanity & abomination" (JMN, I, 131-132). A year earlier Emerson had read Manfred, which he ranked with Milton's Comus as a "sublime dramatic poem" and the best of "performances...of modern genius" (JMN, I, 298).

In everything he read of Byron's at this time Emerson found "a language for deep feeling and sublime thought" (JMN, I, 279). Shortly after his graduation from Harvard, however, perhaps because of his grow-ing interest in the ministry, he began to question Byron's virtue as a poet, primarily on moral grounds. In 1823 he classed "the profligate Byron" with Hume and other skeptics, lamenting their negative moral in-fluence: "Composing in themselves a brilliant constellation of minds variously & richly endowed they have taken out its welcome influence from the cause of good will to men & set it in the opposite scale. Like the star seen in the Apocalypse they have cast a malign light upon the earth, turning the sweet waters to bitter" (JMN, II, 108). By 1824 Emerson was ready to repudiate the Byronic hero, especially Don Juan, as "a breaker of all human & divine laws scoffing at virtue as grimace or ignorance & leading a life of pleasure in defiance of restraints" (JMN, II, 282). Of all the moral cynics, Byron, "extreme in all things, has laid hands on the everlasting foundation of human virtue, [and] he banters with indecent derision the first affec-tions of the heart." So offended was Emerson now by the poisonous moral influence of the poetry that he pledged himself in heroic couplets to purify the art:

Let Byron's fame on false foundations built  
Search its sublimity in awful guilt  
For me, for me, 'tis blameless to be proud  
And scorn to mix with the besotted crowd  
I scorn to make fair Poesy a curse  
To man; & marry Vice to Verse (JMN, II, 401).

Even Byron's passing was censured: "His death should have furnished a page to this hungry time. A tre-mendous exit should have been the fitting tail-piece of his part. Not an inglorious insignificant asthma or stomach-ache" (JMN, VI, 122). This was the man, after all, who had "made more rogues & whores out of men and women in society than any living or dead" (JMN, VI, 121-122).<sup>14</sup>

By the 1830's he found little to like in Byron's poetry. He thought Heaven and Earth full of cheap jests (JMN, V, 79), and Sardanapalus, along with Henry Taylor's Philip van Artevelde and Joanna Baillie's plays, "futile endeavors to revive a dead form" (JMN, V, 150). Though he continued to appreciate the fourth Canto of Childe Harold and The Island,<sup>15</sup> he found it painful to look back "at the writings of one who should have been a clear and beneficent genius to guide and cheer human nature the emotions which a gang of pirates and convicts suggest" ("Modern Aspects of Letters," EL, I, 374). Although Emerson was certain of "the great defects of Childe Harold," he could appreciate the superiority of Byron's observations: "Indeed Italy is Byron's debtor" (JMN, IV, 165). What he respected most was Byron's powerful, pure, simple language, but he faulted him for the "famine of meaning" in his work, the absolute absence of idealism and purpose ("Modern Aspects of Letters," EL, I, 372-373). Perhaps more than anything it was Byron's "pride and selfishness" which made him less than a great poet, for "his poems have but one subject: himself." This was the greatest literary sin: "the true Poet quits himself and throws his spirit into whatever he contem-plates and enjoys the making it speak that it would say" ("Chaucer," EL, I, 272-273). Byron was indeed the most popular poet of the day, yet now "men begin to feel that his claims to a permanent popularity are more than dubious" ("Modern Aspects of Letters," EL, I, 372).

## II

In his lecture on Chaucer in the mid-1830's he stated that Dryden, Pope, and Swift had helped to de-prive the poet of his divinity, a lamentable turn of events for Emerson, who was beginning to see poetry as



a divine craft. Unfortunately, "Scott, Byron, and Moore have done nothing to recal the right state of things" ("Chaucer," EL, I, 274), a sentiment which he had expressed a decade earlier. It was not until the late 1820's that he discovered in Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle men of genius who shared his sense of the divinity of man and who believed in the holy office of the poet. He was slow in coming to a just appreciation of the first two. He withdrew a volume of Wordsworth's poems from the Boston Library Society in 1820 and had undoubtedly read his work before. In 1819 he perused an essay on Coleridge's Biographia Literaria in the Edinburgh Review, one of the journals in which he saw the names of the Lake School poets mentioned again and again. Indeed, it was probably Emerson's reading in the literary reviews which led him to undervalue these writers, just as the Edinburgh and the North American had led him to overestimate the worth of Scott and Campbell. The Edinburgh in particular regarded the Lake School poets as "dissenters from the established systems in poetry and criticism," and especially criticized their "anti-social principles, and distempered sensibility of Rousseau."<sup>16</sup> To Francis Jeffrey they were "the wild or lawless poets," who created unlikely characters, described them obscurely and sententiously, and, therefore, left the reader with no sense of where he had been and no notion of where he ought to go.<sup>17</sup> W. H. Prescott and A. H. Everett, of the North American Review, expressed a similar dissatisfaction with the Lake poets.<sup>18</sup> In 1819 Emerson noted that the disciples of Wordsworth "are generally denominated Lake Poets & have sometimes fallen under the lash of the Edinburgh criticks" (JMN, I, 165). Two years later he commented that Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth "have gained less honour than ridicule by their poetry not because it wanted genius but it wanted nature" (JMN, I, 282).

Yet, despite the general condemnation, Wordsworth was as influential among American writers, if not readers, as Byron and Scott.<sup>19</sup> Thus, Emerson turned repeatedly to a consideration of Wordsworth's virtues and vices though "the accent is patently not that of a devotee or a disciple."<sup>20</sup> His first mention of Wordsworth in 1819 suggests the college student's love of poetic grandeur and his view of poetry as an entertaining if not morally salutary medium: "At once then his poetry is the poetry of pigmies. It belittles the mind that is accustomed to the manly march of other muses. I am pleased with the prettiness... of his verses and with their novelty as long as their novelty lasts but I am soon conscious of a disagreeable sensation which soon becomes intolerable at [the] dwarfish dimensions of all my entertainment and am like a man creeping about in palaces of Lilliput who maugre all the magnificence would fain be on his own legs again [¶] He is the poet of pismires. His inspirations are spent light. It is one of the greatest mistakes in the [world] to suppose that that much abused virtue of nature in poetry consists in mere fidelity of representation" (JMN, I, 162). Two years later Emerson added to Wordsworth's errors a "glaring false taste," his poems having "something offensive at every turn," an "obtrusive deformity" or "noted vulgarity" among the merely "occasional" beauties (JMN, II, 281-282).

Although he began a comparison of Wordsworth with Shakespeare and Milton by 1826 or 1827,<sup>21</sup> it was not in Wordsworth's favor. Again he criticized the poet for his penchant for too thorough description: "A fault that strikes the readers of Mr. Wordsworth is the direct pragmatism of objects, in their nature poetic, but which all other poets touch incidentally. He mauls the moon & the waters & the bulrushes as his main business. Milton & Shakespeare touch them gently as illustration or ornament" (JMN, III, 39). Like the alchemists and astrologers of the Middle Ages, Wordsworth tried "to extort by direct means the principle of life [,] the secret & substance of matter from material things; ...to distill the essence of poetry from poetic things instead of being satisfied to adorn common scenes with such lights from these sources of poetry as nature will always furnish to her true lovers" (JMN, III, 39-40). Thus, though Emerson recognized Wordsworth as the English representative of "Transcendentalism" (JMN, III, 70), he "could scarcely have said less about his striking pantheistic attitude,"<sup>22</sup> or have spoken less favorably of it. He even found James Montgomery's "Pelican Island" superior: "It is a poem worth ten 'Excursions' being generally a complete contrast to Wordsworth's verses. These abounding in fact & Wordsworth wanting. These seizing coarse & tangible features for description or allusion & W. the metaphysical & evanescent. This treating body, & W. soul. This using a very large encyclopedical diction & W. affecting that which may be proper to the passions in common life" (JMN, III, 41).

He reread Wordsworth in 1828 and 1829, withdrawing two volumes of the Poetical Works from the Harvard Divinity School library. Particularly after reading Carlyle's essays in the Edinburgh and other reviews and Coleridge's prose and poetry, he began to reconsider his earlier view of Wordsworth, remaining cautiously critical. In 1831 he believed Wordsworth had yet to undergo the ordeal which Shakespeare had successfully survived; he was still a "new aspirant," yet to prove his durability, despite the





fact that he had written "lines that are like outward nature," especially in his Sonnets to Liberty (JMN, III, 271). A month later he praised the "Ode to Duty," "Rob Roy," "Dion," and "The Happy Warrior" (JMN, III, 305). He counseled his brother Edward to ask Charles about "Dion" and the sonnets "when you want a sermon" (L, I, 340) and shortly afterward sent the two volumes to Charles (L, I, 341). He could "almost" accept Coleridge's Latin praise of Wordsworth, "whom, as often as I read, I seem to hear, not words, but thunder": "His noble distinction is that he seeks the truth & shuns with brave self-denial every image and word that is from the purpose--means to stick close to his own thought & give it in naked simplicity & so make it God's affair not his own whether it shall succeed. But he fails of executing this purpose fifty times for the sorry purpose of making a rhyme in which he has no skill, or from imbecillity of mind losing sight of his thought, or from self surrender to custom in poetic diction" (JMN, III, 306-307). In 1832 Emerson felt that "Tintern Abbey" and "Ode to Duty," which he had praised a year before, were seriously flawed poems. "I never read Wordsworth without chagrin," he said. "A man of such great powers & ambition, so near to the Dii majores to fail so meanly in every attempt. A genius that hath epilepsy, a deranged archangel" (JMN, IV, 63). Even in 1835 he could still complain that though "Wordsworth writes the verses of a great original bard...he writes ill[, ] weakly concerning his poetry, talks ill of it, & even writes other poetry that is very poor" (JMN, V, 83). He found platitudes that "fill[ed] the barnyard with his cackle" (JMN, V, 100).

By this time, however, he was beginning to grant Wordsworth the status of first poet of the age. He had visited him at Rydal Mount in August, 1833, and had written favorably of him as a writer and as a man, despite his lasting impatience with the faults and Wordsworth's denunciation of Goethe and milder criticism of Carlyle and Coleridge: "His egotism was not at all displeasing--obtrusive--as I had heard.... I spoke as I felt with great respect of his genius" (JMN, IV, 225). Wordsworth was by now "a divine man" like Socrates and Columbus (JMN, IV, 108-109), "a philanthropist" like Fox and Montaigne (JMN, IV, 315), a true genius like Carlyle and Allston (JMN, V, 22), and a "divine savage" like Webster and Reed (JMN, V, 60). Emerson could expect to find in the 1835 edition of Wordsworth's poems "thoughts in harmony with the great frame of Nature" (JMN, V, 99), and he found "nothing vulgar in Wordsworth's idea of Man," which echoed his own view that "To believe your own thought, that is Genius" (JMN, V, 163). Wordsworth was "The great philosophical poet of the present day" ("Martin Luther," EL, I, 140), who with Reed and Alcott made the distinctions of fortune frivolous, the voice of fame unaffecting, and the possibility of communion with the spiritual world a certainty (JMN, V, 160-161). Emerson could fully agree with Carlyle in being "thankful for Wordsworth; as in great darkness and perpetual skyrockets and coruscations, one were, for the smallest clear-burning farthing candle."<sup>23</sup> At one point he went so far as to place Wordsworth above Milton as "a more original poet than he," without the faults of Milton's learnedness and "royal imagery" (JMN, IV, 312-313).

Little need be said of Emerson's discovery of Coleridge since the subject has been thoroughly treated in Kenneth W. Cameron's Emerson the Essayist. Introduced to Coleridge's ideas at Harvard Divinity School, Emerson nevertheless virtually ignored Coleridge until the late 1820's and early 1830's. By the mid-1830's he acknowledged the debt he owed to the Biographia Literaria and regarded its author as a critic of the first rank (EL, I, 378-379).

In 1835 he wrote to Benjamin P. Hunt: "Have you fallen in with the writings of Thomas Carlyle?... My friends think I exaggerate his merit but he seems to me one of the best, & since Coleridge is dead, I think, the best thinker of the age" (L, I, 432). Carlyle was unknown to Emerson by name until October, 1832, but he had begun to read the anonymous essays at least as early as 1827 (L, I, 218). Carlyle was known in America by 1829, when his translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister was published in Boston.<sup>24</sup> But whether known by name or not, he aroused Emerson's friends to study German literature and language, and moved Emerson to comment, "I am cheered & instructed by this paper on Corn Law Rhymes in the Edinburgh by my Germanick new-light writer whoever he be. He gives us confidence in our principles. He assures the truthlover everywhere of sympathy" (JMN, IV, 45).

Before he referred to Carlyle by name (JMN, IV, 52), Emerson had read "Signs of the Times" (JMN, VI, 93) and "Characteristics," as well as a number of Carlyle's essays on German writers (CEC, p. 4). When he sailed for Europe on Christmas Day, 1832, he intended to seek out this strange new figure who had succeeded in bringing to England and America a comprehensive and inspired view of an almost entirely new literature and philosophy. And when he visited the Carlyles at Craigenputtock, he loved his "Germanick



new-light writer" immediately, despite the feeling that Carlyle had little "insight into religious truth" (L, I, 394-395). His response was ecstatic. He found Carlyle "good & wise & pleasant" and "never saw more amiableness than is in his countenance" (JMN, IV, 219-220). At Liverpool on a gloomy night he wished longingly for Carlyle's conversation and regretted having left the genius who was now "his idol" (JMN, IV, 82).

By late 1834 he had read Sartor Resartus in Fraser's Magazine (JMN, VI, 252-253) and recommended it early in 1835 to Benjamin P. Hunt (L, I, 432-433). He considered it "a philosophical Poem" (JMN, IV, 302) and had thanked Carlyle for writing it, in his first letter to the divinely "self-centred" scholar in May, 1834 (CEC, 98). In March, 1835, he informed Carlyle that he was cool to the book compared to the "lovers of Teufelsdröckh" in America (CEC, 120), though he had said the opposite, perhaps more candidly, to Hunt. But certainly some few were as impressed as Emerson was. After reading Alexander Everett's review of Sartor Resartus in the North American, Emerson's brother Charles felt that it was "like seeing your brother in jail; & A Everett is the sheriff that put him in" (JMN, V, 97).

Now, Emerson began to think of Carlyle in the company of his most esteemed masters. Like Milton and Shakespeare, his "fantastical Scotchman" not only inspired him but showed him that even his inspiration was his own, a valuable lesson for the worshiper of literary heroes and the future author of "Self-Reliance" (JMN, IV, 274). Like Goethe and Swedenborg, Carlyle taught him to follow his instincts (JMN, V, 292; IV, 318) and like Goethe and Plato demonstrated to him the secret of writing, of "true argument, what we call the unfolding an idea" (JMN, IV, 289). With those of Bacon, Herbert, and Michelangelo, Carlyle's writings were "divine page[s]" (JMN, V, 45), but it was Carlyle alone, Carlyle "the wise, the brave," who might come to America, Emerson hoped, and speak to the men of his generation who needed so much to be spoken to (JMN, V, 33). "Come & found a new Academy," he wrote in 1834, "that shall be church & school & parnassus, as a true Poet's house should be" (CEC, 110).

Yet, for all his enthusiasm, Emerson was not entirely pleased with his new-found mentor. He complained of Carlyle's diction, syntax, and tone, though he thanked him for "the brave stand you have made for Spiritualism": "But has literature any parallel to the oddity of the vehicle chosen to convey this treasure. I delight in the contents, the form which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise & philanthropic author use so defying a diction? As if society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing it beforehand with an objection to the form. Can it be that this humour proceeds from a despair of finding a contemporary audience & so the Prophet feels at liberty to utter his message in droll sounds. Did you not tell me, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, sitting upon one of your broad hills, that it was Jesus Christ built Dunscore kirk yonder. If you love such sequences, then admit, as you will, that no poet is sent into the world before his time; that all the departed thinkers & actors have paved your way; that (at least, when you surrender yourself) nations & ages do guide your pen, yes & common goose-quills as well as your diamond graver. Believe then that harp & ear are formed by one revolution of the wheel; that men are waiting to hear your Epical Song; and so be pleased to skip those excursive involved glees, and give us the simple air, without the volley of variations. At least in some of your prefaces you should give us the theory of your rhetoric. I comprehend not why you should lavish in that spendthrift style of yours Celestial truths" (CEC, 98-99). In December, 1835, he noted in his journal that Carlyle was better at interpreting the ideas of others than at "original speculation" (JMN, V, 111-112). And a year later he believed that even Carlyle might not "feel the deepest interest in truth itself" (JMN, V, 173).

Yet this disappointment was certainly no greater than his impatience with Wordsworth's language and with Coleridge's orthodox defense of church and state. It is even a little surprising that he went as far as he did in his regard for Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, considering his indifference to Coleridge's poetry, particularly "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,"<sup>25</sup> his failure to appreciate Wordsworth's theory of nature, and his criticism of Carlyle's Natural Supernaturalism (JMN, V, 111-112). Nevertheless, though he thought that "not one of these is a mind of the very first class," he considered them "men of genius" (JMN, IV, 78-79) and continued to rank them with the prophets of the age (JMN, IV, 326). In the final pages of "Modern Aspects of Letters," after his glowing paean to Coleridge, he referred to Wordsworth and Carlyle "as men of genius who obey their genius: who write what they know and feel, and who therefore know that their Record is true" (EL, I, 381).





By this time he had lost interest in William Savage Landor, though he had read the Imaginary Conversations with some enthusiasm in the early 1830's (JMN, V, 164). And Southey, especially compared to Coleridge and Carlyle, was not to be taken seriously (JMN, IV, 173, 369). He found a number of examples of the moral sublime in the poetry of Robert Burns (JMN, III, 304-305), praised "some fine verses" of Felicia Hemans (L, I, 199), and expressed some interest in Henry Taylor, Ebenezer Elliott, and William Hazlitt, whose essays he had read in his college years. In 1830, he read Shelley's translation of Faust with approval (L, I, 305) and, a year later, lent a copy of Tennyson's Poems, chiefly Lyrical to a friend, "as a gem to a virtuoso" (L, I, 341). Yet we hear little more of these writers before 1836, during the important period in which Emerson wrote his first significant poetry, his lectures on science and literature, and his great testament of transcendental faith, Nature. Undoubtedly, it was Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle who, almost alone among the English romantics, made the important contribution to his development at this time as a poet, essayist, and thinker. And it was their influence, far more than that of any of their contemporaries, that would remain with him for years to come.

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1 Parnassus (Cambridge, Mass., 1880), p. iv.

2 On Emerson's book borrowings, see Kenneth W. Cameron, Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reading (Raleigh, N.C., 1941), pp. 17-23, 44-48, 50; Emerson the Essayist (Raleigh, N.C., 1945), II, 152-164; and The Transcendentalists and Minerva (Hartford, Conn., 1958), I, 43-56, and II, 415-420.

3 "This afternoon I began to read Johnson's lives of the Poets and have read Cowley, Denham, and began Milton: I like it very much for Johnson intersperses it with his own wit" (To William Emerson, June, 1815, The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Ralph L. Rusk (N.Y., 1939), I, 10-11. The Letters are subsequently referred to in my text as L.

4 The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. William Gilman et al. (Cambridge, Mass., 1960--), I, 165. The Journals are subsequently referred to in my text as JMN.

5 A letter from Emerson to his brother William suggests that he first read the Rambler in 1817 at William's request. See L, I, 40.

6 Emerson also recommended the Rambler and the Spectator to his cousin, Hannah Haskins Ladd (L, I, 156).

7 The Early Lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Robert E. Spiller and Stephen E. Whicher (Cambridge, Mass., 1959), I, 215. The Early Lectures are subsequently referred to in my text as EL.

8 William B. Cairns, On the Development of American Literature from 1815 to 1833, Bull. of the Univ. of Wisc., Philology and Literature Series, I (1898), 15-16.

9 "Lord Byron's Poetry," Edinburgh Review, XXVII (Dec., 1816), 277.

10 "The Waverly Novels," Edinburgh Review, LV (Jan., 1832), 62.

11 "More Remarks on 'Indian Superstition' and Emerson's Oriental Resources While at Harvard," Transcendentalists and Minerva, III, 833-836. See also Kenneth W. Cameron, "Emerson, Thomas Campbell, and Bacon's Definition of Poetry," Emerson Society Quarterly, No. 14 (1st Quar., 1959), 48-56.

12 Charles Duffy, "Thomas Campbell and America," American Literature, XIII (Jan., 1942), 349-350.

13 James Eliot Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson (Cambridge, Mass., 1887), I, 44.

14 For similar comments in the mid-1820's, see JMN, II, 400; II, 330-331; and III, 6.

15 Emerson had recommended "The Island" to his brother William in 1829. See L, I, 264.

16 "Southey's Thalaba," Edinburgh Review, I (Oct., 1802), 63-64.

17 See, for example, "Crabbe's Poems," Edinburgh Review, XII (Apr., 1808), 133; "Southey's Curse of Kehama," ibid., XVII (Feb., 1811), 436-437; and "Wordsworth's Tour," ibid., XXVII (Nov., 1822), 449-450.

18 "Byron's Letter on Pope," North American Review, XIII (Oct., 1821), 467-468; and "Lord Byron," ibid., XX (Jan., 1825), 14. Emerson mentions the latter in a letter to Mary Moody Emerson in April, 1826 (L, I, 168).

19 Cairns, 14-16.

20 John B. Moore, "Emerson on Wordsworth," PMLA, XLI (1926), 182.

21 Frank T. Thompson, "Emerson's Theory and Practice of Poetry," PMLA, XLIII (1928), 1171.

22 Moore, 185.

23 The Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, ed. Joseph Slater (N.Y., 1964), p. 133. The Correspondence is subsequently referred to in my text as CEC.

24 William Silas Vance, "Carlyle in America Before Sartor Resartus," American Literature, VII (Jan., 1936), 374. Specific comments on Carlyle by American critics are given in Harry Hayden Clark, "Changing Attitudes in Early American Literary Criticism: 1800-1840," The Development of American Literary Criticism, ed. Floyd Stovall (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1955), p. 50. See also CEC, p. 4-18.

25 The poem is not included among the narrative poems and ballads in Parnassus.



# THE PHOENIX ON THE WALL: CONSCIOUSNESS IN EMERSON'S EARLY AND LATE JOURNALS

EVELYN BARISH GREENBERGER

Once you saw phoenixes, and now you see such no longer, but the world is not therefore disenchanted. The vessels on which you read sacred emblems have turned out to be common pottery, but the sacred pictures are transferred to the walls of the world. You no longer see phoenixes; men are not divine individuals. . . . They are not gods, but the spirit of God sparkles on & about them.<sup>1</sup>

Writing in 1836, Emerson remarked in his journal: "A year ago I studied Ben Jonson a good deal. You may learn much from so complete records of one mind as his works are. There is something fearful in coming up against the walls of a mind on every side & learning to describe their invisible circumference" (JMN, V, 187). Emerson understood, as well perhaps as any writer one knows, what it was to search for and find the "walls" of another writer's mind. It was the task he engaged in through most of his reading and much of his writing, and undertook it first and primarily in regard to himself. "Well, & what do you project?" he asked himself in Goethean fashion on his first return from Europe. "Nothing less than to look at every object in its relation to Myself" (JMN, IV, 272). To examine the consciousness of another human being has, in his own words, "something fearful" about it. It is also, however, the most potentially challenging and rewarding of efforts.

My aim in this paper is to help resolve some of the difficulties involved in the study of Emerson's development by looking closely at the mind whose "walls" are revealed in the journals in which he made entries--sometimes daily--for most of his life. I will suggest in what follows that, contrary to Whicher's view, the young Emerson sought solitude more than he feared it, and his language reveals that behind this search and the sense of transcendence he achieved through that solitude was a powerful fear of intimacy and human interaction.<sup>2</sup> I will discuss Emerson's quite personal use of the imagery of food and eating and trace the way that usage alters to reflect changes in his consciousness; I will place new emphasis on the sense of deprivation which permeates his writings about his childhood and discuss his early fears of homosexuality and the effect of these on his ideas about and capacity for friendship. Finally I will suggest that the more closely we look at his language and the consciousness it reflects, the more clearly we will understand the humanity and depth of his mature vision, which is perhaps tempered by stoicism, but not by easy acceptance of "progress," or by any "retailing" of himself as a commercial product of "Victorian rhapsode."<sup>3</sup>

To arrive at my interpretations of Emerson's consciousness I have not been exclusive or schematic. Using many kinds of information, I have primarily concentrated on the journals which coincide with Emerson's "early" and "late" periods. By those who, like Whicher and Bishop, have been engaged in debating their relative merits or "usefulness," these eras are generally taken to mean the period just before and during the writing of *Nature* (1834-1835) and the period around and after Waldo's death (1842-1847). My decision to stop at this point was made easier by the fact that volume IX is the latest published in the new edition of the *Journals*, which alone can be regarded as full and trustworthy. Such insights as I offer come from those journals; my discussions of Emerson's feelings--about his childhood, for instance--are based on his own diction. Those who disagree with my interpretations must turn, as I have done, to Emerson's own language to find his vision of the world.

## I

Speaking to his brother Charles one day in the late summer of 1835, Emerson became aware that his thought was forming itself into precise visual images even as he spoke in abstract terms of Aristotle, of Plato, "& of the Natural Academy by which the exact value of every book is determined maugre all hindrance or furtherance, then saw I as I spoke the old pail in the Summer street kitchen with potatoes swimming in it[, ] some at the top, some in the midst, & some lying at the bottom; & I spoiled my fine thought by saying that books take their place according to their specific gravity 'as surely as potatoes in a tub'" (JMN, V, 78). In this homely, succinct, and instantaneous image the reader of the journals may see two impulses or ideas profoundly characteristic of his thought. On the one hand is a representation of the act of rising, a representation so obsessive that it can amount to self-parody, as it does here, and as Emerson is aware. On the other hand is the tub, or "old pail" itself, for Emerson a typical image of the "low."





Beyond the tub, where the earth-encrusted potatoes soak off their dirt, is a kitchen, in the ambience of which the major business of Emerson's many boardinghouse homes was carried on. Reading about him, we generally hear nothing about tub or kitchen, or what they may represent in his thought--though we learn much about transcendence and the imagery of things rising upwards. If we would understand his consciousness, however, we must come to see that the concept of transcendence implies the existence of its opposite and that there is a complicated and symbiotic relationship between the two. In a more famous passage, he writes: "I saw a hawk today wheeling up to heaven in a spiral flight & every circle becoming less to the eye till he vanished into the atmosphere. What could be more in unison with all pure & brilliant images? Yet is the creature an unclean greedy eater & all his geography from that grand observatory was a watching of barn yards, or an inspection of moles & field mice. So with the pelican crane & the tribes of sea-fowl -- disgusting gluttons all. Yet observe how finely in nature all these disagreeable individuals integrate themselves into a cleanly and pleasing whole" (JMN, IV, 281). Emerson's consciousness has structured the imagery here as it did in the passage quoted first. The hawk is lonely, pure, heaven-bound, and free. But this vision of transcendence is no sooner conceived than it is attacked by feelings of disgust and revulsion: the bird, Emerson remembers, has indissoluble ties with what is low; he is related to the life and death cycles of other living things, "disgusting gluttons all". He must eat. Try as he will, what is low and earthy cannot be quite shut out, quite denied. But the tension of the attempt is there, providing a powerful dynamic for much of the writer's thought. The reader of the early journals gradually becomes aware that Emerson's consciousness is largely defined by the parameters of three things: his search for transcendence, his need for solitude in which to climb its heights, and his awareness of the threats from the impurities which intimacy and social interaction--especially as these are represented for him by the imagery of food and eating--would thrust upon him. How these three elements play themselves out in his consciousness will be the subject in the first portion of the paper; how the balance among them changes in later years will be discussed in Section II.

Man, Emerson liked to say in his lectures, is always rising, even from the gallows or brothel.<sup>4</sup> During his early period, almost everywhere he looked he saw affirmations of that thought. "I would be as great a geographer as an eagle & every winter like a bird or member of congress go south" (JMN, IV, 279). The year 1834 is one of increasing elation for him because he is beginning to make success of public speaking and writing as he had planned to do. "The high prize of eloquence may be mine[.]" he notes in October, "the joy of uttering what no other can utter & what all must receive" (JMN, IV, 324). He sees himself as a potential or actual success, despite all his early handicaps, and to express his vision he employs the cosmic imagery of stars and suns, which in his diction is always positive. His phantasies play at first around "the aspirant" and then a "brilliant young man." The "aspirant" on reaching the "first circles" instinctively knows who matters most and attaches himself not to the "conduits" but to the "fountains of honor." Going one step further he becomes himself "the Fountain of these fountainlets...the giver of all fine & high influences" (JMN, IV, 293). A few months later the same phantasy is drawn, but in higher, more cosmic imagery: "A brilliant young man easily becomes a satellite to some rich or powerful or eloquent man or set of men but as soon as he reflects, he is transformed from a Satellite into a central orb, & rich & great & kings & idols revolve around him" (JMN, IV, 321). Emerson is faithful in acknowledging his intellectual debts, but he would not be a satellite; he would be a star in his own right and shine alone. Intensely excited as he is throughout much of this year, the world is almost literally a revelation to him: "Is not man in our day described by the very attributes which once he gave his God? Is not the sea his minister; the clouds his chariot; the flame his wheels; & the winds his wings?" (JMN, IV, 309).

To achieve such a vision, however, and to feel at ease within the cosmos of his mind, Emerson must get away from ordinary society. He can speak successfully in public, but in private social interaction he feels awkward. His manner is labored and stiff, and to escape his embarrassment he would withdraw: "I study the art of solitude. I yield me as gracefully as I can to my destiny. Why...labor to keep up a poor beginner's place, a freshman's seat in the fine world[?]" (JMN, V, 58). Withdrawal, however, is not for him merely a way of escaping the problems of human interaction. In part, as Henry Nash Smith has pointed out, solitude plays a role in mediating to Emerson his literary identity as a Romantic.<sup>5</sup> Yet, perhaps more importantly, loneliness can mediate to him his very self, that sense of his own identity which is interpenetrated by consciousness of God's vision. In a fine passage, he writes that man needs "to retire as much from his solitude as he does from society into very loneliness. While I am reading & writing in my chamber I am not alone though there is nobody there. There is one means of procuring solitude which to me & I apprehend to all men is effectual, & that is to go to the window and look at the stars. If they do





not startle you & call you off from vulgar matters I know not what will. I sometimes think that the atmosphere was made transparent with this design to give man in the heavenly bodies a perpetual admonition of God & superior destiny. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are!" (JMN, IV, 266-267).

In similar fashion he had gone two years previously alone to the White Mountains when he was in the throes of deciding to resign his ministry. There, where "a few low mountains, a great many clouds always covering the great peaks, a circle of woods to the horizon" and "two other travellers" made his whole picture and company--he could "solicit the soul" (JMN, IV, 29, 28). Being alone not only intensified his inner consciousness; it could also make the outer world unreal. He took such occasions as he could to induce these feelings and enjoyed interpreting his states of isolation as demonstrations of idealism. Riding the railroad, he found, "One has...a practical confirmation of the ideal philosophy that Matter is phenomenal whilst men & trees & barns whiz by you as fast as the leaves of a dictionary.... The very permanence of matter seems compromised & oaks, fields, hills, hitherto esteemed symbols of stability do absolutely dance by you. The countryman called it 'Hell in harness'" (JMN, IV, 296; see also 277, 320). Yet the more solitude he had, the more he needed. He perceived his obsessiveness and was frightened by it. Living in Concord, unemployed except for his writing, he wrote late in November: "I perceived in myself this day with a certain degree of terror the prompting to retire. What! is this lone parsonage in this thin village so populous as to crowd you & overtask your benevolence? They who urge you to retire hence would be too many for you in the centre of the desert or on the top of a pillar" (JMN, IV, 342).

If we ask why Emerson needs so much this combination of solitude and transcendence, we are not likely to be satisfied by a reference to his religious impulses. Not only are there other ways of expressing and experiencing faith, but he himself, both in a passage quoted above and elsewhere (JMN, IV, 329), indicates that in solitude and creativity he finds compensation for his sense of social defectiveness. There is more to his withdrawal from interaction than compensation, however. That, indeed, may even be secondary. At a deeper level and to a significant extent Emerson is driven inward by a desire to escape what he sees around him and finds unpleasant. He has long before discovered that, wherever he is, if his power of will be sufficient, solitude may be as much a state of mind as of place, may be an alternative to undesirable surroundings. "Disengaged manners are commanding," he knows (JMN, V, 325), but the act of emotional disengagement does more than keep others off and in their place; it also frees him inwardly. The famous "crossing the common" passage probably has an earlier root even than the journal entry of December 8, 1834, mentioned by Bishop.<sup>6</sup> We find a similar cluster of images under June, 1831: "Wherever goes a man, there goes a great soul. I never more fully possess myself than in slovenly or disagreeable circumstances. When I stamp thro' the mud in dirty boots, I hug myself with the feeling of my immortality. I then reflect complacently on whatever of delicacy is in my taste, of amplitude in my memory. In a university I draw in my horns. On nothing does wise man plume himself so much as on independance of circumstance,] that in a kitchen, or dirty street or sweltering stage coach, he can separate himself from impure contact & embosom himself in the sublime society of his recollections, of his hopes, & of his affections. Ambassador carries his country with him. So does the Mind" (JMN, III, 261). In this relatively early and unsophisticated statement we can see with some clarity what the twenty-seven-year-old feels threatened by. The encroachment is "impure contact"--mud, street sounds and sights, being crowded and touched, being in a kitchen. Emerson, who "would be an eagle," would prefer not to know that impurity exists. These unsought intimacies, evidences of our common humanity, are in effect the "barnyard," the "moles and field mice" above which the spiraling hawk, that "pure and brilliant image," would soar. The tension and awkwardness, he feels as he attempts to withdraw from his unwelcome surroundings, find their echo in his language, and he has created an awkward ego ideal here indeed, a self-conscious "wise man" pluming himself, embosoming himself in the "sublime," and retreating into his own world of phantasy "complacently" to shut the door and contemplate his own "delicacy [and] amplitude."

Equally awkward and uncomfortable during this period is his relation to the subject of food and eating. If being alone opens for him the doors of transcendence, then the act of eating, or even the thought of food, shuts them. To him the act of sharing sustenance is not one of social communion, or in any way the positive ritual of love it appears to be in our culture generally or in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Eating is a symbol of the low, gross, and self-indulgent; frequently, moreover, it is associated with a kind of masculinity that may be aggressive, destructive, or sexual. Never, during this early period, is food or eating associated with women or with "feminine" qualities. Examples abound; I give only a few. Typical is this comment from 1832: "One would think that the hog, that walking sermon upon Gluttony, was enough to





turn the stomachs of all men from intemperate eating. Then was ever the full feeder ready for religion?" (JMN, IV, 5). Emerson's tone here is brutal. The "full feeder" (like the "ready milker"?) is only half human and deserves contempt. ("Intemperance" for Emerson refers generally to eating rather than to any other vice.)

Again, although he is normally sensitive in tone and reluctant to use strong language, he defines the eagle he would like to be by contrasting it and its airborne flight with earthbound figures whose "obscurity" is expressed through the imagery of eating: "There are people who read Shakspear for his obscenity as the glaucous gull<or burgomaster> is said to follow the walrus for his excrement. I would be as great a geographer as an eagle..." (JMN, IV, 279). The primary obscenity here is the sexual curiosity of certain readers. (The canceled "burgomaster" suggests that he had male readers in mind.) To Emerson this form of sexual aggression is best described as the eating of excrement. Similarly, when he would describe a low-thinking hypocrite he uses an image of piggish masculinity, describing a man who keeps "one eye... down cellar" with the "sausages & soapbarrels" while he speaks conventional platitudes. He is "basest when the snout of this influence touches the education of young women" (JMN, IV, 351). Again, but with a certain dry humor, he notes the bad and greedy manners of his step-grandfather, Dr. Ezra Ripley, whom he regards as precisely a model of those strong male virtues he respects but does not much like--a man truthful and strong, but "semi-savage," cold, and unsympathetic (JMN, IV, 338-339; V, 71, 96, et passim). "Manners. There are occasions on which it seems not much can be said. Dr. R[ipley] says he has been eating an apple of which he sent the graft to Waterford and he would give me a piece but that he has just eat it up" (JMN, V, 65). Elsewhere he describes Ripley's rigidity by saying that he cannot "'eat sponge cake without a ramrod'" (JMN, V, 21).

The potential for destruction through eating is in Emerson's mind when, at another time, he is troubled by the attacks of the petty cares of life--diarrhea, taxes, the "stinging recollection of...a very awkward word[,] " etc. Summing up his anxiety he says, "These eat up the hours" (JMN, V, 100). The fear of male destructiveness is even more clear when he uses the imagery of eating to condemn the act of methodically probing into one's own creativity rather than trusting to intuition. Such curiosity he sees as a reenactment of the behavior of the archetypal father who destroys his progeny by eating them: "Saturn, they say, devoured his children, thereby presignifying the man who thought & instantly turned round to see how his thoughts were made. The hen that eats the egg" (JMN, V, 26). The difference between Saturn and the hen is that for the latter it is aberrant behavior; Saturn's act is central to his paradoxical identity as god of both sowing and destruction.

Eating may also be part of a scene of social interaction at which male rivalries are played out. Thus Emerson perceives his own "defects" in comparison to the "talents of [other] men" when he appears as the "foolish parlor & table companion that I am." (In compensation for these constant failures, he believes he has gained from them the wisdom and insight which makes him "a bard of common life" [JMN, IV, 329].) Virtue and self-control, on the other hand, may be defined through the denial of appetite: "It were well to live purely, to make your word worth something. Deny yourself cake & ale to make your testimony irresistible" (JMN, IV, 266; see also IV, 308).

Emerson never mentions or even hints at awareness of sexual passion in these journals except in relation to an adolescent crush he had on another boy, to be discussed below. His general rejection of food and eating in these early journals may well stand in some way for repression of sexual appetite and especially male sexual aggression.<sup>7</sup>

One might add here that it was clearly no accident that when he was deciding to resign his ministry and seek another mode of life, the particular act he could no longer bear to undertake was the service of Communion. His choice of that sacrament no longer seems arbitrary. For that ritual which reenacts the Last Supper by the public, symbolic eating of the body and blood of Christ may be generally understood as a central statement of religious communitas, but Emerson's private associations emptied the act of all positive meaning and made it typify the deadness of ritual. "Calvinism," he wrote later, is a "sucked egg-shell" (JMN, IV, 309). In that phrase and its tone both the insubstantial, hollow creed and those who had primitively and greedily "sucked" its nurture stand once again judged and discarded.

If we inquire into the origins of these patterns of repression and anxiety about social interaction and the act of eating, we must turn briefly to Emerson's childhood.<sup>8</sup> It is probably sufficient to say that after





the death of Emerson's father (which occurred when the lad was eight) the family was severely impoverished, both financially and emotionally. Ruth Emerson kept a succession of not very successful boarding-houses. The children were under great pressure to achieve (to gain and keep scholarships, for example) and were sent away to college--and almost simultaneously to their first jobs as teachers--when only fourteen. Emerson's memories of his early life are all sad ones, turning on deprivation:<sup>9</sup> the loss of a dollar with which he was to have bought shoes and his mother's anger; of deprivation of the chance to play with other boys and learn to be one of them; much earlier of being repeatedly forced off something like a wharf into the sea by his father, despite phobia of the water, in order to cure him of a skin eruption. At home he lived in a basement room that looked out on a backyard littered with rubble; his kitchen job--scouring the knives--was undoubtedly one of many unpleasant tasks. Since food and communal eating are central to boardinghouse life, perhaps we need look no further for the origin of his food-disgust and his association of eating with masculine aggression and sexuality. He must often have been made aware, through the well-bred eyes of his mother and maiden aunt, of the shortcomings of their paying guests and of the existence of gluttony and bad manners at the table.

As if ashamed of his family's social position and not wanting to think about it, he never mentions directly his boardinghouse experience, even though it was the central fact of life for his family during many years. Twice, however, in his early journals and later, he draws on this experience, both times negatively, to describe human interaction and society in general. Comparing his insignificance in 1834 with the greatness of other writers, he sees himself as a strange kind of animal-servant: "We live[, ] animals in the basement story[, ] & when Shakespeare or Milton or even...[Carlyle] calls us up into the high region, we feel & say 'this is my region, they only show me my own property--I am in my element[, ] I thank them for it.' Presently we go about our business into the basement again, cumbered with serving & assured of our right to the halls above, we never go thither" (JMN, IV, 274-275). This animal metaphor, very complex in its tonalities, is based on the anomaly of being a servant in a house one owns but cannot afford to enjoy or experience--exactly Emerson's own position as a youth--and the boy's unease, his touchiness, his helplessness to change or affect his environment for the better, his desire at once to challenge and learn from the strangers who had taken possession of the house--are all superbly caught here. At a considerably later period, he described society as "a great boardinghouse in which people of all characters & habits meet for their dinner & eat harmoniously together; but, the meal once over, they separate to the most unlike & opposite employments" (JMN, IX, 221). Beneath the seeming harmony and communal life of a boardinghouse, in his view, is an atomistic loneliness and isolation. Such falsity must have seemed repugnant to a sensitive and lonely child. He and his brothers were determined to escape this world and to take their hard-pressed family with them. The price was intense self-discipline and self-denial. They were only partly equal to the strain. Two brothers died of the same tuberculosis that attacked him also, but which he overcame, and one of the two, Edward, suffered a mental breakdown. (To complete the picture, Emerson's father had had TB as well as the cancer that killed him; a brother, Bulkeley, was mentally incompetent and needed institutionalization; and another sibling, the only girl, died in infancy.) Though he succeeded in making his escape, the habits he had learned early of repression and denial, and which may have served some partially useful function originally, later on made his adjustment to the world a difficult one and limited his capacity to interact with normal pleasure.

The young Emerson who emerges in his earliest journals is a man in full flight before the threats of his instinctual life. Intensely lonely, he wishes for friendship but does not know how to reach out for it. Indeed, he is hampered by a deep-seated fear that if he permits intimacy with others he will in some way be damaged by it. Close friendships, to a boy unprepared for them, can carry different threats. One of these, clearly, can be the fear of homosexuality. A fable Emerson writes about friendship and its dangers expresses some of these problematic feelings. A certain amount of background information is relevant here. At seventeen, he developed an "infatuation" (Rusk's word) with another student named Martin Gay. Emerson's feelings were strong and lasted over two years. He wrote ardent verse to Gay, watched his movements with great interest, and brooded over their chance encounters (JMN, I, 22n., 39-40, 52-53, 94-95, 219-292, *et passim*). Emotionally the experience was a considerable one for Emerson, deserving more attention than the single paragraph his biographer has given it.<sup>10</sup> Because it is conceivable that discussion of the subject may still arouse controversy or misunderstanding, I wish to be quite explicit. I do not suggest that Emerson was homosexual but that like most men, although perhaps to a greater degree than some, because of the difficulties of his childhood, he had as a young man doubts about his social and sexual identity. His abortive relationship with Gay was not homosexual, but it either exacerbated those





doubts or was in part the fruit of them. These unresolved questions of identity affected his relations with society in general, especially during his early period, as analysis of his language shows. What is significant--it must be stressed--is not that Emerson felt as he did for Gay but that, given his feelings, the only way he could handle them was by total and complete repression of their expression except in his journals. Gay was evidently an attractive, intelligent, relatively worldly, and high-spirited youth who, following a period of rebelliousness, became a highly respected doctor. He might, in fact, have been the kind of friend Emerson needed and could have learned from. Emerson, however, never permitted himself even to meet the person he loved. Another boy in his position might at least have attempted to channel and control his emotions enough to make friends with Gay, but he did not dare to try. Instead, when they chanced on each other, they merely stared in encounters which Emerson found upsetting. Later, when he had successfully established his career, the kinds of uncertainties we see here diminished markedly. But as a late adolescent, as his journal shows, rather than learning how better to interact with others, he learned the reverse.

More than a year after the last entry indicating that he was struggling with his feelings for Gay (JMN, II, 59), the journal shows that he had been reading Hume's history of England. Hume describes at length James's exclusively male love affairs, especially those with Robert Carre and George Villiers, analyzing as disastrous the personal and political effects of such relationships, and leaving the reader in no doubt as to the sexual nature of James's passion.<sup>11</sup> After referring to Hume's comments on the reign of James I, Emerson immediately writes a phantasy cast as a cautionary tale of a friendship that went too far. The use of diction appropriate only to marriage is so obvious that it needs no commentary. "All human pleasures," Emerson begins, "have their dregs & even Friendship itself hath the bitter lees. Who is he that thought he might clasp his friend in embraces so tight, in daily intercourse so familiar that they two should be one? They met in equal conversation. I saw their eyes kindle with the common hope that they should climb life's hill together & totter down hand in hand. But the violent flame of youthful affection rapidly wasted itself. They foolishly trusted to each other the last secret of their bosoms, their weakness.... These erred in fancying...that the last door of the heart should be unclosed, and even its secret sensuality revealed" (JMN, II, 227-228). Their guilty secret (for one can only call it that) thus unveiled, the two friends "fell in each other's respect; they slighted, disliked, & ridiculed each other & regret & fear remained at last of the consequences of the implicit confidence of their violent love" (JMN, II, 228). Emerson goes on to remark that this "violent fondness" is only felt for "a stranger, of whom Nothing is known & nothing will come, whose eye, hair, or coat takes the fancy. So James I's propensity to favourites, who successively disgusted him. Misery to himself & seed grew out of his intemperate fondness for Robert Carre, & George Villiers" (JMN, II, 228).

A decade later Emerson felt that he had to find excuses for friendship, explaining that the seeking of friends aims at a "purity of intercourse" whose object is "that a man may be made known to himself to an extent that in solitude is not practicable" (JMN, IV, 271). (From an entry dated the same week, March 22, 1834, it is apparent that the seeds of his essay, "Self-Reliance," spring from the ground he has thus prepared by his decidedly ambivalent approval of friendship: JMN, IV, 269.) Even at so late a date, friendship is justified only because its end is increased self-knowledge. The fatuity of such reasoning was evidently not clear to the young widower. What is evident is that close friendship with other males was for most of Emerson's early life perceived by him as a threat.

In the light of this discussion we are better able to understand a decidedly bizarre story Emerson wrote when he was eighteen, dropping it into his journals seemingly without any connection with previous entries. It ends equally abruptly. In it, a "bearded islander," an inhabitant of the Pacific Ocean, tells the tale of the Siphars, a "vast musical apparatus" which proved "fatal to us." The Siphars were trees consisting of "vast trunks perforated by a multitude of natural tubes without having any external verdure. When the roots of these were connected with the waters of the river the water was instantly sucked up by some of the tubes and discharged again by others and when properly echoed the operation attended by the most beautiful musical sounds in the world" (JMN, II, 29-30). The islanders were worshippers of the "Great Zoa." (Zoa, as Emerson knew, is the plural form of the Greek word for animal.) Determining to build their churches to the "Great Zoa" around these objects, they succeeded in getting together a great number of them (jointly called "the Organ") beside a river, enclosing the space with walls made of "clay and stone." The music the "Organ" produced was so ravishing to the senses it soon made all the "hearers mad...with delight," and they began to "dance," not noting the impending "disaster." There was an "unusual swell" in





the river and "owing to [that] and to some unaccountable irregularity in the ducts the pipes began to discharge their contents within the chapel. In a short time the evil became but too apparent, for the water rose in spouts from the top of the larger ducts and fell upon the multitudes within.... The faster poured the water the sweeter grew the music and the floor being covered with the torrent the people began to float upon it with intolerable extacies. Finally the whole Multitude swam about in this deluge holding up their heads with open mouths and ears as if to swallow the melody whereby they swallowed much water.... Many hundred were immediately drowned and the enormous pipes as they emptied the river swelled their harmony to such perfection that the ear could no longer bear it and they who escaped the drowning died of the exquisite music. Thenceforward there was no more use of the Siphar trees in the Pacific islands" (JMN, II, 30-31).

The sexual nature of this imagery can hardly be ignored. In an exotic setting, a presumably dark-skinned people are worshipping a specifically animal god. The "vast trunks" that encourage them in their homage are named "the Organ"; bare of verdure, perforated by "natural tubes" and capable of responding to an "unusual swell" in a river by spontaneously spouting forth water which is also music ravishing to the senses and leaving its hearers in "intolerable extacies"--such organs are indeed worth dreaming about. (The whole story has much the quality of a dream retold.) What is most interesting is that the waters which cause these "intolerable extacies" not only drench the worshippers utterly but are willingly swallowed by them. (Note that it is the swallowing--not the dancing, swimming, or any other reaction--which ultimately destroys the audience--the eating phobia again. It is as if eating stood, in Emerson's mind, for the ultimate act of self-abandonment leading to self-destruction.) The death by drowning of everyone connected with this sacred orgy is only right, given the clearly homosexual symbolism. "They who escaped the drowning died of the exquisite music," Emerson notes sternly. To give oneself up to this pleasure is to be overwhelmed by it; the pleasure itself is fatal.<sup>12</sup>

Emerson titled his next entry "Preface to Travels in the Land of Not," writing an introduction to but not actually producing, another fable, as if the preceding story had suggested a title for others like it which were then not forthcoming. To name it "The Land of Not," however, was to provide an appropriate coda to his tale; it is no wonder that the theme did not prove fecund. The issue for Emerson, like the adoration of a friend he never allowed himself to meet, was a Never-Never Land, a closed book he did not re-open. Close friendships ever after were both longed for and avoided; how to cross the gulf between himself and humanity was problematic. The energies thus repressed were formidable; he made much use of them, in altered form, in later years.

## II

The reader who comes to Emerson's late journals (1842-1847) after immersion in those of the period ending in 1835 receives early an impression that the writer's consciousness has changed significantly. The tone of voice is stronger, more sure. Not always happy by any means, especially immediately following the death of his son Waldo, the speaker nevertheless sounds like a man who expects to be understood. He seems more integrated. The imagery is less paradoxical; the tone more flexible and modulated. Earlier one often had the feeling that the speaker was straining, calling out to a passerby and raising his voice to be heard--seldom true now. He seems more at ease with his audience--which in both cases has been the same (or not the same)--himself. We are more aware in these pages of the people who inhabit the world around him, for he is more aware of them, just as he can better articulate both the negative emotions of sadness and hostility and the positive ones of warmth and humor. He seems closer to his instinctual life and possesses through it a great kinship with humanity. He even seems to have an awareness of the unconscious, speaking prophetically of "the Abyss, Chaos, and Nox," as he calls it--the repressed, infantile life of man--and of its significance in giving strength to conscious, fully developed man. His dominant attitudes have changed although not in a total or revolutionary way, and one can find traces of earlier attitudes in his later writings. But by this time Emerson has looked deep into himself and has seen much of profit to tell us.

These changes are immediately apparent if we look at his use of the imagery of food and eating. His children helped mediate this new vision. "Nelly smells like a cakepan[,] " he writes of his infant daughter (JMN, VII, 399). Instinct has become acceptable; the association of food with a primarily masculine aggression has gone. His beloved Waldo, too, makes appetite innocent: "Little Waldo cheers the whole house by his moving calls to the cat, to the birds, to the flies--'Pussy cat come see Waddow! Liddel Birdy come





see Waddo! Pies! pies! come see Waddo!' His mother shows us the two apples that his Grandfather gave him, & which he brought home one in each hand & did not begin to eat till he got nearly home. 'See where the dear little Angel has gnawed them. They are worth a barrel of apples that he has not touched'" (JMN, VII, 42-43). Often he sees the children through the eyes of Lidian, who is more earthy and effusive, but not more tender than he: "Queenie [his wife] looks at Edie kicking up both feet into the air, & thinks that Edie says 'The world was made on purpose to carry round the little baby; and the world goes round the sun only to bring titty-time and creeping-on-the-floor-time to the Baby'" (JMN, VIII, 289). He has seen his children nursing, and the act of sucking is less suspect. He shares with Lidian the role of doting parent, as he can share her language: his diction--which now includes "titty-time"--has broadened along with his humanity. Eating hereafter represents one of his ties to mankind; though he may acknowledge the bond positively or reluctantly, it is part of himself and not an alien function. He still prefers among men a kind of noble reserve which would let them "sit apart as the gods talking from peak to peak all round Olympus" (JMN, IX, 90). He would still "have the island of man inviolate," and his sense of offense at familiarity is still best expressed by saying: "[W]hat I most dislike is a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's palate & belly at table, anticipating without words what he wishes to eat & drink. If you wish bread... anchovies or lobster, ask me for them, & do not hold out your plate as if I knew already" (JMN, IX, 9, 8). But even in this example, one of the strongest of his late uses of food imagery, the old intensity of disgust is missing. More often a new tone is heard, recognizing and accepting the instinctual needs: "I can reason down or at least deny every thing except this perpetual belly. Feed he must, & will, and I cannot make him respectable" (JMN, IX, 394). A new sense of irony is here. Reason and respectability both have their limits, and to try to imprison instinct is folly. When he writes: "Every sane man has tried starving... & found that it did not give him blood but that we were faint & dispirited," he is describing himself (JMN, IX, 277; see also n. 7). Eating, indeed, may now represent something positive, indicating a sense of being a man among men: "I ate whatever was set before me. I touched ivy & dogwood. I kept company with every man in the road for I knew that my evil & my good did not come from these but from the spirit whose servant I was, for I could not stoop to be a circumstance as they did who put their life into their fortune & their company" (JMN, IX, 116). Food is still an image of contact, but the contact is no longer degrading. On the contrary, the tone of the speaker seems endowed with an almost magical strength, as if the things he has touched and eaten have been charms, capable of passing their power on to him.

Nowhere, perhaps, is his new sense of the strength of the instincts and recognition of the power they give him better expressed than in the striking comments he offers on public speaking. Recalling and re-creating his address "last Wednesday," Emerson, in 1844, manipulates the imagery of wooing and sexuality until he stands forth as a kind of primal, bisexual creator who can speak with equal and almost Tiresian authority to both men and women. "But I speak of instincts," he writes of public communication: "I did not make the desires or know anything about them: I went to the public assembly, put myself in the conditions, & instantly feel this new craving, --I hear the voice, I see the beckoning of this Ghost" (JMN, IX, 71). The experience, as we shall see, is daemonic for him--sacred and profane, spiritual and physical at once: "To me it is vegetation, the pullulation & universal budding of the plant man. Art is the path of the creator to his work. The path or methods are ideal and eternal, though few men ever see them: not the artist himself for years, or for a lifetime, unless he come into the conditions. Then he is apprised with wonder what herds of daemons hem him in. He can no more rest: he says, 'By God, it is in me & must go forth of me'" (JMN, IX, 71). The language of generation is powerful here and will grow stronger. The speaker is one who by self-dedication to certain sacred "conditions"--a state of consciousness that puts him in touch with his daemonic powers--is able to "enter into all the easily forgotten secrets of a great nocturnal assembly" (JMN, IX, 70). By that power, by that "fine music... he should have his audience at his devotion and all other fames would hush before his" (JMN, IX, 70-71). Here and below, of course, he is deliberately using the language of specifically pagan, as well as religious, veneration. Now under pressure of his "daemons" he speaks on, "galvanized" and beside himself: "I hear myself speak as a stranger.... I say something which is original & beautiful. That charms me. I would say nothing else but such things.... Once having tasted this immortal ichor, we cannot have enough of it. Our appetite is immense" (JMN, IX, 72). (The echoes and parallels of the Siphar story--to be discussed below--are striking.) The urge to give expression to what is within is irresistible: "...it is of the last importance that these things get spoken. What a little of all we know, is said! What drops of all the sea of our science are baled up! And by what accident it is that these are spoken, whilst so many thoughts sleep in nature! [¶] Hence the oestrus of speech: hence these throbs & heart beatings at the door of the assembly to the end, namely, that the thought may be ejaculated as Logos or Word" (JMN, IX, 72).





He is the life force itself in these moments. He not only woos the audience like a lover, but his description of his act is heavy with bisexual imagery. "Ejaculation" is associated with male sexuality; "oestrus" means specifically the female animal's period of heat or sexual receptivity. This is not the first time that Emerson during his later period has shown himself aware that a healthy sense of identity may incorporate both male and female elements. Writing in 1842 he had described, clearly with himself in mind, the "Man-woman" saying that, "...the highly endowed man with good intellect & good conscience is a Man-woman & does not so much need the complement of Woman to his being as another. Hence his relations to the sex are somewhat dislocated & unsatisfactory. He asks in Woman, sometimes the Woman, sometimes the Man" (JMN, VIII, 175). The presence of the two elements may somewhat disturb interaction with the other sex, given our socially determined roles, but Emerson evidently perceives them in themselves as a source of strength. By 1844 we see him carrying this perception a little further, and when his performance as a public speaker culminates with both the "ejaculation" and "oestrus" of the "logos" or Word, it reminds us by his use of the Greek that Emerson is repeating the utterance of God's word, the primal act of all generation. He is thus male and female not only in his sympathies, but in his God-like creativity. He is not, however, yet done. "Say," he goes on, "it is in me & shall out; stand there baulked & dumb, stuttering & stammering, hissed & hooted, stand & strive until at last rage draw out of thee that Dream-power which every night shows thee to be thine; a power transcending all limit & privacy, and by virtue of which the man is the conductor of the whole universe of electricity" (JMN, IX, 76). This is remarkable language, not only for Emerson but for any man of his age. It is not only the barely disguised sexuality of the language and rhythms, so consciously and so effectively manipulated, which makes this true. Nor is it remarkable merely because of the magnificence of his assertion that he can be in moments of inspiration both God and the gods, artist and nature, man and woman. What is most striking to us today is that he is clearly aware that his energy stems from what we would call the unconscious, some such concept being behind this sketch of the "Dream-power" (the italics are his), source of all creative energy, a power which will express itself most naturally in sexual terms. One cannot know precisely when or how he discovered and accepted these drives, this multiple nature within himself, but his new language and tone point to a knowledge that has made him a richer and more powerful writer.

Parallels with the Siphar story are striking. Both describe a great assembly met at night to worship something at once sacred and profane; in both the object of the cult represents animal life or the life force; in both the culmination of the act of worship--which has been intensely pleasureable--is a powerful ejaculation either of water or words (though in the second example also Emerson speaks of the contents as being symbolically an ocean or drops of liquid). Two major differences, however, are illuminating. In the Siphar story, Emerson as author is at two removes from us, telling his story through a narrator, and everyone in the story perishes. In the phantasy of the act of public speaking, however, he himself not only enters the story, but also is the object of adoration, the Great Zoa himself, source of the waters of life. His activity is seen not as punishable by death but as rewarded by, and rewarding, life. Not incidentally, he is both masculine and feminine in sexual identity. No fear of homosexuality is here and no punishment for libidinal expression; he has integrated both sexes within himself and risen to the level of Tiresian seer. Though he wrote the two pieces twenty-two years apart, the basic phantasy is fascinatingly the same--as if at a certain level he has been preoccupied with reenacting all his mature life the same phantasy of creativity. The difference is that in his forties, despite the traumatic experience of Waldo's death and his own attendant depression, he has found ways of finishing the phantasy without masochism. By accepting, it may be, what is feminine in himself he has been able to integrate himself into the tale, enter it in his own person, and gather from it such ego-reinforcement as he desires.

Other aspects of Emerson's writing also reflect a consciousness more integrated and assured. There is more interaction among the figures of his phantasy and less egocentrism. Figures who oppose each other, for instance, instead of flying apart tend now to enter into dialogue. And for the conscious few, enlightenment is possible. His own place in society is now, through his own efforts, a clear and established one. Often he seems galled by the calls on his time which are made by friends and strangers. Although he is very discreet, his marriage seems occasionally less than entirely satisfactory. The large house he chose to have in Concord eats up time and money: "The friction of this social machine is grown enormous, & absorbs almost all the power applied" (JMN, IX, 189). Yet in spite of these frustrations he has a sense of accomplishment--not of stasis but of achievement. He turns to the cosmic imagery he has so often used for significant statements to express now his evolving sense of self: "As the solar system moves forward in the heavens, certain stars open before us & certain stars close up behind us.... How great were once





Lord Bacon's dimensions! he is grown but a middlesized man, & many another star has turned out to be a planet or an asteroid.... These are the gracious marks of our own growth. Slowly like light of morning it steals on us the new fact that we who were pupils or aspirants are now society: do compose a portion of that head and heart we are wont to think worthy of all reverence & heed: we are the representatives of religion & intellect, & stand in the light of Ideas whose rays stream through us to those younger & more in the dark. What further relations we sustain, what new lodges we are entering, is now unknown" (JMN, VIII, 127). Only seven years before he had seen himself as an aspirant and had wished to be not a satellite but an orb. Clearly, in this happy year of his fatherhood, he has achieved some part of that ambition, in spirit if not in letter. Though he is not a star, he is a prism, and if he does not know what the future holds, he can be a source of light on some matters to others. This sense of himself as a mediating figure, one able to interpret multiple sources and maintain a complex series of dialogues, is central to his mature consciousness. He can now envisage with some gentle irony a God who plays with man as one would play hide-and-seek with a baby: "Life is a game between God & man. The One disparts himself & feigns to divide into individuals. He puts part in a pomegranate, part in a king's crown, part in a person. Instantly man sees the beautiful things & goes to procure them[.] As he takes down each one the Lord smiles & says It is yourself; & when he has them all, it will be yourself. We love & die for a beauty which we wronged ourselves in thinking alien" (JMN, IX, 207). Not only does God know more than man--He may tell him all the answers, and man will still not understand. The charm and the sadness of the passage rest in its depiction of the attempt at dialogue. Doomed though they may be to failure, only by such efforts shall we grow at all.

Communication between the high and low is again at issue in the fable of the mountain and the squirrel. In his earlier imagery, extremes are often paired and played off against each other, as if for the sake of their innate dynamic tension. We recall the hypocrite with his "eye down cellar" and his "snout" touching the "education of young women;" the hawk, circling above its prey; or the man who went to the window, saw the stars, and was "startled." Effective though it is, something nervous and compulsive appears in such imagery. That effect is less common now, and when Emerson invents contrasting figures, he tends to involve them in dialogues from which enlightenment--and humor--may flow. Thus when the mountain calls the squirrel "little prig" "Bun replied You are doubtless very big but all sorts of weather must be taken in together to make a year & a world. And I think it no disgrace to occupy my proper place / If I am not so large as you, / You are not as small as I / If I cannot carry forests on my back / Neither can you crack a nut" (JMN, IX, 205). Our sympathies here are engaged by a creature who is not only minute but whose special powers are expressed by his talents for chewing. Moreover, Bun defends himself well: to be low and to be busy eating are no longer to be automatically the victim of a stronger aggressor.

The increased sense of communication--whether with individuals, God, or the universe--is accompanied by a diminished sense of striving for superiority or the higher role. There is more acceptance of negative feelings and less need to deny them. Though Waldo's death may have tested the development of this tendency, it did not in the long run alter it. The depth of Emerson's reaction to this tragedy has often been commented on, and his journals reflect his unhappiness both with himself and with other people. "I am not united," he burst out a couple of months after the six-year-old had died. "I am not friendly to myself, I bite & tear myself.... When will the day dawn of peace & reconciliation when self-united & friendly I shall display one heart & energy to the world[?]" (JMN, VIII, 236-237). That Emerson's grief should have taken the form of a sense of inner disunion and failure of energy is not surprising, for Waldo's life had meant precisely a strengthening of the father's sense of integrity and identity. Because the child's life had been enormously important for Emerson, the tenderness expressed in the journals for him is greater than that for any other person. One must understand that for Emerson to have a son was in some sense to heal the wound left by his own loss of his father; it was, in a way, a chance to replay the scene as it should have been.

Yet, in spite of this tragedy, the current that had already set in towards a larger sense of life was not stopped permanently. (One might mention in passing that the loving description quoted above of the baby Edie kicking her heels was written only nine months after Waldo's death.) By 1845 he could write, under the heading "Inward Miracles:" "That which so mightily annoyed & hampered us ceases utterly & at unawares. We wist not how or whence the redemption came. What so rankled at heart, & kept the eyes open all night, and which, we said, will never down; lo! we have utterly forgot it; cannot by any effort of memory realize it again.... The crises in our history come so. Thus they steal in on us, a new life which enters, God knows how, through the solidest blocks of our old thoughts & mental habits.... The miracles





of the spirit are greater than those of the history" (JMN, IX, 341). These are the words of a man who has suffered but who has learned to live with himself and who has found his best, at last, sufficient. He is stronger than before. He is also sadder--or perhaps only more articulate now and less repressive of negative feelings. A poignant long paragraph describes superbly the lifelong sense of loneliness which he now accepts rather than try to transmute it into something else: "Men go through the world each musing on a great fable dramatically pictured & rehearsed before him. If you speak to the man, he turns his eyes from his own scene, & slower or faster endeavors to comprehend what you say. When you have done speaking, he returns to his private music. Men generally attempt early in life to make their brothers first, afterwards their wives, acquainted with what is going forward in their private theatre, but they soon desist from the attempt on finding that they also have some farce or perhaps some ear- & heart-rending tragedy forward on their secret boards on which they are intent, and all parties acquiesce at last in a private box with the whole play performed before himself solus" (JMN, IX, 236). The tone and the slow cadences are untinged either by self-pity or superiority but are at once gentle and inexorable. We watch those plays because we wish to; what we do not choose is to watch them alone. Yet we wish to be individuals, to see with our own eyes. We choose and do not choose, then, to be alone--an ironic paradox. Such a view has in it the capacity for tragic depth that Whicher has remarked on.<sup>13</sup> Francis Fergusson once declared that a requisite of tragic figures is that we see them "take it on the chin."<sup>14</sup> Something of that is here in Emerson's confrontation with the problem of man's inescapable and self-willed loneliness.

He has been faulted for developing during this period a point of view his critic calls "objective organicism," a vision of life which sees a "beneficent forward motion of the total universe" and which, because of "Victorian illusion," believes in "ameliorative evolution."<sup>15</sup> Certainly, the nature of his imagery has changed. The dynamics of it no longer come from the nervous juxtaposition of opposites. But this is not to say that Emerson's vision has descended to an easy optimism or that he has assumed the role of "Victorian rhapsode."<sup>16</sup> The contrary is true. It is because he is more in touch with the life around him--with the "ivy & dogwood," with the food that was set before him--that his imagery is more straightforward in its motion, that it speaks of growth and communication, and that it can ultimately confront death and loneliness without making man seem smaller in the process.

A passage written in 1845 epitomizes in a striking fashion the development we have been describing here. He begins by reflecting on the value of speech to civilization, comparing the history of Man to that of men. Children "unable to express their desires...scream & stamp with fury. As soon as they can speak & plainly tell their want...they become gentle" (JMN, IX, 324). But uncivilized energy is fully as necessary as the guidance of reason: "There must be the Abyss, Nox, & Chaos out of which all come, & they must never be far off. Cut off the connexion between any of our works & this dread origin & the work is shallow & unsatisfying" (JMN, IX, 325). What children are to men, the wordless "abyss" is to consciousness. This source of our power must "never be far off"; we must not be alienated from it. Emerson envisages a massive figure of Man holding a dialogue with the universe: "There is a moment in the history of every nation when...the man...extends across the entire scale, & with his feet still planted on the immense forces of night, converses by his eyes & brain with solar & stellar creation. That is the moment of perfect health, the culmination of their star of Empire" (JMN, IX, 325). The ideal is now neither a star, nor eagle, nor Lord Bacon, but a majestic man who gains his strength and stature from his roots in earth, "night," and all the forces of instinctual life. Yet for all this he is neither immortal nor divine, and in the next paragraph Emerson's sense of tragic loss and yearning break out: "Ah, let the twilight linger! We love the morning spread abroad among the mountains, but too fast comes on the broad noon blaze, only exposing the poverty & barrenness of our globe, the listlessness & meanness of the inhabitants" (JMN, IX, 325). "Ah, let the twilight linger!" It is no faith in "objective organicism" that speaks here, no belief in "ameliorative evolution." The dawn is best. It is better to be trying out one's powers, still in touch with feeling and instinct, than to see the world bereft of mystery, heated and impoverished by a withering glare of light by analysis that demeans what it would understand. To say it out, to utter the sorrow, is to assert man's dignity in the face of loss.

When Emerson says in the passage quoted as an epigram to this paper that he no longer sees phoenixes but that the "sacred emblems are transferred to the walls of the world," he means, I think, that the vision of a sacred presence he has entertained is no longer merely a private insight; the phoenixes do not dance for him only. He is aware that he is part of the sorry world which looks best in half-light, meanest when seen at noon. But the vision of beauty which he sees now he can share with others (it has been





"transferred to the walls of the world") precisely because he knows the beautiful bird to be part of his own consciousness, created by himself. He has, so to speak, seen "the Lord smile," and heard Him tell man of beauty: "It is yourself." Emerson has understood that riddle, and his "usefulness," if we question it, may lie in his willingness to tell us what it means.

1 Ralph Waldo Emerson, The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Wm. H. Gilman, Alfred R. Ferguson et al., 9 vols. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1960-1971), IX, 171-172. Subsequent references to these Journals will be included in the text as JMN with the appropriate volume and page numbers.

2 Stephen E. Whicher, Freedom and Fate: An Inner Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson (N.Y.: Barnes, 1961), p. 62. Cited hereafter as Whicher.

3 Jonathan Bishop, Emerson on the Soul (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1964), pp. 202, 217. Cited hereafter as Bishop.

4 Townsend Scudder, The Lonely Wayfaring Man: Emerson and Some Englishmen (London: Oxford, 1936), p. 97.

5 Henry Nash Smith, "Emerson's Problem of Vocation," Emerson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. M. R. Konvitz and S. E. Whicher (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1962), p. 67. 6 Bishop, p. 14.

7 At times there is a definite strain of morbidity in Emerson's rejection of food. In 1832, despite his having suffered previously from a variety of debilitating illnesses, he actually tried to reduce the amount he ate, triumphantly recording the daily shortening of his rations--from 14 ounces to 13, and so on (JMN, IV, 6). His Aunt Mary believed that one of his earlier illnesses had been brought on by "fasts" as well as overwork. See Ralph L. Rusk, The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1949), p. 111. Cited hereafter as Rusk.

8 For the facts--but not necessarily their interpretation--regarding Emerson's early life, the Emerson household, and the ill-health of his family, see Rusk, chaps. 3, 4, 6, and 7; esp. pp. 23-24, 60-61, 69, 127, 206, 230.

9 Unfortunately Emerson did not begin to keep his journals until he was sixteen, and one finds mostly silence when one reads the early volumes for commentary on or memories of his childhood. He did not often permit himself to evoke that period even when he was in his forties. (See JMN, IX, 293-295; for a single sentence see IV, 263.) His descriptions of his early life, which appear in his daughter's still unpublished memoir, evidently agree with his comments in vols. VIII and IX in depicting his childhood as thoroughly miserable. Rusk, however, dismisses as "unrealistic" and exaggerated both Emerson's own memories and the testimony of "tradition" regarding the "gray" unhappiness of those early years. (Rusk, p. 24 and notes thereto.)

10 Rusk, p. 85. An excerpt from some poetry which is a "disguised address" to Martin Gay, in the view of the editors (JMN, I, 291n.) gives a sense of the eighteen year-old Emerson's feelings: "Malcolm, I love thee more than women love / And pure and warm and equal is the feeling / Which binds us and our destinies forever..." (JMN, I, 292).

11 David Hume, The History of England.... vol. IV (Boston: Phillips, 1851), 426 ff., 435, 494, 505, et passim.

12 For another approach to this tale, see Kenneth W. Cameron, "Emerson and Hydrostatics: The Siphars," ESQ, XLVIII (III quarter, 1967), 93-99; also F. Y. St. Clair, "Emerson Among the Siphars," AL, XIX (March, 1947), 73-77.

13 Whicher, pp. 109-111.

14 In my hearing at a seminar some years ago. 15 Bishop, pp. 216-217. 16 Bishop, p. 11.



Passages from The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vols. II through IX, Wm. H. Gilman et al. eds., Cambridge, Mass. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, Copyright 1961, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1969, 1970 and 1971 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College, are included by permission of the publishers.



# THE FRESHNESS OF TRANSFORMATION

## OR EMERSON ON INFLUENCE

HAROLD BLOOM

Stevens, closing the second part, It Must Change, of Notes toward a Supreme Fiction, proclaimed the "will to change, a necessitous / And present way, a presentation," that brings about "the freshness of transformation." But though this transformation "is ourselves," the Seer of Hartford was too wily not to add a customary qualification:

And that necessity and that presentation  
Are rubbings of a glass in which we peer.  
Of these beginnings, gay and green, propose  
The suitable amours. Time will write them down.

Stevens died in 1955, and many suitable amours concerning various beginnings have been proposed since then. Pound, Frost, Eliot, Williams, Moore are gone, among other major figures, and Crane and Roethke were ended prematurely in a subsequent generation. Jarrell and Berryman, whose achievements were more equivocal, have taken on some of the curious lustre that attends the circumstances of such deaths. Contemporary American poetry is a more than usually elaborate panorama, replete with schools and programmes, with followers enough for all, and readers available for only a few. Even the best of our contemporary poets, whether of any grouping or of none, suffer a burden wholly appropriate to the valley of vision they hope to have chosen, a burden more important finally than the immediate sorrows of poetic overpopulation and the erosion of a literate audience. Peering in the glass of vision, contemporary poets confront their too-recent giant precursors staring back at them, inducing a profound anxiety that hides itself but cannot be evaded totally. The partial evasions of this anxiety can be identified simply as the styles and strategies of contemporary verse, despite the overt manifestos to the contrary at which current poets seem more than usually adept. The anxiety of influence, a melancholy at a failure in imaginative priority, still rages like the dog-star in recent poetry, with the results that Pope observed. Poetically, one may call ours the Age of Sirius, the actual cultural equivalent of the fictive counter-cultural Age of Aquarius:

The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

I write these pages after passing an educational hour watching an array of revolutionary bards, black and white, chanting on television. Their exhilarating apparent freedom from the anxiety of influence is instructive. Ignorance of it does not render even the most inchoate rhapsode free of so necessitous a malady. Mixed into the tide of rhetoric came the recognizable detritus of the precursors, ranging from the American Sublime of Whitman to the sublime pathos of the Imamu Baraka, yet containing some surprises--of Edna Millay shining clear in a black poetess, or of Edgar Guest in a revolutionary balladeer, or of Ogden Nash in a particularly ebullient open-former.

If we move to the other extreme of contemporary achievement, say Ashbery's Fragment or Ammons' Saliences, then we confront, as readers, far more intense cases of the anxiety of influence, for Ashbery and Ammons, and some others in their generation, have matured into strong poets. Their best work, like Roethke's or Elizabeth Bishop's, begins to demand the same immense effort of the whole being to absorb and resist as is required by the strongest American poets born in the last three decades of the Nineteenth century: Robinson, Frost, Stevens, Pound, Moore, Williams, Eliot, Aiken, Ransom, Jeffers, Cummings, Crane. Perhaps no single reader greatly admires all of these dozen--I do not--but the work seems to abide, admired or not. Pound and Williams primarily, Stevens more recently, Frost and Eliot now rather less so, have been the principal influences upon American poets born in the twentieth century, but all these twelve poets have descendants, and all of them induce massive anxieties of influence, though the Pound-Williams schools (there are clearly several) emulate their precursors by a remarkable (and damaging) overt refusal to recognize such anxieties. But poets, for three hundred years now, at least, have joined in denying these anxieties even as they more and more strongly manifest them in their poems.





The war of American poets against influence is part of our Emersonian heritage, manifested first in the great triad of "The Divinity School Address," "The American Scholar," and "Self-Reliance." This heritage can be traced in Thoreau, Whitman, Dickinson, and quite directly again in Robinson and Frost, in the architectural writings of Sullivan and Wright, in the Essays Before a Sonata of Charles Ives. The less-direct heritage is more relevant to any brooding on the negative aspects of poetic influence, centering partly on Pound and Williams (where it is refracted through Whitman) and partly on Stevens, who disliked the very idea of influence.

This distaste is a proper characteristic of all Modern (meaning Post-Enlightenment or Romantic) poets, but peculiarly so of American poets coming after our prophet (however now unhonored) Emerson. I like Charles Ives' remark upon Emerson's ambitions: "His essay on the pre-soul (which he did not write) treats of that part of the over-soul's influence on unborn ages, and attempts the impossible only when it stops attempting it." Call Emerson the over-soul, and then contemplate his influence upon American poets who had read him (like Jeffers) and those who had not, but who read him in his poetic descendants (like Crane, who read his Emerson in Whitman). It can be called the only poetic influence that counsels against itself, and against the idea of influence. Perhaps in consequence, it has been the most pervasive of American poetic influences, though partly unrecognized. In Nineteenth-century America, it operated as much by negation (Poe, Melville, Hawthorne), as by discipleship (Thoreau, Very, Whitman) or by a dialectical blend of the two relations (Dickinson, Tuckerman, the Jameses).

In a journal entry (21 July 1837) Emerson recorded an insight that made possible his three anti-influence orations - essays of 1837 - 1840: "Courage consists in the conviction that they with whom you contend are no more than you. If we believed in the existence of strict individuals, natures, that is, not radically identical but unknown(,) immeasurable, we should never dare to fight" (JMN, V, 344-345).

This striking use of "individuals" manifests Emerson's acute apprehension of the sorrows of poetic influence, even as he declines to share these sorrows. If the new poet succumbs to a vision of the precursor as the Sublime, "unknown, immeasurable," then the great contention with the dead father will be lost. We can remember the demi-god Milton of the Age of Sensibility, the quasi-nature-deity Wordsworth of the later Nineteenth century, and in our time that Gnostic divinity, Yeats, and our own current daemon of the American Sublime, Stevens. Emerson, shrewdest of all visionaries, early perceived the accurate enemy in the path of aspiring youth: "Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence."

Though we rightly blame Emerson for our capitalistic reactionaries as well as for our shamanistic revolutionaries, for the whole range that goes from Henry Ford to the Whole Earth Catalog, his own meditations forestall our observations. His broodings against influence, starting in 1837, took their origins in the great business Depression of that year. Confronting individualism in its terrible freedom, Emerson developed a characteristic antithetical notion of the individual: "Every man is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition." Most remarkably, the journal-meditations move to a great self-recognition on May 26, 1837: "Who shall define to me an Individual? I behold with awe & delight many illustrations of the One Universal Mind. I see my being imbedded in it. As a plant in the earth so I grow in God. I am only a form of him. He is the soul of Me. I can even with a mountainous aspiring say, I am God, by transferring my Me out of the flimsy & unclear precinct of my body, my fortunes, my private will.... Yet why not always so? How came the Individual thus armed and impassioned to parricide thus murderously inclined ever to traverse & kill the divine life? Ah wicked Manichee! Into that dim problem I cannot enter. A believer in Unity, a seer of Unity, I yet behold two.... (JMN, V, 336-337).

The enormous split here is central in Emerson, pervades his conflicting ideas of influence, and is as relevant to contemporary poets as it was to Whitman, Robinson, Stevens, Crane, Roethke. Turning off the television set, I open the Sunday book supplement of the newspaper to behold a letter from Joyce Carol Oates, novelist, poet, critic, that replies to a reviewer: "It is a fallacy of our time, hopefully coming to an end, that 'individuals' are competitive and what one does lessens possibilities for another.... I believe that some day...all this wasteful worrying about who owns what, who 'owns' a portion of art, will be finished.... In America, we need to get back to Whitman as our spiritual father, to write novels of the kind that might have grown out of 'Leaves of Grass.' Whitman understood that human beings are not really in competition, excluded from one another. He knew that the role of the poet is to 'transfigure' and 'clarify' --and, in that way, sanctify...."



This moving passage, by a talented ephebe of Dreiser, indeed is in Whitman's tradition, and so also in Emerson's. The over-idealization of literature here is normal and necessary, for the writer in a writer, a self constrained to deny its own selfhood. So Blake grandly noted, after reading Wordsworth, that: "This is all in the highest degree Imaginative and equal to any Poet but not Superior. I cannot think that Real Poets have any competition. None are greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven[;] it is so in Poetry." Critics, who are people in search of images for acts of reading, and not of writing, have a different burden, and ought to cease emulating poets in the over-idealization of poetry.

Blake would have insisted that only his Spectre of Urthona, and not the Real Man the Imagination in him, experienced anxiety in reading Wordsworth, or in reading their common father, Milton. Blakean critics, like Frye, too easily join Blake in this insistence. But this is not the critic's proper work, to take up the poet's stance. Perhaps there is a power or faculty of the Imagination, and certainly all poets must go on believing in its existence, but a critic makes a better start by agreeing with Hobbes, that imagination is "decaying sense," and that poetry is written by the same natural man or woman who suffers daily all the inescapable anxieties of competition.

Emerson set out to excel "in Divinity," by which he meant, from the start, "eloquence," to the last-ing scandal of certain American moralists from Andrews Norton to Yvor Winters. He tells his notebook, on April 18, 1824, a month before his twenty-first birthday: "I cannot dissemble that my abilities are below my ambition..." but he cheerfully adds: "What we ardently love we learn to imitate" and so he hopes "to put on eloquence as a robe" (JMN, II, 238, 242). Certainly he did, and he learned therefore the first meaning of his idea of Self-Reliance: "Every man has his own voice, manner, eloquence..." He goes on to speak of each person's "sort of love and grief and imagination and action," but these are afterthoughts. The American orator-poet requires singularity in "voice, manner, eloquence," and if he has that, he trusts he has all, or almost all.

The primary Emerson is this confident orator, who as late as 1839 can still say, in his journals, that: "It is the necessity of my nature to shed all influences." Mixed into this primary strain is a yearning to be influenced, but only by a Central Man who is yet to come. In 1845, a year before his Bacchic intensity-of-reaction against the Mexican War, Emerson characteristically began those expectations of a new man-god that emerged more fully in 1846. In the 1845 Journals, the tone might be called the apocalyptic-wistful: "We are candidates, we know we are, for influences more subtle and more high than those of talent and ambition. We want a leader, we want a friend whom we have not seen. In the company and fired by the example of a god, these faculties that dream and toss in their sleep would wake. Where is the Genius that shall marshal us the way that we were going? There is a vast residue, an open account ever. [¶] The great inspire us: how they beckon, how they animate, and show their legitimate power in nothing more than their power to misguide us. For the perverted great derange and deject us, and perplex ages with their fame.... This is that which the strong genius works upon; the region of destiny, of aspiration, of the unknown...."

We might follow Nietzsche, Emerson's admirer, and note that as Apollo represents each new poet's individuation, so Dionysus is emblematic of each poet's return to his subsuming precursors. Some such realization informed Emerson's dilemma, for he believed that poetry came from Dionysian influx, yet he preached an Apollonian Self-Reliance while fearing the very individuation it would bring. "If only he sees, the world will be visible enough," is one Emersonian formula carrying this individuation to the borders of a sublime solipsism. Here, expounding nature's supposed method, is a greater formula: "His health and greatness consist in his being the channel through which heaven flows to earth, in short, in the fulness in which an ecstatic state takes place in him. It is pitiful to be an artist, when by forbearing to be artists we might be vessels filled with the divine overflowings, enriched by the circulations of omniscience and omnipresence. Are there not moments in the history of heaven when the human race was not counted by individuals, but was only the Influenced, was God in distribution, God rushing into multiform benefit? It is sublime to receive, sublime to love, but this lust of imparting as from us, this desire to be loved, the wish to be recognized as individuals, --is finite, comes of a lower strain."

This beautiful confusion is beautiful because the conflict is emotional, between equal impulses, and because it cannot be resolved. Influx would make us Bacchic, but not individuated poets; Self-Reliance will help make us poets, but "of a lower strain," short of ecstatic possession. Emerson's relative failure as a





writer of verse ("failure" only when measured against his enormous bardic aspirations) is caused by this conflict, and so is his over-valuation of poetry, a poetry never yet written, as he too frequently complains. He asks for a stance simultaneously Dionysiac and Self-reliant, and he does not know how this is to be attained, nor do we. I suggest that the deeper cause for his impossible demand is his inner division on the burden of influx, at once altogether to be desired and yet altogether to be resisted, if it come to us (as it must) from a precursor no more ultimately Central than ourselves.

But this is not just the native strain in Emerson; it is the American burden. It came to him because, at the right time in our cultural history, he bravely opened himself to it, but by opening to it with so astonishing a receptivity to oppositions, he opened all subsequent American artists to the same irreconcilable acceptance of negations. Post-Emersonian American poetry, when compared to Post-Wordsworthian British poetry, or Post-Goethean German poetry, or French poetry after Hugo, is uniquely open to influences, and uniquely resistant to all ideas-of-influence. From Whitman to my contemporaries, American poets eagerly proclaim that they reject nothing that is best in past poetry, and as desperately succumb to poetic defence mechanisms, or self-malformings, against a crippling anxiety of influence. Emerson, source of our sorrow, remains to be quarried, not so much for a remedy as for fuller apprehension of the malady. The crux of the matter is a fundamental question for any Post-Enlightenment poet, but peculiarly acute for American poets. It could be phrased: In becoming a poet, is one joining oneself to a company of others or truly becoming a solitary and single one? In a sense, this is the anxiety of whether one ever really became a poet, a double-anxiety: Did one truly join that company? Did one become truly oneself?

In his essay, Character, Emerson emphasized the fear of influence: "Higher natures overpower lower ones by affecting them with a certain sleep. The faculties are locked up, and offer no resistance. Perhaps that is the universal law. When the high cannot bring up the low to itself, it benumbs it, as man charms down the resistance of the lower animals. Men exert on each other a similar occult power. How often has the influence of a true master realized all the tales of magic! A river of command seemed to run down from his eyes into all those who beheld him, a torrent of strong sad light, like an Ohio or Danube, which pervaded them with his thoughts and colored all events with the hue of his mind" (W, IV, 94).

This flood of light, which Emerson taught his descendants to fear, rather curiously ran down upon them from his eyes. As he himself said in the essay Politics: "The boundaries of personal influence it is impossible to fix, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force" (W, III, 205). Property, he cunningly added, had the same power. As eloquence, to Emerson, was identical with personal energy, eloquence was necessarily personal property, and the dialectics of energy became the dialectics also of commerce.

At his most apocalyptic, as throughout the troubling year 1845, when he wrote his best poems, Emerson again denied the anxiety of influence, as here in "Uses of Great Men" from Representative Men: "We need not fear excessive influence. A more generous trust is permitted. Serve the great. Stick at no humiliation. Grudge no office thou canst render. Be the limb of their body, the breath of their mouth. Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, so thou gain aught wider and nobler? Never mind the taunt of Boswellism: the devotion may easily be greater than the wretched pride which is guarding its own skirts. Be another: not thyself, but a Platonist; not a soul, but a Christian; not a naturalist, but a Cartesian; not a poet, but a Shakesperian. In vain, the wheels of tendency will not stop, nor will all the forces of inertia, fear, or of love itself hold thee there. On, and forever onward!" (W, IV, 29-30).

Though this over-protests, it remains haunted by the unfulfillable maxim: "Never imitate." Has Emerson forgotten his own insight, that one must be an inventor to read well? Whatever "we" means, in his passage, it cannot mean what it meant in a great notebook passage behind "Self-Reliance": "We are a vision." Rather than multiply bewildering instances of Emerson on all sides of this dark and central idea, we do him most justice by seeking his ultimate balance where always that must be sought, in his grandest essay, "Experience." Solve this, and you have Emerson-on-influence, if he can be solved at all: "Thus inevitably does the universe wear our color, and every object fall successively into the subject itself. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things sooner or later fall into place. As I am, so I see; use what language we will, we can never say anything but what we are; Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, Newton, Bonaparte are the mind's ministers. Instead of feeling a poverty when we encounter a great man, let us treat the newcomer like a traveling geologist who passes through our estate and shows us good slate, or limestone,



or anthracite, in our brush pasture. The partial action of each strong mind in one direction is a telescope for the objects on which it is pointed. But every other part of knowledge is to be pushed to the same extravagance, ere the soul attains her due sphericity" (W, III, 79-80).

The blindness of the strong, Emerson implies, necessarily constitutes insight. Is the insight of the strong also blindness? Can a soul duly spherul be enough of an unseeing soul to go on writing poetry? Here is the gnomic poem that introduces "Experience":

The lords of life, the lords of life, --  
I saw them pass,  
In their own guise,  
Like and unlike,  
Portly and grim,  
Use and Surprise,  
Surface and Dream,  
Succession swift, and spectral Wrong,  
Temperament without a tongue,  
And the inventor of the game

Omnipresent without name;--  
Some to see, some to be guessed,  
They marched from east to west:  
Little man, least of all,  
Among the legs of his guardians tall,  
Walked about with puzzled look.  
Him by the hand dear Nature took;  
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,  
Whispered, "Darling, never mind!  
Tomorrow they will wear another face,  
The founder thou; These are thy race!"

(W, III, 43)

This is the Emerson of about 1842, and if no longer a Primary, he is not quite a Secondary Man. The lords of life (and "Life" was the first title for "Experience") are a rather dubious sevenfold to inspire any poet, and the more-than-Wordsworthian homely nurse, Nature, offers little comfort. If these are the gods, then man is sensible to be puzzled. But it all goes with a diabolically cheerful (though customarily awkward) lilt, and the indubitable prophet of our literary self-reliance seems as outrageously cheerful as ever. There aren't any good models in this procession, and man, Nature assures us, is their model, but we are urged to yet another mode of Self-Reliance anyway. "Ne te quaesiveris extra," but what is it to seek yourself even within yourself? Does the essay "Experience," in giving us, as I think it does, a vision beyond skepticism, give us also any way out of the double-bind of poetic influence?

"We thrive by casualties," Emerson says, and while he means "random occurrences" he could as well have meant "losses." But these would have been casual losses, given up to "those who are powerful obliquely and not by the direct stroke." Very charmingly, Emerson says of these masters, that "one gets the cheer of their light without paying too great a tax." Such an influence, Emerson himself hoped to be, but Thoreau and even Whitman paid a heavy tax for Emersonian light, and I suspect many contemporary Americans still pay something, whether or not they have read Emerson, since his peculiar relevance now is that we seem to read him merely by living here, in this place still somehow his, and not our own. His power over us attains an elevation in an astonishing recovery from skepticism that suddenly illuminates "Experience": "And we cannot say too little of our constitutional necessity of seeing things under private aspects.... And yet is the God the native of these bleak rocks.... We must hold hard to this poverty, however scandalous, and by more vigorous self-recoveries, after the sallies of action, possess our axis more firmly" (W, III, 81).

After this, Emerson is able to give us a blithe proselist of "the lords of life": "Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality, Subjectiveness," and in accepting these he gives us also his escape from conflicting attitudes towards influence: "All I know is reception; I am and I have: but I do not get, and when I have fancied I had gotten anything, I found I did not." But there speaks the spherul man, the all-but-perfect solipsist who made Thoreau almost despair, and whom Whitman emulated only to end in the grief-ridden palinode of "As I Ebbd With the Ocean of Life." Charles Ives, deeply under the influence of Emerson's late "Prudence," movingly remarks: "Everyone should have the opportunity of not being over-influenced." Stevens, a less candid Emersonian, is far closer to "Experience" in his ecstatic momentary victories over influence:

I have not but I am and as I am, I am.

.....

...Perhaps,

The man-hero is not the exceptional monster  
But he that of repetition is most master.





Emerson says: "I am and I have," because he receives without self-appropriation: "I do not get." Stevens says: "I have not but I am," because he does not receive, but appropriates for himself through mastering the repetition of his own never-ending meditation upon self. Emerson is the more perfect solipsist, and yet also the more generous spirit, thus getting the better of it both ways. Stevens, the better poet but the much less transcendent consciousness, is less persuasive in proclaiming an ultimate Self-Reliance. In this, he does not differ, however, from all our Emersonian poets, whether voluntary like Whitman, Robinson, Frost, or involuntary like Dickinson and Melville. Stevens, too, who saw himself as "A new scholar replacing an older one," became another involuntary ephebe of the Supreme Fiction of our literature, Emersonian individualism.

Recoiling from the consequences of an all-repellant individualism, Emerson opted first for Dionysiac influx, and later for the dominance of that other Orphic presence, Ananke, who opposed herself to the individual as his own limitations perceived under the mark of a different aesthetic, the beauty of Fate. For Emerson's was an aesthetic of use, a properly pragmatic American aesthetic, that came to fear imaginative entropy as the worst foe of the adverting or questing mind, seeking to make of its own utility a vision of universal good.

What can be used can be used up; this is what Geoffrey Hartman calls "the anxiety of demand," a version of which is enacted in a fundamental Romantic genre, the crisis-lyric. Does the achieved poem give confidence that the next poem can be written? An Idealizing critic, even one of great accomplishment, evidently can believe that poets are concerned, as poets, only with the anxiety of form, and not at all with anxieties of influence and of demand, but all form, however personalized, stems from influx, and all form, however depersonalized, shapes itself against depletion, and so seeks to meet demand. Beneath the anxiety of demand is a ghost of all precursor-obsessions: the concern that inspiration may fail, whereas the strong illusion persists that inspiration could not fail the precursor, for did he not inspire the still-struggling poet?

Emerson's inspiration never failed, in part because it never wholly came to him, or if it did then it came mixed with considerable prudence, and generally arrived in the eloquence of prose. If the anxiety-of-influence descends as a myth of the father, then we can venture that the anxiety-of-demand is likely to manifest itself through imagistic concealments of the mother or Muse. In Stevens, particularly in the late phase of The Auroras of Autumn and The Rock, the concealment is withdrawn:

Farewell to an idea.... The mother's face,  
The purpose of the poem, fills the room....

But Stevens, for all his late bleakness, was preternaturally fecund, and did not suffer greatly from the anxiety-of-demand, nor did Emerson. Whitman did, and that sorrow still requires exploration by his readers. The anxiety induced by a vision of the imaginative father is strongly Stevens', as here in the Auroras:

The father sits  
In space, wherever he sits, of bleak regard,  
  
As one that is strong in the bushes of his eyes.  
He says no to no and yes to yes. He says yes  
To no; and in saying yes he says farewell.

This Jehovah-like affirmer, whose eyes have replaced the burning bush, is a composite figure, with Emerson and Whitman important components, since of all Stevens' precursors they most extravagantly said yes. The farewell is equivocal. Stevens, more forcefully than Pound, exemplifies making it new through the freshness of transformation, and more comprehensively than Williams persuades us that the difficulties of cultural heritage cannot be overcome through evasions. Emerson, ancestor to all three, would have found in Stevens what he once had found in Whitman, a rightful heir of the American quest for a Self-Reliance founded upon a complete self-knowledge.

Contemporary American poetry, written in the large shadowings of Pound, Williams, Stevens, and their immediate progeny, is an impossibly heroic quest wholly in the Emersonian tradition, another variation on the native strain. The best of our contemporary poets--I would nominate the varied half-dozen of



Ammons, Ashbery, Merrill, Merwin, Strand and James Wright as certainly among them, but there are a dozen more of genuine achievement--show an astonishing energy of response to the sorrow of influence that forms so much of the hidden subject of their work. As heirs, sometimes unknowing, of Emerson, they receive also his heartening faith that: "Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy," and so they can participate also in the noblest of Emersonian conscious indulgences in the Optative Mood, the belief that influence, for a potentially strong poet, is only energy that comes from a precursor "of the same turn of mind as his own, and who sees much farther on his own way than he."

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## EMERSON'S PROSE

Morse Peckham

Ralph Waldo Emerson was the first to appear of that amazing sequence of literary intellectuals which emerged from the provincial darkness of the young American republic. Emerson (born in 1803), Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Melville, Whitman — sooner or later they have all been accepted into that grand European culture which transcends and rises above the narrow considerations of nationalism; and it is from a supra-national European orientation that they are all best understood and best measured. In recent decades Emerson has not been so admired, at least in America, as he once was. Possibly his day is coming again. Certainly for some readers he has always been the greatest of that group, just as he was the inspiration and vital spark for almost all of them, even when they rebelled against him.

Of Emerson's various literary achievements, most of which began as lectures assembled from entries in the immense flowing Mississippi of his Journals, his greatest are the two series of *Essays*, published in 1844 and 1849. Within a decade of their publication in England they had become volumes which there every cultivated intellectual and literary figure found it necessary to know well. Matthew Arnold, a young man then, later said that Emerson, along with Goethe and J. H. Newman, was of central and utmost importance in his own development as a man and as a writer, and Arnold was above all other English writers the one who castigated the English for their failure to know and be interested in the literature and learning beyond the limits of their little island, particularly that of Continental Europe. His notion that a man should be a good European was taken up by Henry James and became the formative idea of the latter's life and literary career. To Arnold, the good European, Emerson belonged in the company of Goethe, the man who, more than any other great figure of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, insisted on the fundamental unity and internal coherence of European culture. Goethe was of the deepest importance to Emerson, and when the thirty-year-old American went to Scotland in 1833, he sought out Thomas Carlyle, who for nearly a decade had been struggling to bring the richness of Goethe and other German writers to the provincial English. Emerson's task, his mission, his goal, was to join America to supra-national Europe in a seamless continuum;



it was a manifestation of his subtlety that one of his strategies was to endeavour to make his fellow Americans into good Europeans by making them exquisitely aware of what it meant to be an American, a matter on which there is still considerable confusion.

So Emerson flows from Europe and back to it again, and to think of him in exclusively American terms and categories is to miss much of his meaning and most of his greatness. Perhaps that is why to the young American of today, at a time when the weakest and least civilized of European cultural strata — those social and cultural strata which the most civilized Europeans have shamefully neglected — are themselves becoming so Americanized, Emerson's *Essays* may not be very appealing. If such a young American finds them pale, disjointed, wandering, faded, too optimistic, excessively bland, he will after all be but repeating the judgment of many of the critics and teachers but a generation or two older than himself. Yet for some men in their fifties and sixties, as they see death coming nearer, as — to borrow from Yeats what he has said better than anyone — they cast a colder eye on life, on death, as they increasingly take a half-concealed pleasure in watching the aggressive horseman of energy and achievement pass by, as they are increasingly torn between a certain contempt for men and an almost unendurable compassion for suffering and self-torturing mankind, the *Essays* of Emerson become always more satisfying and bracing. The affinities of Emerson, the bland optimist, with Schopenhauer, the most invigorating of pessimists, begin to become apparent. His affinities with Søren Kierkegaard, the Danish master of irony, become intriguing and engaging; ten years Emerson's junior, Kierkegaard wrote most of his works in the decade of the publishing of the older writer's *Essays*. The blandness, the optimism, fade away, and a vigor and intellectual toughness emerge which strike into the soul that iron in which the aging man delights. More than anything else, he has learned how to read Emerson. It is not easy.

Everyone knows that Emerson's style is aphoristic; everyone knows that the *Essays* were assembled from here and there in the *Journals*; everyone knows that they are disjointed, and that there is no particular reason why any sentence could not be omitted. It is easy enough to test this. Leaf through the volume of the essays, randomly selecting a dozen pages, and letting your eye strike any sentence by uncontrolled accident. You will find that almost any sentence you light on can be extracted from its context and savored or dismissed without reference to what precedes or follows it. In Emerson, it seems, there is no argument, no sustained discourse, philosophical or other kind, only a series of sentences stitched together under various grandiose titles of such a kind





that almost any sentence could appear in almost any essay.

But that is not the only apparently damaging allegation that can be made against Emerson's style. As we read any *Essay* continuously, the connection between almost any of these aphoristic sentences and the one that follows it is by no means easy to grasp. Often the next sentence does not seem to follow at all. One of the gravest and most difficult philosophical problems is this: Given sentences *a* and *b*, how do you know that sentence *b* properly follows from sentence *a* except by sheer contiguity? Between any two sentences in any discourse lies, it would seem, an abyss, and the task of the man we call the good writer is to bridge the abyss, to give the reader at least the illusion, if nothing else, that sentence *b* really and truly follows from sentence *a*. This is what we expect when we start to read an essay, even the essays of that most capricious of informal essayists, Charles Lamb. After all, even Lamb does more to get his reader across the bridge from *a* to *b* than does Emerson, at least much of the time. It is a most interesting and instructive exercise to take any piece of not remarkably good but of merely acceptable prose and explore the devices used to get the reader from *a* to *b*: the hints, the clues, the parallelisms, the contrasts, the quasi-logical connectives, the pronouns with their antecedents in the previous sentence, the conjunctions, the qualifying adverbs. The devices of style which go into constructing the bridges across the abysses that lie between sentences are innumerable, and every competent writer must master them. Emerson neglects them. He does not build us bridges; he makes us leap. And the matter is made worse by his fusion of a capriciousness greater than Lamb's with the philosophical earnestness and moral seriousness of Plato, Montaigne, Spinoza, Kant, Goethe, Carlyle. With the air of one bent on absolute lucidity, he devotes himself to eluding us.

It is not in traditional discourse and expository prose or even inspiring rhetoric that we must look for a model for what Emerson is doing. It is not in prose at all, but in poetry. That model is to be found in two kinds of poetry, the lyric poem and the poetic drama. When we start to read a lyric we do not expect a continuous discourse with bridges carefully built from one sentence to the next. Rather, we expect the speaker of the poem to fling himself from one proposition to the next, at times to leap from one proposition to the next like a predator flinging itself on its victim; what we expect is the tingling excitement of subjectivity, and when we respond adequately to the lyric poem we glow with that same excitement. As Plato long ago said, poets cannot understand what they are talking about. He was quite right, but he should have added that neither can anybody else. Since he was



a philosopher, he was scarcely performing a professional role that would permit him to admit that truth. Lyric poets do not conceal the abysses that divide sentences; they exploit them. Emerson is a philosopher who writes like a lyric poet, and thinks like one. His individual sentences are dazzling. How does he get from one to another? He does not tell us, because he does not know. It is his pride that he does not know. He refuses to submit to the universal human illusion that we really know what we are doing while we are doing it. One who does not grasp the immense and magnificently self-centered pride of Emerson, the pride of a Lucifer who has fallen but knows that only in *his* kind of fall is there redemption, has not grasped an essential quality of the man and his writing.

The second model for Emerson's *Essays* is to be found in the speeches of the protagonists and other central characters of poetic drama, especially tragedy, and above all the tragedy of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. *Hamlet* is the greatest of tragedies because its central theme is what underlies the behavior of the heroes of all tragedy, and of all interesting non-comic characters whatever. It is the endless struggle of the hero to redefine himself. Each of us has a self-image and we have a similar image of each individual we know, for the images of both self and other are arrived at in the same way, by observing and making sense out of what we do and say. We can stabilize our world — ourselves, those we know, and the situations we live in — by making those images simple, coherent, and fixed. But we do this at the price of ignoring and repressing those bits and pieces of our behavior and the behavior of others which do not fit coherently and consistently into those images. In every tragic or serious work, the author puts his protagonist through a series of situations which shatters his self-image, and the images of those intimate with him, and of his world, which forces him to be aware of unexpected or hitherto unobserved and unassimilated aspects of his personality and of his social and natural environment. His image is shattered, and he must remake it, only to have it shattered again. Only when he has assimilated the unassimilated is he permitted to die, and he dies because to do that is in fact to do the impossible. The falsity of tragedy and the spurious comfort we gain from it rises from seeing the hero arrive at a self-understanding which no man in the real world, not in the illusory world of art, can ever have. Shakespeare, greatly daring, kills Hamlet without permitting him that spurious self-illumination. Hamlet, dying, tells Horatio to explain him, because the truth is that he cannot explain himself, nor can any man.

That is why Hamlet utters his great soliloquies; why these,





not the conclusion, are the heart of the play. Shakespeare denies Hamlet self-illumination. Ever since, critics have been arguing about what ought to be a consistent image of Hamlet, and they have never agreed, and they never will agree, because Hamlet is inexplicable. Hamlet is Man, as no writer before or since has dared or had the genius to present him. Thus, to Emerson, Shakespeare was a great philosopher, and the model for Emerson's *Essays* are the soliloquies of Hamlet, of Shakespeare's other tragic heroes,

and of those of Shakespeare's theatrical contemporaries. Hamlet's soliloquies emerge from dramatic situations in which self-image is shattered. Emerson's *Essays* emerge from a grander situation — the condition of man — which truly, apprehended, as it almost never is by anyone, shatters any man's self-image. That is why the first of the *Essays* is "History," which, Emerson tells us, is a spurious projection of our spurious self-images, and he shatters it. That is why the next essay is "Self-Reliance." To rely on oneself is to have the courage to doubt one's comforting self-image. This is the meaning of the famous statement, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. . . . With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do." A great soul may know that he must have a coherent and acceptable self-image to act at all, but he knows that at worst it is spurious and at best it is only an instrument.

The *Essays*, then, are a fusion of the lyric and the dramatic soliloquy. Emerson assembled them from here and there in his *Journals* because he knew that any self-image is an assemblage, not a coherent structure. Just as the lyric poet exploits the leap from sentence to sentence, so Emerson exploits the inconsistency of our personalities which our self-images endeavor to conceal. The tragic role he plays is that of Man acting his part on the stage of the World, and he sees that the personality of Man is an assemblage, the various bits and pieces of which come from he knows not where, and he does not conceal the fact. He glories in it; it is the source of his immense and magnificently self-centered pride.

A further genre of poetry can provide yet another model for reading Emerson's *Essays* — a kind of negative model. In the very decade of the essays, the 1840's, a younger contemporary of Emerson's, the Englishman Robert Browning, created the dramatic monologue. As with Emerson, his two sources were the lyric poem, and the soliloquy of the Elizabethan theater, of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. But Browning adds a twist neither in Shakespeare nor in Emerson. Browning's monologues emerge from situations which, though they do not shatter the self-images of his speakers, certainly threaten to shatter them; the monologist imme-



diately throws himself into the effort to maintain his self-image. Consequently the reader sees through the self-image as the monologist does not. He sees that the speaker is making an assemblage out of the rags and tatters of his personality in order to preserve his self-esteem. He sees the threat which could shatter the self-image were it not for the defenses of the speaker. It is the process subsequent psychologists have come to call rationalization, and nowadays we know all about it, and perhaps can do it better because we do. It could be said, of course, that Shakespeare does the same thing in the soliloquies of such a villain as Iago, but that would be an error. Iago rationalizes because of a moral defect. Browning's monologists rationalize because they are human beings. Browning's twist is that we rationalize because we are human; rationalization is what we pay in order to exist. Rationalization is the price of the ticket of admission to the great theater of human society and culture. Emerson's *Essays*, then, can be profitably approached as dramatic monologues by a man who is doing his best not to rationalize. To be sure, we can say that he sometimes fails. To affirm that he always fails in an easy optimism is to miss the *Essays* almost completely, just as it is a total failure of comprehension to call Browning an easy optimist. We lie to ourselves in order to exist, to act, and since writing is a form of action, sometimes even Emerson lied to himself. But he knew, as Browning knew, that what we call honesty with ourselves is also a lie, because such honesty makes ourselves explicable, and we are inexplicable. Thus self-honesty is to ascribe to ourselves a moral defect which conceals from ourselves a condition of existence. And it must be added that in the 1850's Emerson became grimmer and developed something of the terrible insight of Browning.

Nevertheless, Emerson would not have been human had he not tried to justify his position and provide a rationale for his style. It cannot be denied that he succumbed to the philosophical temptation to explain the inexplicable. But then, not to have succumbed would have been consistent, and so inconsistent with his inconsistency. His tragic role is that of Man, and Man's struggle to achieve a consistent vision of his condition is a part of that role and cannot be avoided. Yet such a consistent vision, once achieved, can be denied and transcended; that is what the essay "Circles" is about. To think at all we must have a ground to our thinking, or, as those German philosophers of the time, whom Emerson knew directly and indirectly, liked to put it, there must be a ground to existence, if we are to exist. Yet there is no reason why we should not change that ground as often as we like — or can. That is why one cannot create a consistent philosophical





position from Emerson's writings except by omitting a great deal.

In the fashion of his time he often used the terms *subject* and *object*, that is, the observing mind and what it observes. Ever since Kant it had been realized that the subject, or observing mind, observes what it wishes to observe, or, to put it more delicately, what it is its interest to observe; and we know this is so because the object, that which is observed, is always tripping up the observing mind. The instruments, or categories, of the observing mind, the subject, are never congruent with the world, the *ding-an-sich*, as Kant called it. We see not the real world, which is inaccessible to us, but the phenomenal world, the world as rearranged to our satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, as the case may be. Thus we have two images, that of the subject and that of the object, and they never match; or, to put it another way — and Emerson liked to put it both ways — the subject projects onto the world an image which falsifies the world. What the world really is we cannot know. In temporal terms, we are always just missing the bus, but then we are always just about to catch it. In more abstract terms, Emerson, like all the advanced thinkers of his time and ours — though today we would put it differently — was convinced that between subject and object there is an irresolvable tension. We do not perceive the world, we create it; or, in perceiving the world we create it. And this act of perceptual creation is man's deepest interest and satisfaction. Here is the most important reason for Emerson's style. Like so many of his contemporaries, to him the perception of a work of art or philosophy was as creative an act as creating it. Kierkegaard called writing which forces the reader to create, teaching by the indirect method. At any rate, from this irresolvable tension between subject and object emerges an odd paradox. Everybody interprets the world a little bit differently from everybody else, yet we all find our way around in it reasonably well; and these two facts can never be put together, or at least Emerson could not, except in a very special way. It is a way not completely acceptable to us today, but from it something of great significance can be rescued which reveals Emerson's modernity and relevance to our times.

In the essay "The Over-Soul" Emerson works out his position. To grasp it one must first seize vividly the way we ordinarily think about the relation of the mind to the world. To use non-Emersonian terms, our usual assumption is something like this: a stimulus or set of stimuli is fed into the brain by the nervous system. The brain processes these stimuli in various ways, usually called rational (*i.e.*, logical), irrational, and emotional, and the result of that processing, which we call mental activity, is the



generation of some activity, including verbal activity. We identify ourselves with mental activity, and feel convinced that we are in control of it. "My mind," we say, "is my own." Now Emerson cannot accept this picture of what happens. Rather, he recommends that we stand aside from our own activity, watch ourselves generating activity, and sunder our usual identification of ourselves, that is, our awareness, with mental activity. If we do that, it then becomes apparent that the usual picture is quite false. Rather, a stimulus or set of stimuli is fed into the brain by the nervous system. The brain processes these stimuli in ways we cannot possibly comprehend, and the result of that processing is our behavior, which is, therefore, inexplicable. Between stimulus and response lies a mystery, an abyss, the same abyss that lies between two sentences. Thus, if "mind" means awareness, or consciousness, then what happens between stimulus and response is not mind, is not mental activity. Or, if "mind" means what happens between stimulus and response, then awareness, or consciousness, is not mind. What happens in that abyss, Emerson thinks, is not only inexplicable; it is the source of everything that lends life its value. There, he thinks, subject and object are one; in that abyss, he believes, the divine enters the human.

It is interesting that in these very years in which Emerson was publishing the *Essays*, in Denmark, Søren Kierkegaard was working out a remarkably similar scheme. In human life he discerned three possible stages, or three levels of orientation towards the world. The first he called the aesthetic, the orientation which satisfies one with the sensuous and the imaginative. Should a man, however, discern that the values of such a life are incoherent and contradictory, he develops the ironic vision. As a result he comes to realize that he must choose among these values if he is to have a life more meaningful than the pure entertainment of the aesthetic orientation. Thus he arrives at the ethical stage, or orientation, in which he believes that he has his life in control, that he determines his life. Should he come to realize, however, that his life is not his own, that his behavior is actually inexplicable, he will, if fortunate, be amused that men should entertain the illusion that they know what they are doing, and that the sense that they make out of themselves and their experiences is anything more than, at the best, comforting. Thus humor precipitates him into a third stage, or orientation — the religious — in which he realizes that each of his acts is a leap from a previous act, a leap which he can only perform but cannot understand. What sustains him in that leap is God, of whom, however, he can never hope to comprehend anything. Thus his position is remarkably like Emerson's.





It is worth noting that anyone who does not wish to employ the notion "God" in his thinking, can nevertheless find both Emerson's and Kierkegaard's schemes quite useful. It can be said that both, still dominated by something of traditional thinking, stripped the term "God" of all useful meaning and used it in order to have *something* to put into the gap between stimulus and response, the abyss over which man leaps from act to act. In the post-Freudian period Western culture is more inclined to use "unconscious" or "subconscious", but like "God" in the Emersonian and Kierkegaardian structures, these words simply mean that whatever is going on in that abyss — and we cannot know what it is — is very important, so important as to be the source of all value.

Although Emerson did not think in Kierkegaardian terms, the Dane's categories are helpful in understanding Emerson. Particularly they help us to understand what in Emerson has so often been condemned, especially by the terribly earnest, the irredeemably ethical, those moral bullies who are always trying to force themselves and everyone else to the irresistible choice, or what they fancy to be the irresistible choice, those who are so foolish as really to believe in reason and logic and man's self-possession as absolutes, not as dull and fragile instrument. What annoys such people is Emerson's radiant light-heartedness, which they think of as shallow optimism. It is nothing of the sort; it has gone beyond optimism. That is why Nietzsche so admired Emerson. If one reads Emerson's Journals, one comes to realize that Emerson achieved that light-heartedness only by paying a price of terrible strain and even suffering, a suffering which never left him. Emerson, like Kierkegaard, arrives at the religious stage through humor, and it is why among their many other virtues, the *Essays* are so amusing. The essay "Compensation" is an instance. Here he is not humorous but ironic. The universe, he tells us, is a system of justice; for every action there is a corresponding reaction; for every crime there is a punishment. At first glance it seems like a position that affirms that the universe is a harmonious and coherent unity. However, if for every action there is a corresponding reaction, then everything cancels out everything else. His point can be seen if we realize that when we talk about the importance of justice, we mean the importance of justice for other people, not ourselves. For ourselves we do not want justice, but favors, special consideration. We want the judges of *our* actions to render their judgments on our sins and errors with a full knowledge of the extenuating circumstances. But no, Emerson tells us, there are no extenuating circumstances; there are only our acts. Nevertheless he consoles us. In human life the



compensation is that we transcend what we were, that we break through to a new vision of experience, we break down those defenses which preserve a spurious self-image and create a new one which is, hopefully, at least less spurious.

There is no doubt that Emerson, like Kierkegaard, was not an optimist but a redemptionist. The optimist thinks that the progress of the race is automatic. The redemptionist thinks that if man will truly understand his situation, he can redeem himself and the world, and permeate both with a radiant and permanent value. When Emerson was publishing the *Essays*, the young Karl Marx was struggling towards his vision of human redemption, of a society in which subject and object — for he thought in the same terms as Emerson and Kierkegaard — will be reconciled. But there is a difference between the German on the one hand and the American and the Dane on the other. Marx thought redemption could be achieved by the mass of mankind freeing itself from its oppressors, who had alienated from the individual the fruits of his labor. Emerson thought that the peculiar historical circumstances of his country might conceivably facilitate the achievement of individual redemption, which, like Browning, he thought could be but momentary and must constantly be achieved anew. Kierkegaard came to the conclusion that redemption could be achieved only by the individual, working in profound isolation, utterly separated from his fellow-man. Emerson, in the 1850's, moved in this direction, not Marx's.

The theme of alienation is common to all three. To Marx, economic oppression has alienated man from his happiness, the rewards of his work, those rewards being his natural right. To Marx the immediate task was to overthrow economic oppression and its political instruments so that man might enter at once upon his happiness. To Emerson, redemption was a spiritual achievement, and, like Kierkegaard, he came to see that it lay not in overcoming alienation but in plunging into alienation, with no assurance of what, if anything might lie beyond it. Thus what is often called the optimism of Emerson is closer to a sunny and cheerful indifference. Marx would resolve the inconsistencies of society and culture into a coherent value-laden society and culture; Emerson denied that society and culture could be coherent and value-laden. Value could be achieved by the individual only if he accepted his incoherence and his absurdity. For Marx the goal is to create a society in which all men are equally heroic in their common mastery of nature. For Emerson only the individual can be heroic, and only as an individual; and nature is not to be mastered but loved. To put it with excessive baldness, Marx thought that redemption could be realized only by bringing





people together into a common cause and a social unity. Kierkegaard and Emerson and Browning thought that the only way was to keep people apart, and that one must begin by keeping oneself apart. Marx is the energetic horseman; but ultimately Emerson casts a cold eye.

These two ways, the Marxian and the Emersonian, are still the only ways of dealing with that alienation from society and culture which has been the experience of every modern and highly cultivated spirit of that last century and of this, our own. Which way is to be preferred? It was the problem of the 1840's, and it is the problem of today. Certainly Emerson, in his *Essays*, has illuminated that problem as have few writers then or since, and with a brilliance that one can never, finally, tire of.





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## GYMNASTS OF FAITH, FATE, AND HAZARD

MARTHA BANTA

...like vaulters in a circus round  
Who leap from horse to horse but never touch the ground.

## I

In 1904 Henry Adams wrote his friend Charles Milnes Gaskell that he found the "world turns double back-somersaults so fast that I am green with terror. The skies seem to Cock-locky to have fallen, as he has seen them fall several times, at imminent risk of breaking his neck as well as the necks of various universes."<sup>1</sup> This same American Cock-locky wrote the same friend thirty-five years earlier (1869) of a strange encounter he had had while walking through a quiet street on the outskirts of Washington, D.C.: "I was suddenly conscious of a rushing noise behind me, and before I knew what was the matter, I was struck violently by a soft substance on the back of the head, and flung to the ground so quickly that I did not even make an effort to save myself." Then he looked about to discern the cause. "There, on the ground half a rod in front, flapping painfully, and gazing at me with eyes to the full as amazed and bewildered as my own, was a huge, white, tame goose."

A few years prior to this serio-comic episode, Samuel Clemens was out in Nevada gathering the tales he would include in Roughing It of 1871. Among them is "The Story of the Old Ram" in which Jim Blaine's Uncle Len is felled by an Irishman plummeting from the sky. "People said it was an accident. Much accident there was about that. He didn't know what he was there for, but he was there for a good object. If he hadn't been there the Irishman would have been killed."<sup>2</sup> Henry Adams did not have Jim Blaine's trust in Providence; neither he nor the goose could find signs of purposeful fate in their encounter, only the vagaries of random chance.

Earlier by a year or so, Henry James, Sr., wrote a letter humbly denying that he was yet a "cosmos." James felt he was "only a very dim nebula, doing its modest best, no doubt, to solidify into cosmical dimensions, but still requiring an 'awful sight' of time and pains and patience...."<sup>3</sup> He went on to say that it was incorrect to think of the universe as created in a state of full and perfected achievement as ducks are created. He then turned his metaphor-making toward the benevolent author of man's destiny. "If the Deity were an immense Duck capable only of emitting an eternal quack we of course should all have been born web-footed, each as infallible in his way as the Pope, nor ever have been at the expense and bother of swimming-schools. But He is a perfect man, incapable of the slightest quackery, capable only of every honest and modest and helpful purpose, and these are perfections to which manifestly no one is born, but only re-born. We come to such states, not by learning, only by unlearning.... Say what we will, you and I are all the while at school just now. The genial pedagogue may give you so little of the ferule as to leave you to doubt whether you really are there; but this only proves what a wonderful pedagogue it is, and how capable of adapting himself to everyone."

James' God is a kindly Pedagog, not an irritable Donald Duck, or a befuddled goose; He will wait out our doubts whether He or we exist in His knowledge that, with purposeful, educating change, the little cosmoses of each individual self will fulfill the perfection of their destiny. In contrast, Henry Adams' notions of man's fate are far less cheerful. He had many things to say on the subject over the course of a long and talkative life, and his attitudes vary in their nuances, but the following remark, taken from a letter of 1902, is characteristic: "Nobody knows anything. Nobody controls anything. Nobody sees ahead. We go because we must, and we are becoming necessitarians and fatalists with most astonishing rapidity."<sup>4</sup>

Adams' encounter with the Chanceful goose, Uncle Len's back-breaking experience with the Providential Irishman, and Henry James, Sr.'s vision of the non-Duck god toward whose perfection we move, all occurred in the 1860's. During those same years Ralph Waldo Emerson was then past his peak of thinking, lecturing, and writing, but he still had ten more years left to make comments about similar matters of chance and fate, cosmos and consciousness. As so often in reading Emerson, it is the metaphors he uses to unfold his ideas that, at the least, take precedence over his ideas and, at best, become the thoughts themselves. Emerson worked in, through, and around metaphors of sight and played with the symbolism of



circles. We all know this, and the knowledge has been useful to us. Largely unnoticed is the frequency with which he used images and made analogies that spring out of the world of gymnastic action, which aims to see how well one can keep one's feet in an ever-shifting world of mind and nature. By checking the dots along the continuum of this important poetic presentation of his ideas of fate, we may better see how his metaphor-making changed even as his faith in fate remained essentially unaltered.

## II

Is this world a jungle to get lost in, or a jungle-gym whose sturdy frame easily supports one? Does one stand poised on a solid earthen floor, or over trap-doors that might give way any instant, or a tightrope stretched across a chasm? Is the universe an endless treadmill, Fortune's wheel, or a Platonic spiral staircase that mounts to the morning star? Such questions form the context for the image-answers offered by those men in the nineteenth century who sought to know not only man's place in the cosmic structure, but also how stable or slippery his footing was.

In 1836 Emerson addressed himself to the idea that circumstances, persons, and the world, as well as one's body and one's memories, are constantly perishing as one exhausts their meaning and use for life. Pursuing this idea further into an appropriate image, he wrote in his journal, "The world is the gymnasium on which the youth of the Universe are trained to strength & skill. When they have become masters of strength & skill, who cares what becomes of the masts & bars & ropes on which they strained their muscle."<sup>5</sup> Emerson here calls upon his generation to train as spiritual athletes in a world of actuality that is itself dispensable equipment. The world of common facts is left behind, yet more clearly realized, as the champions of faith leap away from the phenomenal into the noumenal beyond. What is real is not the field of action but the action itself and where one's gymnastic prowess eventuates.

What Emerson was testing in 1836, Søren Kierkegaard was publicly affirming in 1843. The skills of the Knight of Faith were described with awe. "It is supposed to be the most difficult task for a dancer to leap into a definite posture in such a way that there is not a second when he is grasping after the posture, but by the leap itself he stands fixed in that posture. Perhaps no dancer can do it--but that is what the knight does."<sup>6</sup> In 1846 Kierkegaard concluded his later essay, The Present Age, with a note on "development" and "progress." Those who will be saved, he foretold, must face "the abyss of eternity" figured as a sharp blade--"and behold, it is God who waits. Leap, then, into the arms of God."

Let us ask whether a man's prose style can be seen as both the tightrope of words from whose height falls might be made and the safety-net that supports whosoever falls, or whether that style is a rope that hangs too slackly or a net too full of holes to save. If this analogy between the style and the theme works, then consider the fact that Emerson had much to say about faith and fate by way of his doctrine of compensation. Is Emerson, therefore, a canny conservative who manages to survive in his prose because he avoids attempting too much, or does he leap as far as Kierkegaard's Knight, without even the safety-net of the arms of the Christian God? If Emerson's prose dramatizes his belief in the value of equilibrium--the balancing act between fate (what lies out there) and faith (what lies within), it is necessary first to see what positions he took on faith and fate. One must decide whether there are drastic differences between the young Emerson and the older man on the subject; whether Emerson B.C. gives us the "good stuff" while Emerson A.D. is readily dismissible. Then we can move on to see whether his style attained stasis or kept up its dynamic dance. The argument--presented as it must be in prose--will be sequential. But in Emersonian actuality the conclusions reached about Emerson's style will not come after the conclusions about his ideas; the stylistic method and the ideas have to stand and fall together. Like a first-rate balancing act, the man on the top and the man on the bottom are of equal importance.

## III

Stated at its simplest, Emerson posed the inherent contrasts between man's mind (the Me) and all that lies outside (the Not Me). Throughout his career he played with the question whether or not the forces of destiny are seated within the mind, and thus are guided by it, or are lodged without, and thus able to dictate what a man's life will become. Emerson set up a series of contrasting forces based on the primary subject-object pairing: Power and Aim, Power and Form, Must and Will, Posse and Esse, Necessity and Freedom, Nature and Character, Should and Would--and then contemplated the possibilities of bringing them all into one, by unifying, reconciling, and carrying out a merger of causes and effects.





As early as 1831 Emerson began to work out his theme of compensation, that maintains a trust in the ultimate beneficence of existence. Spurred on by the deaths of Ellen and his brother Edward, he wrote in 1834, "We do what we can, & then make a theory to prove our performance the best" (JMN, IV, 315). It worries some of Emerson's readers that he shaped a philosophy of living out of his innermost needs, but what way would be more appropriate for an affirmation of his early belief that our wishes form our will and that our will is our fate--creative of a world out of the materials of our brains and our souls?

Only Ellen had never disappointed, except in her death; the world was full of the facts of other people and events that constantly unsettled Emerson's delicate spiritual balance. "I never get used to men," he wrote in 1835. "They always awaken expectations in me which they always disappoint, and I am a poor asteroid in the great system subject to disturbances in my orbit not only from all the planets but from all their moons" (L, I, 375). By 1838 Emerson had worked out a solution. Not only was he in control of the world of his horizons, but in control by means of being that world. He was neither a mere part of it (thus liable to its disturbances), nor above it (liable to criticism for trying to escape life). His world was now he himself since it passed through him. "Place yourself in the middle of the stream [,] the stream of Almighty Power & Wisdom which flows into you as Life, place yourself in the full centre of that flood, then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, & a perfect contentment. Then you put all gainsayers in the wrong, then you are the world, the measure of right, of truth, of beauty" (JMN, VII, 91). Note that the conditions of this new sense of mastery involve being "without effort impelled to truth." The passage opens with Emerson's question, "Why need you choose? Certainly there is a possible right for you that precludes the necessity of balance & wilful election. . . ." It would seem that, almost from the start, Emerson was working out the paradox of control by means of submission, of passive mastery.

Our life is the angle of vision we take. Man in his self-sufficiency is the maker of all good and all evil. Mind is married to nature. Subject is at one with object in the perfect proportion of soul's beauty. These and like statements fill the journals of the decade between 1832 and 1842, as Emerson wrote out his need to escape the doubleness that kills and to seize the bipolar unity that vivifies. Certainly those critics--Jonathan Bishop among them--are correct when they cite those early years (during which the theme of mind's creative will is strikingly developed) as the peak of Emerson's mental powers. Equally evident, after Waldo's death, is the gradual waning of Emerson's ability to convert his doubts directly into a vital faith in man's power to direct his destiny.<sup>7</sup> But it may not be just to speak of Emerson's thought and writing after 1842 as merely tired, forced, and acquiescent to "tendencies." To view the Emerson of the later years as nothing more than a genial but aging figurehead for the Self-Helpers, the Norman Vincent Peale of his day,<sup>8</sup> fails to take account of the presence of wit, skill, and force in essays put together as late as the 1860's.

Interesting light is thrown on the contemporary criticism that names Emerson as changing from a Romantic (good) to a Victorian (bad) because he finally witnessed to the power of the Not-Me of Nature but tried to get around the free will question by saying freedom is our necessity.<sup>9</sup> This definition of the Romantic as one who energetically locates power within the mind, and of the Victorian as he who passively places force outside in the world, is especially intriguing in view of the desire to praise Modern Man as one who, while admitting his powerlessness in face of forces external to his will, bravely asserts his need to act as if he were free. In what ways is Emerson more a self-deluding and impotent Victorian? "In Thy Necessity is Our Freedom" is no more or less appropriate to Emerson, Dante, or T. S. Eliot. Granted that the older Emerson got tired more quickly over the span of an essay, and was increasingly apt to make tom-fool pronouncements about life in ways less easy to ignore than the younger Emerson. I argue, however, that Emerson, early and late, conceived of life in essentially the same terms--as the art of balancing out those skills man has every right to expect to master as long as he pays heed to the rules of the sport.

#### IV

In 1834 Emerson advised himself of the "philosophy of the erect position" since "God made man upright" (JMN, IV, 333). Henry James, Sr., later praised Emerson's "erect attitude of mind" that helped him "undauntedly" seek "the worthiest tidings of God" and "calmly" defy "every mumbling phantom which would challenge its freedom."<sup>10</sup> But where is man best positioned in this world of the actual and the phenomenal? By marrying one's will with necessity, an act is begotten and soars like "an angel of wisdom" freed from the corrupt world by the incorruptible force of the mind (JMN, V, 321). The mind surveys the broken promises of the world and, "Behold they are all flat and here is the Soul erect and Unconquered still" (JMN, V, 332). "Let me teach the finite to know its Master. Let me ascend above my fate and work done upon my world" (Ibid.).



The Self's placement on the heights recalls Christ on the mount, Thoreau at the summit of the Hoosack, and Milly Theale perched high in the Alps and al piano superiore at the Palazzo Leporelli. In each case there is the temptation to gain victory over life by being apart from life. In each instance the Soul must "come down" (and do it humanly, not float down upheld by flights of angels). As a reward for his return to earth, the Erect Man is able to examine its underpinnings and find his being "imbedded in it." "I can even with a mountainous aspiring say, I am God, by transferring my Me out of the flimsy & unclean precincts of my body, my fortunes, my private will, & meekly retiring upon the holy austerities of the Just & the Loving-- upon the secret fountains of Nature" (JMN, V, 336).

The temptation to be god by hovering above the world has been resisted; the reward is the discovery of godhead within. "Yet why not always so?" Emerson had to ask. "How come the Individual thus armed & impassioned to parricide thus murderously inclined ever to traverse & kill the divine life? Ah wicked Manichee! Into that dim problem I cannot enter. A believer in Unity, a seer of Unity, I yet behold two." Pouring over the natural world, Emerson continued, "I yet find little access to this Me of Me. I fear what shall befall: I am not enough a party to the great order to be tranquil. I hope & I fear [;] I do not see. At one time, I am a Doer. A divine life I create [,] scenes & persons around & for me [,] & unfold my thought by a perpetual successive projection. At least I so say, I so feel. But presently I return to the habitual attitude of suffering" (JMN, V, 337).

"Cannot I conceive the Universe without a contradiction," he queries (Ibid.); then writes Margaret Fuller of the homesickness of the Genius who has no object ready to wed its power (JMN, V, 344). There is that hero, however, he reminds himself, who acts to expand the mind into new worlds of spirit (JMN, V, 349). It is a mind that has broken off association with personality to blend itself with the universe. "Be a football to time & chance [,] the more kicks the better so you inspect the whole game & know the uttermost law" (JMN, V, 391). The Soul is now engaged with the earth (not above it), but disengaged from the ego. "The Intellect goes out of the Individual, & floats over its own being, & regards its own being always as a foreign fact, & not as I & mine" (JMN, V, 446). "Proportion is not the effect of circumstances but a habit of mind. The truth is the Mind is a perfect measure of all things & the only measure" (JMN, V, 436).

The journals up to 1838 show Emerson thrilling to the mind's power of active and independent thrust. But they also include mention of his awareness that the mind has periods when it admits, and tries to take, joy in its subordination to a greater power: "we must yet admit always the co-presence of a superior influx, must pray, must hope (and what is hope but affirmation of two?), must doubt, &c. But also show that to seek the Unity is a law necessity of the mind [,] that we do not choose to resist duality [,] complexity. Show that Will is absurd in the matter" (JMN, V, 482). This notion, therefore, of a mind fated to Unity for its own salvation enters Emerson's ken very early.

The journals of 1838 to 1842 stress the notion of the general imbalance of men's affairs. Men are lopsided and hold God's gifts awry (JMN, VII, 149). "Progress of the Species! Why the world is a treadmill" (JMN, VII, 220). Perhaps, as one of Emerson's acquaintances argued, the world is "two, is Me and It, then is there the Alien, the Unknown, and all we have believed & chanted out of our deep instinctive hope is a pretty dream" (JMN, VII, 200). The world and self must be connected, or all is lost. Neither is sufficient unto itself. "A pert & flippant orator remarked...that the World could stand without linch pins & that even if you should cut all the ropes & knock away the whole underpinning, it would swing & poise perfectly for the poise was in the globe itself. But this is Transcendentalism" (JMN, VII, 221). What the universe swings from is man; he is the linch pin and pivot (JMN, VII, 410). But man also requires the facts of the actual to gain him "good" subjectivity and to save him from the "bad" subjectivity which lodges reality in one's petty personality (JMN, VII, 320).

Emerson is here at the height of his active arguments that one is able to get control and keep balance by means of obedience to laws outside oneself. He is increasingly sensitive to that which would enable him in 1853 to say with pleasure, not resignation, that there is a "good" fate as well as a "bad" fate which men can choose by willing receptivity (L, IV, 376-377). We need the actual that sets up limitations in order that we may step over them (JMN, VII, 290). We need life that "like the nimble Tartar still overleaps the Chinese wall of distinctions" (L, II, 337; 1840). "Blessed is Law"--that which stabilizes whatever lies outside in the world of Nature and within in the worlds of the Soul.





Being is not enough. Organization by shaping, naming, creating forms symbolic of the Eternal Law is required. These acts originate as ideas in the poet's mind, but the ideas themselves spring from facts. But new notes of wild, formless Bacchanalian abandon are heard in the journals of 1841 among the calls for organization and order. "We wish to take the gas which allows us to break through your wearisome proprieties, to plant the foot, to set the teeth, to fling abroad the arms, & dance & sing" (JMN, VIII, 117). Such rhapsodies are followed fast, however, by words of warning to avoid charlatanry.<sup>11</sup> Also words of sadness verging near despair. How quickly the Devil Necessity can leap upon our backs once we admit his power (JMN, VIII, 23). The "best persons" now "sit & wait" and "hold themselves aloof" because they sense the gap between power and aims; they "prefer to go into the country & gaze at the skies & the waters & perish of ennui" rather than carry out the barren ambitions of Boston (JMN, VIII, 120). "Hence the appearance...of an aimless society, an aimless nation, an aimless world." The would-be man of action is "starved for objects and seizes a pistol or perhaps some slow poison of dice box or alcohol or ambition in the State [--] cantharides for vigor" (JMN, VIII, 136).

Emerson wrote Margaret Fuller in December, 1841, that "we are all in the arms of Must more than of Will" (L, II, 471). The next month Must would enfold little Waldo in its arms, and the father would have to find new ways to activate his will in order to have faith in his fate. His piling up of melancholy images of plagues, boredom, and urges to cut and run is countered by "We are not Manichaeans [, ] not believers in two hostile principles but we think evil arises from disproportion, interruption, mistake of means for end" (JMN, VIII, 137). Apollo is still the wiser God than Dionysus, and the gymnasts of faith need learn to modulate their movements. Attempts to dodge the attendant fates by the "fool's trick" of tunneling through the earth merely lands one upside down in a topsy-turvy universe (JMN, VIII, 185).

At this point, perhaps his life's nadir, Emerson affirms that fate aids one to fulfill blessedness, and that to be an enemy of fate is to deny goodness. Goodness is being; being is character; character still requires form in order that it may not be "upset" (JMN, VIII, 200). It is 1842 and Waldo is dead; "the beautiful Creative power looked out from him & spoke of anything but chaos & interruption; signified strength & unity--& gladdening, all-uniting life" (L, III, 10). The father's mind that previously took joy in leaping and diving now tends to balance over "the middle region of our being"--"the equator of life, of thought, of spirits, of poetry; a narrow belt" (JMN, VIII, 200).

By now Emerson relies increasingly upon the power of words. One avoids the unlucky ones ("As long as we use this word [Fate], it is a sign of our impotence & that we are not yet ourselves") and repeats the talismanic phrases ("I am Defeated all the time; yet to Victory I am born") (JMN, VIII, 228). He writes Margaret Fuller that he will try to bring order to his life from his heart. The mind facing grief might be tilted too easily, for "by infirm faith we lose our delicate balance, flounder about & come into the realms & under the laws of mud & stones" (L, III, 178; 1843).

Emerson is once more the man who keeps himself apart in order to keep some sense of equilibrium and wholeness. "Each man being the Universe, if he attempt to join himself to others, he instantly is jostled, crowded, cramped, halved, quartered, or on all sides diminished of his proportion" (JMN, VIII, 251). Increasingly he notes the limitations to man's desire for the kind of total power that is his if he could only "jump out of his skin," but man may not, "for his skin is the world"--not his mind alone (JMN, VIII, 252).

Increasingly the self-admonition comes to follow the Ideal, the Law. "And thou shalt serve the god Terminus, the bounding Intellect, & love Boundary or Form: believing that Form is an oracle which never lies" (JMN, VIII, 405). Form no longer comes easily to Emerson by means of ecstasy and spontaneous inspiration; it takes effort to attain it. "I think often where shall I get a whip for my top. I have a top which will spin like the Sisters' Wheel, & it has a poise like a planet & a hum like the spherul music, yet it refuses to spin [.] Every atom, I have read in the cosmogonists, has a spiral tendency, an intrinsic effort to spin. In this strait I think of how many external sources where we might borrow that desirable push" (L, III, 387; 1847). Work, war, want, revolutions, "other things," are suggested; but some "other" is required. If it is fearful to be caught powerless in the whirl of time; it is also fearsome to be adrift in the calms. Life must have motion. Who will furnish it, and to what ends motion moves, continued to be Emerson's constant question even when once the pulse of his own life began to falter.



Toward the close of his active mental life, Emerson looked back over the decades between 1820 and 1840 with the perspective of a man who both cherished and lightly chastised the Faustian romanticism of those bright young men "born with knives in their brain, a tendency to introversion." That had been the time when everyone was "for himself; driven to find all his resources, hopes, rewards, society and deity within himself" (W, X, 329). They had been men of mind, theorists run to extremes who tended "to forget the limitations," dreamers of Brook Farm where "impulse was the rule in the society, without centripetal balance..." (Ibid., 355, 361). Lacking a central authority, a universal law to heed, their individual egos clashed, and the experience ended, successful only as experience, not as the attainment of the blessed state.

In marked contrast to these gentle but somewhat patronizing comments on egos whirling will-I, nil-I, Emerson's essays "Aristocracy," "Character," and "The Sovereignty of Ethics"--not published until 1878 and 1884--assert an anti-Faustian sense of self-discipline and adherence to a beautiful (not a dire) Nemesis. People are different, Emerson argues; those born finer of temperament and mind are the elite blessed by fortune's stars. The moral aristocrat severs himself from public displays of power, shuns both Chartists and the oppressing rich, remains cool without excessive hopes or fears, and stays the "true knight" by loyalty to his own thoughts (W, X). In "Character" Emerson praises the Universal Mind that is superior to all things--the great "I am" that is the fatal, beautiful law over nature, the gods, and men's minds (W, X). "The Sovereignty of Ethics" presents both a doctrine of trust in universal justice and a faith in the freedom to choose perfection forced upon us from birth; it also extols the virtues of rectitude and the yielding of private desires to the divine mind (W, X).

None of these three essays is a startling departure from what Emerson had expressed, often with more vigor and effectiveness, in his earlier contemplations. Indeed, since it was Emerson's habit from the first to view his theme of compensation from every conceivable angle of vision, it is hardly likely not to be able to scout out ideas made in the 1830's or 1840's and again in the later decades. This is not the main point. Even allowing for Emerson's buckshot method, the important fact is that he continues to give essentially the same attention to balancing out that interdependency of freedom and fate which requires that each be the other's master.

Many of the essays drawn together after 1860 continue to call for the faith to join fate with freedom. It is the embellishments that draw attention to themselves. "Worship" and its opening poem devote themselves to driving out demon Luck by the worship of the good gods of unity, work, cause and effect. "Demonology" carries on the assault against illogical Chance, lawless Whim, and those secretive fragments that pretend to be the whole, as well as against the temptations to power without responsibility and to mind slipped loose from its controls. "Education" extols Genius as of old, but now unites it with Drill--the accuracy of arithmetic and Latin grammar adding the precision freedom requires. "The Superlative" ends by comparing the Far East with the West: in "the question of final superiority, it is too plain that there is no question that the star of empire rolls West: that the warm sons of the Southeast have bent the neck under the yoke of the...Northwestern races" (W, X, 179). "Power" and "Wealth" (1860), "Civilization at a Pinch" (1862), "The Scholar" (1876), and "Perpetual Forces" (1877) sound similar motifs: successful men are those blessed with the temperament that lets them put the forces of Nature to use for their own, and others', benefit; all men are the protégés of Necessity; Order is the universal law, obeyed alike by Nature and man; the world stands between balanced antagonisms; man is not made for rest but for action and usefulness; heroes like Napoleon always "land on their feet." "Blessed is all that agitates the mass, breaks up this torpor, and begins motion," even if the agent be war. War--"the Father of all things"--"passes the power of all chemical solvents, breaking up the old adhesions, and allowing the atoms of society to take a new order" (W, XI, 533; 341).

Over and over we are told that infusions of character and charges of power must be sought by whatever means, as long as the end of motion-as-unity is attained. Are these the reprehensible statements of a man gone mildly mad with respectability and the desire for order at any cost? Certainly there are unpleasant connotations to many of the ideas and images in Emerson's latter-day essays, especially to anyone sensitized by recent fanaticisms of order and action. But before handing Emerson either to the dust-heap of the harmlessly senile or locking him up among the totalitarian tyrants, it will help to test the stylistic and rhetorical strategies used by Emerson the writer. Up to this point we have been dealing with him largely as a balancer of ideas. Now let us judge his balancing act with words and review his aesthetics of faith and fate.





In 1848 Søren Kierkegaard wrote out his apologia in The Point of View for My Work as an Author. In it he insisted that he had been a religious writer from the start; he had not begun as an aesthete, then changed. He maintained that the religious writer must "first get into touch with men. That is, he must begin with aesthetic achievement." He must not delay too long, however, to reveal his true goals, or tip his hand too soon. "If too long a time elapses, the illusion gains ground that the aesthetic writer has become older and hence religious. If it comes too soon, the effect is not violent enough."<sup>12</sup>

With Nature, "The Divinity School Address," and "The American Scholar," Emerson might easily have been taken for a man concerned primarily with aesthetic or worldly matters. With "Compensation" and Essays, First Series in 1841 he clearly revealed that obsessive theme that had been surfacing in his journals and letters since 1831. Compensation was the "King Charles' head" that Emerson, like Dickens' Mr. Dick, could not keep out of his writings. It was the design he put into almost every one of his lectures and essays. But, as Thoreau said of the Indian who had woven a large supply of baskets, that Indian had to learn that he had to sell them. To do that he had to create a demand.

Jonathan Bishop and Ann Douglas Wood have characterized Emerson's typical audience as comprised of the weak, the young, and the confused--those guilty persons who wanted to hope, and had sufficient hope just to be there in the lecture hall waiting for the master's words that might bring them back to muscular self-confidence in their power to control fate.<sup>13</sup> Such an audience was not, however, an easy mark. It could be critical if its expectancies were unsatisfied. The editor's notes to the 1867 lecture, "The Progress of Culture," show Emerson initially heading for failure in both his delivery and his message. Having mislaid his spectacles, he stumbled somewhat at the beginning, then moved smoothly enough through the first part of his address as he extolled America's material advantages: "Mr. Emerson enumerated the inventions, the comforts, the conveniences at such length...and in so uniform a tone of cheerful praise that some members of his family even began to be troubled at what he would have called 'the catalogue style,' and to feel that the oration was not to be up to the level of his usual writing. Suddenly he took the very thought in our minds, 'We have had enough of these boastful recitals,' and with great effect exclaimed, 'Then I say, Happy is the land where benefits like this have grown trite and commonplace!' Then, in a tone quiet and low, but with great flexibility, he began the second part of the lecture and gradually worked up to his finest delivery in the concluding passages" (W, VIII, 407-408).

By openly meeting the inner uneasiness of his audience against the "trite and commonplace," Emerson "redeemed the day by his best delivery of the later ascending portion of the oration" (Ibid., 405; my italics). He had broken the vicious circle of platitudes and repetitions and moved into the spiral form needed to excite his audience's hopes and to calm their doubts. Are we as readily placated today by rhetorical manipulations and modulations of the voice? As we move through Emerson's various pronouncements on the happy fatalism of life, his encouragements that the Eternal Goodness of the Blessed Realm of Noumena always balances out the petty evils resident on the phenomenal plane, and his assurances that we are coerced into freedom for our own good, do we believe him for a moment; for a series of moments?

Our responses to whatever we read act in at least these four ways: (1) we respond in terms of how the facts of life as we have personally experienced them concur with or differ from the pictured facts; (2) we respond to the language of the representation as it bores or excites us in ways that may merely confirm our first set of responses, but might possibly carry them in another direction; the language may convince us even as our experience urges us to reject it; (3) we respond positively in accord with the amount of respect we feel for the profundity of the writer's mind as it displays itself before us, even if we tend to disagree with his conclusions; (4) we respond to the vision of the ideal life he proposes, even if life as it is now arranged makes its fulfillment improbable, as long as it satisfies our sense of should be; that is, we may prefer Dante's vision of Paradise to that of Edward Bellamy's Heavenly Department Store, though the attainment of either is unlikely.

Following is an extended example of the trouble Emerson might well have today in convincing a reader--one familiar with his theses and sufficiently open to his arguments; that is, a reader who is myself. I purposely work with an essay taken from Emerson's late period. The problems he has in persuading people in the twentieth century are at their greatest in these later essays because of the direct frontal statements he



makes on social and political matters of his own day. They are matters less easy for us to handle with objectivity, because their current versions are so immediate to our lives. Emersonian metaphysics of transparent eyeballs and the Orphic Poet can, after all, be relegated to detached areas of our contemplation if we so choose, but matters of social ethics thump out their insistence to be reckoned with and evaluated.

I shall test the eye-teeth of my responses on "Considerations By the Way." This essay discussed attitudes toward the mass and the individual. "Away with the hurrah of masses," Emerson says. "Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide and break them up, and draw individuals out of them" (W, VI, 249). The first part of this sentence appeals to all my baser instincts, especially apt to bristle on bad days when my sense of the facts of things coincides with the facts as Emerson construes them. But to the final clause--"and draw individuals out of them"--it is my higher instincts that respond, without the promptings of the need to ask myself if I ought to feel shame for agreeing with the man. To my soul's relief, any quickening sense of guilt over what might be called Emerson's dormant fascism is here offset by the closing assurance that all this taming, drilling, dividing and breaking will be done to make individuals out of them, not a docile herd coerced by the Hero-Leader.

Two pages later Emerson states, "To say then, the majority are wicked, means no malice, no bad heart in the observer, but simply that the majority are unripe, and have not yet come to themselves, do not yet know their opinion. That, if they knew it, is an oracle for them and for all" (Ibid., 252). I check my responses minutely to see if I am feeling what I think I ought to feel according to my age's best instincts, or what I think Emerson is guiding me to, or what I detect among my own hodge-podge of moral and amoral reactions. Yes, I first instinctively say, mass is mess; then I draw quickly back, as if my conscience were burnt, to consider whether I am being wrongly or rightly snobbish. I must reconsider the conventional notion that Emerson is an elitist (bad) as opposed to the People (good). I must then decide what I feel when Emerson tells me--in his own defense and in recognition of the opposition view--that he intends no malice. What is interesting, I find, is that it is by this particular stroke that he loses me.

I wonder if this loss of power is so because Emerson turned toward me, almost apologetically, to ask me not to think ill of him. If he had gone all the way without once inserting the doubt that malice might be inferred, he would have impressed me truly. He would have kept my trust if he had had the courage of his convictions that the real servants of mankind are those few able to release men's souls from cloddish subservience to Fate by freeing them from the generalized mass into the single, solitary self shaping its own destiny.

My sense is that Emerson will win his points with me only when he audaciously insists on pressing to the extreme my trust in his faith in the lonely, essentially anti-social journey each soul must take to keep its reunion with its fate. This hunch is confirmed later in the essay. Emerson has been making some exaggerated, perhaps high-handed and foolish, but still interesting assertions. "The frost which kills the harvest of a year saves the harvests of a century, by destroying the weevil or the locust. Wars, fires, plagues, break up immovable routine, clear the ground of rotten races and dens of distemper, and open a fair field to new men.... The sharpest evils are bent into that periodicity which makes the errors of planets and the fevers and distempers of men, self-limiting. Nature is upheld by antagonism" (W, VI, 254). Here, where Emerson is perhaps really cruel in his dismissal of individual suffering and his blithe willingness to sacrifice races now for a perfected future, I wonder if he has not cunningly prepared me to accept this "compensation" formula with little questioning because, with "candor," he has permitted me to question him earlier about his malice.

On the next page Emerson proceeds to embellish the theme of strength through the surmounting of pain. "We acquire the strength we have overcome. Without war, no soldiers; without enemies, no hero. The sun were insipid if the universe were not opaque. And the glory of character is in affronting the horrors of depravity to draw thence new nobilities of power.... What would painter do, or what would poet or saint, but for crucifixions and hells? And evermore in the world is this marvellous balance of beauty and disgust, magnificence and rats" (W, V, 225). At this point my sense is that Emerson is speaking out eccentrically but with accuracy concerning human psychological processes; he is not wrong in showing that nobility can come from resistance to suffering. But do we--here it is necessary to shift from one person's





response to that of us all--resent having what is probably the truth about the way things are justified as well? Do we wish it argued that nobility attained by way of suffering proves the goodness of the Universal Laws?

We are now, of course, at that impasse where we end sooner or later with types like Dante, Milton, Edwards, or Emerson. Everything such writers do to persuade us depends upon our ability to share their faith that not only is there pain but there is also just cause for pain. We must sustain faith that the larger view of existence reveals a balancing design, not chaotic meaninglessness; a design that is good, not malevolent.

In 1841 Emerson admitted that only three people--Alcott, Thoreau, and himself--understood the laws of compensation (JMN, VIII, 96). Others than those chosen three would have to find their way to belief by other means. We cannot rely, therefore, on pinning down audience responses to Emerson's essays, early or late, according to the effectiveness of the intellectual logic employed. Even an examination of his appeals to the psychology of immediate human needs does not go far enough. We must face the terrible fact of the faith in fate Emerson demands of us. On his ability to elicit such faith his whole success or failure rests.

## VI

In 1837 Emerson noted in his journals that in writing, the how was more important than the what (JMN, V, 304-305). "We do not value that which cannot express its drift," he observed in 1841. "Therefore, however confused your aims, out with them & let confusion be expressed. But do not fix your will on any form as a novel, an Epic, or a dialogue...but ask the fact for the form" (JMN, VIII, 101). If the whatness is about confusion, the howness must be presented as confusion too, though clarified as meaning. The fact matches form (phenomenal) in the process it takes of questing for that Form (noumenal) that is "an oracle that never lies." Two unalikes, that yet belong together, are brought together in the imagination: the result, "far more goodly and efficient than either" (JMN, VII, 24; 1838). This, then, was the first of Emerson's stratagems, to act like the busy bee that flies between mint and marjoram to create honey (JMN, VIII, 64; 1841). Art (which is Will) shall and must work with Nature (which is the principle of Must) in order to blend both into the moon-smooth curve of the All (JMN, V, 164; 1836).

The necessary language used in such an endeavor depends upon prose variations of "on the one hand" and "on the other hand." Nothing is "so large & nothing so thin but it has two sides, and when he [the philosopher-poet] has seen the outside he turns it over to see the other face." We are so constituted, Emerson explains, that we "never tire of this game, because ever a slight shudder of astonishment pervades us at the exhibition of the other side of the button,--at the contrast of the two sides...called in the language of philosophy, Finite & Infinite, Visible & Spiritual, Relation & Absolute, Apparent & Eternal, & many more fine names" (JMN, VIII, 82; 1841).

The Emersonian artist's method in his writing is analogous to his balancing position between the Truth he sees and the audience he writes for; he must "occupy the whole space between God and the mob. He must draw from the infinite source on the one side & he must penetrate into the heart & mind of the rabble on the other. From one, he must draw his strength; to the other, he must owe his Aim" (JMN, V, 249; 1836). Men seem able only to disconnect, to make dots as they move through the universe, because they have little mastery over their actions; worms leave slimy trails behind themselves (L, II, 441; 1841). Perhaps the artist can act like the comets and cause trajectories of light; if not, his dots may suffice as phosphorescent paths through the night. "The scattered blocks" with which the methodizing mind "strives to form a symmetrical structure, fit. This design following after finds with joy that like design went before. Not only man puts things in a row, but things belong in a row." "Without identity at base, chaos must be forever." This is the one true fatality: "This reduction to a few laws, to one law, is not a choice of the individual, it is the tyrannical instinct of the mind" (W, XII, 20-21).

Fated as we are to unify, and equally driven to examine the many sides of life, we must not be caught within a circle that never moves onwards. "I thought, as I read," Emerson wrote Alcott in 1838, "of the Indian jungles, vast & flowering, where the sky & stars are visible alway, but no house, no mountain, no man, no definite objects whatever, & no change, or progress; & so, one acre in it is like another, & I can sleep in it for centuries. But mortal man must save his time, & see a new thing at every step" (L, II, 140).<sup>14</sup>



Emerson's method is ever to move onward to a new thing that suggests the One and the Whole. Generalities and particulars; will and abandonment; the social and the solitary; man and opportunity (JMN, VII, 439; 1841). Preachers are worthless who read from their sermons with one voice and speak with another, who upset the relation between Sunday-actions and those of the weekday, because unable to bear the shock of moving with agility between the mind and eternity (W, X, 229; 232). One's lectures, he wrote brother William in 1841, are "capable of a variety of style & matter which no other form of composition admits" (L, II, 460). The mind that creates and the thought that receives it--all, all in balance (JMN, VII, 534; 1840).

But is this desire for perfect stylistic balance, always linked as it is to his philosophy of compensation, boring? Do we find ourselves on a seesaw-Margery-Daw, moving monotonously between "this" and "that," "dark" and "light," "nay" and "yea"? "If a man has a see-saw in his voice," Emerson wrote, "it will run into his sentences, into his poem, into the structure of his fable, into his speculation, into his charity" (W, VI, 45). Was it wise for him to remind us of just that defect he may prove to possess? Is it child's play, and thus dull, to be rocked in kindly paternal arms, or are we to suffer the sudden sinking feeling that comes when tossed high in the air? If we are so tossed, is it to gain that pleasure we feel when we know that Papa will surely catch us as we fall? Yes. At least this was Emerson's intention: to surprise us to joy--C. S. Lewis' definition of the coming to faith--and thus to persuade us in ways which the usual strategies, intellectual and emotional, cannot effect.

In "The Superlative" Emerson rebuked "horror-mongers" who lead one to "suppose that they lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes" (W, X, 163, 164). He was far more enthusiastic about excess in a journal entry of 1841. Sounding almost Thoreauvian, he wrote, "Exaggeration is a law of nature" (JMN, VIII, 87). It is not a world of dull checks and balances he wishes. "The air would rot without lightning. And without this violence of direction which men & women have, without bigots, no excitement, no efficiency. Aim above the mark to hit the mark" (Ibid.). Above all, have a mark, a direction, and one is freed from the moral see-saw of a-wrong-and-a-right-make-a-good that gets you no place in particular in the art of persuasion.

As Emerson looked about him he observed: "'Tis the age of Parenthesis. You might put all we say in brackets & it would not be missed" (JMN, V, 91; 1835). Since he had to render his words indispensable, he called for "some fierce antagonism" to "break the round of perfect circulation or no spark, no joy, no event can be" (JMN, VII, 272; 1839). We must escape the irritation felt by Xenophanes over noting "that all things hastened back to Unity [,] Identity. He was weary of seeing the same thing in a tedious variety of forms" (JMN, V, 136; 1836). "Who can blame men for seeking excitement?" he asked. "They are polar & would you have them sleep in a dull eternity of equilibrium?" (JMN, VII, 272).

Emerson saw that "Nature hates calm system-makers, her methods saltatory, impulsive. Man lives by pulses, all his organic movements are such, and all chemical & etherial, even seem to be undulatory or alternate. And so with the mind, it antagonizes ever, & gets on so" (JMN, VIII, 317; 1842). "The world would run into endless routine, and forms encrust forms, till the life was gone. But the perpetual supply of new genius shocks us with thrills of life, and recalls us to principles" (W, X, 102). He proposed this strategy: "If you desire to arrest attention, to surprise, do not give me facts in the order of cause & effect, but drop one or two links in the chain, & give me with a cause, an effect two or three times removed" (JMN, VII, 90; 1838).<sup>15</sup>

Jonathan Bishop, in noting that Emerson's best sentences break the circle and begin to spiral, points out his simultaneous use of paradox (which surprises) and redundancy (which confirms); the sentences say the same thing but we are urged into feeling several emotions, both fear and gladness.<sup>16</sup> Puns also encourage repetition and novelty. But perhaps the most vital of Emerson's methods--and one which fits his thematic concern over a fate that is not random chance--is the use he made of the aesthetics of "hazard."

## VII

According to Sister Mary Francis Slattery in her study, Hazard, Form and Value, affective hazard is defined in these terms: "The greater the sum of all that is NOT common to terms that have something in common, and hence the greater the obstacle or hazard to their union, the more exciting or affective the





apprehension of their union; or, the more unrelatedness there is, the more exciting the discovered relatedness is."<sup>17</sup> The most important aspect of form is the totality of its relations. Reciprocity, interdependence of parts and the whole, characterize form; it further needs the presence of hazard for interest, but hazard with limits.

Hazard must not be Henry Adams' bewildered goose knocking you down from behind. It is more like Uncle Len's Irishman in that it is controlled by the larger purposes it serves to fulfill. "The antecedents and consequents must become mutually relevant if uncertainty is to be desirable" (p. 49). The viewer's mind finds the relations, experiences the desirability of hazard, and makes use of it; frustration that renders it worthless must be avoided. According to Sister Mary, "In literary meaning, the tightness of unity, which seems cognitively apprehended to be organic, is really an 'illusion arising from...reaction to hazard'" (p. 62). She continues, "A form is organic when the fitnesses underlying the unity are felt to be triumphs over multiple and various hazards. The receiver's experience of the unity is dynamic, that is, he continues increasingly to discover coherence and to find each fulfillment an absolute" (pp. 62-63).

The argument here for hazard's value rests upon the belief that it alerts the mind to contemplation; it aids form to incarnate value. By exercising the entire mind, we recognize practical aspects at the same time they are transformed and vested with the superior life of meaning. That transcendent unity of meaning assures us the composure toward which the excitement of hazard, controlled by form, has led us. Form is the All Powerful, and Hazard is its obedient servant. It helps fulfill the grand design of unity toward which the minds of the faithful leap in joy. It is the artist's use of form and hazard that makes him the master of his complex fate.

It is not Sister Mary's particular Christian God, always there behind the scrim of her arguments, who furnishes the power in Emerson's world; it is rather that Emersonian type of the Eternal Form he called Character, itself the "will built on the reason of things" (W, X, 102). But in many ways Emerson and Sister Mary agree. That object will be the more beautiful "which has more complexity controlled by the more successful unity," she says, concluding that "the more there is that is interrelated, the more the value of beauty is occasioned" (p. 92). Value increases by "a triumph of fragility" from "the almost-too-hazardous-hazards overcome" (p. 97). The mind is enticed by two contending systems; it rushes to explore the central implication in opposite directions, "while staying with the particular which is invested with value, since it is the occasion of contact" (p. 106). By placing Newton's law of universal gravity (the cosmic reality) next to that of affective hazard (one of the mind's realities), Sister Mary finds that the laws of physics and of psychology affirm each other, sustaining the belief that there is order and structure to the universe. By analogy to these laws, the artist also creates form and incarnates value. When Emerson reminded himself that one adjusts efforts to obstacles in order to attain true power (W, VI, 54), he was echoing the aesthetics of control that uses hazard and so adds toughness to the fibre of experience.

Emerson's essay "Fate," included in the 1860 collection The Conduct of Life, states, "History is the action and reaction of these two, --Nature and Thought; two boys pushing each other on the curbstone of the pavement. Everything is pusher or pushed; and matter and mind are in perpetual tilt and balance" (W, V, 43). Is the idea here monotonous, especially coming after such exciting sentences as "The habit of snake and spider, the snap of the tiger and other leapers and bloody jumpers, the crackle of the bones of his prey in the coil of the anaconda, --these are in the system, and our habits are like theirs" (Ibid., 7)?

Emerson begins his essay with a direct facing up to the dangers of life. Some may believe, he says, "in a pistareen-Providence" where one asks and receives, but he asserts that "Nature is no sentimentalist." By being forced to front such threats, readers are pleasantly stirred; as with "the world is rough and surly, and will not mind drowning a man or a woman..." (Ibid., p. 6) or "The way of Providence is a little rude" (Ibid., p. 7). There is no clutching to Marquis of Queensbury rules here. By the time we come to those silly boys on the curbstone then, do their games of pushing and pulling seem too playful, too tame to win our approval? The great laws of life have been shown as dangerous; here they are balanced out in child's play. We see too easily what Emerson is doing with us. We have been at this juncture in his essays before. We warily watch to see if he will again erect really interesting hazards whose overcoming will aid his art, or whether he will now be content to pat together mole hills, though calling them mountains.

"Fate" concludes with a call to prayer. "Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity.... Let us build altars to the Beautiful Necessity" (Ibid., 48). What has Emerson pulled off here? We began the essay by



distrusting Necessity; now we are asked to worship it. Can we be sure Necessity is God, not the Devil? Can we trust that voice from the pulpit that calls us to devotions, when it could be the demonic that seeks to bind us to its will by urging us to submit to the Higher Will? Henry Adams thought that optimism was for idiots. Perhaps this is the hazard--that if we answer the call to become Holy Fools we risk being no more than damnedfools.

Further hazard may lie buried in this possibility Emerson suggests: because Necessity is the opposite of Freedom, its presence (and our worship of it) assures us of unity through polarity, rather than dualism. Unity is the prime value. Its eternality outweighs concerns vital to us as individuals immersed in moments of living. But Emerson is willing to risk successful persuasion by signaling the cost to us of our acceptance; he lures us to sacrifice individual freedom for the perfection of unity, to give up the visible and immediate for the intangible and remote, and lets us know what we are about.

In dealing with materials of the should be as opposed to the is, Emerson acknowledged that the "good cause is always on the defensive, the evil assailant" since vice can put innocent means to its ends as well as innocent ones (JMN, IV, 333; 1834). But goodness has more power. It is "concentrating" while dullness requires "mountainous demonstration"; angels can be "molecules" while devils must be Titans.<sup>18</sup> It is unnecessary, therefore, to berate. Such methods are "sickly & effeminate," he chided himself when he once found himself bad-mouthing the state of fine arts in America (JMN, V, 211; 1836). Henry James, Sr., thought Carlyle's epistolary attacks on evil had the effect of a "large, avalanche-movement," as if "a mass of earth and rock and vegetation had detached itself and [come] bouncing and bumping forward." In contrast, James thought Emerson's style "has often a perfect propriety--seeming, in answer to Carlyle's extravagances, the note of reason and justice."<sup>19</sup> Emerson indicated that he liked Thoreau's "perennial threatening attitude, just as we like to go under an overhanging precipice," but added that threats that fail to materialize cause disappointments (L, III, 75; 1842). If Emerson saw the ineffectuality of unfulfilled threats, he also disliked the "goodies" whose preaching "makes us very bad" (JMN, VII, 31; 1838) and the dry-as-dusts who bore us with "firstly, secondly, &c." (JMN, IV, 290; 1834). Better to act as the prophet who abandons himself to the Muse of Truth (JMN, IV, 428; 1832) and who encourages us by the inspired sentence that "tells its own story, makes its own feet, creates its own form" (JMN, IV, 290).

To find unity, truth, and right against all appearances justifies the prophet-poet and proves the virtue of his hearers (W, V, 219-220). Anticipating the rebuke of some who listened to his lecture on "Immortality" and who would say he had proved nothing, he calmly asserted, "I am a better believer, and all serious souls are better believers in the immortality, than we can give grounds for" (W, VIII, 346).

Opening his talk on "Worship," Emerson indicated that some had complained his earlier talks on Fate, Power, and Wealth gave up "too many cakes to Cerberus" (W, VI, 201). When warned he ran the "risk of making, by excess of candor, the argument of atheism so strong" it could not easily be rebuffed, he countered that he did not fear playing "the devil's attorney" (Ibid.). "I am sure that a certain truth will be said through me, though I should be dumb, or though I should try to say the reverse. Nor do I fear skepticism for any good soul. A just thinker will allow full swing to his skepticism. I dip my pen in the blackest ink, because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-pot" (Ibid.).

An extraordinary way to treat one's responsibilities to truth-saying. Perhaps it is the very audacity of such a stance that holds us to attention, in our fears or perverse hopes that he may indeed fall into the devil's pit and drown. Elsewhere, in notes concerning his second course of Harvard lectures, he wrote, "I hope the ruin of no young man's soul will, here or hereafter, be charged to me as having wasted his time or confounded his reason" (W, XII, 424). How delicious to be told one is listening to words that could ruin.

Emerson means it when he maintains he is that practical man who will use any means to gain his Ideal ends. The subjects taken for the essays on "The Tragic" and "The Comic" were personally distasteful to him but, as his editor notes, he deftly pulled such foreign materials "within the sphere" of his mind, confident of his power to use and to control whatever raw materials hazard handed him by a form that transcends logic. "We cannot prove our faith by syllogisms," he insists. "You cannot make a written theory or demonstration of this as you can an orrery of the Copernican astronomy. It must be sacredly treated" (W, VIII, 346).





In Natural History of Intellect he stated that he only wants to know where the two termini are--the beginning and the end. Logic of argument--the inbetweens--is unimportant when compared to that power that arcs from earth to heaven. His method of marking the ends of the arc by leaving it to the audience's faith to complete the sweep may have resulted from his mind's inability to fill in gaps or to control "infinitely repellent particles" (W, VIII, 355; editor's notes). Surely he would have felt no chagrin had this flaw been pointed out to him. His notion of fate as a good rested on the notion that the conversion of one's limitations is what brings power. Whatever the inbetweens--the logic of the situation or those prosaic facts that serve only to prove failure--the termini are what count, since they prove victory.

Emerson brings "The Fortune of the Republic" to its end in this manner. He has stated he wishes that will and works were more actively engaged in shaping America's design; he has indicated awareness of the nation's lack of perfection. He then concludes, "But I see in all directions the light breaking" (W, XI, 544). This, suddenly, without any preparation or logical transition. Such an ending can be seen as feeble; one that does not dare close on a note of despair, or even with an equivocal "maybe it will work out all right." However, Emerson felt that feebleness comes from lack of faith, not from insistence upon hope.

"The Man of Letters" concludes with: "Who would not, if it could be made certain that the new morning of universal liberty should rise on our race by the perishing of one generation, --who would not consent to die?" (W, X, 258). The sheer gall of this assertion forces total acceptance or rejection; no middle ground, no doubts are permitted. It presses a Kierkegaardian Either/Or, a conclusive choice. As happens again and again in Emerson's essays, we are placed precariously in balance between two choices that are ours to make. But only one is also fated--the choice for hope. "Wherever there is health...there is perception and power" (W, XII, 28). Emerson drove, and drifted, with his essays and lectures toward conclusions that were absolutely affirmative--self-confident that they placed one within reach of the sacred spermiatic flow "continually ejaculating its torrent into every artery and vein and veinlet of humanity" (Ibid.). But they are conclusions that are also calculatedly inconclusive.

In 1853 he wrote Carlyle about his essay "Fate:" "Comfort yourself--as you will--you will survive the reading, --& will be a sure proof that the nut is not cracked. For when we find out what Fate is, I suppose, the Sphinx & we are done for; and Sphinx, Oedipus, & world, ought, by good rights, to roll down the steep into the sea."<sup>20</sup> This had been Emerson's belief for years: one must not go all the way into mystery, or something vital would be brought to its end. Whether or not this is part of what Bishop calls Emerson's fear of "letting himself go," Emerson did pull back from drawing the final circle around the world. "The man finishes his story," he wrote in his journal in 1837, "how good! how final! He fills the sky. Lo! on the other side rises also a man and draws a circle around the circle which we had just pronounced the outline of the sphere; then already is our first speaker not Man, but only a first speaker. His only redress is forthwith to draw a circle outside of his antagonist. And so on" (JMN, V, 372).<sup>21</sup>

Emerson's stress on the suggestive and the inconclusive was not based on fear that if one ever said all, the All would be revealed as meaninglessness. Sceptics might think the universe a nest of boxes with emptiness in the last one (JMN, VIII, 343; 1843), but not Emerson. He had his doubts but they pertained to man's habit of systematizing truth. To assume too much about man's fate, to pile the systems too high, was once again to risk the Tower of Babel. "Human Life in Ten lectures or the Soul of man neatly done up in ten pinboxes exactly ten. I cannot help fearing, O accomplished world builder! that some one pin or rivet may chance to fall out of thine astrolabe, & new Nature lack an atom, for all thy Decad" (L, II, 179; 1839).

By the avoidance of tower-building, by sticking to one's earthly balancing act, in the end one would leap, not climb, to heaven. But will there always be arms ready to catch one, as Emerson's own prose style catches up faithful readers on the other side of hazard? Henry James, Sr., once felt "fear [come] upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake,"<sup>22</sup> but he believed he would come to rest in God at last. Kierkegaard, too, believed that the Knight of True Faith could rest with God, once he made his final, fatal leap. Emerson is significantly more concerned with a continuation of balancing, leaping, and resuming equilibrium than he is with bringing such spiritual gymnastics to a close. As long as the mind moves, he felt that the imagination is free. Herein lies a man's sense of control over his destiny. Once his mind stops its incessant balancing, leaping, rebalancing, a man is held quiet in the arms of Eternal Law. Perhaps he holds no doubts that that law is the source of goodness and that rest there would be peaceful, but there is more challenge, and pleasure, to be the man alive, alert, in motion--and in control.



Emerson knew that art (the movement of the mind) was not as effective as life (the turn of eternal laws). He admitted, more than once, that of all artists he was less effective than most. "I am a rocket manufacturer," he wrote, one whose words flashed across the sky, then quickly died out (JMN, VII, 245; 1839). But to try at least to write out the laws was "a better homage than universal silence."<sup>23</sup> Partly virile, in great part womanly, Emerson himself longed for the completeness of soul found only in the hermaphrodite (JMN, VIII, 380; 1843). But hermaphrodites turn up as freaks in the Side Show, not in Center Ring as stars on the high-wire. Furthermore, as Emerson knew, completion--however beautiful--is stasis. He would keep on proposing answers, never the answer; keep jumping on moving trains, assured of "a drowsy sense of being dragged easily somewhere by that locomotive Destiny which, never seen, we yet know must be hitched on to the cars wherein we sit..." (L, II, 463; 1841).<sup>24</sup>

There is for Emerson the faith that fate will sustain because it makes use of hazard and form. It is the faith that somewhere underneath one's feet as they move at the edge of the abyss, there lies something, somehow, to bear one up. Henry Adams knew that the flying buttress of the Aquinian faith had collapsed, as had the perfectly constructed One-Hoss Shay of Calvinist doctrine and that pet of the Adams family, the Constitution of the United States. To sceptics, faiths of any ilk are "crutches" to support the lame. But others point out that they may use their minds to transform the destructive element of life into the very thing that keeps them afloat. If one is a Romantic with a club-foot who does not go gracefully about by land, then take to the Hellespont and stay up; don't drown like the Lord Jims of lost faith. If one should fall, fall well and expertly, without breaking one's bones; do not fall heavily, mindlessly, like brute matter, but--as Henry James, Sr., specifically suggested<sup>25</sup>--transform the Fall of Man into an ascending spiral upwards to redemption.

James the elder also observed that "exuberance of muscle and pride and robustious joie de vivre" expressed by the sight of the actor Edwin Forrest who, emerging "fresh and dripping from the bath, had entered the room absolutely upside down, or by the rare gymnastic feat of throwing his heels into the air and walking, as with strides, on his hands..."<sup>26</sup> Life is joyous to the Emersonian soul-type since it believes that, as Sister Mary Francis Slattery points out, the laws of gravity and the laws of the creative intelligence are ultimately sustained, not undermined, by the Lords of Life. Life is hazard, but hazard works for unity, and all furthers faith in the gymnastics of fate. "However, if there is no order in the universe, one can frame an amorphous splash on a canvas, blindly affirming the 'universe' of Democritus, and then anticipating a revelation from it with impunity. For if there is no system, there is at least no harm in waiting with futile hope for the flesh to become word."<sup>27</sup>

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1 Letters of Henry Adams (1892-1918), ed. Worthington Chauncey Ford, 2 vols. (Boston and New York, 1930), II, 424. The next quotation is from I, 174-175.

2 Roughing It (Harper's Modern Classics: New York, 1859), Part II, p. 103.

3 This letter of 1860 is included by Henry James in Notes of a Son and Brother (N.Y., 1914), p. 233; the next quotation is from p. 234.

4 HA Letters, II, 369.

5 The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Vol. V (1835-1838), ed. Merton M. Sealts, Jr. (Cambridge, Mass., 1965); entry of 1836, p. 229. Hereafter Emerson's writings will be treated in this manner: extracts from his journals, letters, and essays will be coded JMN, L, W. Volume and page number, and the year of the journal or letter, will be placed in parentheses after the quotation. The editions used are as follows: the Harvard University Press edition of the Journals; The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Ralph L. Rusk, 6 vols. (Columbia University Press), 1939; The Centenary Edition of The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 12 vols. (Boston and New York, 1903).

6 Fear and Trembling, included in A Kierkegaard Anthology, ed. Robert Bretall (Princeton, N.J., 1947), p. 121; the following quotation is from p. 269.

7 Emerson on the Soul (Cambridge, Mass., 1964), pp. 171-176.

8 Ann Douglas Wood, "Reconsiderations, Ralph Waldo Emerson," The New Republic (January 1 and 8, 1972), p. 29. That is, one may take exception to placing the responsibility for such men as Peale and Teddy Roosevelt upon Emerson. If Emerson repudiates the Calvinist notion that the sons of Adam inherit their ancestors' sins, one can also deny the notion that a "father" is responsible for the strange alterations made in his beliefs once his heirs lay their heavy hands upon them.

9 Bishop, p. 205.

10 Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 183.





11 See Emerson's letter to Margaret Fuller of March 14, 1841; L, II, 385.

12 Bretall, pp. 332, 333.

13 Bishop, pp. 147ff; Wood, p. 27.

14 "I hate circular sentences, or echoing sentences," Emerson wrote, "where the last half cunningly repeats the first half, but you step from stone to stone, and advance ever." Correspondence Between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm, ed. Frederick W. Holls (Boston, 1903), p. 58. One must break the circle, and move--truly move--by means of the spiral. Kierkegaard also worried over proliferation of possibilities that, by increasing to uncontrollable numbers, become a smothering weight. In order to keep  $1 + 1 = 2$  (phenomenal) and One (noumenal), man must make an either/or choice and not be deluded into moving on and on through damning dialectics that promise synthesis but only lead to the horrors of geometric progressions and eternal drift. See Bretall, p. 104; the section from Either/Or is significantly entitled "Equilibrium Between the Aesthetical and the Ethical in the Composition of Personality."

15 But Emerson did not plan to drop all the links, since facts viewed alone could be ugly. "I read today a horrid story of murder; it fills one with glooms, bludgeons & gibbets: then it turns out to be a systematic longsought accurately-measured revenge: instantly the gloom clears up; for in a degree the light of law & of cause & effect shines in" (JMN, VII, 98).

16 Bishop, pp. 11, 14.

17 Hazard, Form, and Value (Detroit, 1971), pp. 11-12. Further quotations will be given with parentheses.

18 The Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, ed. Joseph Slater (Columbia University Press, 1964), p. 342; 1843. 19 Quoted in Slater; first appeared in The Century Magazine, XXV (June, 1833), 271.

20 Slater, p. 485. 21 Bishop notes that "A circle turned substantial and confining is a wall" (p. 55).

22 Quoted in Austin Warren's The Elder Henry James (N.Y., 1934), p. 55. 23 Slater, p. 373; 1844.

24 Later-day propulsion machines are more harrowing to the imagination. Henry James recorded in his youth his sense of clinging to a locomotive engine that rushed him violently into the future. Henry Adams wrote, "We are all in the same automobile, and cannot jump..." (HA Letters, II, 458; 1905). Buster Keaton in The General loves his locomotive, and though it plunges him deep into enemy territory, he and it--working together in frantic yet controlled motion--carry off the day in triumph. Keaton is more an Emersonian Wunderkind than the younger James or Adams in this respect. When Emerson extolled the freedom and precision of art, noting that Dante wrote like Euclid (W, VIII, 72), he outlined the kind of faith in movement--as--destiny that Keaton so brilliantly portrays in his art of silence.

25 See The Philosophy of Henry James, Sr., by Frederick H. Young (New Haven, 1951), pp. 154, 237, for James's discussion of the sensation of falling felt by matter that is powerless to go anywhere but down, and the Fortunate Fall that sends human spirits leaping toward redemption.

26 Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 272.

27 Slattery, pp. 107-108.

## THE LAW OF PERMUTATION--EMERSON'S MODE

LEONARD N. NEUFELDT

### I

During the period when Emerson transmuted a number of gathering convictions into journal entries which soon became vital impulses in the writing of Nature, he noted: "The truest state of mind, rested in, becomes false. Thought is the manna which cannot be stored. It will be sour if kept, and to-morrow must be gathered anew. Perpetually must we East ourselves, or we get into irrecoverable error."<sup>1</sup> The analogy here leads to the heart of Emerson's concern in Nature, where he excoriates experience, language, poetry, philosophy and religion at second hand, which he images as groping "among the dry bones of the past." The scene is perhaps a mausoleum, perhaps the valley of the bones, perhaps neither. Whatever the scene, these bones cannot live. Perception is an eyeless skull, language a fossil, and man "a god in ruins."

A promising, if somewhat pompous, beginning. What can Nature say after such an introduction? The better question is, "Where does it go?" As soon as we stop reading Nature we have lost it, because the essay is still going; the next sentence is always Emerson's, and there is always a next sentence. And each sentence and each new image is capable of creating its own unique and deeply experienceable world (which, as soon as it is defined, is already obsolete). Where does one begin, then, in talking about Emerson? Usually he does not write in a way we are used to, nor does the language convey meaning in the way other writers lead us to expect. If Cooper, Hawthorne and Twain, for instance, through their apparent straightforwardness, draw us rather directly into the hard center of their works, he will not let us "get by" as easily. "Oh you man without a handle!" was the verdict of Henry James senior. It is not easier for us than



it was for him to find a handle on Emerson. A sentence or paragraph will not do, nor his "favorite" terms, nor his journal comments about his essays. We have some Emerson thoughts in our hands, but the thinking, the real art, is somewhere else. Furthermore, whatever we grasp for as a handle will give us little idea what came before or after. We never get from Emerson a systematically organized presentation of his philosophy, if his thinking can be called by that name. "We forget in taking up a contemporary book," Emerson noted, "that we see the house that is building and not the house that is built" (J, VI, 97-98). The essay on Montaigne quotes the Journals in calling for a philosophy "of fluxions and mobility" (J, VII, 61). In Freedom and Fate Stephen Whicher complained of Emerson's Nature: "One cannot always easily penetrate its rapid criss-cross of ideas and see its underlying intention."<sup>2</sup> A few years later his appraisal had changed, and he observed: "What mattered, then, was not so much truth as truth-making, not thoughts but thinking." And he added, "A failure to appreciate his method is responsible for a number of traditional errors about Emerson."<sup>3</sup>

But I am ahead of myself. Such a judgment by Whicher, with which I agree, is the end of the argument, not the beginning. The argument begins with a consideration of Emerson's language. Emerson would be the first to tell us to look for a fresh consideration, but also, to look out for it. Somehow the longer critical studies purporting to analyze Emerson's language have tended to slip into an investigation of his ideas, where, for the most part, they have stayed. There have been few exceptions.<sup>4</sup> The irony in this is considerable, since Emerson habitually begins with philosophic problems only to insist on a poetic mode and poetic solutions. In so doing he is on the side of Thoreau, who remarked to Emerson "'that philosophers are broken-down poets'; and 'that universal assertions should never allow any remarks of the individual to stand in their neighborhood, for the broadest philosophy is narrower than the worst poetry'" (J, VII, 99).

Charles Anderson's suggestion that we read Thoreau's Walden as a poem (The Magic Circle of 'Walden') is at least as applicable to Emerson's Nature. What Emerson means by flowing philosophy is poetry. It demonstrates the analogical working of the mind, the on-going process of perception and imaging, the metaphoric nature of language and the tentativeness of every statement. It is, to quote Wallace Stevens, the work "of the mind in the act of finding / What will suffice." This poetic process is self-regulating and self-justifying. It keeps its distance from the "thin cold realm" of pure abstraction and resists the critic's attempts to define the basic, "real" Emerson of the essays. In "Uses of Great Men" Emerson suggests that "the transmutings of the imagination" are one of the "intellectual feats" the reader witnesses with pleasure and benefit (W, IV, 16). "Metamorphosis is the law of the Universe." It is also the law of the artist and his art. Swedenborg recognized the metamorphosis of the appearance and meaning of anything as it passes to a new observer. He failed to recognize, however, the inexorable permutation of perception in each observer. This is so both of images perceived and the images reporting our perceptions. Both are "temporary forms" (J, VII, 117). And, "Only poets advance with every word" (J, V, 445).

There are instances where Emerson doubts his method. One of these is the admission in the Journals: "I am too quick-eyed and unstable. My thoughts are too short, as they say my sentences are. I step along from stone to stone over the Lethe which gurgles around my path, but the odds are that my companion encounters me just as I leave one stone and before my foot has well reached the other..." (V, 355). There may be as much imperious modesty in these words as an artist's self-doubt. Whatever the case, he reminds himself that the "poetic eye sees in Man the Brother of the River, and in Woman the Sister of the River. Their life is always transition... Heroes do not fix, but flow, bend forward ever and invent a resource for every moment" (J, V, 494-495). This, Emerson sensed on his lecture tours, is not what many of the lyceum audience expected of him or his art. The life and truth of an essay, according to them, depended on a perfect imitation of nature, either the world of their horizons, which they saw as fixed, or the world of their hopes, which they expected to be defined and ushered in as the new, unchanging order: "People came, it seems, to my lectures with expectation that I was to realize the Republic I described, and ceased to come when they found this reality no nearer. They mistook me. I am and always was a painter... I count this distinct vocation which never leaves me in doubt what to do, but in all times, places, and fortunes gives me an open future, to be the great felicity of my lot" (J, VI, 470-471).

Reading Emerson, we should always be aware of the need for fresh consideration and of what the art can give us, if we read it fully enough. That should be the main expectation. Despite the fact that Nature was written almost a century and a half ago, it is new to us, and disturbing in its freedom of presentation. It is free in two ways: from the backwash of traditional metaphoric material, and from the traditional process





of developing that material. The latter, the Emersonian mode, will be explored more closely in the rest of this essay. Emerson calls his mode by many names, including metamorphosis, mutation, transmutations, flowing law, the active soul, and above all, poetry. Nature will be the starting point in the analysis. The relation in which the chapters stand to each other is pretty much the relation of images to each other within the chapter. The kind of permutation at work in the essay is the most surprising and idiosyncratically Emersonian aspect of the language, and is consonant with the argument generated by the essay. The third section of my discussion looks first to Emerson's Journals to trace his comments on his mode as writer from the time Nature was being composed through those years when, according to virtually every critical analysis of Emerson, he underwent a significant shift in belief and method. This section concludes with a brief discussion of Natural History of Intellect, in the interest of reminding the reader of Emerson that Emerson's mode, both in principle and practice, did not essentially change throughout his career as writer.

## II

"The metamorphosis of Nature shows itself in nothing more than this," notes a journal entry, "that there is no word in our language that cannot become typical to us of Nature by giving it emphasis. The world is a Dancer; it is a Rosary; it is a Torrent; it is a Boat; a Mist; a Spider's Snare; it is what you will; and the metaphor will hold, and it will give the imagination keen pleasure. Swifter than light the world converts itself into that thing you name, and all things find their right place under this new and capricious classification" (J, VI, 18). A similar pronouncement opens the "Commodity" chapter of Nature: "WHOEVER considers the final cause of the world will discern a multitude of uses that enter as parts into the result. They all admit of being thrown into one of the following classes: Commodity; Beauty; Language; and Discipline." These "classes," one discovers, are not to be regarded as categories logically determined; nor do they represent an exhaustive inventory. They are, simply, large metaphors concentrating for convenience and poetic clarification ("it is what you will") the "multitude of uses that enter as parts" into the "final cause of the world." Each of the four chapters comprises a sweeping metaphoric act; each is another poetic act and hence a poetic advance. The first two sentences of "Commodity," then, are not indisputable statements nor logical propositions any more than the opening statements of a poem are. Nor is the sequence and relationship absolute any more than the stanzas of a poem. The chapters are acts which suffice in their own way. The relation of one to the other cannot be accounted for by Aristotelian logic, nor the kind of dialectic operating in Plato's Symposium (although this model is more useful than Aristotle). Nor will modern dialectical theories do. William T. Harris's Hegelian explication of Nature, still one of the most instructive, is impressive but finally unpersuasive.<sup>5</sup> In his dialectical scheme he misses the point which is actually his, or almost his--the continual permutation of figures in Nature. It is Emerson, in Nature, who reminds his readers that his method is an accounting "by other principles than those of carpentry and chemistry."

The "metaphor will hold, and it will give the imagination keen pleasure," the Journals declare. Yet how can such an arbitrary metaphorizing--Emerson admits that as "classification" it is "capricious"--work reliably, or to use his term, how will it "hold"? It holds because at the moment the metaphor is invented it is a true naming of the world. It is true because it succeeds in concentrating the multifariousness of the scene in a large image, thus organizing and interpreting the many parts it reports both according to nature and relationship. In short, it holds because it works, and it works because, for the moment, the mind has invented and admitted into the growing text another metaphor that will suffice. And each metaphor is "a new weapon in the magazine of power."

According to Emerson the strategy is or should be common to all art. He explains his view in "Beauty," in one of the notable statements in Nature concerning his own method: "The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point." This point is repeatedly being found, then established as a centering, only to be relocated, that is, superseded by another point which in its new way will "concentrate this radiance." Each chapter, then, is another major poetic act, providing a center of intersection for numerous lines, to that extent simplifying them and creating the illusion that the metamorphosis has been stalled. The world is held at a particular kind of attention by the metaphor. Each chapter, however, is as susceptible to the next version as nature and mind are.

"Understanding" and "Reason" and the distinction Emerson makes between them need to be understood in this context. To explain them in terms of the Coleridgean source or the post-Kantian distinction



between consciousness and the object of consciousness blurs Emerson's unique and particular version. Understanding admits and works in the midst of the "radiance of the world:" "Our dealing with sensible objects is a constant exercise in the necessary lessons of difference, of likeness, of order, of being and seeming, of progressive arrangement; of ascent from particular to general; of combination to one end of manifold forces." Through her many stimuli nature tutors us in this common sense. The true combination to one end, however, is a "moral" action he calls "Reason:" the poetic acts of centering the multiplicity according to man (which makes them moral). Each act both concentrates the multifariousness and reconciles it to man. The "world's contracted thus," to quote John Donne. Such a combination, the "unity in variety" which illustrates truth to man, is not achieved through "addition or subtraction" but by "untaught sallies of the spirit." The order of metaphoric acts in a man's art constitutes his real natural history, and the "best read naturalist who lends an entire and devout attention to truth" will be the best poet. "He will perceive that there are far more excellent qualities in the student than preciseness and infallibility...and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments."

And so the "multitude of uses" of nature, brought into the radius of attention by the question "to what end is nature," is organized and unified by each new chapter. This capacity to concentrate radiance on one point makes idealists of us all, declares Emerson. Not a Plato or Berkeley; simply a poet who unceasingly makes his world even as he is finding it. Emerson's clearest definition of idealism is the poetic process of Nature.

There is, of course, a "noble doubt" in Nature which exfloriates to the point where "the heart resists it." The problem is inevitable: the fear of being imprisoned "in the splendid labyrinth" of the mind's perceptions and metaphors, condemned "to wander without end." It is Wallace Stevens's problem, too, and Stevens's answer does not go far enough for Emerson. Ultimately Stevens renounces everything except the metaphoric act, which justifies itself and its primacy. The poet wanders to an end, then starts toward another. Although disturbed by the discontinuity, he accepts it. Moreover, he asks for a humility that will insist on the primacy of the metaphor and not the self, the supreme fiction over the ego. Emerson, like Browning, sanctifies the splendid labyrinth with his belief in immanence, the view "that he was God when his vital consciousness acted."<sup>6</sup> Psychologically stated, Emerson, like Stevens, seeks to reach a point of no return, an event in world and imagination that touches both at once and alike, an event which is true, is unquestioned, and cannot recur, an event which Stevens depersonalizes and Emerson, on the contrary, regards as evidence of God within. (I hasten to add that in this respect Emerson's late essays are a half-way house to Stevens.)

The "end" of the action in Nature, to summarize, is each new sally of the spirit, each point of concentration and its concomitant "self-recovery." Like the poetic event, the self-recovery is not a recurrence. Each time the world is "re-formed" the self is recovered in a new version. It, too, participates in the transformations, as the concluding paragraphs of "Prospects" make clear. At this point "Prospects" appeals for "humility:" the arrogant are consistent, the dogmatist is proud. Prospectiveness is contingent on humility, on the easy capacity to abandon moorages. Those whose anchorage is "indisputable affirmation" have no further "Prospects."

What has been argued thus far might suggest, at least structurally speaking, total discontinuity in Nature. In a sense the permutations chart a direction. Critics as early as the late nineteenth century have recognized a development that in a manner of speaking is evolutionary. What needs to be underscored as a qualifier is that there is in Nature no inevitable evolution of a single species or argument. Granted, the chapters become increasingly complex in their capacity as metaphoric acts. But, to quote Sherman Paul, "The meaning of nature...was its use."<sup>7</sup> All the uses discussed are versions of metaphoric acts. The only order possible in Nature is the unfolding of progressively more complex uses. And since even nature as "Commodity" (and certainly the uses discussed in succeeding chapters) accommodates what Emerson describes as spiritual needs, the only norms of development are the chapters themselves. There are no rules to guide Emerson or the reader in the application of the spiritual scale. This can be done only when need and use meet, the latter accommodating the former and creating the expectation that a greater need will be met by an adequately greater use. The chapters are not isolated presences, the fragments of The Waste Land searching unsuccessfully for their unity. On the other hand, they are not stages of argument which build one on the other. Rather, they are states of consciousness, each one organizing itself according to its own life (some of which it shares with previous acts of metaphorizing) and proceeding to its own





poetic shape. The use it elaborates and enacts creates by its complete and completed presence the space for the next. This next version surpasses the former in the sense that it goes beyond it in terms of evidence admitted and pattern generated. This, it appears, is the recognition behind Sherman Paul's vague yet extremely suggestive characterization of Nature: "something of a prose rhapsody."<sup>8</sup>

I suggested earlier that the nature of the chapter as metaphor is akin to the nature of the image in the sentence and that the relation of chapters to each other is essentially that of the images to each other within the chapters. Emerson uses "metaphor" to describe image, sentence, chapter, and essay. One can infer, then, that the chapter as metaphor is the elaboration and concentrating of many smaller metaphors, raising them to the level of argument without becoming less figurative. The images in the chapter represent the vital action of consciousness; the poetic acts authorize themselves even as they are generated by previous acts. Such an art is entirely open-ended, and its suggestiveness is interminable. Syntactical and rhythmic units are normally legitimized by images and vice versa. A new image or modification of the image requires another cadence, clause or sentence. The paragraph is built on image after image. When it turns on one main image, it reads like a long sentence which will not rest until the image has revised everything that preceded it and establishes its own organization for experience, thought, and language. With due respect for individual differences, this is essentially the art of Thoreau, Melville, Whitman, Faulkner, Hart Crane, Stevens, Bellow (particularly in Herzog), John Hawkes, the later Roethke and Archie Ammons (and less consistently and consciously, William Stafford, James Wright and Howard McCord).<sup>9</sup> The method is best described by Emerson himself in an early essay: "Its permanence is a perpetual inchoation. Every natural fact is an emanation and that from which it emanates is an emanation also, and from every emanation is a new emanation. If anything could stand still, it would be crushed and dissipated by the torrent it resisted, and if it were a mind, would be crazed; as insane persons are those who hold fast to one thought and do not flow with the course of nature. . . . Like an odor of incense, like a strain of music, like a sleep, it is inexact and boundless. It will not be dissected, nor unravelled, nor shown" (W, I, 199-200). Melville's and Faulkner's psychopaths are the antithesis of Emerson's poet (despite the custom of literary historians to transplant Emerson's soul into Captain Ahab). Quentin Compson, ironically, chooses the river as his final refuge from the world of ceaseless flux and change, and Captain Ahab's "iron-railed" pursuit leaves a shoreless ocean in its wake.

To chart Emerson's mode throughout Nature requires considerably more space than is available here. Instead I will simply note and characterize it in several of the chapters. The "Introduction" opens with the image of building (building mausoleums) as a way of sidling up to the matter of retrospective vision. This negative image is followed by several quite different yet also negative images, that of seeing (at second hand), groping among bones (scavengers of that which is dead) and dressing inappropriately (in the forefathers' wardrobe). From here we shift to the cattle to be attended to and soil to be cultivated. The sheep need shearing, the flax needs to be cut and more land should be worked. The sun is shining and the time is right; what are we waiting for? Retrospection is each of the negative images, but not the sum of them. Each is a new authorization; each is its own version. And the antithesis of these images is by no means the logical opposite. To get out and work the farm counters the groping among bones in a way that can only partially be explained. Rhetorically the paragraph shifts as do the images, between statement, question, ringing declaration and exhortation. The issue is being developed and resolved poetically. The second paragraph is aware of this. Its title could well be the line from Frost's "Mowing": "The fact is the sweetest truth that labor knows." Poetic fact, that is.

The interest throughout Chapter I is the poetic fact, the "kindred impression" and "integrity of impression" made by "natural objects," the sun shining "into the eye and heart of the child." Primarily the interest is in how the fact comes to be, how the act of consciousness finds itself hinging on an image and how the imaging, each time it happens, "is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable" so that "I am not alone and unacknowledged." Here is the most basic use of nature. "Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight." The incipience of consciousness is always the naked, elementary, yet profound contact between mind and things. The image does not report the thing, but the thing contacted, the thing become a "connate" fact. Just when and how any such act occurs, and what relation one act has to another, cannot be specified. "We cannot write the order of the variable winds," Emerson notes elsewhere. But Chapter I is not as expository as one might tend to infer from this paragraph. The argument is in the imaging itself, from the solitary





looking at the stars to crossing the bare common. One of the images on the way, that of claiming the horizon, deserves special attention. The image suggests a perpetual freedom and ranging. Such a seeing cannot be limited. After all, where does the horizon end?

The "bare common" passage has been discussed at length by Jonathan Bishop.<sup>10</sup> What immediately follows it, however, he discounts as unsuccessful and unimportant writing. The importance of the sentence beginning with "Crossing a bare common" is, as Bishop explains, its unostentatious reporting (through the enactment of poetic language) of the naked contact between speaker and environment. The inventory of this moment, however, comes after Bishop's favorite passage. Instead of explicating philosophically, the speaker proceeds through a series of images, each ostensibly explaining the unusual moment on the bare common even as it transforms the moment into another version: the snake casts off his slough, the man is reborn as a child, the woods have become the "plantations of God" in which the guest is exhilarated by the "perennial festival" etc. Finally comes the "transparent eyeball" passage, which Bishop regards as Emerson at his worst, because of the two words, "transparent eyeball." The image is only a brief gesture. If the reader does not permit himself to be stalled by it (enraptured or halted by annoyance), he will notice something of greater significance here--the resonance of imaging and rhythm. The passage is a single sentence of many parts, one subsumed by the next, one cadence shading into the next. The expansiveness and urgency of the clause upon clause progression is the kind of movement one will find in virtually every Emerson essay and which he calls for repeatedly. This, to him, is the poet at work. We feel the power, the command of words as they produce more words, building up to a tone and conviction which someone reading an attempted paraphrase of the passage will not suspect to be there. When Emerson asked for "initiative, spermatic, prophesying, man-making words" (J, VI, 133), he meant words like these. Several times in the Journals he distinguishes between two kinds of perception and art: prismatic and spermatic.

"Commodity" demonstrates how the poeticizing of the first chapter manifests itself in the most ordinary use of nature (Emerson describes it as "low" yet "perfect in its kind"). At the outset of the chapter the position of man is stationary--he is the richly domiciled squire, about whom nature scurries in obedient service and entertainment: "'More servants wait on man / Than he'll take notice of.'" Nature is in motion, a pageant of perpetual transformation. The second paragraph does not seek a cumulative account of nature's appearances to man. The language depends on the reader's willingness to follow the metamorphosis in the images as readily as he does out in the field. "The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his playground, his garden, and his bed." Emerson's examples all report incessant motion and change. He summarizes the action with an appropriate image--the "endless circulations of the divine charity."

The shift in the latter part of "Commodity" looks forward to similar shifts in the next three chapters. Now it is man's motion that counts. When Emerson writes, "He no longer waits for favoring gales," he has chosen his verb carefully. The rest of the chapter describes man who refuses to wait and be waited upon. His response to the wind blowing from different directions at various times is to bag the winds, turning all moments and all directions into one. He "carries the two and thirty winds in the boiler of his boat." Each time he does this (it is done endlessly; the versions are never quite the same) he changes "the face of the world." This action, described in Chapter IV as metaphor and in Chapter V as Reason, is what Emerson as writer achieves chapter by chapter in *Nature*. The lesson is learned, however, in every moment of consciousness as the things so generously provided by nature are turned into images, into things according to the mind and appropriated by it. "A man is fed, not that he may be fed, but that he may work."

"Beauty" opens to the panorama of the constantly changing scene and the delight it affords. Virtually "all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye." "The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake of its rapid transformations;... I dilate and conspire with the morning wind." The pun on "conspire" nicely summarizes the doubleness of the response. The speaker contacts and knows (breathes with) the scene; simultaneously he is conspiring to concentrate its radiance on a single point. This is precisely the action of the singer in Stevens' "The Idea of Order at Key West." The rest of "Beauty" is concerned with conspiring in the latter sense. "The heavens change every moment" and the "shows of day" which appear only to vanish are phantom forms to the conspiring mind. A world of permutation is unreal, that is, insubstantial, unless and until it is responded to by "natural action," the beauty of the deed. "We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it" and not just a parade of phantoms (*italics mine*). The action isn't exactly the bagging of two and thirty winds; however, it is in the transforming world that





man must act--in the "winds and waves." "'The winds and waves,' said Gibbon, 'are always on the side of the ablest navigators,'" (as they are in W. C. Williams's "The Yachts"). "So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven." The beauty of the noble act is in navigating well, in drawing maps, charting points and determining direction. Each plotting of a position and navigational action is subsumed by the next. Therein lies the real beauty--the changing scene of action--for only as the heroic action participates in the "rapid transformations" of the scene is it beautiful and poetic according to Emerson. Finally, in this chapter, Emerson turns to the beauty of thought, which depends on "the plastic power of the human eye." The "beauty of nature" continually "re-forms itself in the mind." There is no fixation, only permutation. Even the process of re-forming is not an end in itself. The end is always "new creation," Emerson's definition of art in this chapter, of language in the next, and of poetry in "Prospects."

Plato was right then: "'Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.'" Emerson can invoke the statement in "Prospects" without borrowing a philosophy. Even Plato undergoes metamorphosis, for here he witnesses to, indeed introduces, Emerson's summary reminder: "Every surmise and vaticination of the mind is entitled to a certain respect, and we learn to prefer imperfect theories, and sentences which contain glimpses of truth, to digested systems which have no one valuable suggestion." At this point both Plato and the poet-philosopher of Nature step aside to admit the "Orphic poet," who may or may not repeat some of Bronson Alcott's sentiments, but who full of ardor and prophecy raises the discourse to a rhapsodic pitch. The change of speaker notwithstanding, the mode is still Emersonian. He speaks four stanzas or paragraphs, each another attempt to concentrate the multiplicity of suggestion and exhortation in one major point. Each, in short, behaves like the chapters of Nature. And within each stanza is a permutation of images akin to that within the chapter. The distinctiveness of the Orphic poet is the apocalyptic quality of his voice, as he seeks to compel the reader, through the sheer power of his anthem, to have the same mind, the same kind of being, as the orphic poet. This messianic voice is rarely again heard in Emerson's work, and is one of the important features to distinguish Nature from volumes such as Uses of Great Men, Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude, and Natural History of Intellect. The poem "Uriel" undoubtedly helps to explain why the Orphic poet (but not the poet) is absent from later essays.

Significantly, however, even in darker and more labored essays like "Fate," the Emersonian mode I have been describing is still very much in evidence. One of the liabilities of the criticism which stresses Emerson's change of faith and temperament is to cause us to forget this. If the "God in me" is dying, or has grown more deliberate, moderate and gentlemanly in his behavior, we need to remember that he does not insist that Emerson change his method. Stevens, as I indicated earlier, works essentially in Emerson's mode. For him God is dead and perhaps never existed. Much of what Hillis Miller argues about Stevens in his essay "Wallace Stevens' Poetry of Being"<sup>11</sup> is also applicable to Emerson. The mode is surprisingly similar whether God is within or is dead and forever gone. The precarious balance between continuity and discontinuity in consciousness and art is a tough concession for Stevens, and is at the heart of his rage for order. For Emerson, especially in the early work, it is the confirmation of infinite possibilities. In the words of "Language," the poetic acts are a sign that "the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands."

### III

Emerson's Journals are, among other things, a jogging reminder of his mode. Heraclitus' doctrine that one cannot twice bathe in the same river is extended by the recognition, frequently reiterated, that a man never sees the same object twice, since each time it is perceived it acquires new aspects. As it changes, so does the perceiver. Language is the linguistic incarnation of this process. It unnames even as it names and proceeds on its way even as it holds. As a reporter of the mind's contacting its world, language is an exploration in which the edge of order is also the edge of disorder. There is only one immutable realm--the conjunction of ME and NOT ME.

The record of the Journals deserves better attention than it has received, for it is, indeed, an intelligible record, not simply a repository of quotable fragments to rummage in and sift for individual items to support critical arguments about Emerson's essays or poems. I make the point because a carefully argued essay on changes of style in Emerson's poetry, in a recent issue of PMLA, perpetuates the traditional distinction between the literary modes of the earlier and later Emerson.<sup>12</sup> Despite the essay's assertions to the contrary, the distinction is once again hitched to "the development of his ideas" a philosophical shift). A more reliable coupling, I suggest, would be an investigation of the behavior of the language in the essays with an exploration of the language of the Journals.



What follows here and in the appendix is a listing of journal entries with as little interlocation as possible to preserve the weight and suggestiveness of the passages. The entries are quoted in chronological order, and cover the years 1835 to 1848. Journal entries cited in the discussion thus far are not repeated here.

The aim of the author is not to tell truth--that he cannot do, but to suggest it. He has only approximated it himself and hence his cumbrous, embarrassed speech: he uses many words, hoping that one, if not another, will bring you as near to the fact as he is. (J, III, 491-492).

Can I doubt that the facts and events and persons and personal relations that now appertain to me will perish as utterly when the soul shall have exhausted their meaning and use? The world is the gymnasium on which the youth of the universe are trained to strength and skill. When they have become masters of strength and skill, who cares what becomes of the masts and bars and ropes on which they strained their muscle? (J, IV, 126-127).

We know the authentic effects of the true fire through every one of its million disguises. (J, V, 188).

...the philosopher avails himself of the drama, the epic, the novel, and becomes a poet; for these complex forms allow of the utterance of his knowledge of life by indirections as well as in the didactic way, and can therefore express the fluxional quantities and values which the thesis or dissertation could never give. (J, V, 189).

In the middle of the period covered by these entries appeared "The Poet," the full-grown descendant of Nature. And one cannot read the essays after 1848 (beginning with English Traits) without being returned again and again to "The Poet" and ultimately to Nature. Not only are these two permanently suggestive; they come as close as is possible in Emerson's work to establishing something normative, an art which we can call characteristically Emersonian because the weight of the emphasis continues to be provided by them. It is their view of art and their flowing law of permutation which throws into intelligible relief the half praise of Bacon and the discounting of Locke, Arthur Hallam, Dickens and Thackeray in "Literature" (English Traits). And they help to explain the many-stringed instrument in "Fate" (Conduct of Life), where, through the "pounding on each string...comes some reasonable hope of harmonizing them;" the plea for "the old eye" and "abandonment" on the part of the scientist and inventor (in "Works and Days," Society and Solitude) so that they will work with poetry and humanity; Emerson's criticism in the strange eulogy at Thoreau's funeral ("Thoreau," Lectures and Biographical Sketches) of Thoreau's penchant for grasping and seeking to hold the ungraspable; the less than optimistic reminder in the "Fortune of the Republic" (Miscellanies) that "We want men of original perception and original action...who can live in the moment and take a step forward"; the keynote in "Poetry and Imagination" (Letters and Social Aims) that "the creation is on wheels, in transit, always passing into something else" and that "the interest is gradually transferred from the forms to the lurking method."<sup>14</sup>

Rather than elaborate on any of these examples, I want only to note them and pass on, in conclusion, to another late work for a brief analysis--Natural History of Intellect, particularly its first part, "Powers and Laws of Thought." Emerson began composing this "natural history" while under the influence of scientific lectures he had attended in Paris and London during his European visit in 1847-1848. The object would be to treat powers of thought as "facts," "objects of science" which "may be numbered and recorded, like

We learn with joy and wonder this new and flattering art of language, deceived by the exhilaration which accompanies the attainment of each new word.... It seemed to men that words come nearer to the thing; described the fact; were the fact. They learn later that they only suggest it. It is an operose, circuitous way of putting us in mind of the thing, --of flagellating our attention. (J, VI, 274-275).

All forms are fluent, and as the bird alights on the bough and pauses for rest, then plunges into the air again on its way, so the thoughts of God pause but for a moment in any form, but pass into a new form.... A wise man is not deceived by the pause: he knows that it is momentary: he already foresees the new departure, and departure after departure, in long series. (J, VII, 117).<sup>13</sup>

The only gift to men, the only event, is a new image, a new symbol. (J, VII, 211).

Every poem must be made up of lines that are poems. (J, VII, 523).





stamens and vertebrae." Hence he divided "Powers and Laws of Thought" into three numbered sections and analyzed the mind and its matrix in two separate succeeding essays. The scientific techniques he adopted are superficial at best: "The analytic process is cold and bereaving and, shall I say it? somewhat mean, as spying." The essays, completed for a series of lectures at Harvard in 1870, verify this. A poetic mode comes closer to it, for the life of the mind is a miracle and "the use of a course on philosophy is that the student shall learn to appreciate" that miracle. The essays, then, will be an "ode," not a "surgical" performance. Emerson proceeds to create metaphor instead of metaphysics and a succession of images as his truest facts. The structure of the lectures in this way imitates the action of their subject: just as the mind continually turns its perceptions into generalizations according to man, thus holding both multiplicity and movement by its centering action, so the word synthesizes and reconciles, binding in order to unbind. The attempt, then, is to delineate the law of permutation, the poetic quality of mental life when it is free. He called these lectures "anecdotes of the intellect; a sort of Farmer's Almanac of mental moods" and "some sketches or studies" which at best were synecdoches of a more complete "picture" of human intellect.

The first section of "Powers and Laws of Thought" begins appropriately with the imaging of intellectual life as the ebbing and flowing sea, then shifts to the image of the river: "In my thought I seem to stand on the bank of a river and watch the endless flow of the stream, floating objects of all shapes, colors and natures; nor can I much detain them as they pass, except by running beside them a little way along the bank. But whence they come or whither they go is not told me. Only I have a suspicion that, as geologists say every river makes its own valley, so does this mystic stream. It makes its valley, makes its banks and makes perhaps the observer too. Who has found the boundaries of human intelligence?" (W, XII, 16). The relation of perception to expression is described as follows: the perceptions "hasten to incarnate themselves in action, to take body. . . . They take to themselves wood and stone and iron; ships and cities and nations and armies of men and ages of duration; . . . agriculture, trade, commerce;--these are the ponderous instrumentalities into which the nimble thoughts pass, and which they animate and alter, and presently, antagonized by other thoughts which they first aroused, or by thoughts which are the sons and daughters of these, the thought buries itself in the new thought of larger scope, whilst the old instrumentalities and incarnations are decomposed and recomposed into new." (W, XII, 18-19).

Nature invites and confirms this decomposing and recomposing, the second and third sections argue, because the mind's mode is also endemic to nature. Here, of course, some of Emerson's descendents, most notably Wallace Stevens, part company with him. Emerson easily finds evidence to support his belief in a correspondence between the modes of nature and mind (and, by extension, between nature and art). The view in Stevens's poems, on the contrary, rarely deviates from the pronouncement in "Sunday Morning" that "We live in an old chaos of the sun." It is his conviction that chaos resists order and has little affinity to the mind and his belief that the isolated parts of one's world cannot realize their own unity that nourish his sense of absurdity ("the deer and the dachshund are one"). Emerson and Stevens, then, hold essentially the same view of how mind and art work; Emerson, because nature agrees and the artist must be a good citizen of nature in order to work well; Stevens, because nature is chaotic and alien and man must be the poet in order to survive and work. For Emerson the law of permutation is the law of the universe; for Stevens it is strictly the law of the human creative initiative, the "giant of nothingness" who is "ever changing, living in change." The counterpart to Emerson's "The Poet" is "Notes toward a Supreme Fiction," to "Powers and Laws of Thought" is "A Primitive Like an Orb." Emerson's "eternal resurrection and rehabilitation," which both define and account for the power of mental life, is enacted in "A Primitive Like an Orb," in which the permutation proceeds from "center of things" to "arias" to "gorging good" to "essential gold" to "slight geni" to "harmony" to "Green guests and table in the woods" to "space grown wide" to "central poem" to mating to "light" to "vis" to "principle" to "magnet" to "giant." (Stanza VII is the paradigm for the whole poem; each line is another image and another poem.) Both works, in fact, culminate with the same image. Emerson concludes "Powers and Laws of Thought" with a discussion of the "shapeless giant" (W, XII, 35) which in the next essay is characteristically given new versions--"slumberous giant," "oldest angel," "drowsy genius" (W, XII, 69).

The law of permutation, whose life is the giant "excited," is more than the kind of transference observed in trade and commerce, Emerson suggests. This reminder is the heart of the argument in the second essay of Natural History of Intellect. The better man does not transfer objects but changes their arrangement. And the best men actually create, that is, engender new forms, themselves as various as the shapes of leaves: some create commodities, some poems; one man forms new social relationships,



another a new philosophy. This constant creation "never rests or repeats itself, but casts its old garb, and reappears, another creature: the old energy in a new form, with all the vigor of the earth." To apply this to the literary artist, "No practical rules for the poem, no working-plan was ever drawn up. It is miraculous at all points" (W, XII, 71-72).

It is this mode, "the old energy" forever reappearing "in a new form" and with new energy, that provides what directedness and stability there are in Emerson's art. The world, to him, is always a "spectacle," an endlessly changing field. The self, too, never rests, but participates in the changing scene. The stable point is not an inner faculty or the ego or an over-soul, but an on-going action in which we know ourselves through the world and the world according to us. Much of the time Emerson's discussion of the self is virtually interchangeable with his discussion of art. The language seeks out the "I" as the center to which all is to be related. Yet immediately in such a reduction the "I" shades into its basic denominator, the single point of consciousness with no dimension except that created by the point on the move. Seen by themselves, apart from the mode of permutation, the individual acts appear discontinuous, each act a new and isolated motif. Followed through, Emerson would say, they are the life that makes us as we are and the very life that makes and is the art.

The continuity-discontinuity of the mode accounts for the tension rarely absent from Emerson's art between the presence of the "I" as justifier and regulator of the world of its horizons and the recognition that the "I" is nothing even though it sees all, is but a momentary act or moment of being among all other transient forms vanishing in time (and in art) to reappear as a new form. The true epiphany is the brightness of change in experience and language, the serious play of permutation. The least interesting passages in Emerson are also the kind of writing he feared most--where poetic prose becomes pure prose and the exposition settles into a sabbath of rest. The artist cannot hope to solve the sphinxian riddle of his existence by becoming like the sphinx. In Emerson's "The Sphinx" the crouching stone oracle has waited in silence not to baffle man, but because the true poet has not yet arrived. When he finally appears, with the "proper eye,"

Uprose the merry Sphinx  
And crouched no more in stone;  
She melted into purple cloud,  
She silvered in the moon;

She spired into a yellow flame;  
She flowered in blossoms red;  
She flowed into a foaming wave;  
She stood Monadnoc's head.

#### APPENDIX

Listed here are additional journal entries spanning the years from the writing of Nature to 1848. The view they express constitutes one of the two or three most persistent emphases in the Journals for these years.

How much is supposed in every discourse! O poet! thou wert ten times a poet, if thou couldst articulate that unsaid part. (J, IV, 495).

Ah! that I could reach with my words the force of that rhetoric of things in which the Divine mind is conveyed to me, day by day, in what I call my life; a loaf of bread, an errand to the town, a temperate man, an industrious man. (J, V, 376-377).

No inventory is complete.... The asters and eupatoriums are maturing their leaves and buds, the gerardia is getting ready its profuse flowers, warning me that my book should be ended before their capsules are filled with seed. (J, V, 422).

Of Carlyle's method Emerson observed: "His contemplation has no wings. He exhausts his topic. There is no more to be said when he has ended. He is not suggestive." (J, V, 440).

The method of advance in nature is perpetual transformation. Be ready to emerge from the chrysalis of today, its thoughts and institutions, as thou hast come out of the chrysalis of yesterday. (J, V, 484-485).

Could you not by grasping it very tight hold the stream of a river, or of a small brook, and prevent it from flowing? (J, VI, 101).

Life itself is an interim and a transition; this, O Indur, is my one and twenty thousandth form, and already I feel the old Life sprouting underneath in the twenty thousand and first.... (J, VI, 419-420).

We sidle towards the problem. If we could speak the direct, solving word, it would solve us too; we should die, or be liberated as the gas in the great gas of the atmosphere. (J, VII, 91).





I should say that the imagination exists by sharing the ethereal currents. (J, VII, 160).

Hawthorne invites his readers too much into his study, opens the process before them. As if the confectioner should say to his customers, "Now, let us make the cake" (J, VII, 188).

On the seashore at Nantucket I saw the play of the Atlantic with the coast. Here was wealth; every wave reached a quarter of a mile along shore as it broke.... Our expression is so slender, thin, and cramp; can we not learn here a generous eloquence? (J, VII, 270-271).

The interest of the gardener and the pomologist has the same foundation as that of the Poet, -- namely, in the metamorphosis. (J, VII, 313).

The world is a glass dictionary. (J, VII, 515).

If I wrote a novel, my hero should begin a soldier and rise out of that to such degrees of wisdom and virtue as we could paint; for that is the order of Nature. (J, VII, 518).

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- 1 Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, 10 vols. (Boston and New York, 1909-1914), III, 477. Hereafter cited parenthetically as J. The essays are from The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 12 vols., Centenary Edition (Boston and New York, 1903). Subsequently the Complete Works will be noted as W. 2 Philadelphia, 1953, p. 52.
- 3 "Introduction," Selections from Ralph Waldo Emerson (Boston, 1957), pp. xviii-xix.
- 4 The most recent example is John Q. Anderson's The Liberating Gods (Coral Gables, 1971). Two notable exceptions are Jonathan Bishop's Emerson On the Soul and Phyllis Burke's unpublished doctoral thesis, "Emerson's Prose Style: His Created World" (University of Washington). Of the two, Bishop is much more willing to account for the behavior of Emerson's language. Ms. Burke recognizes that Emerson's language emerges "with its own individual nature," to quote the Journals, and that it is essentially a private one. More importantly, she notes the shifting perspectives, permutations of images, switching of motifs and the logical inconsistencies. But she finally concludes the style is erratic and confusing, making her judgment out of a critical context which Emerson consistently and flatly rejects.
- 5 "The Dialectical Unity in Emerson's Prose," The Journal of Speculative Philosophy, XVIII (April, 1884), 195-202; and "Emerson's Philosophy of Nature," The Genius and Character of Emerson, ed. F. B. Sanborn (Boston and New York, 1898), pp. 339-364.
- 6 Jonathan Bishop, Emerson On The Soul (Cambridge, 1964), p. 188.
- 7 Emerson's Angle of Vision (Cambridge, 1952), p. 30.
- 8 "Ralph Waldo Emerson," Masters of American Literature, edited by Leon Edel, Thomas H. Johnson, Sherman Paul and Claude Simpson (Cambridge, 1959), p. 269.
- 9 And here, I suggest, is the vital impulse of an American literary tradition. To the list should be added Robert Frost when he is not editorializing and epigrammatizing in the public role of witty and wise cultural hero and William Carlos Williams in his later work (notably from Paterson on).
- 10 Emerson On The Soul, pp. 9-15.
- 11 ELH, XXXI (March, 1964), 86-105. See also Poets of Reality (Cambridge, 1966), pp. 217-284.
- 12 R. A. Yoder, "Toward the 'Titmouse Dimension': The Development of Emerson's Poetic Style," PMLA, LXXXVII (March, 1972), p. 255-270.
- 13 The succession of clauses and phrases, with the colons and commas separating the cadences, creates an interesting doubleness: the restless, on-going sentence, yet the periodic stops poised against the movement, a compressed version of end becoming beginning and the stopping serving as a new departure.
- 14 Precise dates cannot be determined for many of these essays. "Literature" and "Fate" belong to the early fifties, "Works and Days" was delivered first in 1857, "Thoreau" was written in 1862 immediately following Thoreau's death, "Fortune of The Republic" was drafted in 1863 and revised after the War, "Poetry and Imagination" grew out of several stages of work in the 1840's, 1850's and 1860's, but was first delivered as a lecture (in two parts) in 1872.

## WORKS, DAYS, POETRY, AND IMAGINATION

HYATT H. WAGGONER

If there were world enough and time, I should like to write a rather long and quite detailed commentary on two of Emerson's major late essays that seem to me not as well known as they deserve to be,



"Works and Days" in Society and Solitude and "Poetry and Imagination" in Letters and Social Aims. "Works and Days" starts out as an expository essay on the technological progress of Emerson's century but then about a third of the way along becomes a prose poem on the "everlasting Now" available to the imagination in those "mystic" units of time we experience as our days. "Poetry and Imagination" is less coherent, even at times jerky, betraying its late composition, compilation almost, from passages written earlier, but it may well be the wisest, most penetrating, and most complete treatment of its subject in our literature. The long commentary will have to wait, or be done by someone else, but I can at least try to suggest some of the reasons why the two essays deserve more attention than they normally receive.

I have just written at some length on the relation between the poem "Days" and the essay "Works and Days" and I do not wish to repeat myself here on that subject. Only this: that if Matthiessen had had the essay more freshly in mind when he wrote about "Days" in American Renaissance he would not, we can only suppose, have fallen into the error of interpreting the poem as an ironic exercise in the Eliotic Symbolist mode. (On the other hand, he might have decided to read the poem as he did anyway, since in his time "external evidence," even when found in other works by the same writer, was taboo, and to consider a writer's "intention" was supposed to be a critical "fallacy.") The essay makes clear Emerson's intention in the poem: the speaker, having forgotten his morning wishes to make the most of "the deep today," chooses unimaginatively when he takes a few herbs and apples. Herbs had real or supposed curative powers, and apples were good to eat--and Emerson, an enthusiastic orchardist, enjoyed both raising and eating them; but the potential depth of the day could be appreciated only by one who apprehended the "mystic" significance of stars and sky and the "Cosmos" (Emerson's emphasis) they suggest. All the other gifts, the pleasantly and humbly useful herbs and apples, the humbly necessary fagots and bread, and even the diadems and kingdoms that suggest worldly riches and power, are under, lower than, the "sky that holds them all," as the Many are contained in the One. The poem laments the failure of a Transcendentalist to live always in terms of his Transcendental awareness.

The first part of the essay, as I have said, treats those good and useful "works" of the century--the railroads and telegraphs, balloons and photography--that Emerson would be the last to decry, that he indeed often praised enthusiastically. These are the parallels in history of the poem's herbs and apples. (Emerson spent a good deal of time and money procuring the latest improved varieties of apples, peaches, and pears for his orchard; these too were evidences of "progress.") But then, having applauded them without qualification, he wonders whether these great "works" of his age are a sufficient reason for self-congratulation. "Invention breeds invention," but what have all the inventions done for the quality of our life? Men become the tools of their machines. Commerce is still as "selfish" as ever, and politics "were never more corrupt and brutal." We can imagine the Hawthorne of "The Celestial Railroad" writing Emerson's transitional sentence: "Many facts concur to show that we must look deeper for our salvation than to steam, photographs, balloons or astronomy." Deeper than either applied or pure science, in short. Insofar as his century had come to feel that material progress gave it sufficient reason for confidence, his age was quite mistaken: "Works and days were offered us, and we took works."

Emerson's double consciousness was never better illustrated than in the turn the essay now takes. "We live in two worlds at once," as he said elsewhere, and the trick is not to forget either. Railroads are realities in space and time and they alter our experience of both dimensions, but there are still more important, though less tangible, realities that only imaginative vision can realize but that must be realized if we are to be saved from grossness and triviality. Properly--that is, imaginatively--apprehended, the day is a "miracle." The poetic imagination sees in each day "the heaven deep with worlds," senses the tenuousness of the boundaries between "matter and spirit." Every day is a "miracle hurled into every beggar's hands. The blue sky is a covering for a market and for the cherubim and seraphim." Experiencing our days unimaginatively, we trivialize them, not realizing that in each of them "He lurks, he hides, --he who is success, reality, joy, and power" (Emerson's emphasis).

Emerson's Puritan ministerial ancestors would have called the "he" Emerson emphasizes typographically here "God." Emerson, wary of misinterpretation by the orthodox, usually chose instead terms like "World-Soul," "Over-Soul," "Spirit," or even sometimes, in his earlier years, simply "Reason." But under whatever name, this was the One that contained the Many, the Reality that manifested itself in the manifold actualities. The realm of the Many, in which all of us must live, might seem sufficient to the man of action and could even seem sufficient to satisfy the scholarly man of thought--for example, the learned





historian who offers us mere facts, who is dismissed with some scorn late in the essay--but nothing less than an intuition of the One could satisfy the poet. No mere scholarship but only the poetic imagination "can uncover the ligaments concealed from all but piety, which attach dull men and things we know to the First Cause."

One use of "Works and Days," apart from the satisfactions it can afford us as a great prose poem, is to correct the widespread notion that as Emerson qualified and toned-down his Transcendentalism in his later years he ceased to be "religious." He re-defined "nature," as he tells us in "Fate," from opportunity to limitation, toward which he cultivated resignation, but he did not lose his sense of the reality of the One behind and within the Many. He came to see the apprehension of it as more difficult but not as impossible. He knew from experience how easy it was to be content with mere herbs and apples, but he never gave up his belief that the scorn the speaker in the poem saw on the face of the day was deserved. If idealistic metaphysics could not support the religious intuitions, as he had argued when he began his career with the manifesto Nature, then the poetic imagination was enough and more than enough. As he put it in the late essay "Immortality," not logic, not philosophy, but the poetry of Wordsworth's great "Ode" continued to be "the best modern essay on the subject. We cannot prove our faith by syllogisms."

I have deliberately interpreted the latter two-thirds of "Works and Days" in terms of ideas Emerson leaves mostly implied there but makes explicit in "Poetry and Imagination" because the essays seem to me to complement each other. They make a pair in much the same way that "Self-Reliance" and "The Over-Soul" make a pair, each being incomplete as "theory" without the other. "Self-reliance" would be childish self-assertion and self-engrossment, as Quentin Anderson has described it in The Imperial Self, if the Over-Soul were not real and not within us. Similarly, the claims made for the poetic imagination would seem exaggerated if we did not assume that poets, like the rest of us, live in the actual world of things, of inventions, commerce, and politics, described in the opening section of "Works and Days." It is typical of Emerson's essays, and to my way of thinking not a weakness in them, that they are theoretically unbalanced, ambiguous, and inadequate--as philosophy, as social science, or even as ethical or literary theorizing. They offer us knowledge, not just emotive satisfactions; but the kind of knowledge they offer us is the kind that poetry offers. "All thinking is analogizing," Emerson says in "Poetry and Imagination," and the thinking in the best of the essays proceeds by metaphor.

"The Poet" is at once a more impassioned, lyrical, and coherent prose poem than "Poetry and Imagination" and a less shrewd and prescient one. I know of no essay by Eliot or Stevens on the subject that foreshadows so completely as "Poetry and Imagination" both the theory and the practice of contemporary poets--and a good many older ones too, like Pound and Williams. "The Poet's dictum that, "It is not metre but metre-making argument that makes a poem" has now been boiled down to "Ask the fact for the form," a condensation that shifts the statement away from abstraction and avoids the irrelevant meanings of "argument." A. R. Ammons' "Poetics" is just one of many fine contemporary poems that either state or illustrate the ideal--or, in this case, do both at once.

The essay announces an epistemology that is relevant to whole areas of contemporary thought and feeling, not just to contemporary poetry. Parts of it read as though they might have been written by an English-speaking Heidegger in Poetry, Language, Thought. The direction of Emerson's thinking in the essay is offered support by Thomas S. Kuhn's too-little-known The Structure of Scientific Revolutions and James J. Gibson's The Perception of the Visual World. We are just now beginning to understand the world and our knowledge of it in ways fully adumbrated in "Poetry and Imagination," as reading in the same sitting first Emerson's essay and then Ruth Nanda Anshen's "Credo Perspectives: Their Meaning and Their Function" in Paul Tillich's My Search for Absolutes would strongly suggest.

I have wanted to call attention to these two seldom-mentioned essays and to suggest, in skeletal form, some of the reasons why I find them rewarding and important. Everything I have said, if true, needs either expansion or qualification. If I have prompted anyone to reread them, or to read them for the first time, I have done the job I set out to do. It is unsafe to assume that late Emerson is weak Emerson.

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# THE EVOLUTION OF EMERSON'S SECOND "NATURE"

RICHARD LEE FRANCIS

Writing to his brother William in February, 1844, Emerson referred to the "chapters" of his new collection of essays he had thus far written as possessing an "obituary sound" (L, III, 242). And to Margaret Fuller a few days later he noted: "when I write I perversely turn my back on ethics, & write on Nature, Poets, Life..." (L, III, 243). Because of this ironic tone of self deprecation in his letters, Emerson more clearly revealed his concerns in the notebooks for this period. In an entry in Journal G for 6 July 1841, he mused: "In every week there is some hour when I read my commission in every cipher of nature, and know that I was made for another office, a professor of the Joyous Science, a detector & delineator of occult harmonies & unpublished beauties, a herald of civility, nobility, learning, & wisdom; an affirmer of the One Law, yet as one who should affirm it in music or dancing, a priest of the Soul yet one who would better love to celebrate it through the beauty of health & harmonious power" (JMN, VIII, 8). The old dilemma of vocation had resurfaced after the publication of the first series of Essays, and Nature was once more to be the overt means for resolving the dilemma. At the start of Journal H which he kept simultaneously with G in late 1841, he cryptically entered without elaboration: "Nature is a silent man" (JMN, VIII, 79). Like that other troublesome time after the Divinity School Address, when he endeavored to explore the "Method of Nature," he again turned to the natural world to help define the Self. "The Poet" speaks of the way in which language well shaped reveals what he called the "Metamorphosis of nature" (JMN, VIII, 23). Perhaps the most revealing passages of all are from the K journal for 1842. The first is somewhat self-deprecating in its initial tone but not inconsistent with the second: "I am most of the time a very young child who does not pretend to oversee nature & dictate its law. I play with it like other infants as my toy. I see sun & moon & river without asking their causes. I am pleased by the mysterious music of falling water or the rippling & washing against the shores without knowing why. Yet child as I am I know that I may in any moment wake up to the sense of authority & deity herein. A seer, a prophet passing by will bring me to it; poetry will; nay I shall think it in austere woods & they will tremble and turn to dreams" (JMN, VIII, 217). The second passage describes more precisely the relation of the poet to nature, yet it also suggests something of the mystery and awe of child-like wonder stressed in the first but this time on a more sophisticated level. Though it was not used directly in "The Poet," it contains one of the central metaphors of that essay: "The Poet should not only be able to use nature as his hieroglyphic, but he should have a still higher power, namely, an adequate message to communicate; a vision fit for such a faculty" (JMN, VIII, 229). This passage is consistent with that journal entry of two years earlier, when he first proposed a "new Chapter on Nature": "We are predominated herein as elsewhere by an upper wisdom and resemble those great discoverers who are haunted for years, sometimes from infancy with a passion for the fact or class of facts in which the secret lies which they are destined to unlock & they let it not go until the blessing is won. So these sunsets & starlights, these swamps & rocks, these birdnotes & animal forms off which we cannot get our eyes & ears but hover still as moths round a lamp are no doubt a Sanscrit cipher covering the whole religious history of the Universe, & presently we shall read it off into action & character" (JMN, VII, 375). But it is not altogether consistent with subsequent passages in other journals for 1842 and 1843, which express some doubt about man's relation to nature. Journal Z [A] records how "Nature hates calm system-makers" because her methods are impulsive--a passage used in "Experience" (JMN, VIII, 317). In Journal R the following year is another revealing utterance: "In Nature the doubt recurs whether the man is the cause or the effect.... Culminate we do not: but that point of imperfection which we occupy--is it on the way up or down?" A few lines further on is the quotation: "Look not on Nature, for her name is fatal" (JMN, VIII, 362).

Clearly these observations over a period of four years reveal a mind once more in turmoil over what role Nature was to play in defining the intricate relationship between the self and society. Like the efforts to define the role of the Scholar, these attempts at redefining nature were characterized by ambivalences. It is difficult to agree with Edward Emerson that the essay on "Nature" reflects a "serener mood" than the earlier one (W, III, 328). The ferment is more experienced and more muted in tone but nonetheless real. The motto touches on the perplexity:

The rounded world is fair to see,  
Nine times folded in mystery:  
Though baffled seers cannot impart

The secret of its laboring heart,  
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,  
And all is clear from east to west (W, III, 167).





The mystery persists concerning the natural world, but man can at least gain some comprehension of its meaning by becoming attuned to its rhythms. So the essay begins with a highly lyrical passage of response to the wonder of the seasons experienced by the "surprised man of the world," who stands like a pilgrim at "the gates of the forest." The enchantments of nature are medicinal--"they sober and heal us" (W, III, 169, 171). But they also hint at greater possibilities, of "ministrations to the imagination and the soul," which (in Emerson's favorite Miltonic metaphor) will allow us to converse with Gabriel and Uriel. Since, however, this kind of ecstatic response can "outrun the sympathy of readers," Emerson turned to a more systematic analysis, taking as principal terms the old scholastic distinction between natura naturata (or "nature passive" as he called it) and natura naturans ("Efficient Nature") (W, III, 176, 179). The former is a reflection of the best in man and, therefore, somewhat unreal until "the landscape has human figures that are as good as itself" (W, III, 178). Since man's condition is fallen (a position Emerson emphatically established in "Experience"), it must be distinguished from the condition of nature, which is "erect," thus severely limiting the identity of man with nature passive. If, however, we turn to Efficient Nature we encounter a different condition: we move from a concern with its unitary significance to a concern with aggregate objects. In a passage of considerable importance to the evolution of his schema, Emerson described active Nature: "It publishes itself in creatures, reaching from particles and spiculae through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries, arriving at consummate results without a shock or a leap. A little heat, that is a little motion, is all that differences the bald, dazzling white and deadly cold poles of the earth from the prolific tropical climates. All changes pass without violence, by reason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless space and boundless time. Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures, and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing rightly, for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed; then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides" (W, III, 179-180).

This sense of the long continuum of the objects of the natural world sets the theme for the remainder of the essay and nicely foreshadows the revised version of Nature (1849) with its new motto describing the spires of form. This vision of evolutionary change is one aspect of the dual comprehension of nature that Emerson now saw. Motion and rest are its principal characteristics. Motion defines the nature of things as we encounter them in the world around us; rest characterizes our ability to organize the motion by identifying the analogies that exist between things. Thus the centrifugal action of the world is matched by a centripetal one. Central to recognizing the relation between these two forces is Man, who "carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought" (W, III, 183). But Nature is not merely Mind (as in the earlier essay); it is also Force. Nature initiates action through an "aboriginal push," which (in a revealing metaphor) "propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball; through all the races of creatures, and through the history and performances of every individual" (W, III, 184). It is like electricity in the air; it generates action.

With this dual concept Emerson overtly modified the construct of his original essay on Nature in a fashion consistent with the evolutionary modification of that construct as it had emerged in the intervening essays. The schema of this one is consistent with that of "The Poet" and "Experience" and with the final four of the first series. Like the distinction between "intellect constructive" and "intellect receptive," the concept of nature "passive" and "efficient" permitted Emerson to distinguish the mental dimension of Nature from its physical manifestation and yet preserve the unity of the whole. By insisting that Nature generates excess energy at the same time that it preserves the harmony and symmetry of the whole, Emerson extended his law of compensation and affirmed in other terms the distinction between "thinking" and "acting" as enunciated in "Self-Reliance." By conceiving two separate spheres of Nature, he could account for the inadequacies encountered in the daily world--for those shortcomings in human experience. This is the sphere of Nature wherein is "something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere; keeps no faith with us" (W, III, 190). When he observed that "we are encamped in nature, not domesticated," he spoke of this sphere.

The metaphoric analogy to these "deceits in life" is in the "face of external nature"--the landscape. In a revealing passage he commented: "I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating





feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour, as forelooking to some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. It is an odd jealousy, but the poet finds himself not near enough to his object. The pine-tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere" (W, III, 192). This frustration, which even the poet feels, could lead to suspicion rather than acceptance of the fact that Nature cannot be "rashly explained," that "her secret is untold." Emerson now suggested that we cannot deal with Nature as we deal with persons. The relationship with it was not to be defined solely in terms of what happens to us in our daily existence. That approach can be discouraging or disheartening, the result of "looking too much at one condition of nature, namely, Motion" (W, III, 194). For inherent in every action are the "innate universal laws" which, "while they exist in the mind as ideas, stand around us in nature forever embodied, a present sanity to expose and cure the insanity of men" (W, III, 195). This is the compensation of Rest or Identity.

Thus man traverses "the whole scale of being, from the centre to the poles of nature." In a vivid metaphor which develops the images of the motto he launched his peroration: "Here is no ruin, no discontinuity, no spent ball. The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought" (W, III, 196). The vividness of the image crystallizes the dual spheres of nature. The movement, the flowing, is in both directions, from rest to motion, then back to rest. Nature passive affirms Nature Efficient and vice versa. In a brief but very cryptic assertion he affirmed the importance of man to this concept of Nature, but in a way rather different from his exultant conclusion to his volume of 1836: "Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated." The first three conditions are those of the sphere of motion; the latter of man embodied in the sphere of rest. In the earlier essay Emerson had affirmed Nature by affirming Man. Here he delineated the various roles of Man and saw some aspects of Nature suffusing these separate spheres. Since the "whole and the particle" are equal channels of "that power" which energizes Nature, there is no secondary, subordinate condition here in quantitative terms--the whole is not greater than the particle. But the final sentences suggest a qualitative distinction that preserves the transcendental, hierarchical character of the construct: "Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after a long time" (W, III, 196).

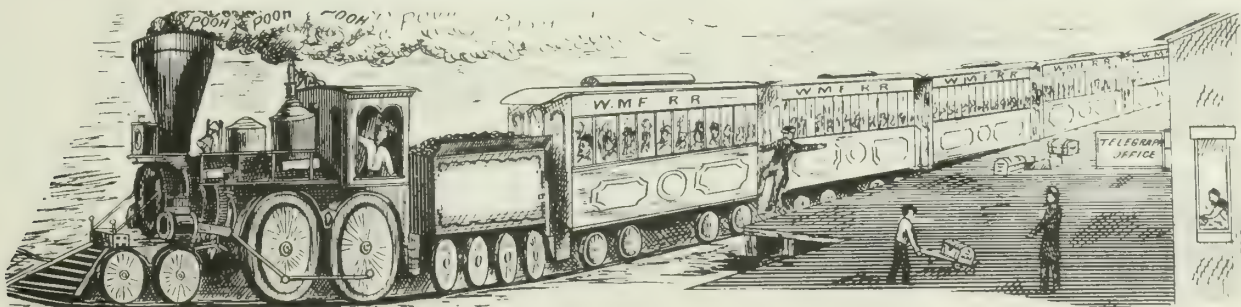
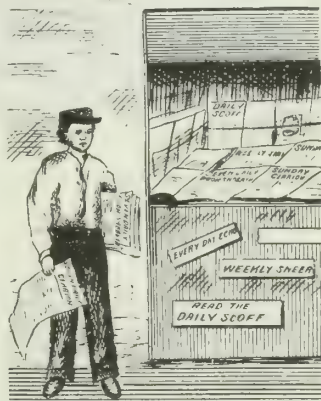
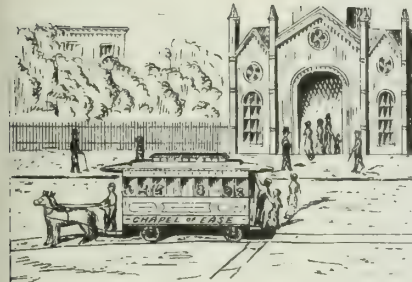
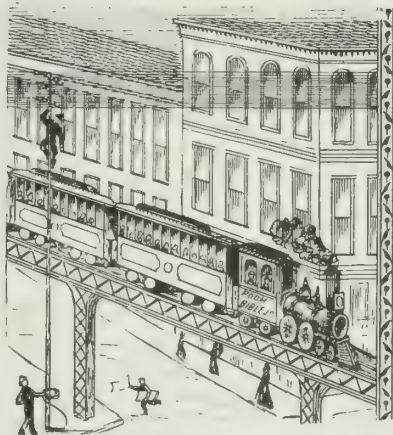
The intuitive insight transcends the immediate experience, giving it depth and meaning. In 1841, Emerson recorded in his Dialling notebook a trip to Walden Pond in which he charged nature with emptiness. "That was the expression of the wide amphitheatre to the blank eye. It seemed as if the curtain should every moment rise & this maternal cluck which filled the groves & all this ado & flutter of small creatures give place to what is truly great. But thus is the particular & near ever standing in eternal contrast to the grand horizon of sun & stars that shuts down or shuts never down above it" (JMN, VIII, 494-495). His response was strongly ambiguous here but contained echoes of the familiar transcendental solution that is spelled out with more precise, if somewhat unfamiliar, images in "Nature." Clearly the rethinking of man's relation to the globe was provoked by the sobering experience of his son's death. On the one side was the emptiness which this passage records, but on the other was the insight displayed more hopefully three pages earlier in the same journal. "I may say without violating any man's sense of probability that the only way into nature is to enact our insight. Instantly we are higher poets, & not as before can vary our expression of one law, but can speak a deeper law" (JMN, VIII, 494). This latter passage was in part used in "The Method of Nature" (1841) but it was not until "Nature" three years later that the crucible of experience would crystallize the exact relationship of this insight to the other sphere of Nature with which he had not previously reckoned in its entirety. With that relation of Nature passive to Nature Efficient defined, he was able in subsequent essays to explore the area of man's daily concerns, turning on it the penetrating gaze of the Poet.

Western Washington State College



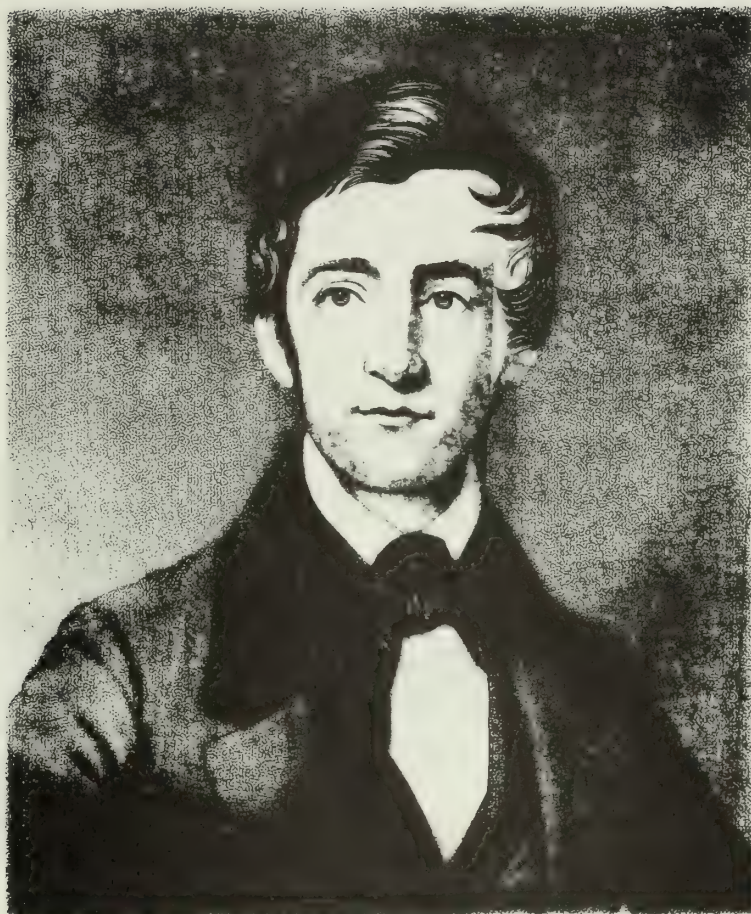








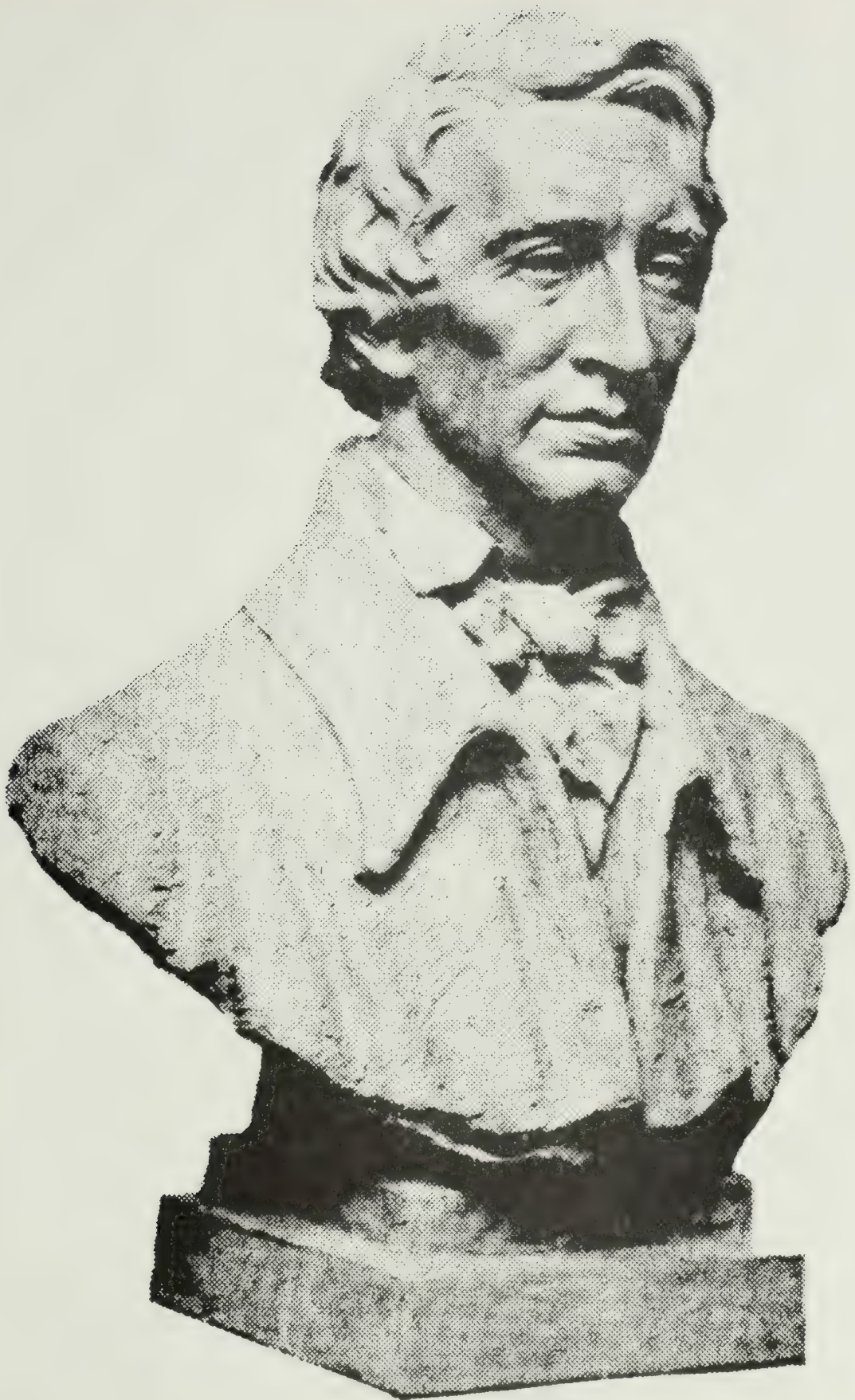




*RW Emerson*











# LOWELL THE PATRIOT.

To many of our readers the news of the death of James Russell Lowell will come like a physical blow. There was in his social speech and writing such an exuberance of personality, such a suggestion of treasures of wit and humor undrawn upon, as those who knew the man find it hard to connect with the thought of annihilation. But for the public his works remain. Had he lived, they might have been added to, but we are not deprived of them by his death. They have taken their place, perhaps among the classics of our race, certainly among the classics of our nation. They were among the first to answer the question, *Who reads an American book?* and their author's name will be among those repeated by posterity in answer to the question, *What has America given to the world?*

The present is not the time, nor is this the place, for a discriminating estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet or as a man of letters. As we have said, his works in those directions will be as much the possession of future generations as of our own. But we cannot forbear dwelling upon an aspect of his character that was to a certain extent independent of his literary gifts, and which was, therefore, peculiarly impressive to the men of his own day. He was in the loftiest sense of the word a patriot. The expression "the Father of his Country" is perhaps commonly used without any very clear apprehension of its meaning, but it is evident that the emotions of a Washington in looking upon the future of the nation whose leader he has been, are not unlike those felt by a father in contemplating the future of his son. Mr. Lowell's patriotism was imbued with a similar feeling. He loved his country; he rejoiced in her strength, in her greatness, in her progress, and in her promise. But it was in her strength when rightly used, in her greatness and progress in spiritual as well as in material things, in her promise of noble and honorable attainment, that he rejoiced. The maxim, "My country, right or wrong," was not to him a patriotic maxim, but the appeal of the demagogue to that contemptible travesty of patriotism, the chauvinism of the mob.

Hence we find him at the time of the Mexican war—the time of that other maxim, "My country, however bounded"—putting forth all his wonderful powers in opposition to the policy of our Government. We were playing the part of a bully towards Mexico, and that, too, not for the aggrandizement of the nation, but for that of the slave power. That it was the duty of a patriot to support his country in such enterprises was "not a part of Mr. Lowell's creed, and the "Biglow Papers," with their unrivalled wealth of sarcasm and common sense, of caustic contempt and playful humor, of appeals to reason and to conscience, were pro-

duced. It is a beautiful and honorable thing to die for one's country in a good cause; but it is not less noble to withstand her if the cause is bad. To do this is the part of the highest courage and of the purest patriotism.

The civil war showed that Mr. Lowell could guide and stimulate true patriotism with words as lofty and strong and wise as those with which he had repressed the false. Had the secession of the Southern States been peaceable, it might not have been easy to determine the duty of a patriot. But the wanton attack upon the flag of the Union left no room for doubt, and the righteousness of the cause stirred the profoundest depths of Mr. Lowell's heart and called forth the noblest efforts of his genius. There was no falseness or impurity in the notes of his song; it was always the spiritual, the ideal that he exalted in patriotism. He cried "with clenched hands and passionate pain," but it was Truth that he exalted, in strife and bloodshed and death, Truth that our brothers found,

Where all may hope to find,  
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind  
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.  
Where faith made whole with deed  
Breathes its awakening breath  
Into the lifeless creed,  
They saw her plumed and ruffled,  
With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.  
Thus he taught

That death within the sulphurous hostile lines  
In the mass wreck of noisy pitched battles,  
Plucks heart's ease and not rue.

Thus he sang, in words addressed to a brother poet, of faith to things unseen,

Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust;  
And words of doubt, when he spoke between,  
That made all earthly fortunes seem as dust,  
Matched with that duty, of Time and now,  
Of being brave and true.

And when it was all over, and the victory gloriously won, he voiced the mingled joy and sorrow of his countrymen, their chastened grief and grave exultation, in a triumphal hymn that was a very concentration of patriotism:

Down, down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!  
Thy God, in these distempered days,  
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,  
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!  
Down down in prayer and praise!  
No poorest in thy borders but may now  
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,  
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
Among the Nations bright beyond compare!  
What were our lives without thee?  
What all our lives to save thee?  
We reck not what we gave thee;  
We will not dare to doubt thee,  
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

It would be but a half recognition of Mr. Lowell's patriotism did we connect it only with our wars. There came a time when the leaders of the nation that had poured

forth its blood so generously for an idea fell to doubting if it would keep its promises to pay money, and when they were ready to drag the honor that had been so nobly exalted through the mire of repudiation. Then again Mr. Lowell's voice rang out in scornful rebuke of this ignoble weakness:

Poured our young martyrs their high-hearted blood  
That we might trample to congenial mud  
The soil with such a legacy sublimed?

And when his country once more turned from the path of dishonor, none of her children rejoiced more in her virtue. It was not from any love for controversy or capacious criticism that his heart was fed with wrath, and that he felt that he must twist his

little gift of words  
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords  
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing  
To leave on shameless backs their purple sting.

He loved the pleasures of retreat, to dream "in happy commune with the untainted brooks," or by the fire that "whispered its domestic joy," where, "walled with books," he heard not "the world's unmeaning noise." Nor must it be denied that he loved "to sit, well-dined," with those in other lands as well as this that were congenial. But the "Puritan drop" would not be quiet in his veins when his country was threatened with disgrace, and he turned from no duty towards her because it was distasteful to himself. He could not love his country did he not loathe her shame,

For never land long lease of empire won  
Whose sons ate silent when base deeds were done.

Once more Mr. Lowell was called upon to give proof of his patriotism, when the corrupt leaders of a degenerate party made the insolent claim that those who had acted with them for noble ends must follow them in their dirty struggle for the gains of office. To break with associations that had a sacredness far above that of ordinary parties was a cruel requirement of duty; but the course of a patriot was clear and Mr. Lowell did not falter. And as he had honored his country at home, so he brought honor to her abroad, for he could go nowhere that men did not think better of a country that could produce such men. It seems now as if our loss were irreparable. As we listen to the tawdry rant of pensioners seeking mercenaries, and as the shadow of financial dishonor once more darkens our future, a feeling of despair comes over us at the dearth of counsels that are at once good and strong, at the loss of that "wider and wiser humanity" that was so finely compounded with enthusiasm into patriotism. But such patriotism is not sterile, and he himself would have told us that in the time of our need the providence of God would raise us up leaders. In his own uplifting words,

Why make we moan  
For loss that doth enrich us yet





With upward yearnings of regret?  
 Bleaker than unmossed stone  
 (Our lives were but for this immortal gale  
 Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain!  
 As thrills of long-bushed tone  
 Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine  
 With keen vibrations from the touch divine  
 Of noble natures gone.

## N.Y. Evening Post

Mr. Lowell's interest in public affairs was says George William Curtis in the current number of Harper's Weekly, that of a clear-sighted man who knew history and other nations, and had the strongest faith in a government based upon popular intelligence. The country never sent abroad in the person of its minister a better American. Spain and England saw in him not only a man who, by his literary genius, had conferred honor upon his country, but who showed that the finest quality of manhood, a wholesome, common sense, thoroughly trained and amply equipped, was distinctively American. His patriotism was not the brag of conceit nor the blindness of ignorance, and the American of the hope and faith of its noblest children was never depicted with more searching insight than in his plea for democracy spoken at a mechanics' institute while he was minister in England; nor were the manly independence and courtesy of the American character ever more finely illustrated than in his essay upon "a certain condescension to foreigners." It was a patriotism which did not admit that arrogance and conceit and blatant self-assertion are peculiarly American, nor insist that every true American was for that reason better than everything which was not American. It was never unmindful that the root of our political system and of our national character was not aboriginally American, nor did it deny to the traditions of an older civilization and to the life of older nations a charm distinctively their own. Our literature has no work more essentially American than the "Biglow Papers," not only in the dialect form, but in its dramatic portraiture of the popular conscience of New England, of Lincoln's "plain people" who have given the distinctive impulse to American civilization, and from whose virtues has largely sprung the American character. It is worthwhile to lay stress upon this quality of Mr. Lowell, because it is the one to which much of his peculiar influence is due. Yet which is often overlooked or denied. That influence came from the humanity of his sympathies, his generous sympathy with noble aspiration and endeavor, his political independence and his steadfast fidelity to the high ideals of his youth.

## TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

### WORDS OF AFFECTION FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

#### A Message from Tennyson—London Press Opinions—Grief of Whittier and Holmes.

LONDON, August 13.—The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow-countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind, whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians are hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America and amid the highest admiration of England.

The *Standard* says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The *Daily News* says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy, and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and obituary notices.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well-known novelist and First Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmouth, in which, referring to the death of Mr. Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

Many telegrams from Englishmen prominent in literary, dramatic, and other walks of life are being received in this city expressing deep regret at the death of Mr. Lowell. Among the telegrams received this morning was one from Tennyson, who has recently returned to his residence at Aldworth, near Haslemere, from his summer home at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. The aged English poet was a close friend of Mr. Lowell, and the latter's death has affected him deeply. Lord Tennyson's message says:

"England and America will mourn Mr. Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine our sincerest sympathy with Mr. Lowell's family."  
 "TENNYSON."

Henry Irving, in a letter received to-day in this city, says, in reference to Mr. Lowell's death: "I, in common with all Englishmen, lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

All the afternoon papers of this city and the papers published in the provinces have long and eloquent expressions of admiration and regret on this side of the ocean bear eloquent testimony to the reality of the entente between the two great sections of the English-speaking race, which it was one of the objects of Mr. Lowell's life to promote. His place is with Carlyle and Ruskin. What these men have done in prose to kindle faith, stimulate conscience, and direct the energies of their time, Mr. Lowell has done in his prophetic verse."

Mr. Edmund William Gosse, who in 1894-'95 delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in several cities of the United States, has a long article in the *St. James's Gazette* in which he speaks lovingly of his dead friend. In concluding his article, he says: "It is too soon to attempt a final estimate of his place in history. We think to-day of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence, and his life-long devotion to letters. America mourns him as one of her foremost citizens. We, to whom America lent him for a time, may stand by her side and reverently partake of her sorrow."

Boston, August 13.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is much affected by the death of his life-long friend James Russell Lowell, although, as he says, he has known it was coming a long time. He declines, however, to talk on the subject for publication at this time.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Aug. 13.—John

Greenleaf Whittier, who has been forced to return from the mountains by ill health, was much shocked to hear of Mr. Lowell's death. "Too bad, too bad," he said, "indeed a great loss to American literature and to the world."

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., August 13.—George W. Cable, the novelist, speaking of Mr. Lowell, said: "Mr. Lowell was one of those American writers who joins the strongest impulses of national citizenship with the world's citizenship, and the highest loyalty to the highest art. What he wrote he was—and much more. He stands this test of greatness, that there is no falling off when we turn to the man and his life from the author and his books."

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 13.—Wm. Dean Howells, when informed of Mr. Lowell's death, was deeply affected. He declined to voice his estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet and a man. "He was too near and too dear to me," he said, "for me to say anything upon the subject at present. His death is a national calamity. Possibly I shall write an article upon him myself, and prefer that what I have to say should be given in my own words."

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 13.—Secretary Blaine, when informed of the death of James Russell Lowell, expressed his deepest sympathy at the sad news. When asked if he would not make some statement of Mr. Lowell's career as a diplomatist, he declined to do so.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### Some Recollections of Him by George Ticknor Curtis.

The death of James Russell Lowell has awakened in me a long train of recollections. I knew him when he was a little boy. He was ten years old and I was sixteen when, in 1827, we both attended as day pupils the boarding-school of Mr. William Wells in Cambridge, which was nearly opposite to the home of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, James's father. In that house James was born, and he had the good fortune to live in it all his life, except when he was abroad. His first wife, Maria White of Watertown, was my second cousin. She was a most intellectual person, of highly spiritual nature, and her influence in developing in him a propensity to literary pursuits was very great. Her constitution was extremely delicate, and she died early, leaving a daughter, her only child, now Mrs. Burnett.

Remained at Mr. Wells's school only one year. In August, 1828, I entered Harvard College, leaving "Jimmy Lowell," as we called him, still at the school. Mr. Wells was an Englishman, married to a lady who was a member of the Best family in Boston, and they had three grown-up daughters and two younger sons. Mr. Wells was a master of classical scholar, and a stern schoolmaster of the old-fashioned English type. I always heard a recitation with the book in his left hand and a rattan in his right, and if the boy made a false quantity or did not know the meaning of a word down came the rattan on his head. But this chastisement was never administered to me or to "Jimmy Lowell." Not to me because I was too young for it, and not to him because he was too young. I graduated from Harvard in 1832, six years before Lowell. I did not know much about him until after he became engaged to my cousin, Miss White. It was a long engagement, for James had no very good prospect of being established in business as a





lawyer. Miss White's father and some of Lowell's own relatives regarded him as a young man who would not make his own way in the world. They did not know his genius, but his Maria did know it and with the fidelity of a true woman she believed in his future. I used to hear a good deal about them in a circle of young people wiser than I was intimate, but who were younger than myself. Lowell had a kinsman in Boston who might have promoted his prospects at the bar; but this cousin of his always shook his head when James's name was mentioned, and if anyone had predicted James's career in his presence, this cousin would have been utterly incredulous. But this gentleman died before the young poet had gained much reputation. I am not aware that anyone owed his success in any degree to Lowell but himself; still, I think he was not naturally an industrious man. He had, I fancy, a propensity to idleness, which he bravely overcame. Having witnessed the whole of his career, I think I can say that the estimate of it given by Canon Farrar is perfectly just.

Undoubtedly the greatest public service that Mr. Lowell ever rendered consisted in what he did to promote and cement the friendship between the Government and people of Great Britain and the Government and people of the United States. We have other ministers to England who have done a good deal of this useful and beneficent work. But Lowell was in England at a peculiar time, a time when it was necessary that the work should be undertaken because the unpleasant feelings engendered by our Civil War were not entirely worn out. For this task Lowell was eminently fitted every way. His genial manners, his tact, his varied accomplishments enabled him to fill with great success a difficult post. [New York Sun.]

### LOWELL THE PATRIOT

To many of our readers the news of the death of James Russell Lowell has come like a physical blow. There was in his social speech and writing such an exuberance of personality; such a suggestion of treasures of wit and humor undrawn upon, as those who knew the man find it hard to connect with the thought of annihilation. But for the public his works remain. Had he lived, they might have been added to, but we are not deprived of them by his death. They have taken their place, perhaps among the classics of our race, certainly among the classics of our nation. They were among the first to answer the question, Who reads an American book? and their author's name will be among those repeated by posterity in answer to the question, What has America given to the world?

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the emotions of a Washington in looking upon the future of the nation whose leader he has been, are not unlike those felt by a father in contemplating the future of his son. Mr. Lowell's patriotism was imbued with a similar feeling. He loved his country; he rejoiced in her strength, in her greatness, in her progress, and in her promise. But it was in her strength when rightly used, in her greatness and progress in spiritual as well as in material things, in her promise of noble and honorable attainment, that he rejoiced. The maxim, "My country, right or wrong," was not to him a patriotic maxim, but the appeal of the dema-

### LOWELL'S LETTERS.

*Letters of James Russell Lowell.* Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. 1893.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, writing of the art of biography in the *New Review*, says that "letters, in the main, are the one essential to a thoroughly satisfactory life." Certainly they are a desideratum, yet the life of a man of action is rarely revealed much through his letters; and in the life of any very busy man his "epistolary correspondence," as our maiden aunts used to call it, represents only his odds and ends of time. Thoreau's remark about keeping a diary, that "we never can write in a diary what most interests us, because writing in the diary is not what interests us," is true of correspondence also. Then there is the drawback that the most vital and essential letters of a man's whole life—those representing the very crises of emotion or purpose—are often, for that very reason, unsuited to publication, and are rightly withheld. This very consideration, for instance, has deprived the volumes now before us of the most intimate and important letters which Lowell ever wrote—those to his first wife at the most formative and momentous period of his whole career. All these considerations show that a limit is to be set to that value which Mr. Stephen attributes to private letters as an element of biography. Nevertheless, it may truly be said that, so far as Mr. Norton's volumes represent Mr. Lowell, they represent him most delightfully and yet most fairly, and that there has not, on the whole, been a collection of English letters of such rich and varied quality since those of John Keats.

It is safe to say, also, that few collections of letters have ever had discreeter editorial handling. Prof. Norton is a man of strong convictions, which he sometimes states with such vigor as to seem almost defiant; but he has before now proved himself to possess a wholesome reticence as to himself, with a judicial quality as commentator. His visible contribution to these two large volumes covers but a few pages, but his careful touch is felt everywhere. In one or two cases he may have been unguarded as to letters referring to persons still living, but this is a thing very hard to avoid. His frank revelation of Lowell's earlier moods—here and there a tinge of morbidness, a shyness masking itself under self-assertion, a glimpse of over-consciousness—is simply ad-

mirable. Nothing is extenuated, nothing held up for censure. The marked transition, in Lowell, from an impetuous and aggressive youth to a benign and genial old age makes itself apparent without formal elucidation. It would have been very easy, for instance, to omit the fact that, in the storm-and-stress period of youth, Lowell once put a loaded pistol to his head but had not the courage to discharge it (ii., 375). Yet how important this fact in the biography of Lowell, nay, in the history of youth itself! Doubtless many a young man, just on the threshold of mature life, has toyed with just such a wayward impulse. The newspapers remind us from year to year that the temptation is not always resisted; and what a lesson is given in the fact that a career so brilliant and useful as Lowell's had been preceded by just such a morbid mood. With equal frankness is given the brief letter

(i., 51), announcing the fact, to him more momentous than he dreamed, of his first interview with Maria White. Here we see the door by which he escaped from this perilous period of uncertainty, and, like the hero of 'Sartor Resartus,' "immediately began to become a man." His subsequent correspondence with this strong and most attractive woman would further amplify this revelation, if we could have it thrown open before us; and all must respect the unusual dignity and courage of their only daughter in withholding these letters from the insatiable curiosity of the public.

The frankness with which these letters are edited gives us interesting self-revelations by Lowell as to some of his personal criticisms and animosities. In some cases, as in his allusions to what he wrote about Percival, Thoreau, and Masson—all these papers having been a good deal censured at the time for undue vehemence and acrimony—his letters show him quite unconscious of any such intention. The simple fact is, that he grew up under the critical school of Poe, when men practised a good deal of slugging, and thought all fair in the game. His more celebrated criticism on Margaret Fuller, which was perhaps the severest of these instances, receives a good deal of light in successive letters. It was more censured by dispassionate critics than any other of these extreme statements, because it was a mainly personal sarcasm in apparent retaliation for a purely literary criticism. Margaret Fuller had made no personal allusion, but had simply expressed the opinion, in a somewhat offhand and decisive manner, "his verse sounds no depths." The opinion showed want of discernment, though it is to be remembered that Lowell himself finally omitted from his revised works a large part of the poems on which it was founded. It is interesting now to find that Lowell himself demurred at putting her into the pillory of "The Fable for Critics," on the precise ground urged afterwards by others, that it would pass for a bit of retaliation. He writes to his friend Briggs (March 26, 1848): "I think I shall say nothing about Margaret Fuller (though she offer so fair a target), because she has done me an ill-natured turn. I shall revenge myself amply upon her by writing better" (i., 128). Nothing could have been manlier than this last sentence—but, unluckily, he says just after: "However, the temptation





may be too strong for me." He yielded to it, but still convinces himself (I. 131), "with her I have been perfectly good-humored"; though he was unfortunately too hard a bitter for any one else to share this opinion. Even for himself, this bit of pleasing self-delusion did not last long, for he writes to Briggs once more (October 4), "If it be not too late, strike out these four verses in 'Miranda':

"There is one thing she owns in her own private right,  
It is native and genuine—namely, her spite;  
When she acts as a censor, she privately blows  
A censor of vanity 'neath her own nose."

Unfortunately, it was too late; the verses remained in the volume; nor were they struck out in the later editions, although Lowell afterwards erased most of those relating to Francis Bowen, whose fellow-professor he had meanwhile become. The fact that, after her heroic life and death, he still retained what he wrote about her, revived the discussion which was then dying out; and it is now very interesting to see, by his successive letters, upon how narrow a chance the whole origin of the feud depended.

All the drawbacks to Mr. Lowell's prose style, so laboriously dwelt upon by such critics as Wilkinson and Kirk, may be found in these letters; the long sentences, the mixed metaphors, the occasional bad taste, the sparkle of trivial puns, are here also. He who could write of Milton, in a printed essay, "A true Attic bee, he made boot on every tip," and who would assert that no poet ever got much poetry out of a cataract except Milton, "and that was a cataract in his eye," would not be more guarded in his offhand letters; and what most proves him unconscious of these qualities is that he is sometimes most rollicking and nonsensical to some of the most dignified of his feminine correspondents. Indeed, that side of Lowell's nature, the pure bubble and ecstasy, the champagne quality, has never been so thoroughly exhibited as here; and the saying attributed to one of his Cambridge intimates, that "Lowell was always one bottle of champagne ahead of us all," is abundantly exemplified, in the figurative sense in which it was intended. His animal spirits were always too exuberant to make much demand upon any artificial exhilaration, although the temporary impulse under which he followed his wife into the total-abstinence movement (i., 67) appears soon to have passed away. But it is a curious fact that, with all this insuperable vivacity, there was for many years a certain cumbrousness in his written sentences, traceable, perhaps, to the old English writers whom he loved. This he himself recognizes when he says, "My very style belongs to the last century, and drops too readily into the sententious and elaborately historical manner" (i., 369). He adds: "Believe me, I was lively once and may recover it; but I fear me much I have suffered a professor change that has gone too deep for healing." Here he deceives himself. This was written in 1866; but his style was then far less sententious and elaborate than when he wrote for the *Anti-Slavery Standard* nearly twenty years before; and this quality had been actually a ground of complaint among the readers of that paper. When Dickens established the *Daily News* in 1845 and got Lowell to write for it, there was gene-

ral disappointment in the long-windedness of his communications. The truth is that he shortened his sword, instead of lengthening it, as time went on; and the probability is that "the professor change" was on the whole a help to him as to the habit of expression. There was certainly a period when his own style tended towards that quality which he calls, in the case of George P. Marsh, "congregational." The crisp and piquant quality was never far distant, but there were long paragraphs throughout which it was kept in abeyance. This was sufficiently visible in his "Conversations on Some Old Poets" (1845), where there was occasionally a sentence half a page long.

It is a curious fact that a constitutionally shy and modest man often gets the credit of undue self-assertion from the very effort he makes to overcome his natural reluctance. This was signally the case with Lowell; he never likes his own books, constantly belittles his own poems, constantly laments, in later life, his own shortcomings. Yet he was always a great talker, always given to monologue; wherever he sat, there was the head of the table; it was even said of him in youth, among his most intimate circle of friends, that he never was quite easy unless he led the conversation. It is recorded that at the old *Atlantic* dinners which preceded the "Literary Club" in Boston, he and Dr. Holmes sat at the two ends of the table, and did nearly all the talking. Amid all his social popularity in England, there recurred at times this same imputation of excess. In the amusing papers attributed to Mr. George Russell on "Talk and Talkers of To-day" in the first numbers of the *New Review*, Lowell is highly praised for genuine wit and vast knowledge, but charged with "airy omniscience" and a "minute and circumstantial way of laying down the law." There is added a lively account, which has an irresistible verisimilitude for all who knew Lowell, about his gently taking her task out of the hands of the dignified custodian of an English castle, and telling her and the guests more about its history and traditions than she or anybody else knew before. Lowell himself says in one place: "I suppose it was the extreme solitude in which I grew up, and my consequent unconsciousness of any public, that made me so frankly communicative" (ii., 142). It should be remembered that even the love-poems of his youth were censured as unduly open to the public, and that the very letters which his daughter has now destroyed as too confidential were lent freely about, in their day, among a large circle of friends. The key to all this is to be found, no doubt, in the sentence just cited.

No book of our time is so crowded with "fine things said unintentionally," as was said of Shakspeare's sonnets by Lowell's favorite, Keats. Such are his casual sketches of persons—Andrew Johnson, "whose worst was that he meant well" (ii., 7); Secretary Chase, "a weak man with an imposing presence, a most unhappy combination" (ii., 7); the poet Gray, who holds his own with "little fuel, but real fire" (ii., 86); Rousseau, "a monstrous liar, but always the first dupe of his own lie" (ii., 424); the "Adams flavor, as unmistakable as that of the Catawba grape" (ii., 431); Dana,

who "convinced without persuading" (ii., 432); his cook Mary, who was a cook "merely by a brevet conferred by herself" (ii., 79); the comparison of Wordsworth's poetry to the old baronial housekeeping—"what splendor and what sordidness in one" (ii., 367); the contrast between Parnell and his successor—"McCarthy occupies his throne as the two Kings of Brentford might. The Irish half of him will be always consulting the English half, and there will be no single sharp-edged will as before" (ii., 430). Then there is the delicious characterization of Sibley's "Lives of Harvard Graduates," of which he says: "It is the prettiest rescue of prey from oblivion I ever saw. . . . It is the very balm of authorship. No matter how far you may be gone under, if you are a graduate of Harvard College, you are sure of being dredged up again and handsomely buried, with a catalogue of your works to keep you down" (ii., 130).

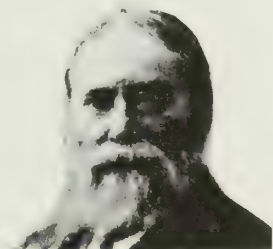
The closing letters are more pathetic, as becomes a somewhat languid old age, yet the champagne sparkles to the last. The whole book leaves a wholesome and even delightful picture of Lowell at Elmwood, surrounded in his arm-chair by vast piles of books, reading twelve hours a day, in vacation (ii., 64), "one of the last of the great readers" (ii., 154), enjoying the blossoming of his elms, loving every living thing about him, even to the centipedes, for which his gout gave him a peculiar pity (ii., 436), and effervescing all the time with strokes of wit like these. While people assumed that his heart was in England, he was homesick when abroad and happiest at home, with an Americanism so pronounced that it perhaps explains the else insoluble problem why Longfellow should have been translated into all European languages and Lowell into none. It is pleasant that he should give us, from time to time, a glimpse of the deeper phi-

losophy which made him so full of sunshine:

"The more I learn, . . . the more my confidence in the general good sense and honest intentions of mankind increases. . . . The signs of the times cease to alarm me, and seem as natural as to a mother the teething of her seventh baby. I take great comfort in God. I think that he is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that he likes us, on the whole, and would not let us get at the match-box so carelessly as he does unless he knew that the frame of his Universe was fireproof" (ii., 51).

How many accumulated Bodies of Divinity and Collections of Posthumous Sermons would it take to make up as solid a platform of religious consolation as is condensed into this seeming irreverence?

*The Nation*, vol. 57, no. 1487,  
Dec 28, 1893







THE death of Mr. Lowell is a grievous loss alike to his country and his friends. Poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, he leaves behind him no more admirable master in each department nor any more truly representative American citizen. His career was one of constant and well-balanced progress, and his influence upon the literary taste and moral earnestness of the younger men of his time was most stimulating and beneficent. With Holmes and Whittier, he was the only survivor of the great morning of our literature. Irving was thirty-six years his senior; Bryant, twenty-five; Emerson, sixteen; Hawthorne, fifteen; and his friend and neighbor, Longfellow, twelve. Upon reaching his seventieth birthday, two years ago, Lowell was singularly vigorous, with the elasticity and spirit of fifty unabused years. But

from the illness of a year later he never recovered. After a long absence in Europe as Minister in Spain and England, and a subsequent residence in this country with his only child, a married daughter, he returned to his own house in Cambridge, only to die; and with him go a charming genius, a noble character, extraordinary literary acquirements, and a picturesque, brilliant, and delightful personality.

Intellectually, Lowell was very remarkable. The quickness, grasp, and originality of his mind, his keen wit, his exquisite humor, the fertility of his resource, and the opulence and readiness of his memory were always surprising. Of Puritan descent, he was as characteristic a New-Englander as Emerson, and his moral nature was as positive as his mental quality. In his youth his verse inspired by antislavery agitation was so Tyrtenean that to the end of the orator's life it tipped, as with white flame, the fiery darts of Wendell

Phillips's eloquence. But the poetic imagination chastened Lowell's ardor, and mellowed the radical into the wise interpreter of the national conscience. Of the crucial American controversy of the century, Lowell's *Biglow Papers* and Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are the enduring literary monuments, and American patriotism has no nobler expression and English poetry no loftier strain than the "Commemoration Ode."

Lowell's temperament was that of the poet, and his life that of the scholar. He was class poet at Harvard when he was nineteen; he published his first volume of poems when he was twenty-two. At twenty-four he was editor, with Robert Carter, of a literary magazine. At twenty-five he published another volume of poems; and at twenty-six a volume of criticism upon some of the old poets. Before he was thirty he had published "The Vision of St. Launfal, A

Facile Critic" and the first series of the *Biglow Papers*. At thirty-six he succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for five years and of the *North American Review* for nine years. He published, between 1861 and 1870, a series of new *Biglow Papers*, two volumes of poems, the *Fireman's Travels*, and two volumes of critical essays, *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*. His last work was *The Pilgrimage and Rue*, a volume of poems issued in 1888. In England, before he was Minister, he received in person the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and from Cambridge that of LL.D., and, while still Minister in England, he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, but resigned the office as incompatible with his diplomatic position.

During all this time of literary activity and production his studies in literature were constant and immense. Besides the Greek and Latin authors, he was deeply versed in the French *fablier* and in the Spanish drama, and he was one of the most profound of Dantean scholars. This wide mastery of literature gave his own works extraordinary and captivating richness of illustration; for he carried his learning lightly, and with the grace of a prince wearing an embroidered mantle. He was the master, not the victim, of what he knew. His acquirements were never chains of pedantry; they were the golden

armor of a vigorous manhood and of a patriotic citizenship.

Mr. Lowell's interest in public affairs was that of a clear-sighted man who knew history and other nations, and had the strongest faith in a government based upon popular intelligence. The country never sent abroad in the person of its Minister a better American. Spain and England saw in him not only a man who by his literary genius had conferred honor upon his country, but who showed that the finest quality of manhood, a wholesome common-sense thoroughly trained and amply equipped, was distinctively American. His patriotism was not the brag of conceit nor the blindness of ignorance, and the America of the hope and faith of its noblest children was never depicted with more searching insight than in his plea for democracy spoken at a mechanics' institute while he was Minister in England; nor were the manly independence and courtesy of the American character ever more finely illustrated than in his essay upon "a certain condescension in foreigners." It was a patriotism which did not admit that arrogance and conceit and blatant self-assertion are peculiarly American, nor insist that everything American was for that reason better than everything which was not American. It was never unmindful that the root of our political system and of our national character was not aboriginally American, nor did it deny to the traditions of an older civiliza-

(For the Transcript.)

The King, the last of his line,  
Waits in his home today,  
Unheeding the rare sunshine,  
Or the breezes gentle play,  
He waits till the prayer is said  
Over his regal head,  
Waits for the world's love-sign  
Written in flowers divine,—  
The King is dead!

Who shall reckon in words  
The worth of the King's grand rite?  
Number the heart his choice  
Have strengthened in life's strife,  
His kingdom wide as the world,  
And loyal in Love's full sun,  
Stands with its enchanter  
Its pale lips sorrow dumb—  
The King is dead!

No one can wear his crown  
Or climb to his empty throne  
In honor, as he wide renown,  
His name stands high and true  
Mourn for the last of his line,  
O kingdom of thought, his realm  
Silence, the mystic sign  
Of a loss that doth overwhelm—  
The King is dead!

Junco that are yet to be,  
Swallows of Elmwood leave,  
River that flows to the sea,  
Trees with your singing leave,  
Lover and friend has passed  
Out from your glory and grace,  
Summer in shadow is cast,  
Missing the shine of his face,  
The King is dead!

Oh lips that are dear to the soul,  
Oh heart weighed low with  
What means this sad  
Like a wall from the world

Songs are a-wing on the wind,  
Willows a-quiver with life,  
Color and hue are all  
Thought, with its power  
Is the King dead!

Boston Evening Transcript

When earthly days are over,  
And the stars to heaven are  
Love, that has read those  
By the light his words  
In the faces of the  
Soul answering to  
"Hallelujah" new  
"Hallelujah" new  
"Hallelujah" new  
"Hallelujah" new

Newbury, Aug. 19

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tion and to the life of older nations a charm distinctively their own. Our literature has no work more essentially American than the *Biglow Papers*, not only in the dialect form, but in its dramatic portraiture of the popular conscience of New England, of Lincoln's "plain people" who have given the distinctive impulse to American civilization, and from whose virtues has largely sprung the American character.

It is worth while to lay stress upon this quality of Mr. Lowell, because it is the one to which much of his peculiar influence is due, yet which is often overlooked or denied. That influence sprang from the humanity of his genius, his generous sympathy with noble aspiration and endeavor, his political independence, and his steadfast fidelity to the high ideals of his youth. Something of his personal fascination is felt both in his poetry and his prose, and he has so cheered and inspired much of the best American life of his time that his death will fall as a bereavement upon multitudes who never saw his face.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.











Such a soul as LOWELL's belongs to his country forever. It was healthy above all else. The lambent lightnings of its wit and humor played continually in its depths and illuminated its surface with their changing forms. It is useless to take such a man on hearsay and at second hand; to know him, and thus enjoy and appreciate him, we must go through the wealth of his rich verse again and again. Then we shall most truly realize that not only will he not be suffered to die, but that for the long centuries good he has done for others, in this day and in days to come, a rare spirit indeed has been in our midst and but just now taken its quiet and final departure. Let us treasure such words of his as these:

Thou alone seem'st good,  
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose desire  
Can lift the mudsift souls quick seeds of fire,  
And strain life's chords to the old heroic mood.

## MR. LOWELL'S FUNERAL.

Services Held This Afternoon in  
Appleton Chapel.

Bishop-Elect Brooks and Dean Lawrence the  
Officiating Clergymen—Distinguished Men  
Present from Far and Near—Interment at  
Mount Auburn.

Alma Mater received her son again for the sacred last rites of honor and of affection. In the silence and the shadows of Appleton Chapel at Harvard University, the body of James Russell Lowell lay at noon today. In the throng that filled the chapel when the funeral services began there were many distinguished men and women who come to honor or joy that life has brought them, rather than what came from being friends of Lowell. They were all his loving and mourning friends and their tears mingled with those who were only nearer to him by ties of blood and love.

Dr. Phillips Brooks and Dr. William Lawrence, dean of the Episcopal (Theological) School of the university, were the clergymen, who preceded to the altar the coffin that bore for its single tribute a wreath of ivy leaves picked at Elmwood by Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Lowell's daughter. This was the inscription upon the coffin plate:

.....  
Died Aug. 12, 1891.  
James Russell Lowell.  
Aged 72 years, 5 months.  
.....

A wreath of roses from Mrs. Putnam and a wreath of laurel from Mrs. Fields were the only offered symbols of love. The laurel wreath was hung at Dr. Brooks's right, close to the coffin. Its significance was deeply evident, not merely in its first meaning of crown of fame, but also as the gift of Mrs. James T. Fields, the widow of the man whose fostering of literature made pleasanter the early pathway of the poet.

These gentlemen were pall-bearers: Oliver Wendell Holmes, his brother John Holmes, Hon. E. R. Hoar, Charles V. Storey, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Child, President Charles F. Choate of the Old Colony Railroad, George William Curtis, William Dean Howells and John Bartlett.

The first piece sung was "Lord, let me know my end" (Bach), by a quartet—J. E. Johnson, George W. Want, George H. Remick, and A. C. Ryder. The musical service included also these numbers: "Beati Mortui," Mendelssohn; "I heard a Voice from Heaven," J. C. D. Parker, and "Libera Me."

The music was under the direction of W. A. Locke, chorister of Harvard University.

No bitter eulogy could have been uttered than that uttered in the voice of Dr. Brooks through the service. There was a note of faith and exaltation in the prayer uttered near thanks for "the good example of all those thy servants, who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors."

Out into the sunshine again, under the elm boughs of the University yard the coffin was borne and the long line of carriages moved away, following the hearse to Mount Auburn. Mrs. Burnett rode with her eldest son, who takes the name of Lowell. Mrs. Putnam, Mr. Lowell's only remaining sister, and numbers of the friends who were in the chapel, went to the burial in Mount Auburn, in the family lot, in the resting-place chosen by himself. The grave is in the center of the family lot on the right of Fountain avenue—the first avenue on the left of the entrance.

The lot is a double one near the Longfellow lot, containing the remains of generations of Lowells and Putnams. It is very simple. It is unenclosed and without curbing or location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small, plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions:

Charles Russell Lowell, died June 23, 1870.  
James Jackson Lowell, Lieutenant 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, died June 4, 1839.  
Samuel E. Putnam, died Dec. 24, 1861.  
William Lowell Putnam, Lieutenant Massachusetts Volunteers, killed at Ball's Bluff Oct. 21, 1861.  
Aunt Cabot Lowell, died Jan. 7, 1874.  
Charles Russell Lowell, Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry, died Oct. 20, 1864.  
Charles Lowell Putnam, died Sept. 10, 1847.  
Rebecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D., died May 20, 1872.

While the body was being conveyed to Mount Auburn the church bells throughout the city were tolled and the flags displayed at half-staff by order of Mayor Alger.

The ushers at the chapel were Edward Jackson, Ernest Jackson, Arthur Lyman, Francis L. Coolidge, Moorefield Storey, George Gardner and A. Lawrence Lowell.

Noticeable among the vast throng was a delegation of members of the loyal legion, composed of General John L. Orr, Colonel Stephen M. Crosby, General Francis A. Walker, General A. M. Martin, Colonel Charles R. Colman, Colonel T. W. Higginson, who had come from Dublin, N. H., to attend the funeral, Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Colonel Henry Stone, William Endicott, Jr., Colonel Henry Lee, Major Russell Sturgis, Colonel Arnold A. Rand, Captain Nathan Appleton, General Edward W. Hinks and Captain Hiram D. Shurtam. Others present were: Hon. R. B. Anderson, ex-United States minister to Denmark, who came to Cambridge from Madison, Wis.; President Eliot of Harvard College; Frank B. Sanborn, J. G. Thorpe, Jr., Richard H. Dana and Mrs. Dana; Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe; Rev. Samuel Longfellow; Mr. H. E. Scudder; Mayor A. B. Alger of Cambridge; Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, Rev. T. P. Prudden, D. D., of Chicago; Rev. Edward A. Rand; Professor L. R. Williston, Professor William James, Professor Cohen, W. C. Lane, J. J. Myers, George H. Wells, Professor Smith and Professor Mack of Harvard; Hon. George B. Loring, William Aspinwall, Dr. Abbott of Boston, William Bowditch and J. I. T. Coolidge of Mr. Lowell's class of '38 of Harvard; Dr. H. P. Walcott, who attended Mr. Lowell in his last illness; ex-Major James A. Fox of Cambridge; ex-Mayor Samuel Greene of Boston; Rev. Dr. Alexander; E. D. Mead; John Livermore of Cambridge; Dr. Thomas E. Cunningham of Cambridge; E. C. Heath; Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard College; C. B. Tillinghast, State Librarian; H. O. Houghton, Jr.; Mr. Frank Garrison; Rev. E. G. Porter of Lexington; Postmaster Arthur Gorman of Cambridge; Rev. H. C. Hitchcock, W. S. Clymer, Miss Ellen T. Emerson, daughter

of Ralph Waldo Emerson; Henry L. Higginson, Dr. A. J. Fiskell; Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge; Professor George Menck; Tutor, Rev. H. Mussey, of Cambridge; Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, Robert M. Morse, Jr., Rev. James Sallaway of Bedford, Mass.; Edwin A. Akor of Cambridge, Professor T. A. Dewar of Richmond University, Professor H. W. Williams of Harvard; Professor Ware, Columbia College, New York; Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century; Mrs. Louis Ames, Mrs. Edward P. Whipple; Mrs. Anna Cabot Loring; Mrs. James T. Fields.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Poet, Professor, Reformer, Minister to  
England and First Citizen of His State  
—Full Sketch of His Long, Active and  
Distinguished Career.

James Russell Lowell, eminent as a scholar, poet, diplomat and wit, died at his home, "Elmwood," Cambridge, at 2.10 this morning, after a long illness. His daughter, Mrs. Burnett, was in attendance at the time of his death. The immediate cause of his death was gout and sciatica complicated with other diseases. Mr. Lowell had been in poor health since his return from England in 1885, and for over a year past he had been unable to meet his lecture engagements, but it was not until within a short time that his condition was regarded as critical.

Mr. Lowell was born in Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1819, in the historic old mansion, Elmwood, which he inherited, and which had been his home all his life. He was descended from a long line of men who have stood high in the annals of this country. His father was Rev. Charles Lowell, for many years pastor of the First Church in Boston, and his grandfather was William Lowell, the statesman who inserted in the constitution of Massachusetts the words, "All men are created free and equal," and by offering sanctuary in the courts that under it no man could be held in bondage to the abolition of slavery in the Commonwealth. He was aided for a while by William Wells, senior of the firm to which we owe the series of Wells and Barry classic, entered Harvard in his sixteenth year, and was graduated in 1838. His first-published literary production, unless possibly some poems for "Harvardiana," which he edited in 1837-'38, was his notable class poem, composed under peculiar circumstances. At the time of writing it the collegiate senior was undergoing a brief period of rustication at Concord, in consequence of inattention to his textbooks. His forced sojourn in this Arcadia of scholarship and reform brought him into relationship with the transcendentalists, who at that day were in the habit of gathering at the home of Emerson, with whom then began that friendship which, despite the playful sallies of the younger poet in his earlier writings, only terminated with the death of the elder. The young satirist saw the humorous side of the social movements of the day, and the classroom, scintillating with wit, attacked the abolitionists, Carlyle, Emerson, and the transcendentalists. In the law school of Harvard, he received the degree of LL. B., and was admitted to the bar in 1840. The only record of the practice of his profession is found in a story entitled "My First Client," published in the "Boston Miscellany." Hereafter he gave himself entirely to literature. In 1841 a volume of poems was published under the title of "A Year's Life." The volume was never republished, and of the seventy poems only a small part have been deemed worthy of reprinting by the author. His marriage to the woman who inspired these poems took place in 1844. Maria White was an ardent abolitionist, and no doubt her influence assisted in turning his thoughts





to the serious side of that cause to which he rendered immortal service. To understand Lowell's career, it is necessary to remember that he was not only a poet, a scholar, and a humorist, but always a conservative and a critic. No man was more thoroughly imbued than he with the fundamental principles of American democracy—a democracy without demagogism—no man more jealous than he of the untarnished reputation of America in politics and literature, no man more quick to see any departure from the high ideal of the republic, and his flaming pen was turned to attack whatever assailed this ideal—at one time slavery, at another time vicious political methods threatening the purity of democratic society. His radicalism was always conservative, his criticism always constructive. Mr. Lowell and his wife were regular contributors to the *Liberty Bell*, and his name appears in 1848 in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* as corresponding editor. In this paper, from 1843 to 1846, his poems during that period mostly appeared. Later the *Boston Courier* was the vehicle of his productions, and in its columns the first series of the "Biglow Papers" was given to the public, beginning in the issue for June, 1846, and ending in 1848. This satire was an event of the first importance in the history of the world's literature. In wit, scholarship, and penetrating knowledge of human nature, it took the place which it has ever since maintained, of a masterpiece. The "Biglow Papers" will no doubt preserve the Yankee dialect, and cause it to be studied ages hence in order to the comprehension of the effect upon our national life of one of the most opportune allies that freedom ever had.

His interest in the anti-slavery contest did not prevent him from purely literary labors. In 1843 he undertook the editing of "The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine," in joint editorship with Robert Carter; and Poe, Hawthorne, Neal, Dwight, Jones Very, Parsons, Elizabeth Barrett (Mrs. Browning), Whittier and William W. Story were contributors. Only three numbers were published, the venture failing through financial disaster to the publishers. In this magazine was begun a series of essays on the poets and dramatists, which afterwards formed the material for "Conversations with Some of the Old Poets." In 1844 came a volume of verse, containing "A Legend of Britanny," with thirty-three miscellaneous poems and thirty-seven sonnets (among them sonnets to Wendell Phillips and Joshua R. Giddings), written in a vein that foreshadowed and even announced the poet's position in the great anti-slavery revolution. These were followed in 1845 by "The Vision of Sir Launfal," one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, a poem founded on the legend of the Holy Grail, which is said to have been composed in a sort of frenzy in about forty-eight hours, during which the poet scarcely ate or slept. The "Conversations on the Poets" was his first work in literary criticism, and was the basis of his lectures before the Lowell Institute, 1854-'55, and of his lectures in Harvard University during his professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres. A third volume of poems, containing many new anti-slavery pieces, was published in 1848, and the same year was brought out anonymously the "Fable for Critics," a youthfully daring but amusing and racy skit at the American poets, in which the laughing author did not spare himself. In 1849 a collected edition of his poems in two volumes was published, the "Biglow Papers" and "A Year's Life" being omitted. In the mean time Lowell had been a contributor to the "Dial," the "Democratic Review," the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review," in which he reviewed Thoreau's first volume in 1849, and to "Putnam's Monthly" in 1853 and several years later. In 1851 the poet and his wife travelled in Europe, visiting England, France, and Switzerland, and residing for some time in Italy. The chief fruits of this journey were the essays on Italian art and liter-

ature and his eminence as a student and interpreter of Dante. In the autumn of 1852 he was again in America, and in October, 1852, he sustained the greatest sorrow of his life in the death of his wife who had long been an invalid.

In January, 1855, on Mr. Longfellow's resignation, Lowell was appointed his successor as professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard University, and after two years' study abroad, during which time he greatly extended his knowledge of Italian, French, and Spanish, and became one of the first authorities in old French and Provençal poetry, he assumed the duties of his professorship. From 1857 till 1862 he wrote many essays, not since republished for the "Atlantic Monthly," and in 1863 he became, with Professor Charles Eliot Norton, joint editor of the "North American Review," a connection which he maintained till 1872. The "Atlantic Monthly," founded in 1857, of which Lowell was the first editor, was set on foot by Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, and Emerson's study was the scene of the gathering of the great literary lights of Boston, when the enterprise was discussed and the character of the magazine settled upon.

The Kansas struggle, 1856-'8, enlisted Mr. Lowell's sympathies; he was in accord with the leading anti-slavery men, and at one time, says Frank B. Sanborn, contemplated transferring his Hosea Biglow to Kansas to report in the vernacular the doings there, but "the flighty purpose never was overtaken." The outbreak of the civil war caused a revival of the *dramatis personæ* of the "Biglow Papers," in which the disunionists at home and their sympathizers in England were equally brought under the lash of his stinging satire. This second series of "Biglow Papers" first appeared in the *Atlantic*, and was published in a volume in 1867. The "Fireside Travels," containing the pleasant gossip about "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," the delightful "Moosehead Journal," and notes of travel on the Mediterranean and in Italy, had appeared in the mean time. The *Atlantic* for January, 1867, contained "Fitz Adam's Story," a poem intended to form part of a longer one, "The Noonling," which had been announced as about to be published as far back as 1861, but has never been completed. It was omitted from "Under the Willows, and other Poems," with the following explanation:

"'Fitz Adam's Story,' which some good friends will miss, is also left to stand over, because it belongs to a connected series, which it is hoped may be completed if the days should be propitious." The volumes of prose, "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows," issued in 1870, comprising the choicest of Lowell's literary essays, seem to mark the close of his greatest literary activity; but the appearance recently of such a paper as that on the poet Gray shows that only opportunity was needed for the gathering of the maturest fruits of his critical genius. In 1872 he made another visit to Europe, and on his return the Centennial period called out his efforts in the production of three patriotic odes, the first at Concord, 19th April, 1875, the second under the Washington elm, 3d July of the same year, and the third for Fourth of July, 1876. He was a Presidential elector in 1876.

In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes to the Spanish mission, from which he was transferred in 1880 to the court of St. James. His diplomatic career closed with his recall by President Cleveland in 1885. In Madrid, in an atmosphere congenial to him as a student, he sustained the honor of the American name, and received the confidence and admiration that had been formerly extended to Washington Irving. His residence in London, although clouded and saddened by the long illness and by the death in February, 1885, of his second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap of Portland, Me., whom he had married in September, 1857, was as honorable to him as to the country he represented, an unbroken series of successes in the

world of society and the world of letters. And no man in our generation has done more than Mr. Lowell to raise American institutions and American character in the estimation of our English kin. His graceful and natural oratory was in demand on scores of public occasions. The most noteworthy of his public addresses was that on Coleridge, delivered at the unveiling of the bust of the poet in Westminster Abbey in May, 1885. The volume entitled "Democracy and Other Addresses" includes the foreign speeches, and those spoken at the dedication of the public library of Chelsea and at the Harvard anniversary. Mr. Lowell's political life is confined within the eight years of his terms of office at Madrid and London. His recall brought out expressions of deep regret in the English press. After his return to private life Mr. Lowell's home had been with his only child, the wife of Edward Burnett, at Southborough. He resumed his lectures at Cambridge, and in the winter of 1887 gave a course on the English dramatists before the Lowell Institute. The same winter he read a paper before the Union League Club of Chicago on the "Authorship of Richard III." In the summer of 1887 he again visited England, receiving everywhere the highest honors that could be paid to a private citizen. The degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford in 1873, and that of LL. D. by the University of Cambridge, Eng., in 1874. During his residence in England as minister he was elected rector of the University of St. Andrews.

The following is a list of his works and their various editions: "Class Poems" (1838); "A Year's Life" (1841); "Poems" (1844); "The Vision of Launfal" (1845-48); "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (1845); "Poems" (1849); "The Biglow Papers" (1848); "A Fable for Critics" (1848); "Poems" (two volumes, 1849); "Life of Keats" (1854); "Poems" (two volumes, 1854); "Poetical Works" (two volumes, 1858); "Mason and Slidell—a Yankee Idyl" (1862); "Fireside Travels" (1864); "The President's Poems" (1864); "Ode Recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University" (1865); "The Biglow Papers" (second series, 1867); "Under the Willows, and Other Poems" (1869); "Among My Books" (1870); "The Centennial" (1874); "Three Memorial Poems" (1876); "Among My Books" (second series, 1876); "Democracy and Other Addresses" (1887).

Mr. Lowell combined great literary activity and voracious reading with his professorship duties. He was one of the few men who could read steadily in one book twelve or sixteen hours on a stretch and retain in memory what he had read.

The professorship, which he held down to his departure for Spain, he filled with remarkable success. He was a great favorite with the undergraduates, owing to the unfailing courtesy of his manners, the total absence of all use of authority in the lecture room, and his undisguised admiration of youth and freshness, which, it used to be jokingly said, made it very hard for him to give a low mark to a good-looking, well-mannered young fellow. At the recitations, too, his unrivalled fullness of knowledge constantly found vent in talks on the book or topic under examination, which were in the highest degree stimulating as well as interesting.

Mr. Lowell's first wife, to whom he was wedded in 1844, was Miss Maria White of Watertown, herself a poet of culture; her death was commemorated in Longfellow's poem, "The Two Angels." His second wife was a niece of ex-Governor Robert P. Dunlap of Maine. She was stricken with typhoid fever while with her husband at Madrid, and after several days of critical illness her physician pronounced her dead, but it was discovered that she was merely in a comatose condition, and with great care she was finally restored. After a slow convalescence she was able to rejoin Mr. Lowell in London,





whither in the meantime he had been transferred as minister, but she never fully recovered from the effects of this experience, and died Feb. 19, 1886. By his first wife Mr. Lowell had four children, only one of whom survives. Mabel, wife of Edward Burnett. Mr. Lowell was very successful at the court of St. James.

It has been decided that the funeral services shall be held on Friday. All the arrangements will be made by Mr. George Putnam, who is at present at Manchester.

*Boston Evg Transcript*

## TWO LOWELL INCIDENTS.

Two incidents that made a marked impression upon the public, placing Mr. Lowell temporarily in a fierce fire of criticism that only better proved the pure gold of character tried and not found wanting are recalled now. One was the incident of his Chicago lecture. Mr. Lowell had been invited by gentlemen to speak, as he supposed, before gentlemen of one political faith on a topic of politics. He went to Chicago and found that the enterprising members of the club that had asked him had with the freshness of enthusiasm and a great and unthinking youthfulness, hired a big hall and advertised their guest's lecture as a great attraction. A magnificent audience was eager to hear him; but a man who held a position like that of Mr. Lowell could make no sacrifice of personal dignity. He went to the hall, since he was advertised, and he spoke to the people on the most radical literary topic he was prepared to speak upon. Now there are no conservatives in certain matters like the recently enlightened, and Mr. Lowell's Richard III lecture incensed the Chicagoan, even, more than his not speaking on a political subject. They found it hard to forgive him or (collectively) to understand why he acted as he did. There were however many individuals, men and women of fine feeling and generous cultivation who appreciated most warmly the dignity of the action, and took pleasure in the theories advanced about Richard III.

The other incident recalled is that of Mr. Lowell's famous passage at arms with Julian Hawthorne. Soon after the return of Mr. Lowell from England, young Hawthorne, who was writing for the *New York World*, went to Southborough where Mr. Lowell was staying with his daughter. Hawthorne was welcomed heartily by the old friend of his father; they spent a long afternoon together and Mr. Lowell talked with the greatest freedom of English affairs, doubtless putting into his talk more or less of that whimsical half-critical spirit which one member of a family may use in speaking to another member of a third. In such spirit one's just or final estimate of a brother is never given, and Mr. Lowell did not dream as he walked to the station with Julian Hawthorne, talking with this sort of freedom, that all he said and much more than he ever dreamed of saying would appear in print with flaming headlines in the *New York World*. It did appear, however, over the signature of Julian Hawthorne. Hawthorne accused of betraying a friend, wrote and said he told Mr. Lowell he was on the *New York World* and Mr. Lowell knew he was being interviewed. Then Mr. Lowell wrote a letter to the *Advertiser* to say he did not know this was intended. With boyish vehemence Hawthorne, who of course believed himself a journalist when he was not, wrote and repeated his assertions and Mr. Lowell was forced to say in a printed letter that it must be left as a question of veracity between himself and the son of his old friend. Julian Hawthorne was afterwards forgiven by Mr. Lowell.

The whole affair, which had at first seemed to put Mr. Lowell into the position, horribly incongruous for a diplomat lately returned, of making free with the royal family's foibles and criticising with biting sarcasm and picturesque personal vituperation matters of policy in a foreign nation, which no diplomat could discuss with dignity, only served to show him at the last in a still more gracious light.

### PROF. LOWELL.

Prof. Lowell's illness is a source of serious concern to his friends and to the public who are aware of the circumstances attending it. Though a considerably younger man than Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, he has done more varied work than any of them, from the constant attention he has given to public affairs. Beside being a poet, an essayist and a humorist, and in all of the first rank, he has been a political writer from the time he first engaged in editorship, upon the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. His essays upon the political state of the country in Putnam's *Magazine* and in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the period preceding the war, are the most effective discussions of the kind that have appeared in our country, and will rank with the best political essay writing of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews* of England. His speeches and lectures, while on the mission to England and soon after his return, are of the highest order of ability. Mr. Lowell began his political life by being among the extreme radicals, but he has constantly grown conservative as he advanced in age. He has been one of the truest Americans, and one of the most faithful to the support of moral ideas in politics and in public life, through it all.

### James Russell Lowell.

The death of the foremost American in the world of letters will send a thrill of pride, together with the pang of grievous loss, through the breast of every countryman of the dead poet who has any appreciation of his genius and his achievements. The new world has given another of its sons to join the little company of those who may fairly be held to have won undying fame in the service of beauty and truth, and the consciousness that nobody survives to fill the place left vacant by Lowell's death cannot make Americans rejoice the less in the luster which he has shed upon their country and their name.

Europe's ripest civilization could not produce a more rounded and gracious personality or give a more rich and varied store, by the hand of one man, to the world's treasures of scholarship and beauty. The poet, essayist, diplomat, teacher, editor, and orator who has passed away at Cambridge was in many respects the most gifted man of his times. Neither in America nor elsewhere

can there be found a poet who approached him in power and beauty that might for a moment be thought of as his rival in the diplomatic service of a great nation, in finish and force as a public speaker, or in mastery of prose in all its forms. As editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*, as Minister of the United States at Madrid and London, as professor in Harvard University, and as an essayist in whose pages power and beauty of thought and expression in classic prose such as no other American could command, James Russell Lowell would have been assured of an honorable place in the history of his country even though he had not touched the highest level yet attained by American poetry.

It may be contended with much force that he was too much the scholar and man of affairs to be the greatest of his country's poets. Lowell himself has recorded his judgment that he preached too much for a devotee of the beautiful. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that he proved in more than one immortal poem his ability to reach heights never passed, if attained, by any of his countrymen. His work in that realm where his genius found its fairest field of labor is very uneven and marred by many blemishes. None will deny that much of his verse is wholly unworthy of its author. But shall a poet be judged by his worst or his best? If the latter is the true standard then the author of the "Commemoration Ode," the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and many more masterpieces was the Tennyson of America and a poet worthy of the best age of any nation.

### MR. LOWELL'S LAST DAYS.

Exactly what caused Mr. Lowell's death is not at present known, but it is understood that gout brought on liver trouble and led to other complications, too great to be resisted by a man of Mr. Lowell's age and feebleness. Last Sunday a bowel trouble developed, making his case absolutely hopeless.

It appears that the poet was taken sick about five weeks ago. His old physician and friend, Dr. Morrill Wyman, being abroad, the doctor's son-in-law, Henry P. Wolcott, M. D., was summoned to take charge of the case. It is understood, too, that Dr. Wyman's advice by mail was called for. Two professional nurses were put on duty, so that there was never a moment when the patient was not closely watched. About two weeks or more ago he became delirious, and up to Monday he recovered consciousness only at brief intervals, when he gave members of his family signs of recognition. He seemed to think he was far away from home and appeared to long to get back to Elmwood and his family. At times, too, he fancied he was entertaining royal visitors. Though unquestionably the pain was very great he made no complaint.

Last Sunday he seemed better, and the delirium left him. On Monday he appeared brighter than at any time during his long illness. Up to that time the room had





been cool, but he then began to show the effect of the heat. On Monday afternoon, when the nurses changed the bedding, he suffered intensely when moved, and finally said, "Oh! why don't you let me die?" These words were his last. He seemed from that time to lose heart, and gradually his life faded away. He continued in a comatose condition until 2.15 o'clock this morning, when the last spark of life went out. Beside him in his last moments were the sister of his first wife, his daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, and her husband, the ex-congressman, as well as the nurses and the servants of the household, to whom he had always been so kind that a strong attachment had sprung up.

There is one touching incident in connection with this matter. It appears that Dr. Wyman, when informed of Mr. Lowell's illness mentioned to some friends in England that the disease would undoubtedly result fatally. This led to the writing of a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Burnett, who thus received, a few days ago, her first intimation of the serious aspect of her father's case. Since that time she has been constantly at Elmwood.

### ← Transcript

Dr. Bartol, of Boston, says that Lowell owed a great part of his power to his mother, and adds: "She was a woman of such force of character that her admiring physician had frequent opportunities to test her wit and will, and his own signal determination found such a foil as gave him occasion, with characteristic quaintness, to remark: 'Had it pleased the Lord to drop her spirit into the pantaloons she would have been a great general.'"

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The death of Mr. Lowell has not been uncorrected, and yet it is an event to which the public was not prepared. The public had fondly hoped that his illness was not critical or final, and his death will be a shock to the thousands to whom he was endeared by his writings and by his private and public services. He has ranked for many years among our most eminent men of letters, and in this community was our chief authority in literature and in the higher lines of political teaching. His address on "The Place of the Independent in Politics" has not been forgotten, and his Birmingham address on "Democracy" made a profound impression in England. In recent years his public services have obscured to some extent his literary fame. Yet he did not sink the man of letters in the diplomat while in England, and his literary addresses delivered while he was at the court of St. James make one of his most interesting volumes. He was a many-sided man. But he was chiefly and foremost a man of letters, a thoroughly accomplished scholar, one of the rarest and most completely furnished men in belles lettres that Harvard has ever produced. His work at Harvard, where he succeeded to Mr. Longfellow's position, brought him into contact with the rising literary men of the present generation, and he had much to do with the direction of their thought. Still more had he to do as an editor with this work. In the Atlantic for several years, and later on in the

North American Review, he did what was, perhaps, the most notable work of his life. Before that time the first series of the "Biglow Papers" had appeared, and he had obtained fame both by his early poems and by certain prose essays, as well as by a work entitled "Conversations on the Old Poets," which is not included in his collected writings. In 1838 he was at the trying time of his development; at the point of doing his best work. He was midway through his life, full of the stir of genius and in the daily companionship of the men who fed upon his wit and were in sympathy with his ideas.

Perhaps no other American has counted for so much in our literature as Mr. Lowell, if you measure his position by the double standard of excellence of cultivation and breadth of field. Mr. Longfellow was a poet, and stood apart from the active interests of life. Mr. Emerson was a seer and thinker, but you had to go to Concord to find him. Mr. Lowell was both a genius and a working literary man, and he was in touch with all the active forces in American letters. Few aspirants to authorship in America failed to consult him, and no one came from abroad who did not visit him. He was the soul of the Saturday Club, where Agassiz and Longfellow and Emerson and Holmes were his peers, and there was great comfort in New England, and particularly in Boston, in knowing that over in

Cambridge dwelt a man who stood confessedly at the head of our literature. Mr. Lowell has done notable work in several distinct departments of letters. He has been poet and essayist and critic and humorist and political writer by turns, and in every department in which he has employed his strength, his work would have attracted attention if he had done nothing else. His poetry has, perhaps, given him most fame; certainly his humorous poetry has made him known wherever the English language is spoken. Hosea Biglow was his impersonation of whatever belongs to the Yankee character, and it is a unique creation in literature. He never did anything in the line of a genuine creation equal to this. Dr. Holmes in "The Autocrat" was not more truly dealing with original materials than Mr. Lowell in his impersonation of Hosea Biglow. His serious poetry is largely ephemeral in character. It grew out of special occasions, and was not the fruit of consecrated effort. "The Cathedral," "The Commemorative Ode" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" belong to the higher order, but in much of Mr. Lowell's poetry there is, not a lack of power, but a seeming unwillingness to give his best to the poetical sentiment and to the higher calls of his nature. His thought and spirit were akin to those of Milton, but he never quite rises to the plane of Miltonic effort.

We must look in other directions for what is best in Mr. Lowell. It is in his critical writings, both political and literary, that we find him at his best. Here he is able to use his wealth of scholarship and the ample resources of his thinking. His essays on Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth have worked an epoch in critical writing. They are on the plane of the greatest efforts by the English essayists, and nothing like them has ever appeared in this country. Both his literary and political essays were chiefly written from twenty to twenty-five years ago, when he was in the full strength of his faculties, and when he and Prof. Norton made the North American Review the foremost organ of contemporary thought then to be found in the English language. In estimating his writings as a whole, one instinctively turns to these productions as his best work. Mr. Lowell very early entered upon the study of what Goethe calls world literature, and his survey and estimate of literary work were on the basis of a knowledge of all the great literatures of the world. In reaching a judgment of his services, his distinction as a diplomat should not be

If not a politician, he was certainly a statesman in his command of public questions and in the discretion which he brought to their direction. The nation felt honored by his conduct as an English minister, and he brought not only the literature, but the common life, of the two nations closer together by his residence in England. We do not quite apply the distinction of greatness to Mr. Lowell, but in many directions he was foremost among his contemporaries, and if he had given all his strength to one or two things, as Emerson and Longfellow did, he might have done his best with an emphasis that would have carried him into the foremost rank of men of genius. If we do not concede to him the highest distinction among the men of his generation, it is not from any lack of appreciation of what he did, but from the conviction that the kindest thing to be said of the one whose loss we mourn is to speak the truth with the freedom and force which he would have employed in the judgment of others.

### MR. LOWELL'S AMERICANISM.

? N.Y. Times?

The condescension of foreigners which moved the indignation of Mr. Lowell to such an eloquent extent, twenty-five years ago, has assumed a peculiarly exasperating phase since his death. A large number of small English critics are explaining that Mr. Lowell was not an American poet at all. That he was a poet they admit; that he was born in America is not to be doubted; but the conjunction, they argue, did not make him an American poet. It is perfectly true that there may be instances of a writer so entirely foreign in thought to the country of his birth that his nativity alone places him in the catalogue of its authors. But Mr. Lowell was not one of these. By birth, by





Since his return to this country, Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. He felt the personal losses which are the heavy penalty of advanced life. The last time I met him I remember telling him that he was at Plymouth, and he said, "I should smile. Yes, it is a lovely place, but my house is full of ghosts."

Edward Everett Hale writes, in the Boston





## LOWELL GENTLY CRITICISED.

A Careful Estimate by an Eminent English Litterateur.

[From the London Athenæum, Aug. 22.]

An evening newspaper, in some interesting reminiscences of Lowell, alluded the other day to the fact that my own friendship with him "began in a tiff"—began in some warm words that I was impelled to address to him in answer to certain warm words of his against England. The anecdote is true enough; and it is also true, as the writer of the paragraphs goes on to say, that it was my fortune to witness "the rise and progress" of what certain Americans called his "Anglomania," until at last, when he began to praise our climate, I was obliged as an honest cosmopolitan to check such fervid John Bullism.

The truth is that Lowell, having been thrown into the best circles—best, I mean, as regards their wide knowledge of man and of men—discovered (as Emerson had done before him) that the voice of the mob of New York is, in its Anglophobic temper at least, as far off from being the voice of God as that of any people under the sun. He found that between an American of the true strain and an Englishman of the true strain there is a stronger attraction than exists between men of any other strain, however good. He found that John Bull is not quite so offensively taurine as the American pressmen paint him; that he is not in the habit of greeting Jonathan with "a certain condescension," but, on the contrary, is in the habit of treating him as an absolute equal in most things, and as a superior in some. He found that in England, notwithstanding an ornamental monarchy, and notwithstanding an aristocracy not quite so ornamental, there is as much personal liberty as in America and a little more. In fact he found himself (as every American of the right strain finds himself) extremely comfortable in England. And he dared to say so. No doubt an average Englishman would in like circumstances have rejoiced to speak out. But then the earthly paradise has not yet come in England. English intelligence and culture and good breeding are not as yet under the feet of Whitechapel. Lowell knew very well that his comfortable life in Lowndes square would be adjudicated upon at the New York gutters and that the verdict would be "Too darned comfortable." Like every American, he had inherited a respect for that gutter verdict which to English people is a little puzzling. But what he had to do was to tell the truth, "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." He told it, and the gutters took offence. In courage, in truthfulness, in everything, he was the type of the Puritan idea in its most bracing expression, as Hawthorne (a man of rarer and finer genius) is a type of fevered Puritanism on its most unhealthy side. His courage, his honesty, his proud uncompromising independence, were all his own, but Puritanism fostered them. With all his love of England, America did not hold a more loyal son than he. In her glorious destiny he had a faith as strong as it was wise. Though for many years America has been peculiarly happy in the ministers she has sent to St. James's, never did she send a nobler son than Lowell, and never was he more loyal than at the very moment when he was saying those kind words about England which angered certain Americans whose loyalty to their country means "bumpiness," or else a selfish hardening of the national conscience.

In England his position was unique. In the high places of our land, where everything worthy is cherished and recognized except pure literature, a man like Lowell and in Lowell's position must form the only link

between the English world of letters and the world of diplomatists and courtiers. History will have to record that this state of things has been the most noticeable and interesting feature of the present reign, but it will point to Lowell as the man who formed a link between the two worlds. Lowell's only true ambition being literary success, he was continually moving from one of these worlds into the other. His diplomatic functions shed lustre upon him as a literary figure, howsoever little his literary fame may have added to his position in that other world.

During one and the same day he might be met at luncheon at the house of a certain great poet, at a five-o'clock tea at Mrs. Procter's, and at dinner with people to whom these names conveyed some meaning perhaps, but less meaning than did the name of the late Mr. Fordham of Newmarket. But it might not be easy to say at which house Lowell made himself the most agreeable. To talk, as many Americans have talked, of Lowell's subservience to the English aristocracy is to talk with as much ignorance as spite. That stiffness of bearing in what is called specially "society," which at first used to be commented upon, but which soon passed away, was simply the raw expression of an invulnerable independence which once was rather too dogged and aggressive. He used to speak of himself as being an exceedingly shy man by nature. On one occasion I asked him to lunch with me to meet an eminent man of letters whom he had never seen and wanted to see. Noticing that he hesitated, I said—in irony of course—"I am afraid that the American minister who has jostled most of the grandees in Europe feels shy." He said, "I do, but never with grandees."

In order to realize what was the temper of the great Puritans of old, such as Milton and such as Cromwell, it was, I believe, almost necessary to be brought into personal contact with Lowell. Puritanism has been, and still is, a favorite butt with the poets, and no doubt in England in our own day it has got so mixed up with blatant quackery as to lend itself to ridicule. But this is not so in America in the circles where Lowell moved. Simply noble is such Puritanism as that. Have those who sneer at it ever asked themselves what true Puritanism is? Not they! It is the expression of a deep instinctive movement of man's nature. It has always existed, and its function has always been to act as a corrective to the over-activity of the pagan instinct which leads man to yield to the demands of the flesh. Without Puritanism the human race would have come to an end long ago. Man is in a different position from the lower animals. In yielding to the indulgence of the appetites the lower animals rarely exceed healthy limits, even in feeding, and never in sexual intercourse. The gorging of an animal like the boa constrictor (whose dinners are so few and far between) is healthy and necessary, and tends to preserve the race. The gustatory appetite of the animal is never, as in the case of the London alderman, stunted and flogged into unhealthy activity by the exercise of a reasoning imagination learned in the niceties of "calipash and calpee." And so with the sexual appetite. It is in man only that the mental processes come in and interfere with the economies of nature; it is in man only that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on. Without the Puritan instinct for self-dominance the pagan instinct for self-indulgence, stung to unhealthy activity by man's mental processes, would long before Buddha's time have played havoc with the race in the great struggle for life. That English Puritanism when planted in the New World should flourish there with more vigor than ever it flourished in Europe was in the nature of things. The old, simple, single-handed struggle with Nature was there in a measure renewed, and the very instinct of self-preservation demanded a vigorous exercise of man's self-dominance, otherwise the "Injun" and the backwoods combined would have made short

work with him. It was inevitable, therefore, that the Puritan element in man should flourish there, and, indeed, bear a new fruit racy of the soil. And, surely, a splendid fruit it is. Although America has in late years produced no man in whom has been exhibited so much of the old Puritanical fire as was shown by Gordon, still it may well be said that the greatest and strongest man of our time was Lincoln, and that great as is the distance between him and Garfield, no Englishman can properly be set between them.

To give literary voice to the best form of Puritanism—such as this was the glory of Lowell. Puritanism, indeed, lives at the heart of all that he ever wrote; it lives in his humorous work with as much vigor as it lives in his serious poetry. All humor is, of course, the expression of a sense of the incongruity of things as they are when compared with some ideal standard existing in the humorist's mind. The incongruity between the Christianity of Christ and the Christianity advertising itself from one end of America to the other is the subject matter of all Lowell's humorous work. If the doctrines of the New Testament were put into general practice for a single day in the country that, besides a few true Puritans, has produced Barnum, Jay Gould and McKimley, the entire structure of civilization would fall down like a house of cards. In America as in England, Christianity is non-existent as a practical creed; and this is by far the most amazing phenomenon that history has ever shown. In the Buddhist countries there is a real relation between the social doctrine and [the

social organism. It is the same with Islam; but in the so-called Christian countries of the Western world the social doctrine and the social organism contradict each other at every turn. The incongruity is absolute. Life in London and in New York is one harlequinade. It is Lowell's apprehension of this incongruity which explains what has been called his blasphemy. A disciple of Christ making mouths at the blasphemous Jewish mob would be open to the same charge. That remarkable poem called "Old Souls to Mend," by the English parable-writer, Dr. Gordon Hake, treating the same subject in the same temper, has also been called blasphemous, and with the like lack of reason. The same sense of the incongruity between the modern Christianity and the doctrine of Christ is the basis of several of Lowell's serious poems. In the poem called "A Parable," for instance, he gives a picture of Christ returning to the earth in order to learn

How the men my brethren believe in me.

The motive of the poem is the incongruity between the pomps and splendors of the paganized Christianity that receives him and the kind of reception he expected.

The same incongruity is expressed, though in a more oblique way, in the "Vision of Sir Launfal," where a knight who has travelled the world in quest of the Holy Grail finds that the cup which he has filled at a streamlet in order to quench the thirst of a leprous beggar is the very Grail itself, and that the beggar is Christ. In each case an admirable conception is developed with great subtlety and suggestiveness; but in each case the "criticism of life" is so apparent that the poem is removed from the region of pure poetic art. Perhaps I ought to say exactly what I mean by challenging the poem because it is a criticism of life. It is always difficult to know when Matthew Arnold is in earnest and when he is playing with his readers; but if he was in earnest when he defined poetry to be a "criticism of life," he certainly achieved in one famous phrase a definition of poetry which for whimsical perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he





might perhaps have got nearer to the truth, although, as regards prose, it must not be forgotten that the difference between writers like Balzac and writers like Scott is this: that inasmuch as the one criticises life, while the other projects it, the one adopts the prose method, while the other adopts the poetic method.

If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a "criticism of life," and is therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all "criticism of life." Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all. Most noble and brilliant and splendid writing it is, to be sure, and as such we cannot admire it too much. It was, moreover, entirely the expression of his own individuality.

In life his most striking characteristic—a characteristic indicated not only by the watchful gray eyes and the apparently conscious eyebrows that overshadowed them, but in every intonation of his voice and every movement of his limbs—was a marvellous sagacity. Delightful as was personal intercourse with him, the charm was not quite undisturbed. Every now and then you felt yourself to be under the microscope of a Yankee naturalist. You felt that you were being examined, weighed and classified for America, perhaps for Boston. It is this sagacity that gives life to his prose. What is called his wit is merely this almost preternatural sagacity in rapid movement. What is called his humor is this same sagacity at rest and in a meditative mood. The obtrusion, however, of sagacity in poetry, unless it be in worldly verse, is fatal. Byron, the most sagacious of all nineteenth-century poets before Browning, seems so have been aware of this either by intuition or reflection: for it is only in his poems written in the mock-heroic vein, such as "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judgment," "Beggars," etc., that he allows his sagacity to display itself and interfere with the impression that all serious poets must make in order to be accepted—the impression of being inspired by something deeper than sagacity. But the odd thing is that Lowell as a critic was perfectly conscious of all this. The vice of knowingness was, however, the one which he could never conquer. To say a thing epigrammatically and brilliantly was to him more than to say it poetically. The same remark applies to his humorous poems. Even in humour, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, the humorist's sagacity may be too much in evidence, if it interfere with that poetic glow which belongs to the very greatest humour, whether it be quiet and Cervantine or Rabelaisian and noisy. In all first-rate humorous work the basis of the structure should seem to be not worldly sagacity, but poetic enjoyment illumined and strengthened by worldly sagacity. This will be seen at once if we compare the "Man Made of Money" and the "Chronicles of Clovenhook" of that once popular humorist, Douglas Jerrold, with the humor of Dickens, even when the latter has passed into satire. In the "Biglow Papers" everything seems to be vitalized, not by humorous enjoyment, but by Lowell's keen sagacity. The writer's intention to pour intellectual matter into humorous forms is too apparent. The highest humor is poetic in its substance and consists of a projection rather than of a criticism of life, as we see in a thousand instances in Shakespeare and in Sterne. Christopher Sly's interjection—

"'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady,  
Would 't were done!"

and the remark of the "foolish fat scullion" in "Tristram Shandy" on getting the news of her young master's death, are typical examples of the humorous way of projecting rather than of criticising life displayed by

the greatest masters of poetic humor.

With regard to Lowell as a serious poet, there are those in his own country who think that in seeking the poet's crown he was, all his life, hunting a shadow.

Immediately after the death of an eminent writer it is not pleasant to indulge in any criticism of his work, except that of a landlady kind; but it is very specially unpleasant to do so when the eminent writer is an American and the critic an Englishman. Lowell himself was wont to speak of the British critic as an "insular person," and it is undeniable that the British critic is a person living in an island. Geography has always played an important part in man's conceptions of man. French criticism is not insular, for France is not an island; and the same remark applies to American criticism. As my ideas about Lowell as a poet coincide with those expressed in the following quotation, I think it wise to stand behind the backler of so good an American as Mr. George S. Hillard:

"Mr. Lowell has more of the 'vision' than the 'faculty divine.' He has the eye and mind of a poet, but wants the plastic touch which 'turns to shape the form of things unknown.' His conceptions are superior to his power of execution. We are reminded in reading his poetry of the observation of a judicious critic in a sister art—that the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more pains. In this volume there is more of the ore of poetry, but little of it in its purified and polished state."

In all that belongs to the form and garb of verse there is room for great improvement."

The critic dwelling on an island who should dare to write in this way about any American poet must needs be a bolder man than I. But it is amusing to observe the way in which other American critics speak of poetic art as being a thing apart from poetry itself. To say that form is essential to poetry is not enough. In the deep and true sense poetry is form. Even in prose the way of saying the thing in pure literature is as important as the thing said. It is science that deals with the *Verstand* of man. For pure literature has only to do with the *Vernunft*, leaving science to address the *Verstand*; and as there is so little to tell the soul which it does not already know, and did not know ages and ages before Homer chanted the "Hail," the way of telling it is almost everything, even in prose. "*Le style c'est l'homme*" has then a deeper meaning than Buffon himself supposed. But in poetry the way of saying the things of the first importance, as Lowell the critic well knew, or he would never have said (following Wordsworth), "In all real poetry the form is not a garment, but a body." That a man of Lowell's amazing gifts should not, when he set himself to write in verse, apply his own principles to his own work would be scarcely conceivable were it not for certain other examples which shall be nameless. No poet with a true ear could so persistently throw the weight upon weak words as he does in that fine poem the "Commemoration Ode." He is constantly forgetting that underlying all rhythms is the rhythm of nature, the free movement of the thoughts and emotions passing into words; and that, as I have said on a previous occasion, the object of all metrical expression is to achieve such complete mastery over the metrical form adopted as to make it seem this free movement. The simpler the metrical form, the more easily can this movement be rendered by means of verbal melody. But in all metres the poet should never rest till he has made the structural emphasis peculiar to the form meet and strengthen the natural emphasis of the emotion. Wherever there is a sense of effort in reading a poem, such as we experienced in reading the "Harvard Ode," the "Sir Launfal," and the sonnets of Lowell, it arises from a struggle between the rhythm of nature and the rhythm peculiar to the metrical form, such as is never seen in the work of the great masters, but such as is constant-

ly seen in Lowell, and, indeed, in most American poets except Poe and one or two living writers. The relation between quantity and accent in modern metres seems to be almost ignored in America.

As a critic Lowell was one of the best equipped men of our time. His reading was both thorough and wide, and he never ceased to be a reader. His studies of Dante and of Dryden would alone give him a high place both as a student and as a critic. The "Dryden" is an unequalled performance. There is scarcely a sentence in the essay that does not coruscate with intelligence, and almost the same thing may be said in regard to the "Dante." As to Dante, however, it is a remarkable fact that poets who make a special study of the great Italian seem to be but little influenced by his supreme method. Dante's masterful conciseness and starlike purity of style, scornful of adjectives, even those of color and form, were the special admiration of Rossetti, as they were of Lowell; and yet one remained as absolutely uninfluenced by the Dantesque method as the other. Is it that the richness of Shakespeare and those who have followed in his wake has so dazzled the English imagination that the high clarity of Dante is out of their compass? If so, it is a pity, for Dante's style is so pure and so high that it may be called the ideal style. By the side of him other poets may all be called mannered. It is the voice of Nature herself speaking; and it is the fact that a poet of high order like Rossetti can give his days and nights to Dante and yet fail to seize any one of his excellences, while the voice of Shakespeare is recalled in many a lovely turn and daring image, it shows how impossible it is to escape the influence of poetry written in one's mother tongue. THEODORE WATTS.

James Russell Lowell once wrote in an address.

Too pressed to wait, upon her slate  
Faintly writes a name or two in doubt,  
Scarcely written, these no longer please,  
And but often blurs them out:  
It may be true, fair girl, that you  
Years hence, at this very hour, may see,  
And but to talk your memory ask  
In vain, "This Lowell, who was he?"

**LOWELL, THE CITIZEN.** *Boston Journal*  
James Russell Lowell was the first citizen of Massachusetts. He filled this exalted position by virtue of the impartial opinion of those of his contemporaries best able to decide as to his high qualities of mind and heart, his manly individuality and courage to accomplish whatever duty demanded. The influence which James Russell Lowell exerted on the intellects and consciences of Americans, by means of his pen, cannot be dissociated from that volume of humane forces which finally gave us a free republic in reality, but it was notable. He never waited for public opinion to form itself in the right way as he conceived it. His mental and moral constitution had no such drawback. He recognized the obligation that he should do a man's work, and nobly he did it all through life, in stimulating popular thought to meet and overthrow the great evils which had become a part of our representative system. As personifying in part the majesty of the republic abroad, Mr. Lowell recommended the country whose diplomatic agent he was by his nobility of character and unshrinking purpose, while maintaining the honor of the nation which looked to him for advancing its international prestige, that the power vested in him should never directly or indirectly aid in lessening friendly relations between England and the





United States.

Mr. Lowell was one of that type of politicians who elevate politics by their connection with it; and the swarms of partisans who are continually buzzing around for preferment and place should contemplate his career, and look up to him as a pattern and exemplar. Office was never necessary for a citizen of Mr. Lowell's cast. It was when he was in a feeble and despoiled minority, preaching the truth in almost inimitable verse that his real self shone the most resplendently. Of his enviable position in the republic of letters the opinion of the civilized world has been so often registered that it requires no gift of prophecy to say it will never be reversed.

Born to the best social position, so far as family name and lineage may count in this country, and not oblivious to such considerations in the choice of his associations, Mr. Lowell never wrapped himself up in the purple, or was satisfied to dwell in the Cambridge colony of hermits. He considered himself none too good for open, working association with politics, agitations and social movements of many kinds. Whosoever were like himself interested ardently in helping on civilization and his country—even were they "long-haired men and short-haired women"—were his fellows. Mere wealth and its possessors as such he simply treated as beneath notice, and he was as unconscious of the attempted patronage sometimes extended to him in such quarters as he was of angry abuse for his heterodoxy in party politics. Of the cheap criticism as to his fondness for things British, one characteristic trait of English public men he introduced in his own person—individuality and independence; and no importation could be better to engraft upon our too easy-going, complacent American temper and habit of thinking down to what we call the "average man."

## TO HIS SEPULCHRE.

Lowell's Remains will Rest in Mt. Auburn  
—Bishop Philips Brooks will Conduct  
the Services

Today the mortal remains of James Russell Lowell, America's illustrious poet and diplomat, will be consigned to their grave in the family lot at Mt. Auburn.

The funeral arrangements are complete and will be under the especial charge of Mr. Edward Jackson.

The cortege will leave the Lowell homestead shortly before noon, and proceed to the Appleton chapel, Harvard University, where services will be conducted by Bishop Phillips Brooks, assisted by Dean William Lawrence of St. John's Episcopal theological school.

Mr. Warren A. Lock, chorister of Harvard University, will have charge of the music, and the Temple quartet will render selections.

The following pallbearers will act as escort from the house to the chapel: President Charles F. Choate of the Old Colony railroad; Mr. John Bartlett of Cambridge, Prof. Charles Eliot; Norton of Cambridge, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch.

## His Lines on Death.

Following are some lines from the dead poet's pen on death:

My love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die:  
Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,  
Whose numbering clock is still thy gentle kins,

While Time and Peace with hands unlocked fly,  
Yet care I not where in eternity  
We live and love, well knowing that there is  
No backward step for those who feel the bliss  
Of faith as their most lofty yearnings high;  
Love hath so purified my being's care  
Meseems I scarcely should be startled even  
To find some morn that thou hadst gone before:  
Since with thy love this knowledge, too, was given—  
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and  
more—  
That they who love are but one step from heaven.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## Condolence from the Queen.

The Queen of England has conveyed her regret at the news of Mr. Lowell's death. Mr. Burnett received the following message yesterday:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1891.

To the Hon. Edward Burnett, Cambridge, Mass.:

The British minister at this capital has forwarded to this department the following telegram from the Marquis of Salisbury:

"The Queen desires to express her sorrow and regret at the news which has just reached this country (England) of Mr. Lowell's death.

WILLIAM F. WHARTON,  
Acting Secretary of State.

## LOWELL'S LAST POEM.

Written a Year Ago and Printed Last  
Winter. *Coston Journal*

The last poem of Mr. Lowell's which was published in an American journal is his "My Brook." It appeared in the New York Ledger's Christmas issue, Dec. 13, 1890, in a four-page souvenir appendix, and was illustrated with four large cuts from drawings of Wilson de Meza. Mr. Lowell wrote the poem while he was in England in the summer of 1890, and subsequently revised it on seeing the proofs. The amount paid for it was \$1000. The poem excited varying opinions among critics, but all praised it for its music, its poetic and graceful diction. The poem is given in part below:

### MY BROOK.

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,  
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;  
Earth's burthen weighs wearily now on us both—  
But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first born of Eden, a morn without mate,  
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought  
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,  
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the whole summer long,  
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;  
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,  
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hear,  
How you danced there, my nautch-girl, madly gay  
and fern.  
While the flashing tomanus tinkled joyous and clear  
On the slim wrists and ankles that flashed in their train.

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages, it seems,  
And now I return sad with life and its lot,  
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-footed dreams,  
And Will-o'-the-wisp light me his lantern no more?

The life that I dreamed of was never to be,  
For I with my tribe into bondage was sold,  
And the sunbeams and moonbeams, your elf-gifts to me,  
The miller transmutes into work-a-day gold.

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away;  
It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys,  
But the shekels you test me are safe from decay;  
They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thralldom! 'Tis only a leap;  
Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just hiding your breath;  
Escape to the old days, the days that will keep,  
If there's peace in the mill pond, so is there in death.

On are mine and no other's; with life of my life  
I made you a Nalad, that were but a stream;  
In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife  
For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go  
To the Land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,  
Where the dials move backward and apophthegms blow;  
Come flash your tomanus again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and dash them on ankle and wrist,  
For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!  
There we find again all that we wasted or mist,  
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her dauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still  
Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear.  
But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,  
To the prime of the past and the sweet of the year.

## MR. LOWELL AS A TEACHER.

[From the Boston Globe.]

After much persuasion Mr. Lowell had been induced in 1883, after his return from England, to occupy the chair of Smith; professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures and professor of belles lettres at Harvard.

His subject was Dante, the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia."

A few men began at once the study of Italian and by sticking hard at it during the summer were able to get Mr. Lowell's permission to enter the class; and yet there were not over half a dozen men on his list as regular students says a writer in the Globe.

The lectures were held in a room in the old University building. Up to the time that Mr. Lowell conducted this course the walls had been bare, excepting here and there a puzzling map, showing some matters related to political economy; but Mr. Lowell swept out the uncanny charts belonging to the dismal science, and brought down from "Elmwood" a great many engravings and photographs of Old World cities, palaces of the Medici, the bronze doors of Ghiberti and Brunelleschi's dome which Michel Angelo hung on St. Peter's, until the old rude-furnished room was thoroughly freed from all signs of the late dreary hobgoblin presence as if it had been blessed and sprinkled with hyssop and holy water.

Mr. Lowell's method of instruction was fitted for university, not for college, work. It was true research, the desire for learning for its own sake, not the study for discipline, nor for the information alone, but the cultivation and storing of the mind for the pleasure in the acquisition. There was no delay with syntax or prosody.

An hour and a half at a time was given to the poem in hand; Mr. Lowell had the class read, or he himself read, right on, through good and bad.

As some in the class read the text slowly, Mr. Lowell broke in at quick intervals with comments, criticisms adverse or favorable. Now, the wilfulness and superfluity of the rhyme was pointed out; even the crueler part of Dante's genius was exhibited, all in the easiest manner, as if the students were a group of visitors at "Elmwood" drawing out the man of letters on poetry, men and places.

Towards the close of the hour Mr. Lowell talked. The class sank into silence. There were no more questions, and for the remaining fifteen minutes Mr. Lowell read, larding the soft language of the text with personal talk, reminiscent in character, full of incidents from his years in Italy. Giotto's bell tower and the little Arno, shrunken by the summer sun, were sketched in few words to the imagination of the students on the benches.

The lines "Font il mio bel San Giovanni" caused him to tell of the children whom he saw baptized just where Dante was christened so long before. And then quickly he returned to the tremendous story of the infernal precipices, black whirlpools, the odor of huge loathsomeness, the giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits.

Suddenly the professor, glancing at his watch on the desk, stopped, bowed and quickly walked out of the room, the men rising to their feet respectfully as he passed.





18 BEACON STREET, Jan. 4 1889.  
 Dear Mrs. Washburn: I shall hope to obey  
 your order on Monday, and shall if not hin-  
 dered by some force majeure.  
 I have sold one of the tickets you kindly let  
 with me, and shall expect to pay for the other.  
 As my wife's approach nearer and nearer to ex-  
 tinction, I am not unnaturally, more jealous of  
 my "dead-headed." I conceive a personal ap-  
 plication in it. Faithfully yours,

1877. Edward Everett Hale Says O  
 Tribute to the Memory of Miss Friend.

the death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sympathy by all people who use the language of the heart so well. In this neighborhood, however, which is his home, there is a world of more tender recollections of the utmost tenderness, and he is detained by the announcement that he is about to see his face again, or meet his old associates. The young men who were educated by Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, 50 years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest benefactors of his time, as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his reverend father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made him such a promise. But as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell did not precede the precision of the promise, for the poet found it impossible for him to leave and his words. The university did not, indeed, show its foresight in its handling of one who, 16 years after, it was proud to make its own.

The tradition was that the government were very unwilling to proceed to the arrest of the poet, but, at the very last, the central point of massing his friends in the chapel—where he almost as often and himself too late for entrance—was suspended from the college and was not allowed himself to read the poem which he had written for Commencement Day. Well-authenticated tradition says that he witnessed the ceremony from a distance around the tree in front of the chapel, in which he had ridden from Concord, which was his place of exile. His loyalty to his alma mater, however, afterward seemed that he took no offence for any harshness of her treatment.

It is one of the finest illustrations of the readiness with which America submits her diploma to those to whom America confers it. Charles, without asking from them what is called a diplomatic education, that Mr. Lowell, in the course of his Span and to England, discharged so admirably the duties which were intrusted to him. If anybody supposed that here was a mere man of letters, ignorant of the ways of action of men of affairs, Mr. Lowell's dispatches undeceived them. Since his return to this country Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. But whoever has met him has found the old cordiality and simplicity and readiness to render service where service came within his power. He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts. And so indeed it was. But he could not be moose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection and tender sympathy."

The death of James Russell Lowell has awakened in me a long train of recollections. I knew him when he was a little boy. He was ten years old and I was sixteen when, in 1827-8, we both attended as day pupils the boarding-school of Mr. William Wells in Cambridge, which was nearly opposite to the house of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, James's father. In that house James was born, and he had the rare good fortune to live in it all his life, except when he was abroad. His first wife, Maria White of Watertown, was my second cousin. She was a most intellectual person, of highly *spirituelle* nature, and her influence in developing in him a propensity to literary pursuits was very great. Her constitution was extremely delicate, and she died early, leaving a daughter, her only child, now Mrs. Burnett.

I remained at Mr. Wells's school only one year. In August, 1828, I entered Harvard College, leaving "Jimmy Lowell," as we called him, still at the school. Mr. Wells was an Englishman, married to a lady who was a member of the Best family in Boston, and they had three grown-up daughters and two younger sons. Mr. Wells was a fine classical scholar, and a stern schoolmaster of the old-fashioned English type. He always heard a recitation with the book in his left hand and a ratten in his right, and if the boy made a false quantity or did not know the meaning of a word down came the ratten on his head. But this chastisement was never administered to me or to "Jimmy Lowell." Not to me because I was too old for it, and not to him because he was too young.

I graduated from Harvard in 1832, six years before Lowell. I did not know much about him until after he became engaged to my cousin, Miss White. It was a long engagement, for James had no very good prospect of being established in business as a lawyer. Miss White's father and some of Lowell's own relatives regarded him as a young man who would not make his own way in the world. They did not know his genius, but his Maria did know it and with the fidelity of a true woman she believed in his future. I used to hear a good deal about them in a circle of young people with whom I was intimate, but who were younger than myself. Lowell had a kinsman in Boston who might have promoted his prospects at the bar; but this cousin of his always shook his head when James's name was mentioned, and if anyone had predicted James's career in his presence, this cousin would have been utterly incredulous. But this gentleman died before the young poet had gained much reputation. I am not aware that Lowell owed his success in any degree to anyone but himself; still, I think he was not naturally an industrious man. He had, I fancy, a propensity to idleness, which he bravely overcame. Having witnessed the whole of his career, I think I can say that the estimate of it given by Canon Farrar is perfectly just.

Undoubtedly the greatest public service that Mr. Lowell ever rendered consisted in what he did to promote and cement the friendship between the Government and people of Great Britain and the Government and people of the United States. We have had other ministers to England who have done a good deal of this useful and beneficent kind of work. But Lowell was in England at a peculiar time, a time when it was necessary that the work should be undertaken anew, because the unpleasant feeling, engendered by our Civil War, was not entirely worn out. For this task Lowell was eminently fitted in every way. His genial manners, his tact and his varied accomplishments enabled him to fill so important a difficult post. [New York Sun.]

## Services Over the Remains of James

Beston Russell Lowell.

*Journal*  
Harvard College Chapel Crowded  
With a Noted Assemblage.

The Interment Private in the  
Mt. Auburn Family Lot.

Simple but impressive funeral services over the remains of the late James Russell Lowell were held in Allston Chapel, Cambridge, at noon Friday. The chapel was crowded to overflowing, and many who desired to be present were unable to gain an entrance. Scarcely has there been witnessed such a gathering of those distinguished in the literary and other professions as gathered to pay the last tribute of love and respect to the deceased author, critic, poet and diplomatist, to whom the words of his own tribute to another's greatness might well be applied:—

"I find completeness, life without a fall  
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless  
wall.  
So that if any fame can bear the touch,  
I'll say 'Hallel' to the last trumpet's call."

Representatives of all these varied walks in life which the deceased so delightfully graced were present. A very noticeable feature was the attendance of a large concourse of citizens of Cambridge, Mr. Lowell's native city, showing the falsity, in this case, of the old saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The officiating clergymen were the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, and Rev. William Lawrence, S. T. B., Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge.

The body was driven in the hearse from Elmwood at 11:30 o'clock, followed by three carriages containing the Burnett family, nurses and servants. The cortege arrived at Appleton Chapel just at noon. Shortly after 12 o'clock the funeral procession into the church was led by the officiating clergy, followed by the pall bearers, then the body, and behind all the relatives and family. Mrs. Burnett, daughter of the deceased, dressed in deepest mourning, was escorted by her oldest son. Mr. Burnett and the rest of the children came next followed by the nurses and servants. As the funeral procession moved up the aisle the voice of Dr. Lawrence was heard uttering the familiar opening words of the Episcopal burial service for the dead. The Scripture was also read by Dr. Lawrence and the prayers by Bishop Brooks.

The music during the service was rendered by the Temple Male Quartette, consisting of T. E. Johnson, first tenor; George W. Want, second tenor; George H. Remels, first bass, and A. C. Krueger, second bass. The music was in charge of Warren A. Locke, organist at the church. The selections included a chant, "Lord, Let Me Know Thy End," by Buck; "Beati Mortui," by M. J. Slesinger; "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," by J. C. D. Parker;





# "Libera Me," by Kaliwoda.

The floral tributes were very few in number and modest in character. An ivy wreath picked at Elmwood rested on the head of the casket, another wreath of ivy from Mrs. James T. Fields hung over one corner of the reading desk, and a wreath of roses from Mrs. Putnam lay upon the floor at the base of the pulpit. The body was enclosed in a plain black broadcloth casket, without trimmings except a silver plate bearing the simple inscription:

Died Aug. 12, 1891.  
James Russell Lowell,  
Aged 72 years 5 months.

The pall-bearers were President C. W. Eliot, Hon. George William Curtis, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Prof. Child, C. F. Choate, John Holmes, Professor Bartlett. Their duties were entirely honorary, the casket being borne into and from the church between them by the Undertakers Wyeth and their assistants.

The foregoing list of pall-bearers is a most distinguished one. John Holmes is a younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and of him Lowell once said that he considered him as witty, if not wittier, than the more well-known Autocrat. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis and William Dean Howells are names that need but a mention. Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts, was a great personal friend of the deceased. John Bartlett, lately of the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co. is the author of "Familiar Quotations," and to him Lowell dedicated one of his poems in token of friendship. Prof. Child has been for years at the head of the English Department of Harvard College. Charles F. Choate, Esq., is the President of the Old Colony Railroad Company. Christopher P. Cranch, whose poems have delighted many, was a member of the Theological School when Lowell was a Sophomore.

The funeral arrangements were in charge of Chief Usher Edward Jackson. The remaining ushers were Messrs A. Lawrence Lowell, Geo. Gardner, Ernest Jackson, Francis L. Coolidge, Arthur Lyman and Moorfield Storey. The relatives and family of the deceased, the pall-bearers and members of the Loyal Legion and Harvard Corporation occupied a dozen reserved pews across the church directly in front of the pulpit.

Of the surviving members of Mr. Lowell's class, the class of 1838, the following were present: Samuel Leonard Abbot, A. M., M. D.; William Aspinwall, LL. B.; Hon. George Bailey Loring, M. D.; William Ingersoll Bowditch, LL. B., and James Ivers Trecothick Coolidge, S. T. D.

The Loyal Legion, of which the deceased was a member, was represented by the following delegation:

Gen. John L. Ous, Col. Stephen M. Crosby, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Col. Augustus P. Martin, Col. Charles R. Codman, Col. T. W. Higginson, Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Col. Henry Stone, William Endicott, Jr., Col. Henry Leo, Maj. Russell Sturges, Capt. Nathan Appleton, Gen. Edward W. Hincks, Col. Arnold A. Rand and Capt. Hiram S. Shurtleff.

Among those present and not already mentioned were: Hon. R. B. Anderson, Madison, Wis., ex-Minister to Denmark; Rev. H. C. Hitchcock of Somerville, John Livermore, Esq., of Cambridge, Prof. John Henry Wright of Harvard University, Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, Rev. Dr. Alexander of Cambridge; Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Mr. Daniel C. Heath, Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, H. O. Houghton, Jr., Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, Robert M. Morse, Jr., Mr. Joseph Burnett of Southboro', Rev. Edward A. Rand of Watertown, W. S. Clymer of Watertown, George Putnam, Esq., Hon. Leverett Saltonstall,

Frank B. Sanborn, Mayor Alpheus Alger of Cambridge, Col. Henry L. Higginson, Mr. Joseph G. Thorpe, Jr., Richard H. Dana, Esq., Professor L. R. Williston, Miss Ellen T. Emerson of Concord, Mass.; Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge; Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., Prof. George Mendall Taylor, Dr. H. P. Walcott of Cambridge; State Librarian C. B. Tillinghast, Dr. T. H. Cunningham of Cambridge, Rev. A. B. Muzzey of Cambridge, Hon. James A. Fox, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. John Quincy Adams, Dr. James Putnam, Rev. James Sallaway of Bedford, Prof. T. A. Dwyer of Richmond University, Prof. H. W. Williams of Harvard University, George P. Coverly, Esq., Prof. Ware of Columbia College, New York, George Abbott James, Esq., Rev. T. P. Prudden, D. D., of Chicago, Dr. Wm. C. Hawkins, James J. Myers, Rev. W. C. Winslow, D. D., Profs. Adolph Cohn, A. B. Hart, Wm. James and Assistant Librarian W. C. Lane of Harvard University, J. J. Myers, Esq., W. W. Newell, Esq., J. W. Freese, Principal of the Washington Grammar School, Cambridge, Eben Snow, Esq., William B. de las Casas, Esq., Postmaster Arthur Gormley of Cambridge, Godfrey Morse, Esq., Hon. Edwin A. Alger, Dr. Henry A. Williams, President Wheeler of the Cambridge Common Council, Dr. Howland Holmes of Lexington, W. C. Lane of the Harvard College Library, John A. Glidden, Esq., of Dover, N. H., George P. Davis, Esq., of Boston, Robert H. Toppan, Esq., of Cambridge, Rev. Wilson Waters of St. Anne's Church, Lowell; William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Dr. Sprague, Mrs. William Blake, Mrs. Burt Dexter, Mr. Arthur Dexter, Mrs. Nelson Blake of Arlington, Mrs. J. H. Shapleigh of Brookline, Mrs. F. L. Gould of Cambridge, Mrs. Henry Whitman of Beverly, A. W. Blake of Brookline, A. S. Parsons of Cambridge, Prof. Francke, Nanah Kozaki and K. Fukushima, Japanese students of Harvard.

The body was not exposed to the view of any one and was taken to Mt. Auburn immediately after the services at the chapel, followed by about fifteen carriages. There were no services at the grave.

While the body was being conveyed to its last resting place in Mount Auburn the church bells throughout the city were tolled and the flags displayed at half mast by order of Mayor Alger. The grave is in the centre of the family lot, on the right of Fountain avenue—the first avenue on the left of the entrance. The lot is a double one, containing the remains of generations of Lowells and Putnams, the latter being Mr. Lowell's only living sister's family. It is conspicuous on account of its extreme plainness and simplicity. It is uninclosed, being without granite curbings, hedge or even location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions:

Charles Russell Lowell, died June 23, 1870.  
James Jackson Lowell, Lieutenant Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, died June 4, 1862.  
Samuel R. Putnam, died Dec. 24, 1861.  
William Lowell Putnam, Twentieth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, killed at Ball's Bluff Oct. 21, 1861.  
Annie Cabot Lowell, died Jan. 7, 1874.  
Charles Russell Lowell, Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry, died Oct. 20, 1864.  
Charles Lowell Putnam, died Sept. 10, 1847.  
Robecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D., died May 20, 1872.

The spot which has been selected for the poet's grave, and which, it is understood, was of his own choosing, is romantically situated under two large hornbeam trees, one of which is directly at the foot of the grave and the other on the right of its head. These trees are never trimmed, and their chief charm is their natural and weird growth. The lot is in a valley in the rear of the cemetery, and directly in the shadow of the Longfellow lot, on Indian Ridge avenue, where rest the remains of America's famous bard. Thus the two poets, who were neighbors in life, may be said to occupy the same relation in death.

## THE FUNERAL OF LOWELL.

Although many of those who would otherwise have been present were out of town, the funeral of Mr. LOWELL at Cambridge yesterday was the occasion of a large and distinguished gathering. Men eminent in every walk of life were there to testify to the respect in which they held the memory of the dead, and the sorrow which they expressed was keen and sincere. There was no ostentation in the ceremony, which was conducted by Bishop Brooks and the Rev. WILLIAM LAWRENCE according to the beautiful Episcopal ritual, and the eloquence of its fine simplicity was in perfect keeping with the spirit of him who is dead.

The death of Hon. James Russell Lowell, poet, critic and patriot, is a loss to the whole country. Our foremost man of letters, and one whose genius was recognized abroad as well as at home, without a spot on his reputation either as a private citizen or a public servant, a gentleman in the best sense of that much abused word, and a devout believer in God, his memory will be revered by every true American. Born in 1819, he has passed away just as he was beginning to enter upon what was hoped would be a prolonged and beautiful old age.

### LOWELL'S FAME ABROAD.

The New York Evening Post refers to the fame of Lowell as an author as not being international, and instances Longfellow, Cooper, Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte as excelling him in this respect. It might have added Hawthorne, and, perhaps, Henry James to the number. There is one American author who depends upon England and France for his fame more than upon his own country. We refer to Edgar A. Poe. Poe was almost neglected here until he received the certificate of genius from abroad, and we are inclined to think he is not very much read at home by this generation. Lowell's essay writing is not of a kind to receive general reading anywhere; it is, the most of it, too much the work of what is recognized as a distinctively literary man. His humor, from its dialect character, appeals rather to our own people than to those abroad. Among British scholars and men of letters, however, Lowell is appreciated and highly estimated.

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[For the Transcript.]

From purest wells of English undefiled  
None deeper drank than he, the New World's  
child,  
Who, in the language of their farm-fields,  
spoke  
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,  
Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-wide  
laugh  
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half  
The walls of Slavery down, ere yet the ball  
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

J. G. W.





## THE POET'S DIRGE.

The following lines from James Russell Lowell's "Dirge" have a pathetic appropriateness just now:

Poet! lonely is thy bed,  
And the turf is overhead—  
Cold earth is thy cover,  
But thy heart hath found release,  
And it slumbers full of peace.

Thy body findeth ample room  
In its still and grassy tomb  
By the silent river.  
But thy spirit found the earth  
Narrow for thy mighty birth  
Which it dreamed of ever!

A correspondent R. B. A. sends a bit of loving criticism of Lowell from her journal of March, 1869.

I have just read Lowell's new volume "Under the Willows." It is full of music, of pictures, of high thoughts and of passionate truth. Ah! who that has lost the heart's treasure will not understand the despairing grief of the poems "After the Burial," and "The Dead House." These are words that bring back the sorrow that blotted out the day and hid God's face in deepest night, until there was left

"To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
To the flesh its sweet despair,  
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket  
With its anguish of deathless hair."

In "Pictures from Appledore" there is a description of the effect of the sun shining upon the rocks quite unique. There is a witchery in the way the words are used, in recalling what is delightful to the imagination and to the heart. "A Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire" is full of pleasant fancies. Who before has ever celebrated the Fire-spirit in such appreciative and almost loving strains? A Persian fire-worshipper would be charmed. One could fill pages in praise of "Under the Willows." The author will hereafter ever be to me under the laurel.

## Mr. Lowell's Letter-Writing —

(Regular Correspondence of the Transcript.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.

It is hard to realize that James Russell Lowell is no longer in this world, and it is hard to realize that old age was against him in his struggle for life. Mr. Lowell never seemed like an old man. It is said of him that, no matter what the age of the other men in the room might be, Mr. Lowell was always the youngest man there. His interest in life and in every thing that was worth being interested in was as keen as a young man's, up to his last illness.

Mr. Lowell was old-fashioned in only one thing—that was his correspondence. His letters were not telegraphic despatches, they were letters, and I am happy to say that I possess a goodly number of them. I don't think that there is one of them, not even the shortest, that is not worth preserving for some bright thought or witty line. Mr. Lowell in the latter years of his fame realized, I fancy, than anything in his autograph had a money value in addition to its literary worth. When he sent poems and manuscripts to the magazines they were copied out in another hand than his, his own manuscript being given to a friend whom he wished to benefit by its sale after his death. His letters, however, were all written

in a clear, scholarly hand on handsome paper. I say this to show that bad penmanship and indifferent stationery are not the necessary accompaniment of the man of letters. A letter written by Mr. Lowell was a delight to the eye as well as to the mind. His handwriting was quite as legible as Mr. Longfellow's, without being as clerical in its cut.

## POETRY AND JUSTICE. *Phila. Press.*

Before the embers of the election fire have died out, let us rescue this fragment of a dozen lines, written by James Russell Lowell. It has done hard duty in the campaign, and has been much quoted by McClure, Harrity and others of the saints:

With generous curve we draw the moral line;  
Our swindlers are permitted to resign;  
Their guilt is wrapped in deferential names,  
And twenty sympathize for one that blamed.  
The public servant who has stolen or lied,  
If call'd on, may resign with honest pride;  
As unjust favor put him in, why doubt  
Disavow as unjust his turned bay out?  
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge  
To him who counted in the elective judge?  
Whitewashed, he quits the politician's strife,  
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life.

This is "poetry," the work of a master hand, but is it justice?

Swindlers, says Mr. Lowell, if we may be permitted to condense his poetry into cold controversial prose, are permitted to resign from public stations they have degraded; their crime treated with respect, and in their resignations have the sympathy of nineteen-twentieths of the community. This is a carefully condensed statement. Upon what is it based? Where is the swindler, since the Government began, who has ever been permitted to resign under the circumstances described? Where is the community nineteen-twentieths of whom sympathize with resigned swindlers? Was this the fate of Aaron Burr or Secretary Belknap, the two public men who may have been in the poet's mind? Their history is a terrible example of, the stern justice which the Republic visits upon them who trifle with their duties as citizens and statesmen. Better they had died in chains and in the dungeon than live, as they did, in the pitiless Alpine infamy of scorn.

Mr. Lowell alludes also to some public servant who had stolen and lied, and who was permitted to resign in "honest pride." There is no such case in American history and can only be found in the English memoirs of such glorious reigns as those of the four Georges. Mr. Lowell also discovered that a Judge under our elective system treated the indictments of public officials who had stolen and lied as "fudge." Can any student of the eminent poet give us the name of this Judge or of any judicial officer who ever attempted to condone crime and not fall into instant ruin in the attempt? The books are open. The criminal records are before all men. Give us names, dates, time, and place. Then we can rate the poetry at its value.

Mr. Lowell describes a public man who steals and lies, avoids prison by collusion with a corrupt Judge, leaves politics rich,

"whitewashed," and "at ease." Is this true? We have known a few instances of men who escaped conviction by some technicality, by the obtuseness of a jury or the nimbleness of the advocate. But this has happened to murderers as well as to faithless officials. Can it fairly be called a description of the relations between crime and the American bench? Has not public condemnation been instant and pitiless? Society would not take such men with their gildings. To them, as in bitterness they learned, better the wooden bed, the plaiter and the cell, than the living scorn of a people's contempt.

The "moral line" is never drawn with "a generous curve" of public opinion, the verses of even as great a poet as Mr. Lowell to the contrary. Therein is the strength of the Republic. Sins that the throne might hide grow darker under the light of republicanism. There are many things which might be improved as the world goes. We are trying to better them every day. Not, however, in the moral standards we exact from our public men. We could not be more implacable in what we demand from them, nor more severe in our resentment of their failures to do their duty.

This is the truth of history and current observation, as opposed to the poetry of Mr. Lowell. The elections are over, and there is no harm in speaking it.

## THE LISTENER.

*Transcript?*

The Listener struck an odd account of Mr. Lowell yesterday in a copy of the *Independence Belge*, the great newspaper of Brussels. It was written from London to that paper, and is interesting here from its evident opinion that Mr. Lowell was a very different man from the great majority of his fellow citizens, and from the hitherto locally unknown anecdotes it contains. "There is no greater pleasure for the citizens over the Atlantic," says this Belgian writer, "than that of railing against their mother country, and playing her all sorts of *enfant terrible* tricks. In their nasal twang, they call it *ordre la queue du lion britannique*; or as we say, 'pulling grandmother's wig.' 'Why,' said a Manchester man to Mr. Lowell one day, 'aren't you an Englishman?' He was astonished to find an American cut in the measure of Belgravia. And the Yankee poet replied, with a wit which his countrymen have as yet failed to see the delicate justice of, 'Yes, I am an Englishman—because I'm not a red-skin.' It is possible that his was a case of atavism. Of Puritan origin, his grandmother, although an emigrant to the New World, never forgave the Americans for having shaken off the yoke of England. When, each year, close by her residence of Elmwood, in Massachusetts, where her illustrious grandson has just died, the lamps were lighted and the petards began to explode which were to glorify the memory of the 4th of July, 1776—the day of the declaration of American independence—then the aged and noble lady went into the deepest mourning, piously fasting and lamenting, in the midst of other people's fireworks, 'our recent and deplorable quarrel with his most gracious majesty, our King George'!"

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After learning thus of Mr. Lowell's Tory grandmother, we are told by the Belgian writer—who wields a facile and bookish pen, by the





way—that, "though he was more completely reconciled to the flag of the United States than his grandparent, James Russell Lowell retained in his blood a homesick love for the old beginnings, for the first fatherland of his people. He was more an English poet than an American; he belonged with Tennyson, with Matthew Arnold, with Thackeray and Lamb, and not with Poe, with Mark Twain and Bret Harte. [The reader will put in his own whistle, in his own way, at this point.] His manner and fashion of looking at things utterly lacked the savor of the soil: it brought to us nothing of the flavor of wild fruits and the copper-red tones which impregnate the prose and the verse of the semi-grant definitely assimilated to the atmosphere of the Californian Sierras or the prairies of the Far West. He drew his inspiration exclusively from the fountains of Old World literature. He had everything, in short, which is lacking in the authentic type of the young and too quickly risen American—the distinction of manner, the aristocratic grace of bearing, the correctness of waistcoat, the subtle charming air superficial with many, inborn with him, of the accomplished gentleman, which is the ideal of the English social type. And, by his example, he proved to England that all Americans have not made their fortunes in the pork trade; that they do not all dine with their feet on the table, and that there are among them some who are very well lettered, very artistic, very refined, who have had the time to shake off the mud of their plantations and put polish and varnish upon their shoes."

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Speaking of Mr. Lowell, the Listener has heard several people mention the criticism of the dead poet's work and appreciation of his character contained in Mr. Theodore Watts's *Athenaeum* article, copied in the Transcript Saturday. Mr. Watts was an artist before he was a poet and a critic, and has the artist's and poet's way of expressing himself without much regard for logic—of painting right out with words, as it were, the precise thought that is in him. Some of his remarks about Mr. Lowell's Puritanism, and that of New England people in general, seem a little dogmatic. Of course we are glad to believe that Puritanism, in the high and complimentary sense in which Mr. Watts speaks of it, does exist in New England in very large measure; and it is evident that it permeates Unitarians, Anglicans, Catholics, as well as the old "orthodox" New England communion. But it is not so radically predominant a thing here as an English critic might suppose; and if Mr. Lowell had not escaped in a considerable degree from Puritanism at almost every step he would never have been the great poet that he was. A man who could live as Mr. Lowell did, in the thought and almost worship of trees and birds, must have had a good deal of redeeming pagan virtue in him. That much of Mr. Lowell's poetry was not musical has been known a long time. Mr. Watts puts Mr. Lowell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti into the same category in their tendency to throw the accent in their lines upon weak words; and what superb poets both men were! Is it not possible that both were conscious that there is a melody above melodies, and an accent of thought and color as well as one of sound? For all this, Mr. Watts's study was an excellent one; and what he says about the relation of Americans and Englishmen is well worth American reading.

.... Mr. Lowell's memorial speech on Garfield<sup>de</sup> made at Exeter Hall in London, on Sept. 24, ten years ago, is one of the most thrilling and touching of his addresses; it may be found in the sixth volume of the new ten-volume edition of his works. It is worth while to read again Lowell saying of Garfield—

He was so human. An example of it was his kissing his venerable mother on the day of his inauguration. It was criticised. I remember bearing at the time, as a sin against good taste. I thought then and think now, that if we had found the story in Plutarch we should have thought no worse of the hero of it.

...Mr. Lowell was the only honorary vice president of the Egypt Exploration Fund ever elected to that highly honorable position. His sympathy with its work and other archaeological undertakings is but one of many proofs of the breadth of his mind and his appreciation of every department of study and investigation that helped on man's knowledge of man.

... "Whollstens to an Englishman's speech?" This is the clever way the New York Commercial Advertiser pays back an old score for "Who reads an American book?" and it adds, "If Englishmen are ever to acquire again their lost art of speaking it will be by the study of just such consummate masters of that art as was Mr. James Russell Lowell."

## LIBRARY AND FOYER.

Sir Edwin Arnold's extraordinary classification of James Russell Lowell's standing, in American letters, as inferior to that of Poe and Walt Whitman, is based, one may hazard a guess, not so much on his own or his nation's standards, as on what he and his nation are led to believe are the American standards of literary achievement. Poe is bizarre and unconventional; Whitman is conspicuously and determinately uncouth, and often resolutely and impossibly vulgar: Lowell was above all things in his work as in his life, a gentleman. Given, in each, a certain measure of literary ability, and an Englishman takes for granted that the American will exalt, as more representative of America, the ability expressing itself in bizarre and uncouth forms, over the ability expressing itself in forms of recognized beauty, gentleness and grace.

Mr. Lowell rendered much enduring service to American letters; and among his most individual and enduring gifts to our literature is the picture he has painted for us of the old-fashioned, all-round Yankee; the only complete and comprehensive and artistically-finished picture of him, one is tempted to say, ever painted. Hosea Biglow is not Sam Lawson, the village exception, he is,—or was, a thousand times alas for his passing!—the village type; easy-going in easy matters, and as fixed as New England granite, in deeper ones; shrewd, profoundly humorous, quaint, plucky, kindly; unwearied in argument, effective in action; "slow to contention but slower to quit," a character, no more like the endless parodies and travesties of him, than John Bright was like the "John Boule" of the *Petit Journal* pour Rire. Such a man Lowell sketched for us—or, with far subtler art, made all unconsciously to sketch himself for us, in the most memorable dialect verse of our literature; and to sketch, not only himself, but the now rapidly fading atmosphere and surroundings in which he had being. How exquisitely is older New England epitomized in "The Courtin'!" What a model for realists is that incomparable bit of verse, with its faithful presentation of simple, homely life, touched with transfiguring light from within! Where shall we look for a sweeter, more appealing picture of gentle girlhood than Hildy, as she

... sat, pale as ashes,  
All kind o' smily round the lips,  
An' teary round the lashes!

Lowell, like Abraham Lincoln, was fond of hinting in a pungent anecdote, doubt or disapprovals he did not care for the moment to express outright. Thus when the elective system began to be a burning question at Harvard, and extremists were inclined to preach an absolute freedom of choice in undergraduate studies,

Lowell was asked, at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner, for his opinion on the question. "Well," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have been thinking that the Faculty might meet with the same difficulty that an old landlord whom I knew, once did. He had a great many original gastronomic theories; and confided to me, once, his conviction that ordinary ducks could be made to attain precisely the same flavor as canvas-backed ducks by feeding them largely on celery-seed. I asked him why he did not try the experiment; and he replied mournfully that he had often endeavored to; but, said he, 'the trouble is the blamed things won't eat the seed!'"

And of all the giants there were on the earth in those days, how few are left! Bancroft, Sumner, Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell—where are their peers?

"Something that shone in them hath made us see  
The archetypal man, and what might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first design."

We cannot find them. Nothing now is left  
But a majestic memory. They, meanwhile,  
Wander together in Elysian lands."

The mention of Agassiz's name recalls a delicious little story of the great naturalist, which I am quite sure has never found its way into print. He once took a voyage on a United States man-of-war, as the guest of one of our commodore's who was his warm personal friend. He planned to cast dredging nets here and there, at certain stages of the journey, to secure specimens of fish peculiar to those waters; and near the Straits of Magellan he was overjoyed on drawing in his nets to find he had two fishes of so exceedingly rare a sort that probably they had never hitherto been accurately classified and described. Too delighted to weigh his English phrases, he stood murmuring, over and over again, "Ah, the luscious morsels—the luscious morsels!" and gave them temporarily in charge of a sailor in attendance, while he put away his paraphernalia. An hour afterward, at dinner, a plate was deposited by the respectful steward in front of Professor Agassiz, bearing two small fishes, fried to an appetizing brown. An awful foreboding darted through his brain. "What—what are these?" he gasped. "They're the fish you took this afternoon, sir!" said the steward, promptly and agreeably. "The man he said you said, sir, as how they were 'luscious morsels,' and he thought, sir, they'd better be cooked while they were fresh!"

The expression that settled on Agassiz's face, is a legend in the navy to this hour. They say that he walked up and down the cabin for an hour with a fish in each hand, bewailing his and their cruel fate.

A timely literary gem is the following remarkable tribute to Mr. Lowell. It is printed in all solemnity, and with the approbation of a prominent place in the poetry column, by the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

### LITERARY LIGHTS.

Words of Condolence Dedicated to the friends of the  
Immortal Lowell.

Another "Light" across the way,  
Brightening our path to follow;  
The last faint echo of the boatman's oar  
Is lost in its empty hollow.

The way, once dark, is now so light  
They're clearing up superstition,  
Clipping the twigs of a dangerous blight  
With love, the remaining condition.

The "Light of a Lowell" over the way  
A radiance will shed forever;  
As there on the rim of another day  
He plants his light by the river.

'Tis only a step. I plainly see—  
A deep divested of sorrow.  
I marvel not what the darkness be,  
I shall clearly see tomorrow.







ROBERT GOULD SHAW  
WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM  
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL  
JAMES JACKSON LOWELL



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*From the crayon by S. W. Rouse in the possession of Professor Charles Eliot Norton*







ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE



LOWELL IN HIS OXFORD GOWN





The human leaf falls one by one  
From the tree of life supernal—  
Under the warmth of another sun  
Will land and blossom eternal.  
*New York, August, 1891.* MAY FAL

Mr. James Russell Lowell died yesterday at his home in Cambridge. We give in another column a critical account of his career and of his place in the world of letters. But no tribute to his memory in the *Nation* would be complete or adequate which failed to mention how much it owed to his sympathy and encouragement from the day of its foundation, and how unstintingly these were given to its conductors. His rare contributions to its columns, though very valuable, were but a very insignificant part of the support it received from him. What was most valuable was his constant and very frequent private expressions of praise and appreciation. These never ceased for any great interval during twenty-five years of good and evil report, and they, we need not say to readers of his works, and still less to those who knew the man himself, came from the hand of a master in politics as well as in literature, and, what was still better, from the hand of one of the warmest and staunchest of friends. Of no American of our time might it be more truly said, "Nec vero ille in luce modo atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior. Qui sermo, quæ precepta!"

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*The Nation*, August 13, 1891  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at the residence called Elmwood in Cambridge, Mass., February 23, 1819. He came of a family which in every generation has rendered public service in some form. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, D.D., was prominent in his day as a clergyman, though now best remembered for the wholesome brevity of his sermons; he was one of the conspicuous early Unitarians, although he never would accept that or any other denominational name. Dr. Lowell's father was the Hon. John Lowell, United States Chief Justice for the New England circuit, who has permanent fame as author of that clause in the Massachusetts Constitution which abolished slavery, and it is worth noticing that he was also the author of an English poem in the Harvard "*Pietas et Gratulatio*" of 1761. Judge Lowell's father was the Rev. John Lowell, a clergyman of Newburyport, Mass., and there now hangs at Elmwood a painted panel representing this worthy divine, with several others, sitting around a table with pipes and tobacco, the motto being appended, "In necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas." The father of the Rev. John Lowell was Percival Lowell, a merchant, who came from Bristol, England, in 1639 and settled in Newbury, Mass. James Russell Lowell was thus of the fifth generation from one of the founders of New England. His brother, the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, is also an author, as is his sister, Mrs. S. R. Putnam;

and among his kinsmen, not through direct descent, have been John Lowell, the prolific pamphleteer of Madison's Administration; Francis Cabot Lowell, the founder of the cotton manufacture of New England; John Lowell, the founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston; the present Judge (John) Lowell; and the younger authors, Percival, Abbott Lawrence, and Edward Jackson Lowell. Two of James Russell Lowell's brother's children, Gen. Charles Russell Lowell and Lieut. James Jackson Lowell, were killed during the civil war. It is doubtful whether any family name in New England represents so large a total of conspicuous usefulness.

Prof. Lowell's mother, Harriet (Spence) Lowell, was the daughter of Robert Traill Spence of Portsmouth, N. H., an officer of the United States Navy. She is described by those who knew her as affording the greatest contrast to her gentle and dignified husband, she having a strain of Celtic blood which gave her great vivacity, wit, and impetuosity of manner, all combining to make her very attractive. She lost her intellectual powers with advancing years, and was the subject, under those circumstances, of one of the most powerful and pathetic of her son's poems—"The Darkened Mind."

The house in which Lowell was born was one of several fine old mansions on Brattle Street (Cambridge)—a street bearing the name of a prominent Loyalist of the Revolution—known in the last generation as "Tory Row." The Baroness Riedesel in her *Memoirs* has described these houses as they were during the Restoration, when occupied by a series of families all connected, all rich and prosperous, and all upon the Tory side. Elmwood was built in 1767 by Lieut.-Gen. Thomas Oliver, and was the scene of a popular outbreak in 1774, when the occupant was compelled by a mob to decline office as Mandamus Counsellor in these pithy terms: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by about 4,000 people, in compliance with their command I sign my name, Thomas Oliver." The house was afterwards occupied by Gov. Elbridge Gerry, from whom the Rev. Dr. Lowell purchased it. The beautiful trees which now adorn it were mostly planted by him. Nearly opposite, across Brattle Street, in another of those large colonial houses, was kept for many years the classical school of William Wells, who then had the reputation of fitting boys better than any one else for Harvard College. This was probably true, but it was nevertheless a rough, old-fashioned school of the English type, upon which none of its boarding pupils look back with much pleasure. Lowell, however, was a day scholar, as was his lifelong friend and fellow-worker, William Story; and among the younger pupils who afterwards developed literary tastes were T. W. Higginson and Charles C. Perkins. The training was mainly classical, Mr. Wells being himself the author of an excellent Latin grammar and editor of the first American edition of Cicero.

From this school Lowell entered Harvard College in 1834, taking his degree of A. B. in 1838, and that of A. M. in 1841. He was a college classmate of his friend Story, of Hon. Charles Devens (of Boston), Hon. Rufus King (of Cincinnati), Dr. G. B. Loring (our recent Minister to Portugal), Gen. H. L. Eustis, the

Rev. Drs. E. A. Washburn, Rufus Ellis, and J. I. T. Coolidge. Socially, he was one of the favorites of his class and one of the editors of the College periodical, *Harvardiana*; but he was rather irregular as a student, and was suspended on the eve of graduation for a boyish escapade. This prevented the delivery of his class poem, but it was subsequently published without his name, and partly for this reason has now become so rare that copies of it command a high price. It contains some boyish satire upon the abolitionists and other reformers, but showed the nascent spirit of reform in an eloquent protest against the eviction of the Cherokees, and also in a tribute to the Rev. Dr. Channing. He never reprinted it among his works, but it is very probable that its publication did something to commit him to the career of letters.

A far more powerful influence was, however, brought to bear upon him, in the same direction, soon after. A young poet's love is always a prime factor in his career, but rarely one so altogether controlling as in the case of Lowell. The object of his attachment was Maria White, the sister of one of his classmates. She lived in Watertown, the town adjoining Cambridge, where her father was perhaps the most influential citizen; she had a good deal of beauty, and this of a thoughtful and poetic type, and, under a peculiarly serene and gentle aspect, concealed great strength and fervor of nature. Lowell was, as he has since said of himself, by "temperament and education of a conservative tone." She was, on the other hand, a natural reformer, and, though partly educated in a convent, had already thrown herself with ardent sympathy into the reformatory spirit of the times, and especially the anti-slavery movement; she had also attended Margaret Fuller's classes. That this reformatory spirit was with her a matter of temperament as well as conviction—something in the blood—is indicated by the fact that her brother, only a few years older, gave up all for reform, travelled about the country with Frederick Douglass and others as an anti-slavery apostle, and afterwards gave equal energy to the temperance agitation.

All this reformatory atmosphere determined Lowell's career: his love made him a poet, the object of his love made him a reformer. The same end might have been reached in other ways, but this was the way in which it actually came. For the rest, he and his betrothed became the centre of a circle of very clever and joyous young people, who had several pleasant headquarters in Boston, Cambridge, and Watertown, and who all accepted these two lovers as their natural leaders, or, as the phrase among them was, their "king and queen." Lowell was then studying law, or just essaying his powers in that direction; he could not yet afford to be married, and it was understood that the prospective father-in-law withheld his consent until Pegasus should have learned to work in harness, thus giving the needed flavor of opposition. Meanwhile, the love affair interested the whole circle. It was a composite romance; there was, moreover, a theory of publicity about it—it was too sacred not to be spoken of—and the love-letters of the young people were shown freely from hand to hand. Perhaps it





was all a little exaggerated, but it was pretty and innocent, and the real genius and earnest purposes of the parties gave it a certain dignity. They meant to lead a life as ideal as that of Dante and Beatrice, and, incidentally, to reform the world.

Lowell's first volume, 'A Year's Life' (1841), shows primarily the influence of Maria White, and secondarily that of Keats and Tennyson; he and his betrothed being among the first readers of the two thin volumes which then imperfectly predicted the well-earned fame of the present Laureate. As the first work of a youth of twenty-one, 'A Year's Life' had doubtless much that was crude and imitative, but it struck a note then new in our literature, and found at once a circle of warm admirers who did not hesitate, with youthful daring, to claim that the most gifted of American poets had appeared. Margaret Fuller, who later criticised him in a more trenchant way, said acutely of the work that its best encomium was to be found in the perhaps exaggerated admiration of these young people; and Lowell has since been his own severest critic by omitting most of it from his published works. Perhaps he has done this too rigidly, but it nevertheless remains in literature as a beautiful example of shaping influence from a pure and devoted love.

Its reception, at any rate, weakened his hold upon the law, his brief experience of which is best recorded in a paper by him entitled "The First Client," and published in the *Boston Miscellany*. This periodical was an outgrowth of the "Brothers and Sister," as the coterie of young friends called themselves, it being edited by Nathan Hale, one of the leaders of the group, and he being aided by the contributions of Lowell and Story. The two volumes edited by Hale (1842-3) are still worth inspection as a landmark in American literature, exhibiting the first step out of the *Godey's Lady's Book* period towards the magazine of to-day. The fashion-plate was still retained, the type was dingy, the criticisms were conventional, but a step was taken. Lowell himself attempted a still further step in the *Pioneer*, a magazine which he essayed to conduct, in 1843, after Hale had surrendered the *Miscellany*.

The *Pioneer* took at once a higher stand than any previous American magazine. The element of costume was now wholly disregarded, and there were substituted "outlines" from Flaxman, as being better than "a host of tawdry fashion plates." The editors secured the best corps of purely literary contributors to be had in the country—Hawthorne, Poe, John Neal, T. W. Parsons; Elizabeth Barrett sent one poem; Maria White printed two really noble and beautiful sonnets, addressed to her betrothed, but without her name; while Lowell and Story wrote profusely under various names. Whether it was too good to live is now uncertain, but it died after its third number, leaving, however, a promise which gave great encouragement to the later *Putnam's Magazine* and the final *Atlantic Monthly*. After all, the absence of capital may have been the simpler key to its fate. Lowell could have commanded

very little, in those days, of this essential requisite, while his associate, Robert Carter, had less. But Lowell's poems were in demand in a moderate way; indeed, it was considered quite a triumph of the muse when he was offered \$100 for ten poems to appear in *Graham's Magazine*. The same periodical contained a very eulogistic paper on the new poet, signed "P.," and generally attributed to Poe, but really the work of the late Charles J. Peterson of Philadelphia.

The following year Lowell was married and entered on a wedded life which fortunately did not disappoint its early promise. He and his young wife took up their abode at Elmwood with the Rev. Dr. Lowell; and Fredrika Bremer remarked, on her visit to this country, that it was the only house she had entered where two successive generations had been born. Two children were there given to them, of whom the elder, Blanche, died young, only the younger surviving—now Mrs. Edward Burnett, who still resides with her children at Elmwood.

Lowell's volume called 'Poems' (1844) showed a maturer development of his powers, although, as often happens with young authors, the long poem, "A Legend of Brittany," was one of its least successful portions. More significant was the sonnet to Wendell Phillips, in which he distinctly took sides with the abolitionists, thus predicting the current of many of his coming years. The sonnet on the opposite page, "In Absence," was by Maria Lowell. Next followed the 'Vision of Sir Launfal' (1845), and in a few years his first prose work, 'Conversations on Some of the Old Poets' (1848), his wife contributing to this also, in the form of a graceful illuminated cover which she designed. This volume was based on his papers on the English dramatists in the *Boston Miscellany*. He chose for his book that conversational form which Landor had then made popular, but not permanent; there is very little of dramatic variation in Lowell's two interlocutors, and the form really added nothing. The style was, moreover, somewhat crude, and had a certain cumbrousness from which he did not free himself for many years; but the book was a work of love, represented a great deal of reading, and showed the author's wonted taste in selections and citations. In his preface he makes an apology for the defects of the book, on the ground of haste, but makes no apology for the haste itself, and alludes, rather defiantly, to that introduction of his anti-slavery opinions which was by no means to his discredit. Another volume, entitled 'Poems: Second Series,' followed in 1848, containing a touching poem by his wife, "The Morning Glory." It included also his ringing verses entitled "The Present Crisis," which had been first published anonymously in the *Boston Courier*, and had attracted more attention, perhaps, than anything he had written, being at first attributed to Whittier. Lowell had now, for some time, been established, in Willis's phrase, as "the best-launched poet of his time."

He had by this date thrown in his lot with the abolitionists, was a vice-president of anti-slavery societies, a corresponding editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* (1848), and a frequent attendant at conventions, although he never

spoke. Moreover, he had begun in 1846 to write for the *Boston Courier*, under the name of Homer Wilbur, those satirical verses which were to give him perhaps his greatest fame. Such was his personal reputation for wit that no one was surprised at his writing them, but his best friends were hardly prepared for the extraordinary combination of talent which appeared in the collected volume of 'Biglow Papers' (1848)—the learning, the allusion, the Cotton-Mather quality of the whole setting of the book, alloyed only here and there by a visible touch of Carlylianism, then so prevalent. Twenty years after, in returning a second time to the 'Papers,' he wrote in his preface a full explanation of the circumstances under which the original book was written.

During the same year appeared his other work of humorous genius, 'The Fable for Critics' (1848). This was begun as a mere squib, to amuse a friend in New York, but grew upon his hands, and was published anonymously, yet with little attempt at concealment. It had an immediate success, and had many brilliant and many graceful passages. It cannot be fully estimated, however, without remembering that it was written at a period more trenchant than now—the Poe period—when literary personalities were still in order, and when it was considered becoming in literature, as now in politics, to "get even" with an opponent, as did Lowell in this case with Margaret Fuller and with Professor Bowen of Harvard University. Having become an associate of the latter in the University, he modified that part of the poem, and it was hoped by some of his friends that he would also modify that in regard to Miss Fuller, whose heroic Italian life and tragic death had meanwhile disarmed personal criticism; but he never did.

In 1851 he visited Europe with his wife, whose health, never strong, became more and more delicate until her death, October 27, 1853, formed another era in his life. It seemed to produce almost a reaction against former scenes and companionships, now painful through bitter association with her; and although he allowed his name to stand in connection with anti-slavery societies, he was generally regarded as having cooled in sympathy. This was unjustly attributed to his becoming, in 1855, a professor in Harvard University, then rightly regarded as very conservative. He visited Europe again, wrote in *Putnam's Magazine*, and became, in 1857, the joint editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In this capacity he showed much acumen and ability, with some want of method and systematic industry. Later (1868-1872) he was editor of the *North American Review*, with his life-long friend Norton as co-editor. Soon after his wife's death his brief 'Life of Keats' was published (1854), prefixed to a new edition of that poet; this was, however, probably written earlier, and for nearly ten years after her death he printed nothing important. Even then his 'Fireside Travels' (1864) was almost wholly a reprint of papers written long before, and seemed hardly enough of a harvest to justify so long a fallow period, although it contained the delightful and semi-autobiographical "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago."





In 1855 Mr. Lowell was appointed to the Harvard professorship vacated by his friend Longfellow, his title being that of "Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures and Professor of Belles-Lettres." In this capacity he gave lectures and had classes; but there was a certain constitutional indolence about him which made academic life not altogether attractive; his pupils sometimes complained that he came into the recitation-room yawning, and their parents that he put a little cynicism into his interpretations of the great historic legends—such as may be seen, for instance, in his poem of "Blondel." He was always personally popular, however, and reflected distinction on the University by his character and attainments. In 1857 he married his second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine, an accomplished and agreeable woman, who had been his daughter's governess. To this marriage no children were born.

Meantime the storm of the Civil War had begun to gather over the land; three of Lowell's nephews—Gen. C. R. Lowell, Lieut. J. J. Lowell, and Lieut. J. J. Putnam—fell in the struggle, and it seemed to give a new impulse to his productivity. The second series of the 'Biglow Papers' followed (1865), and his magnificent "Ode" was recited at the Harvard commemoration services, July 21, 1865, taking rank at once as the one great poem of the Civil War. A period of new activity followed; there succeeded in quick succession 'Under the Willows, and Other Poems' (1869), 'The Cathedral' (1870), 'Among My Books' (1870, second series, 1876), 'My Study Windows' (1871), and 'Three Memorial Poems' (1876). He was a Presidential elector in this last year, and in the following was appointed by President Hayes (of whose Cabinet his classmate, Gen. Devens, was a member) as United States Minister to Spain. This was the beginning of his diplomatic career.

The Spanish mission had been by tradition, since the days of Irving, a literary distinction rather than a public function. Mr. Lowell found the social duties very agreeable. Without the training of a diplomat, he had many of the essential qualities—cultivation, bonhomie, patience, and a ready wit. Even a certain indolence of nature stood him in stead, since a large part of diplomatic duty consists in waiting. On his transfer to the Court of St. James's, he found some duties more complex awaiting him, in the settlement of various questions relating to Irish-American "suspects"; and he encountered some criticisms at home which now seem to have been unreasonable. His social accomplishments made him exceedingly popular in London, and if this popularity seemed to lie rather in the direction of the conservative than of the more progressive English sentiment, this proceeded evidently from circumstances, and not—as was at one time widely reported—from a want of proper American feeling. Any doubts on this subject were at once removed, in all reasonable minds, by his remarkable address on "Democracy," delivered (October 6, 1884) at Birmingham, England, on assuming the Presidency of the

Birmingham and Midland Institute. A more admirable statement has never been made of the working, not merely of guarded republican institutions, but of the principle of democracy itself up to the present day, and it will go permanently on record as a broad statement of the very spirit of the age by one of its finest minds.

It was published in a volume, 'Democracy, and Other Addresses' (1885). This contains a variety of admirable addresses, mostly literary, and all delivered in England, except the address at Chelsea, Mass., and that pronounced (November 8, 1886) at the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard University. The whole volume shows a very distinct literary advance above all his previous work; there is a mellowness of tone and a judicial quality which were not always visible in his earlier critical writings. The style is terser, and wholly disarms some of the criticisms which had been earlier made upon him, not wholly without reason, for too great accumulation of metaphor and too great prolixity in the structure of his sentences. These defects, all growing in reality from an excess of wealth, were keenly pointed out long since by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson in 'A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters,' and by John Foster Kirk in *Lippincott's Magazine*; but their objections certainly do not hold against this his crowning volume.

The second Mrs. Lowell died in London, after a long illness, in February, 1885. His diplomatic life closed in 1885, not abruptly, like Motley's, but with his full consent, and in the most cordial relations with his successor, Mr. E. J. Phelps, for whom Lowell predicted at the outset that successful career which followed. Returning home, Lowell resumed, in a slight way, his connection with the University, being, however, transferred soon after to an "emeritus" position. He delivered lectures before the Lowell Institute on the old English dramatists, and gave various public addresses. For a time he resided with his daughter in Southborough, Mass., but in 1889 returned with her and her children, after prolonged absence, to his birthplace, and occupied himself during a period of broken health in a Life of his old friend Hawthorne, for the "American Men of Letters" Series.

It is too early to anticipate the judgment of posterity on Lowell's position in literature. All will now admit him to have been the author of the finest single poem yet produced in this country, the "Commemoration Ode"; to have reached in his 'Biglow Papers' the high-water mark of American humor; to have been unquestionably, despite all necessary allowances, our foremost critic; and to have done more, probably, than any man to command for our institutions, in all their aspects, the respect of the English-speaking world. His fame was not, like that of his friend Longfellow—or even like that of Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, and Bret Harte—international; few of his writings, if any, were translated into other languages than his own. But this is, after all, a very uncertain test of merit; and it is probable that no American author, unless it be Emerson, has achieved a securer hold upon a lasting fame.

In his political aspect, nothing can be more certain than that his reputation will grow with time, and that, to say nothing of the vigor and originality of his thought, his independence, which of late years brought down upon him a shower of partisan abuse hardly to be matched in any country, or in any age, for indecency, will be rated among his crowning glories.

## SILENTLY SUMMONED

*Boston Journal*

James Russell Lowell, Poet and Diplomat, Passes Away at His Cambridge Home.

His Career as Minister to Madrid and the Court of St. James.

A Remarkable Cheerfulness Maintained Despite His Many Years of Suffering.

How His Wife Prevented Him From Injuring His Health by Overwork.

He Converted Gladstone to Home Rule for Ireland—Sketch of His Life.

BOSTON, August 12.—Hon. James Russell Lowell died at his home in Cambridge at 2:15 this morning. Mr. Lowell himself never inquired as to the nature of his malady. From inquiries it was ascertained that an old enemy of his, the gout, has afflicted him almost constantly of late, and that sciatica, hemorrhages, and latterly a severe type of liver disease have in turn affected him. Mr. Lowell's health has been impaired ever since his return to this country in 1835 after concluding his diplomatic services of eight years, three years at Madrid and five at the Court of St. James. The death of his wife, in the midst of his social and diplomatic success in London as the representative of this country had an untoward effect upon his health, which was then becoming broken. He returned to his home at Cambridge, that Elmwood so full of history, and where with brief intervals he has spent the whole seventy-two years of his life. His wife's loss weighed heavily upon his mind. Even then he was beginning to fail visibly in a physical way, and went into society little, preferring to enjoy quietly the companionship of his books, and gradually dropping into the recluse life of a semi-invalid. He was forbidden to take the long walks which he so much enjoyed and which yielded such abundant fruit in his works, and later driving even was prohibited. His friends, when they called at Elmwood, invariably found him with an open volume be-





fore him, but ready to lay it aside and converse on every day topics with all the mental vigor he ever possessed. Three Cambridge gentlemen, old friends of his, who had with him formed a whist club, found that for some time he had been making unusual efforts to be present at the game, of which he was so fond, and learning that it was at the expense of his failing health, this, the last social enjoyment he indulged in, was also given up. A year and a half ago his condition became so serious and a fatal termination was feared, but his health then had the chance of recovery.

His life at Elmwood has been almost devoid of incident. One or two friends have dropped in from day to day; his studies have been pursued whenever possible, and his geniality and lightness of spirit even when suffering have been remarkable. A complete revision of his works in prose and verse was undertaken and completed, a task in itself of considerable magnitude and which undoubtedly made a decided strain upon his impaired vitality. He had also written a charming introduction to "Isaak Walton's Works" and contributed a few pieces of verse to the *Atlantic*. Mrs. Barnett, his only child, has been with him constantly. She is his only near relative, except a brother, Robert, whose whereabouts uncertain.

It appears that the poet was taken sick about five weeks ago. About two weeks or more ago he became delirious and up to Monday he recovered consciousness only at brief intervals when he gave members of his family signs of recognition. He seemed to think he was far away from home and appeared to long to get back to Elmwood and his family. At times, too, he fancied he was entertaining royal visitors. Though unquestionably the pain was very great he made no complaint. Last Sunday he seemed better, and the delirium left him. On Monday he appeared brighter than at any time during his long illness. Up to that time the room had been cool, but he then began to show the effect of the heat. On Monday afternoon when the nurse changed the bedding he suffered intensely when moved and finally said: "Oh, why don't you let me die." These words were his last. He seemed from that time to lose heart, and gradually his life faded away. He continued in a comatose condition until 2:15 o'clock this morning, when the last spark of life went out. Beside him in his last moments were the sister of his first wife, his daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, and her husband, the ex-Congressman, as well as the nurses and servants of the household to whom he had always been so kind that a strong attachment had sprung up.

At the mansion of the Elmwood estate, where Lowell died, there were no members of the family to-day but the daughter and the son-in-law of the poet. His body lies in his own sleeping apartment, where the last hours of his life were spent. The nurse who watched over him during his illness is still at the house. She was present at his bedside from the time when he became unconscious Monday evening until he died, early this morning, except for absence of a few minutes. His death was extremely peaceful. Although it was known that he could not live much longer, his death was, nevertheless, rather unexpected.

Late Monday afternoon, after a few hours of brightness, he began to wander again, and whatever he said after that time was aimless. In a few hours he became unconscious, and he never regained his mind. The transition from sleep to death was so easy that for a few moments nobody in the room observed that he had ceased to breathe. There were present at his bedside when he breathed his last, his daughter Mabel and her husband, Mr. Barnett, with his first wife's sister, Mrs. Howe, and the nurse. His eyes were closed and they never opened. He passed away with only a heavy sigh to indicate the separation of the great soul from the worn-out body.

The funeral will be held Friday at noon in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge. It is probable that Bishop-elect Phillips Brooks will officiate.

Mr. Lowell had greatly regretted that the state of his health would not admit of his passing this summer at his usual summer resort in Southboro. The one regret of his publishers was that he would not write more. For more than thirty years Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had been his publishers. They say his manuscript was always in his own handwriting, and was "beautiful copy," perfectly legible, and had very few erasures. Mr. Lowell, they said, was a charming caller. He could not write them a short, informal note even upon a matter the most trivial without making it bright, witty, and characteristic. Speaking of the great ode which he read at the dedication of Harvard University Memorial Hall they remarked that he had in this production achieved the greatest work of the age in this direction, and they said that he had in its composition, in addition to the incentive of patriotism, the sense of personal loss, three of his nephews having participated in the conflict, and one of them, the lamented Colonel Shaw, a young man of the brightest promise for the future, having been slain in battle.

Mr. Lowell had a period of literary inactivity after the death of his first wife, but the outbreak of hostilities between the States broke up his lethargy and sorrow. The same thing happened after the death of his second wife. The bereaved husband was for a long time utterly inconsolable. During this season of sorrow many feared for his health, and there were some, indeed, who dreaded the result to the sensitive mind of the stricken man. Besides being in closest sympathy with him in his literary predilections, she was ever solicitous for his physical comfort. The affection of this pair for each other was most tender and deep. She made it her personal care to see that he was not permitted to pursue his literary work or recreation to the injury of his health. However charming the volume in which he might be for the time engrossed, and however intent he might be elaborating and rounding out the particular trope or stanza, whenever Mrs. Lowell deemed that the time was come for exercise and food, she would invade his hall of delight and bear him off her prisoner. And her care was needful, for, although Mr. Lowell was regarded as a leisurely writer, and although as an author he could do nothing or would do nothing, as he himself admitted, upon compulsion; when the mood was upon him he would read or write unceasingly for hours at a time. Persons who claim to know the facts say that Mr. Gladstone declared to an American visitor that it was to the unanswerable arguments and the flawless logic of Mr. Lowell that his own conversion to home rule for Ireland was due. The same gentleman stated that so far from any decline having taken place in Mr. Lowell's republican principles during his residence in England, he was if anything more intensely American than ever after his return to this country. He would declare to the younger men of his acquaintance that the glorious destiny of this country and the permanency of her institutions were not for a moment to be doubted nor despaired of; and he added that although Mr. Lowell was a man of the kindest nature, he had no compunction in ruffling the plumage of such American young men as he met with in whom residence abroad had engendered a slighting tone of mind towards their native land and her people. This gentleman related the fact of the great friendship which Mr. Lowell had for Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Derby as an illustration of the American Minister's mental fairness. The English peer and the great commoner were as wide as the poles from each other in political ideas, but Mr. Lowell saw in each of them purity of motive and integrity of purpose.

#### Sketch of His Career.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819. His father, Rev. Charles Lowell, was for more than half a century pastor of the West Congregational Church, of Boston. The American founder of the house came from Bristol, Eng., to Newburg, Mass., in 1639, only nine-

teen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and the family had long been well known in New England before its most famous member began his career.

The poet whose death is announced this morning was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1838. His class poem was published and attracted some notice. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1841, but his literary bent was too strong to permit him to follow the practice of his profession. Mr. Lowell's first volume of poems appeared in 1841, and it contained some verse which retains a place in later collections of his works. In 1843 he published, with Robert Carter, an illustrated magazine called the *Pioneer*. Poe and Hawthorne contributed to it, but the venture proved a financial failure. The next year another volume of poems appeared, showing a noteworthy advance over the author's first efforts. In 1843 a third volume of verse attracted wider attention to Lowell's genius. It contained strong anti-slavery poems which stirred the heart of New England and put the young master in the front ranks of the struggle for liberty in the South. His "Vision of Sir Lannan," published in that year, established his fame in the highest realm of lyric poetry as firmly as the Biglow papers (first series), did his reputation as a master of satire and humor. The second series of these immortal dialect poems appeared during the civil war in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1843, also, was published that brilliant critical essay in verse, "A Fable for Critics," which was a wonderful production for a young scholar of twenty-nine. In 1851 Mr. Lowell went to Europe, and for several years thereafter he published nothing but articles in the

*North American Review* and other periodics. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages and belles lettres in Harvard and spent a year of preparation in Europe. In 1857, while zealously discharging his college duties, he became the editor, at the same time, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was started in November of that year. After five years of successful work in this field he resigned, but soon joined his friend, Charles E. Norton, in conducting the *North American Review*. In 1864 he published a new volume, "Fire-side Travels," and in 1867 another series of Biglow Papers. The beautiful and noble "Commemoration Ode" and other brilliant poems graced the volumes of verse published in the next two years, "Under the Willows" appearing in 1868 and "The Cathedral" in 1869. In 1870 and 1871 his charming prose essays, "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows," were given to the world.

In 1872 Mr. Lowell again visited Europe and was honored by Oxford and Cambridge with the degrees of D. C. L. and Litt. D., beside receiving other recognition of his great talents. In June, 1877, President Hayes appointed him Minister to Spain. In 1881 he was promoted to the British mission, which he filled until he resigned in 1885, when Cleveland went into office. In these high diplomatic stations he added greatly to the reputation of his country for scholarship and culture, and many high honors were bestowed upon him. Since his return to his native land he has lived a quiet life, occasionally delivering a notable public address and issuing various poems of all his old power and beauty. His "Democracy and other Addresses," a collection of some of his most notable public utterances, proved him one of the greatest of orators and students of current problems. Until the last he retained his interest in current events, and his love of duty never flagged.





## TO THE SPOT OF HIS CHOOSING

### The Remains of Lowell Will Be Borne Today.

Grave Romantically Situated in Mt. Auburn in the Poet's Family Lot, Near the Tomb of Longfellow—Queen Victoria Sends an Expression of Sorrow.

Everything is in readiness at Mt. Auburn to receive the remains of the late James Russell Lowell, which will be buried today.

The grave is in the centre of the family lot on the right of Fountain avenue—the first avenue on the left of the entrance.

The lot is a double one, containing the remains of generations of Lowells and Putnams, the latter being Mr. Lowell's only living sister's family. It is conspicuous on account of its extreme plainness and simplicity. It is uninclosed, being without granite curbing, hedge or even location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small, plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions:

Charles Russell Lowell, died June 23, 1870.  
James Jackson Lowell, lieutenant 20th Massachusetts volunteer, died June 4, 1862.  
Samuel R. Putnam, died Dec. 24, 1861.  
William Lowell Putnam, 20th regiment Massachusetts volunteers, killed at Ball's Bluff Oct. 21, 1861.  
Annie Cabot Lowell, died Jan. 7, 1874.  
Charles Russell Lowell, colonel second Massachusetts cavalry, died Oct. 20, 1864.  
Charles Lowell Putnam, died Sept. 10, 1847.  
Rebecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D., died May 20, 1872.

The spot which has been selected for the poet's grave, and which, it is understood, was of his own choosing, is romantically situated under two large hornbeam trees, one of which is directly at the foot of the grave and the other on the right of its head. These trees are never trimmed, and their chief charm is their natural and weird growth.

The lot is in a valley in the rear of the cemetery, and directly in the shadow of the Longfellow lot, on Indian Ridge avenue, where rest the remains of America's famous bard. Thus the two poets who were neighbors in life may be said to occupy the same relation in death.

The dead poet's remains lie in the room in which he died, on the second floor in the southeast corner of "Elmwood."

There will be no services at the house or grave, but only at Appleton chapel.

The pallbearers will be Messrs. Charles F. Choate, John Holmes, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher F. Cranch, Charles Elliot Norton, John Bartlett and Prof. Child.

Yesterday a large number of friends called at Elmwood, and many strangers viewed the house from the street, while some, in carriages, drove through the grounds.

Mrs. Burnett is so greatly improved that she will be able to attend the funeral, which at first was doubtful, owing to prostration caused by her father's death.

Cablegrams were received yesterday from a number of friends of Mr. Lowell, with whom he became intimate when at the court of St. James.

### AN INSPIRER OF PATRIOTISM.

R. W. Gilder's Feeling Tribute to James Russell Lowell.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

MARION, Aug. 13, 1891. Mr. R. W. Gilder of the Century said today, speaking of the death of James Russell Lowell, that, although he had learned of Mr. Lowell's condition from the family, the actual news of his death came as a shock, and great personal bereavement to both himself and Mrs. Gilder; but aside from grief at the loss of a friend, he felt that the country suffered greatly at what was

really an untimely death, for, until this last illness, Mr. Lowell's youthfulness of spirit and apparent vitality gave promise of years of intellectual productivity.

"Mr. Lowell," added Mr. Gilder, "was not only a great poet and a great scholar, but a great citizen. I regard him also as one of the most able and effective politicians that this country has ever produced, using the word in its true and undegraded sense. Not only by his example and the inspiration of his career did he foster American literature, but also by his quickness to recognize talent and a pure intention in others, especially in his juniors.

"He was an inspirer also of American patriotism, a fearless critic of our country's shortcomings, but a firm and prophetic believer in its high destiny.

"Many a young writer has been helped to success by his generous encouragement, and he was one of the first, if not the very first, of his group to discover and widely proclaim the political virtue and sagacity of Lincoln.

"We shall have other great poets and patriots, but never another Lowell."

### THE QUEEN EXPRESSES SORROW.

The Queen of England has conveyed her regret at the news of Mr. Lowell's death. Mr. Burnett received the following message yesterday:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1891.  
To the Hon. Edward Burnett, Cambridge, Mass.: The British minister at this capital has forwarded to this department the following telegram from the Marquis of Salisbury:  
"The Queen desires to express her sorrow and regret at the news which has just reached this country (England) of Mr. Lowell's death."  
WILLIAM F. WHARTEN, Acting Secretary of State.

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(For the Transcript.)

### THE SILENT POET.

The poet sleeps; no more he dreameth dreams  
Beneath the glittering stars,—to wake and tell.  
No more he, clarion-voiced, will sing away  
Men's heavy burdens and with mighty minstrelsy

Smite, note by note, their fetters free.  
Ah! what divine and wondrous themes  
Are his to choose whose feet now stray  
In heavenly fields, who, living, loved so well  
The flowers that bidden in the wild woods dwell  
That every tender grace they wore  
He set in some sweet song to bloom forevermore!

The poet sleeps. His was no wearied flight  
That circled upward to the infinite,  
And yet deep-hidden he wore the scars  
That shone to heaven like stars.  
How deep and wonderful the peace  
He weareth now! Death with its high release  
Has brought him sweep  
Of the illimitable harmonies.  
So—let him sleep;  
New visions and new flowers he sees,  
And unastonished hears  
Sublime immensities of song out-lyrick'd by the spheres.

O silent poet! in thy hushed heart lies  
Knowledge of unencompassed mysteries.  
Thou sleepest well; and yet—our eyes are wet.  
If thy mute lips could breathe the world's regret  
Then fit the song. Elsewhere thy soul has found  
Music ineffable, and so been crowned  
With cadences celestial; thou art  
Of the Eternal Symphony a part.  
And 'neath thine eyes  
In the white light of heaven eternal beauty lies.

MRS. WHITON-STONE.

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Cause of His Death—Arrangements for the Funeral on Friday—Reminiscence.

Mr. Lowell's death was due to a tumor on the liver, the origin of which goes back to his seri-

ous illness of 18 months ago. During this period he had been an intense sufferer, but he had borne his sufferings with immense fortitude, patience and cheerfulness. He died in ignorance of the nature of his malady, never having cared to be informed about it. The disease took on an acute form two or three weeks ago, since which time he had been more or less under the influence of opiates. His delirium was the natural consequence of a very severe sickness, but never during his confinement was there the least particle of evidence of mental decay. Mr. Lowell was under the skillful and watchful care of his son-in-law, Dr. H. P. Wolcott, in the absence abroad of Dr. Morrill Wyman, who had always been his physician, although the latter's advice had been received by mail on more than one occasion. In addition to the services of his physician two trained nurses had been constantly by his side.

Although on Sunday he seemed brighter and his delirium left him, the hot weather of the last two days put him back again to where he was before.

Monday, as reported at the time, he passed an unfavorable day. When the nurses changed the bedding in the afternoon he seemed to suffer intense pain, and finally exclaimed, "Oh! why don't you let me die?"

From that time he seemed to lose heart. On Tuesday his condition demanded the unremitting attention of his physician, and, although the doctor was with him a good part of the evening, he did not anticipate death, and in fact was not with the patient when he passed away.

Mr. Lowell's death and the long and constant attention given him by his daughter, Mrs. Burnett, has completely prostrated her and she is utterly unable to see any one.

The arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Lowell have been definitely completed. Services will be held at Appleton Chapel Friday at 12 o'clock and will be conducted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Brooks and Rev. William Lawrence. The burial will be at Mt. Auburn.

### Reminiscences.

Prof. John Fiske of Harvard, in speaking of Mr. Lowell yesterday to a Journal reporter, reverted to the time in his college days when he began the study of Italian under Prof. Lowell's instruction. Prof. Fiske said that when he and six or eight fellow-students were ready to enter the advanced class Mr. Lowell suggested that it would be pleasanter to hold the recitations at his house, and the offer was taken advantage of. There the speaker said, he spent many most delightful hours, two evenings in the week. Mr. Lowell was a matchless Dante scholar, and no commentator was necessary with him present. "No experience," said Prof. Fiske, "was so valuable and no instruction in the whole course of my college career was pursued with so much pleasure as under these auspices. There was no professor of whom I was fonder, and since then through life Prof. Lowell has been a warm friend of mine. I last saw him in June, and felt afraid then that I should not see him alive again. I had anticipated his death, and was therefore prepared when I heard of it. The dead poet's life had been a remarkably complete and well rounded one, but we would have been glad to have had it a longer one."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, at his summer residence at Beverly Farms yesterday afternoon, was asked to speak a few words in tribute to his deceased friend. This, however, he courteously declined to do.

"I have not the least desire," said he, in the course of a pleasant conversation, "to cast any reproach upon the newspapers, for I understand the demands of a voracious public. But in this case I must not speak. Mr. Lowell was my valued literary and personal friend for many





years. He is hardly yet 'cold.' The usual obituary notices have, I presume, been printed in the newspapers. I feel that anything further just now would not be in the best taste. Later on perhaps something in the way of 'tributes' or reminiscences might be well, but not now. Some time some one will have the very serious task of giving to the world an account of Mr. Lowell's life and work."

An amusing incident is related of Mr. Lowell and an old Irishman who Mr. Lowell knew very well. A friend tells Irishman had the misfortune to become a protégé of the county at the East Cambridge Jail, and the prospect was that he would be incarcerated there over the Fourth of July for the simple reason that he was unable to meet a \$10 fine. The Irishman went to Mr. Lowell for assistance, saying to him, after a good deal of hemming and hawing that he (Mr. Lowell) was a Cambridge boy and his friend in jail was also a Cambridge boy, he thought he would be willing to help this friend out by advancing the money to pay the fine. Mr. Lowell did so without argument. Another time Mr. Lowell, upon coming to Cambridge after returning from abroad, was seen shake hands cordially with an old Irish man, and likewise with an another acquaintance not very high up in the social scale. Some friends took exception to his actions, but Mr. Lowell replied in effect that the two men were old schoolmates of his and that he was a Cambridge boy, and that he was a Cambridge boy when he met him. These incidents not only go to show Lowell's love for his native city and its people but illustrate his characteristically plain, fraternal and congenial qualities even to those who were beneath him.

ISAAC F. WOOD, of Rahway, New Jersey, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, says: "Among my autographs (solicited) is one from the late James Russell Lowell, sent me years ago. I have never seen it in print. It is characteristic, and may interest your readers:

"Leave what to do, and what to spare,  
To the inspiring moment's care—  
Nor look for payment—  
But just to wear  
Unspotted raiment."

—James Russell Lowell.

## LOWELL, THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Boston Transcript

Now that the day of death has come, and the Poet of Elmwood is at rest after long and grievous illness, there is surprise mingled with the sorrow of all the thousands who mourn him. Mortality is forever incredible to the living, and it is difficult to believe that the voice that spoke and the pen that wrote always in the service of truth are stilled. The chief actions and dates of the life of the dead citizen and poet, the story of his life in its general form, these are given elsewhere.

From the days when James Russell Lowell "Tasting the raptured sweetness Of her divine completeness," gave to the world his first poems, poems strenuous with youth's ardor for Truth on to the day when his last verses were written, there has been on his part no very long period of complete silence. His has been mainly a sustained strength in spite of deep sorrows and the peculiar trials that afflict an ardent poet's temperament forever in process of blending with a finely restrained and high conservatism. It has been a strength like a tower to those who knew their Lowell deeper than the mere shifting conditions of daily acquaintance or political opinion. Lowell was first and last a poet, a seer.

"What know we of the world immense Beyond the narrow ring of sense?" he asked in the last long poem that he has left us, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes," and he gives there testimony he has gone to prove:

"It lies about us yet as far From sense sequestered as a star New launched, its wake of fire to trace In secreties of unprobed space,

whose beacon's lightning-pinioned spears Might earthward haste a thousand years Nor reach it. So remote seems this World undiscovered, yet it is A neighbor near and dumb as death, So near we seem to feel the breath Of its hushed habitants as they Pass us unchallenged, night and day.

"Never could mortal ear nor eye By sound or sign suspect them nigh, Yet why may not some subtle sense Than those poor two give evidence?"

The poem is more answer than question, although it keeps the attitude of question, discovering a serenity of confidence in the unknown and the unseen. The closing words in the poem to the goldfishes are deeply significant now:

"The things ye see as shadows I Know to be substance; tell me why My visions, like those haunting you, May not be as substantial too?"

"Yet I shall fancy to my grave Your lives to mine a lesson gave; If lesson none an image, then, Impeaching self-conceit in men Who put their confidence alone In what they call the Seen and Known. How seen? How known? As through your glass Our wavering apparitions pass Perplexingly, then subtly wrought To some quite other thing than thought. Here shall my resolution be: The shadow of the mystery Is haply wholesomer for eyes That cheat us to be otherwise, And I am happy in my right To love God's darkness as his light."

Since the publication of these words in the Atlantic Monthly for August, 1889, but two poems by Mr. Lowell have appeared—one was the sonnet (in July, 1890) "In a Volume of Sir Thomas Browne," closing with the words:

"All potent phantasy, the spell is thine; Thou lay'st thy careless finger on a word, And there, forever, shall thy influence shine, The witchery of thy rhythmic pulse be heard; Yea, where thy foot hath left its pressure fine, Though but in passing haunts the Attic bird."

Quite the last poem published was in the Atlantic Monthly of last September:

### INSCRIPTION FOR A MEMORIAL BUST OF FIELDING.

He looked on naked Nature unabashed, And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine, In change and rechange; he nor saw, nor blamed, But drew her as he saw with fearless line. Did he good service? God must judge, not we; Manly he was, and generous and sincere; English in all, of genius blithely free: Who loves a Man may see his image here.

But since this purely literary fragment, there came in the Contributor's Club of the Atlantic last December a chapter of prose in Mr. Lowell's sweetest tone and sunniest mood. It begins with some talk of the trials that proof-readers inflict upon long-enduring authors, and upon the severer trials of a cultivated proof-reader himself, and so going on to the important topic of Americanisms of spelling and of phrase, explaining their dignity with the true Lowell charm, all the more winning for the way he speaks of himself as "Mr. X." Articles in the Contributor's Club are unsigned, but the name of this "Mr. X." is written ineffably into the style that's the man in this essay, doubtless now that we know it is his last. It entitled "Thou Spell, Avaunt":

I was once honored by the friendship of a man, of explosive prejudices. He was a proof-reader, and worthy to be coupled with Alexander the Corrector. Amenity itself in the commerce of private life, in his office he was immitigable. His honesty was aggressive; his frankness had the inhuman innocence of childhood. Like some other zealous magistrates, he made incursions beyond the legitimate boundary of his province. No misquotation but he set it in the pillory; no mixed metaphor but he pursued it through all its windings like a ferret. He was a killing frost to every over-venturesome flower of speech; none such could take his winds of March with its beauty; a faulty construction quailed before him like a prevaricating witness before Jeffries, and every solecism found in his Torquemada. His were, indeed, bloody sizes, and on the margin of a proof-sheet his red pencil left a calamitously sanguine trail be-

hind it. He would have dealt as unmercifully with his own epitaph, could he have had it, chance, and I trust there is no misplaced commiseration therein to disturb his well-earned rest. But above all, his bile was blackened by any indecency in spelling.

I had occasion to visit this Rhadamanthus one day, where he sat in chambers at the printing house. Ordinarily his good-mornings were ceremonious, and one approached business by a gentle slope through health and weather; but now he turned upon me with a glare in his spectacles as of personal wrong, and without preliminary greeting blared forth: "Mr. X, when I come down to my office in the morning, it is my habit to begin the duties of the day by reading a chapter of the New Testament. But if by any chance it should happen that I found the words of my Blessed Redeemer printed in the Websterian caography, I'd hurl them behind the back!" All this in a single jet, and with an absence of punctuation that would never have escaped him in a proof-sheet. Recovering himself with a courteous apology for his abruptness, he explained that he had been correcting a manuscript polluted with those heresies of spelling. I confess that I share these orthodox antipathies and resentments; that I, too, glow with these sacred heats. Are they the less grateful that they are unreasonable? They are peremptory as instincts, and will not be denied.

You will say, perhaps, that the meaning is the main thing, and provided that be clear the spelling may go by. But stay: since we have but twenty-six letters to spend upon our literature, since Shakespeare had no more for his all-potent incantations, should there not be method and frugality in the administering of so small a patrimony? Not that a seemly superfluity should not be indulged on occasion. Does not "honour" lose something of its state and "flavour" of its benevolence when the u in each has been economized? A cynic will scowl at this as a trifling ceremonial, but such niceties are the thin partitions that divide us from barbarism. Nay, the mere misplacing of a letter or an accent may vulgarize a fine sentiment or make a harmlessly erroneous statement offensive. If a man write that he was standing in the centre of the street when he means the middle, does not his crime call for sterner discipline if he call his impossible whereabouts the "centre"?

I suppose that I prefer the old-fashioned, switch-tailed "cheque" to the docked form my countrymen have adopted. To me this has the air of a disrespectful nickname for that species of literature which has the supreme art of conveying the most pleasure in the least space. Not that I am fanatical, for the editor would not find me implacable who should write to me that he "enclosed his check" for double the amount expected. Yet there are outrages in the like kind which it would be pusillanimous to endure meekly. Such is the Revised Version of the Scriptures, for example. It may be more true to the letter than Killeth, but does it not prosaically evaporate that aroma of association at once the subtlest and the most potent gramine of imagination? Does it not make the Almighty speak like a spruce writer of leaders? To drop figures of speech for those of arithmetic, I believe that the American vocabularies contain more words than the Bible; that in spite of this victory of superior numbers, it is becoming in us to be merciful, and to admit that the English have some rights in their mother tongue which an American is bound to respect. When our cousins are in good humor, they talk of our common language; when they are not, they tax us with an uncommon language and spice their abhorrence of it with modes of speech in which I am quite willing to renounce any share whatever. I was put upon these reflections by seeing in Notes and Queries the copy of a letter from Mr. W. E. Norris to the editor of the London Times, protesting against any complicity in the spelling used in a book of his printed in England from plates made in America.

Mr. W. E. Norris is the author of several entertaining novels, written in a very comfortable English, as times go. He tells us that he wrote his letter "with tears running down his pen," and it would be easy to turn the tables upon him by hinting that a careful analysis could detect no salt in the water which he mixes with his ink. But this were a cheap advantage to take, especially in the case of one to whom I am a debtor for much wholesome and innocent entertainment. Besides, it is not with Mr. Norris that I have a crow to pluck, and I have said enough to show that I entirely sympathize with his feeling of the indignity that has been put upon him. No; what I protest against is that his letter should be printed under the heading of "Americanisms"—a heading under





which certain contributors to Notes and Queries seem eager to show how easy it is to trip over ignorance into ill manners. They write about the English and American languages without knowing the rudiments of either. To drop the *u* out of "honour" or to write "plow" for "plough" may be archaisms, if you will, but they are not Americanisms. Formerly, all English words derived from French originals ending in *eur* changed it to *our*; and properly enough, since the accent fell on the last syllable, as may be seen in Chaucer.

Do Englishmen never read their older literature in the original editions, as Charles Lamb loved to do? Such spellings are not Americanisms, but survivals. True Americanisms are self-coining phrases or words that are wholly of our own make, and do their work shortly and sharply at a pinch. Of the former we have invented many so bewitching for their quaintness or brevity, their humor or their fancy, that our English cousins have not been squeamish in corroborating the urbanely languid ranks of their diction with these backwoods recruits. Of the latter we have coined too many that are refused admission to the higher society of the vocabulary because they are unidiomatic or vulgar, or both. Of acceptable and sure-to-be accepted words I cite "shadow" and "stage" as active verbs, both in unassailable analogy with "coach," "floor," "ship," and so many others. "To voice," which is laid at our door, is an inheritance, and though I cannot now lay my hand on the reference that would prove it, I feel sure that "to shadow" will yet prove its Elizabethan origin, as its features seem to warrant. These and their like spare us cumbersome periphrases, and are sure of adoption because they chime in with that instinct for short cuts which connotes English as the language that, beyond all others, means business and the hurry implied in it.

I believe that one of the spellings that were too much for Mr. Norris's sensibilities was "center." I do not wonder. But this again is no Americanism. It entered the language in that shape, and kept it at least so late as De-

The best English commences alike with the shelf and the street. Formal logic can never be applied to language, which has a logic of its own of more than feminine nimbleness, and verbal critics should learn their own tongue before they meddle with others. As for idioms, I should advise such critics to ponder deeply what the Rev. E. Young in his Pre-Raphaelitism says of definitions: "It may be almost said of them as Confucius said of the gods: 'Respect them; take care not to offend them; have as little to do with them as possible.' And on our side we should remember that we have every right in the language we have inherited which our elders and betters had, that we may enlarge, enrich and modify; but may not deface it."

It is only last year that Mr. Lowell edited the Riverside edition of his works, now complete in ten volumes. Six of these are prose, four poetry. The first four in prose are "Literary Essays" and include all the essays that in earlier editions appear under the various titles, " Fireside Travels," "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows."

In the prefatory note written last year at Elmwood, Mr. Lowell expresses a certain regret for not having put into form the verbal illustrations that went with most of these chapters when they were first given at Harvard to his classes and to other members of the university. He says, too, that because they were written for the ear rather than the reason, they have a rhetorical tone. Few of his readers would be willing to forego that personal tone, although many will feel far more regret than he that we must forever miss much of the illustration referred to in this paragraph of the prefatory note:

Though capable of whatever drudgery in acquisition, I am by temperament impatient of detail in communicating what I have acquired, and too often put into a parenthesis as a note conclusions arrived at by long study and reflection when, perhaps, it had been wiser to expand them, not to mention that much of my illustration was extemporaneous and is now lost to me.

Mr. Lowell says of his earlier work in this revised edition:

I have refrained from modifying what was written by one—I know not whether to say so much older or so much younger than I—but at any rate different in more important respects, and this partly from deference to him, partly from distrust of myself.

The fifth and sixth prose volumes are "Political Essays," the fifth opening with "The American Tract Society," the sixth with the superb address "Democracy," and including the noble "Harvard Anniversary," with its warnings "from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine."

A work, long hoped for by the reading public, long intended by the life-long friend of our great romanticist was a "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by James Russell Lowell. Writing it was to have been the pleasant occupation of these later years that have been so much clouded by suffering. Only in imagination now can we have even an idea of the joy such a book would have been. It is an irremediable privation that our literature sustains in this hope unfulfilled.

Its grief for us will always lie across the bright memories of the associated lives of these two friends. So much we should have found of revelation and inspiration and delight in this book that might have been.

To turn from his work—and what a rich and abundant and enduring work it is!—to the personality of Mr. Lowell, this opens the door to rich associations that are already sacred memories. In his home he was a devoted husband, father, friend, host, and the elms that were his "lifelong leafy friends," welcomed him back from the absences in foreign lands which were after all very short seasons in the life of more than three score and ten years that Elmwood was his home. The intense happiness of his first Italian days long ago, with his young wife, the scholarly and satisfying stay at Madrid, the dignified and gracious years that he represented his country at the court of St. James and subsequent visits in England, all these counted up but a fraction of a long life in the home of his birth. The sonnet headed with an Italian quotation, referring to something he had once said and had been criticised for (he had spoken of America as "the land of broken promises") shows the intensity and tenacity of his patriotism in his later days:

If I let fall a word of bitter mirth,  
When public shames more shameful pardon won.

Some have misjudged me, and my service done,  
If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth;  
Through veins that drew their life from Western earth

Two hundred years and more my blood hath run

In no polluted course from sire to son,  
And thus was I predestined ere my birth  
To love the soil wherewith my fibres own  
Instinctive sympathies; yet love it so  
As honor would, nor lightly to dethrone  
Judgment, the stamp of manhood nor forego  
The son's right to a mother dearer grown  
With growing knowledge and more chaste than snow.

The splendor of the Commemoration Ode precluded Mr. Lowell from much later writing of patriotic poetry; but the height and fervor of his patriotism need no apology from those who understand the dignity and firmness with which he held the bonds of friendship between our country and the mother isle at a time of extraordinary difficulty, when in hands less skillful they would certainly have been strained and only the gods know whether or not they would have been snapped.

The story is ended, the last poem is written, the last strong word for fineness and right and truth is spoken and the grave of James Russell Lowell will presently be another place for pilgrimage from far states and lands to Mount Auburn. There the nearest whom he has left behind will follow him to the place beside the graves of those who have gone:

'T were indiscreet  
To vex the shy and sacred grief  
With harsh obtrusions of relief  
Yet, Verse, with noiseless feet,  
Go whisper: "This death hath far choicer ends  
Than slowly to impair in hearts of friends;  
These obsequies 't is meet  
Not to seclude in closets of the heart  
But, church-like, with wide door-ways to impart  
Even to the heedless street."

## Dr. Hale on Lowell.

Edward Everett Hale writes in the Boston Commonwealth, published today, the following tribute to the memory of Mr. Lowell:

The death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sadness among all people who use the language which he used so well. It will be heard with sadness, also, among the leaders of Spain, where his life was so honorable to himself, and where he renewed the warm relations which have united Spain and the United States. He was gifted with that greatest of gifts, the art of making friends; and in every circle which has known him there are pathetic remembrances of the friendships which he had formed and steadiness with which he maintained them.

It is one of the finest illustrations of the readiness with which America submits her diplomatic business to men of conscience and character, without asking from them what is called a diplomatic education, that Mr. Lowell, in the missions to Spain and to England, discharged so admirably the duties which were entrusted to him. If anybody supposes that here was a mere man of letters, ignorant of the ways of action of men of affairs, Mr. Lowell's despatches undeceived them. He was appointed, as I suppose, to England, simply because he was the most capable diplomatist whom we had abroad.

He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him, I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts." And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection, and tender sympathy.

472. Who was it that wrote the line,  
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart?  
ALICE.

Ans. James Russell Lowell. The line will be found in Sonnet XXV., which is so characteristic of the poet that we quote it in full:

I grieve not that ripe Knowledge takes  
away  
The charm that Nature to my childhood  
wore.

For, with that insight cometh day by day,  
A greater bliss than wonder was before.  
The real doth not clip the poet's wings.—  
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart  
Reveals some clue to spiritual things,  
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed  
art.

Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes,  
Their beauty thrills him by an inward  
scent;

He knows that outward seemings are but  
lies.

Or, at the most, but earthly shadows,  
where  
The soul that looks within for truth may  
guess.

The presence of some wondrous heavenly

## MR. LOWELL'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

It is not easy and perhaps it is not decorous or fit to attempt to determine the permanent place in literature of a great writer who has but just joined the silent majority. The sense of loss is keen; recollection of a winning personality blends with appreciation of literary excellence, and the impressive figure is still too near to be seen in a proper perspective. But in the case of Mr. Lowell he was





so versatile, his writings were so varied and he achieved fame in so many different fields of literary effort that it is natural to conjecture as to which of his writings will survive the longest. Will it be as critic, as satirist or as poet that ultimately he will be remembered? His writings in the department of criticism constitute the greater part of his prose. They are rich in scholarship, keen and discriminating, delightful in style, and exhibit Mr. Lowell's qualities, with the single exception of imagination, in their freshest and most virile expression. But criticism, however brilliant and just, rarely becomes literature, and it may easily happen that thirty or fifty years from now Mr. Lowell's critical essays, while they will not have been forgotten, will be read as little as are those of Hazlitt at the present time.

It is probably by the Biglow Papers that Mr. Lowell is most widely known among readers to-day. Satire has rarely been used with as telling effect in modern verse as in those remarkable productions, which, seizing upon the Yankee dialect with an absolute mastery of its possibilities, voiced at once the New England conscience and humor in their relation to great crises in the national history. But it is safe to say that the Biglow Papers were more read twenty years ago than now, and safe to predict that they will be less read twenty years hence than to-day; and this simply because for the full appreciation of their allusions one must have lived either in the times about which they were written or not long after them. The more remote become the issues which were caught up in these vigorous and telling lines the less definite the impression made by the lines themselves.

It is in our judgment as a poet, and by two or three poems in particular, that Mr. Lowell will take his highest rank in the estimation of posterity. There are not a few who would accord him the foremost place in the list of American poets, and the most conservative must admit that the first three or four names among American poets cannot be mentioned without including Mr. Lowell's among them. No poet of his generation, on either side of the sea, has given us a more memorable production of its kind than Mr. Lowell's Commemoration Ode. He had a noble theme and he treated it nobly. That poem is the finest and strongest utterance of American verse to the present time. And where shall we find anything more delicate in its beauty of form and thought, or finer in its spiritual suggestiveness, than "The Vision of Sir Launfal"? If Mr. Lowell had written nothing but these, his place in literature would have been secure, and it is these, we think, that will be longest remembered among his writings.

#### DR. HALE ON LOWELL'S COLLEGE DAYS.

(From the Commonwealth today.)

The young men who were around Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, fifty years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest poets of the time, as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. The members of his own class with perfect unanimity appointed him their class poet, and

this was not before he had written and published poems the sweetness and tenderness of which are still remembered. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his revered father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made such a promise. But as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell misapprehended the precision of the promise, or that the poet found it impossible for him to make good his words. The instinct of the poet was in him, and it was not to be trampled out by any firm resolution of the student.

The University did not, indeed, show its foresight in its handling of one who, fifty years after, it was proud to make its orator. The tradition was that the Government was very unwilling to proceed to the harshest measures, but, at the very last, on the central point of pressing his attendance at chapel—where he almost always found himself too late for entrance—he was suspended from the college, and was not able himself to read the poem which he had prepared for Class Day. Well-authenticated tradition says that he witnessed the ceremony of the dance around the tree through the chinks of a covered wagon in which he had ridden from Concord, which was his place of exile. His loyalty to his Alma Mater, however, afterward showed that he took no offence for any harshness of her treatment. And as professor, and as orator on the great day of her quarter-millionth, he repaid to her a hundred-fold all that he had received from her. And in all that he has done for literature and education in America, he has shown himself not unworthy of her best traditions.

He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts." And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection and tender sympathy.

EDWARD E. HALE.

## THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY.

### Queen Victoria Sends a Message of Condolence.

### Many Other Tributes to the Memory of Mr. Lowell.

### Funeral Arrangements and Words from Eminent Men.

The following message from Lord Salisbury was received at the State Department in Washington Thursday, and was forwarded to Cambridge by Acting Secretary Wharton:

"The Queen desires to express her sorrow and regret at the news which has just reached this country of Mr. Lowell's death. SALISBURY."

Acting Secretary Wharton said in reply to Sir Julian's telegram, as follows: "The President desires me to acknowledge the receipt through you of the telegram from the Marquis of Salisbury conveying the Queen's condolence on the death of Mr. Lowell, and to convey an expression of the President's appreciation of Her Majesty's sympathetic message."

The death of Mr. Lowell brings words of condolence and of tribute to his memory from all lands and the most eminent people.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well-known writer and novelist and first Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmoor to

a news agency in London, in which, referring to the death of Mr. James Russell Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend James Russell Lowell."

Bret Harte has written concerning the death of James Russell Lowell: "To my pride, as an American, in the frank admiration and living appreciation shown of Lowell's intellect and character personally here I have to add my own expression of sorrow at the loss of one of the most fastidious and cultivated professors in my calling, and one of its gentlest yet manliest critics."

John G. Whittier said, when informed of Mr. Lowell's death: "I know Lowell when he was a young man just out of college and reading law. He was a wonderful fellow then, brilliant and witty. We expected greater things from Lowell than from any of the rest of us, and I think he did some things that were better. His poetry was very superior, perhaps better than his prose, if any comparison could be made. His 'Biglow Papers' was a great work. It did much for the abolition cause; perhaps did as much to free the slave almost as Grant's guns. It aroused the whole country."

Mr. Howells said: "Mr. Lowell was too near and too dear to me to say anything upon the subject at present. He was one of my earliest and one of my best friends. He was the editor of the Atlantic when I began to write, and he encouraged my early attempts. I really could not say anything about him now. Probably I shall write an article upon him myself, and prefer that what I have to say should be given in my own words."

Mr. Dana, editor of the Sun, writes: "I first knew Mr. Lowell when he and I were Harvard sophomores. He used to come to chapel every Sunday with Story, now the sculptor, and they both attracted unusual attention because Lowell wore a broad turned-down collar and Story a very wide-brimmed hat. Lowell's connection with Harvard College was maintained until Mr. Hayes started him upon that career of diplomacy in which he gained the opportunity of perhaps his greatest distinction, by appointing him Minister to Spain. From Madrid he was transferred to Ecuador, and there his elegant cultivation and fine critical faculty, evinced in after-dinner speeches and occasional addresses, found a congenial audience and high and just appreciation. These addresses were, perhaps, the most finished, well balanced and satisfactory of his literary labors. They deserved, as they received, unqualified admiration, and he returned to Boston surrounded with a popularity and a renown which relieved, if it did not obliterate, the relation he was assuming to the Presidential fraud of 1876. During the civil war he was an earnest patriot, and he wrote his elaborate and laborious ode on the murder of Lincoln after its close. But an admixture of pharisaic





moral sentiment was too strong to leave his judgment of public questions comprehensive. In a word, he was finally a Muckwump, and an antagonist of American democracy."

Dr. George B. Loring said on Thursday in Salem: James Russell Lowell was a classmate of mine and an intimate friend for many years during and after our college course. The intercourse we had with each other extended from 1834, when we entered college, to 1857. Our correspondence was constant, and we interchanged visits frequently during that period. I have now lying on my table "A Year's Life," the first book of poems he published, in 1841, and I remember well his reading these poems to me in manuscript during his visits to my father's house. The letters he wrote during that period are full of wit, humor, satire and that fresh, boyish spirit which charmed his associates and which lies at the foundation of his "Fable for Critics" and "Biglow Papers," from which he secured his highest fame. It was as the author of the latter, as the professor told him that the degree was conferred upon him at Oxford. This spirit ran through all his brilliant youth and lies at the foundation of his riper greatness. I have a hundred of these letters, which should be published, not only as specimens of a boy's literary capacity, but as illustrations of that power which is in after life developed into genius. It has been given to few men to enjoy such friendship and association.

Lowell was not only bright and keen in his mental processes, but he always impressed his associates and the world with his purity of integrity. He knew no such thing as equivocation. At times he appeared a little sharp, but he was always true and always encouraged exact truth in his companions. His vitality was unbounded. He was a sportsman, and I have now the fowling piece he gave me when he retired from the hunter's field. He was untiring in his pursuit of letters. While we were in college he spent most of his time with Chaucer and the old English dramatists. As Secretary of the Hasty Pudding Club his work was inimitable, and the record book will be found well filled with his bright and telling little poems on the events and fellows of the society. That he was careless of his college studies his recitation at the close of the Senior year, when he formed his intimacy with Emerson and lived with Parvilia Frost at Concord, will testify. His tone and spirit and cheerful audacity and keenness of his mind are best illustrated in his "Fable for Critics," which has had no equal in wit and caustic review except the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Of Mr. Lowell's maturer life the world is in full possession. His achievements as a poet, an essayist, a diplomatist, are known of all men. The people of the United States always felt that while Lowell represented them abroad their intellectual power, their honor and their highest tone were well represented. In Spain and in England his touch was always with the greatest and best. While he was always guided at home and abroad by the highest loyalty and patriotism, his mind exercised a scholar's independence in examining and analysing the questions of the day which were brought to his notice. I knew him as a strong abolitionist and an ardent temperance man under the sweetest domestic influence that ever fell to the lot of man, a decided Whig in the lifetime of that dignified old party, a Republican of most decided turn during the days of Lincoln and the war, a Democrat, as the times demanded, a brave, outspoken man through it all, a joy to his friends and an honor to his country. That in all this

career we differed is not surprising—but we never divided in all those sentiments which bind men together and which constitute the true friendship of life. I wish I had time to discuss his literary greatness, but it has been better done by others, and I only wait for an opportunity to present his fine character as boy and man to his fellow citizens.

#### The Funeral.

The pall bearers at the funeral of Hon. James Russell Lowell at Appleton Chapel this noon will be Messrs. Charles F. Choate, John Holmes, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch, Charles Elliot Norton, John Bartlett and Professor Child. Music will be furnished by the Temple Male Quartette.

#### English Tributes to Mr. Lowell.

LONDON, Aug. 13. The Times says: "The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than would be that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind, whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America and amid the heartfelt regard and admiration of England."

The Standard says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The Daily News says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and long obituary notices.

Mr. Henry Irving, the well-known actor, in a letter received to-day in this city, says in reference to Mr. Lowell's death: "I, in common with all Englishmen, lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

All the afternoon papers of this city and the papers published in the Provinces have long and loving articles on Mr. Lowell.

Mr. Edmund William Gosse, who in 1884-85 delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in several cities of the United States, has a long article in the St. James Gazette, in which he speaks lovingly and reverently of his dead friend. In concluding his article Mr. Gosse says: "It is too soon to attempt a final estimate of his place in history. We think to-day of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence and his life-long devotion to letters. America mourns him as one of her foremost citizens. We, to whom America lent him for a time, may stand by her side and reverently partake of her sorrow."

Many telegrams from Englishmen prominent in literary, dramatic and other walks of life are being received in this city expressing sorrow and deep regret at the death of Mr. Lowell. Among the telegrams received this morning was one from Baron Tennyson. The aged English poet was a close friend of Mr. Lowell, and the latter's death has affected him deeply. Lord Tennyson's message says: "England and America will mourn Mr. Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine our sincerest sympathy with Mr. Lowell's family."

#### FURTHER TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—In response to a request Sir Edwin Arnold wrote last night for the New York Herald's European edition the following tribute to Mr. Lowell:

Since you invite it, I too will venture to lay this small laurel wreath on the bier of James Russell Lowell. I take my private share in the public grief for his loss, both as a humble citizen of that republic of letters of which he was the glory, and also as an outside friend.

knew him as a man, and in knowing him too no jot of my admiration and affection for him as an author, which does not often happen. After Longfellow, Poe and Walt Whitman, I should rank him the best of your American poets. But he was even greater as a critic and supreme judge of literature than as the writer of that magnificent commemorative ode and the inimitable "Biglow Papers." It is much when all the world must say that the least of the many distinctions of this sweet and sublimated man of letters was, that he held with a noble usefulness and perfect loyalty to "both Englands," so great a post as that of Minister from the United States to Great Britain.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

The "small laurel wreath" which Sir Edwin Arnold ventures to lay "on the bier of 'JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'" is a curious one. Sir EDWIN modestly speaks of himself as "a 'humble citizen of that republic of letters' of which he was the glory." But it is a pale sort of glory which comes "after LONGFELLOW, POE and WHITMAN," especially the two latter. It is of LOWELL as a poet, of course, that Sir EDWIN is speaking when he uses this comparison; but while LOWELL's place in poetry is perhaps not so supreme as his place in criticism, it is certainly not a good judgment which compares him to his disadvantage with the author of "The Raven" and the author of "Leaves of Grass," whatever may be thought of LONGFELLOW's relative place among our great singers. The tributes which LOWELL's death have called forth in England and in America are grateful to his countrymen; but they will feel that TENNYSON's simple words strike a truer note than the labored and pretentious dictum of

## "HE SLEEPS WELL"

### James Russell Lowell Laid to Rest in Mt. Auburn

James Russell Lowell now sleeps in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, almost by the side of his friend and fellow poet, Longfellow. Either the body was borne yesterday at noon after a simple service in Appleton Chapel. The spot is a romantic one, in a little valley, and the grave is shaded by two hornbeam trees. The poet himself, it is said, expressed a wish to be laid to rest in this particular nook of the family lot in the great city of the dead.

At Elmwood, Mr. Lowell's late home, the morning hours were as quiet as they were sad. Promptly at 11:30 o'clock the casket, with a wreath of ivy, was placed in the hearse by Mr. Wyeth, the undertaker, and his assistants. It was covered with black broadcloth, and was without ornament, save a silver plate bearing this inscription:

Died Aug. 13, 1891.  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,  
Aged 72 years 5 months.

The honorary pall-bearers were President C. W. Eliot, the Hon. George William Curtis, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor F. J. Child, C. F. Choate, John Holmes and Professor John Bartlett. The mourners were in three carriages, the first two containing Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burnett, the son-in-law and the daughter of the poet, with their children and nurse, while in the last carriage were the sorrowing domestics of the family, many of whom had been at Elmwood the greater part of their lives. The cortege passed from the grounds into Elmwood avenue, through Brattle street,





to Mason, and thence through Garden street, passing the historic Washington elm and the Cambridge Common and across Peabody street, through the central gateway to Appleton Chapel.

#### IN APPLETON CHAPEL.

The chapel was crowded. Representatives of all classes had come here to show their respect and esteem for the rare genius which had flowered "in this beautiful and blossoming Cambridge." Here were gathered, too, men and women famous in literature, the arts and sciences. The dignity and the solemnity of the occasion were a little unusual. The very hush which characterizes such gatherings even seemed more awe-inspiring.

At length the funeral cortege arrived. Bishop-elect Brooks, who was to officiate, assisted by the Rev. William Lawrence, dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, met the mourning party at the church door, and preceded them up the broad aisle. Dr. Lawrence repeating the opening words of the burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life." The prayers were by Dr. Brooks. There was no discourse. The music, which was entirely vocal, without organ accompaniment, was under the direction of A. W. Locke, the chorister of the Harvard Chapel. It was furnished by a male quartette, consisting of T. E. Johnson, first tenor; G. W. Went, second tenor; G. H. Remels, first bass; A. C. Ryder, second bass. The selections rendered were the chant at the opening of the service—Buck's "Lord, Let Me Know Mine End," the "Beati Mortui" of Mendelssohn, J. C. D. Parker's "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," and Kalliwoda's "Liberia Me."

The decorations in the chapel were not elaborate. At the base of the pulpit rested a wreath of roses, a token from the poet's sister, Mrs. Putnam. Mrs. James T. Fields hung a laurel wreath close to the coffin. Other than these there were no floral tokens of love. The funeral arrangements were in charge of Chief Usher Edward Jackson. The other ushers were A. Lawrence Lowell, George Gardner, Ernest Jackson, Francis L. Coolidge, Arthur Lyman and Moorfield Storey. The relatives and family of the deceased, the pall bearers and members of the Loyal Legion and Harvard Corporation occupied a dozen reserved pews across the church directly in front of the pulpit.

#### MANY PROMINENT NAMES.

In the chapel, among the prominent people were the following: Charles Theodore Russell, the Governor's father; Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College; H. O. Houghton, jr., W. S. Clymer, George Putnam, the Rev. Dr. Alexander of Cambridge, the Rev. Edward H. Porter of Lexington, the Rev. E. A. Rand of Watertown, Edwin D. Mead, Leverett Saltonstall, State Librarian Tillinghast, Frank B. Sanborn, Mayor Alger of Cambridge, President Wheeler of the Cambridge Common Council, Henry L. Higginson, Newton G. Martin, Joseph G. Thorpe, jr., Richard H. Dana, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, George William Curtis, W. A. Vaughn, the Rev. Dr. J. I. T. Coolidge, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Charles P. Putnam, Dr. Henry P. Wolcott, J. J. Putnam, W. C. Lane and Frank Carney of the Harvard College Library, Professor George Mendall Taylor, John A. Glidden of Dover, N. H.; George P. Davis of Boston, Robert H. Tappan of Cambridge, Mrs. J. T. Fields, the Rev. Wilson Waters of St. Anne's Church, Lowell; ex-Mayor Green of Boston, J. J. Myers, Mrs. Augustus Lowell of Brookline, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. H. O. Houghton, jr., Mrs. Agassiz and sister, Misses Howe of Cambridge, Mrs. William Blake, Mrs. Burt Dexter, Arthur Dexter, Mrs. Nelson Burke of Arlington, Mrs. J. H. Snapholgh of Brookline, Mrs. F. L. Gould of Cambridge, Mrs. Henry Whitman of Beverly Farms, Charles Francis Adams, William Aspinwall of Brookline, A. W. Blake of Brookline, A. S. Parsons of Cambridge, Professor Francke, Naum Kozaki and K. Fukushima, Japanese students of Harvard; Professor Cohn of Harvard, General A. P. Martin, William Kendall, Captain James A. Fox, the Rev. A. B. Muzzey, Dr. William James, Professor T. A. Dwyer of Richmond,

University, Professor M. W. Williams, George T. Coverley, William B. de las Casas, Professor Ware, Columbia College, New York; Richard Watson Gilder, George Abbott James, the Rev. T. P. Prudden, D.D., Chicago; Dr. Thomas H. Cunningham, the Hon. Godfrey Morse, Postmaster Gormley of Cambridge and Miss Ellen T. Emerson, daughter of the poet Emerson.

A delegation was also present from the Loyal Legion, of which Mr. Lowell was a member, as follows: General John J. Otis, Colonel Stephen M. Crosby, General Francis A. Walker, Colonel Augustus P. Martin, Colonel Charles R. Codman, Colonel T. W. Higginson, the Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Colonel Henry Stone, William Endicott, jr., Colonel Henry Lee, Major Russell Sturgis, Captain Nathan Appleton, General Edward W. Hines, Colonel Arnold A. Rand and Captain Hiram S. Shurtleiff.

#### IN THE CEMETERY.

While the body was being moved to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the bells of Cambridge rang out lamentations, and many flags floated at half mast, by order of Mayor Alger. In the cemetery there was a considerable number of people, but only the mourners were allowed at the grave. Dr. Brooks made the last prayer, and the sad rites were over. Although Mr. Lowell was a Unitarian, it was his wish that the funeral service should be that of the Episcopal Church.

**MARRION, Aug. 14.**—Mr. R. W. Gilder of the Century said, in speaking of the death of James Russell Lowell, that aside from grief at the loss of a friend, he felt that the country suffered greatly at what was really an untimely death, for until this last illness Mr. Lowell's youthfulness of spirit and apparent vitality gave promise of years of intellectual productiveness. "Mr. Lowell," added Mr. Gilder, "was not only a great poet and a great scholar, but a great citizen. I regard him also as one of the most able and effective politicians that this country has ever produced, using the word in its true and unadorned sense. Not only by his example and the inspiration of his career did he foster American literature, but also by his quickness to recognize talent and a pure intention in others, especially in his juniors. He was an inspirer also of American patriotism, a fearless critic of our country's shortcomings, but a firm and prophetic believer in its high destiny. We shall have other great poets and patriots, but never another Lowell."

**NEW YORK, Aug. 14.**—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard fills the greater part of a column in the Mail and Express this afternoon with a tribute to Mr. Lowell. In part it says: "He was thoroughly literate, a master of his own language, and a scholar in other tongues—ancient and modern. There was no literary position which he could not have filled with honor and no literary work which he could not have performed with distinction. His prose was admirable, lively, spirited, energetic, fluent, humorous, witty, sparkling with epigrams and enlivened with recondite allusions. His forte was criticism, not merely of English letters of which we all suppose we know something, but foreign literatures, French, Italian, Spanish, German and the great literatures of Greece and Rome, which is and ought to be, the despairing admiration of generations like ours. No English critical writing of the time, and certainly no American critical writing, is so generally intelligent and catholic, so acute and wise, so judicious and just, so liberal, so large and so decisive as that of Mr. Lowell. We may cavil at his verse, which is not flawless, but we cannot, without hypercriticism, cavil at his prose, which, equal to any that we have produced for the interchange of opinions, is superior to all that we have produced in the shape of critical analysis and study and judgment. We have lost in him a critic who had a right to be heard, he had so thoroughly fitted himself for the chair which he occupied, and to whom we were bound to listen thoughtfully, if not reverently, for he spoke as with authority, and not as do the scribes who are so numerous among us; and we have lost in him a poet of originality and distinction, who, if he wrote less poetry than he might have done, and we think ought to have done, wrote enough to distinguish his name and enrich our literature. We have other men of letters of the earlier generations to lose, but none whose taking off will affect us like that of Mr. Lowell."

The Rev. Edward E. Hale contributes to the Commonwealth, published today, the following reminiscences and personal tribute to the memory of his friend: "The death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sadness among all people who use the language which he used so well. It will be heard with sadness also among the leaders of Spain, where his life was so honorable to himself, and where he renewed the warm relations which have united Spain and the United States. In this neighborhood, however, which is his home, there is a world of personal recollections of the utmost tenderness, which are quickened by the announcement that we are not to see his face again, or meet his cordial salutation. He was gifted with that greatest of gifts, the art of making friends; and in every circle which has known him there are pathetic remembrances of the friendships which he had formed and the steadiness with which he maintained them."

"The young men who were around Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, fifty years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest poets of the time, as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. The members of his own class with perfect unanimity appointed him their class poet, and this was not before he had written and published poems the sweetness and tenderness of which are still remembered. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his revered father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made him such a promise. But as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell misapprehended the precision of the promise, or that the poet found it impossible for him to make good his words. The instinct of the poet was in him, and it was not to be trampled out by any firm resolution of the student."

"The university did not, indeed, show its foresight in its handling of one who, fifty years after, it was proud to make its orator. The tradition was that the government were very unwilling to proceed to the harshest measures, but, at the very last, on the central point of pressing his attendance at chapel—where he almost always found himself too late for entrance—he was suspended from the college, and was not able himself to read the poem which he had prepared for Class Day. Well-authenticated tradition says that he witnessed the ceremony of the dance around the tree through the chinks of a covered wagon in which he had ridden from Concord, which was his place of exile. His loyalty to his Alma Mater, however, afterward showed that he took no offense for any harshness of her treatment. And as professor, and as orator on the great day of her quarter-millennium, he repaid to her a hundred-fold all that he had received from her. And in all that he has done for literature and education in America, he has shown himself not unworthy of her best traditions."

"Since his return to this country, Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. But whoever has met him has found the old cordiality and simplicity and the readiness to render service where service came within his power. From the inexhaustible stores of his reading he would always contribute to the necessities of any one who applied to him; and with the freshness of youth added to the experience of manhood, he kept his eyes open to whatever was interesting in the literature of our time or in the study of our language. He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood and he said, with his tender smile, 'Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts.' And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection, and tender sympathy."

## TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

WORDS OF AFFECTION FROM  
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.





## A Message from Tennyson — London Press Opinions—Grief of Whittier and Holmes

*Evening Post*  
*Boston*

LONDON, August 13.—The *Times* says: "The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than would be that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow-countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind, whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America and amid the heartfelt regard and admiration of England."

The *Standard* says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The *Daily News* says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy, and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and long obituary notices.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well-known novelist and First Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmoor, in which, referring to the death of Mr. Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

Many telegrams from Englishmen prominent in literary, dramatic, and other walks of life are being received in this city expressing deep regret at the death of Mr. Lowell. Among the telegrams received this morning was one from Tennyson, who has recently returned to his residence at Aldworth, near Haslemere, from his summer home at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. The aged English poet was a close friend of Mr. Lowell, and the latter's death has affected him deeply. Lord Tennyson's message says:

"England and America will mourn Mr. Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine our sincerest sympathy with Mr. Lowell's family."  
"TENNYSON."

Henry Irving, in a letter received to-day in this city, says, in reference to Mr. Lowell's death: "I, in common with all Englishmen, lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

All the afternoon papers of this city and the papers published in the provinces have long and loving articles on Mr. Lowell.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The universal expressions of admiration and regret on this side of the ocean bear eloquent testimony to the reality of the *entente* between the two great sections of the English-speaking race, which it was one of the objects of Mr. Lowell's life to promote. His place is with Carlyle and Ruskin. What these men have done in prose to kindle faith, stimulate conscience, and direct the energies of their time, Mr. Lowell has done in his prophetic verse."

Mr. Edmund William Gosse, who in 1894-'95 delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in several cities of the United States, has a long article

in the *St. James's Gazette* in which he speaks lovingly of his dead friend. In concluding his article, he says: "It is too soon to attempt a final estimate of his place in history. We think to-day of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence, and his life-long devotion to letters. America mourns him as one of her foremost citizens. We, to whom America lent him for a time, may stand by her side and reverently partake of her sorrow."

BOSTON, August 13.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is much affected by the death of his life-long friend James Russell Lowell, although, as he says, he has known it was coming a long time. He declines, however, to talk on the subject for publication at this time.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., August 13.—John Greenleaf Whittier, who has been forced to return from the mountains by ill-health, was much shocked to hear of Mr. Lowell's death. "Too bad, too bad," he said. "It is indeed a great loss to American letters and to the world."

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., August 13.—George W. Cable, the novelist, speaking of Mr. Lowell, said: "Mr. Lowell was one of those American writers who joins the strongest impulses of national citizenship with the world's citizenship, and the highest loyalty to the highest art. What he wrote he was—and much more. He stands this test of greatness, that there is no falling off when we turn to the man and his life from the author and his books."

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 13.—Wm. Dean Howells, when informed of Mr. Lowell's death, was deeply affected. He declined to voice his estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet and a man. "He was too near and too dear to me," he said, "for me to say anything upon the subject at present. His death is a national calamity. Possibly I shall write an article upon him myself, and prefer that what I have to say should be given in my own words."

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 13.—Secretary Blaine, when informed of the death of James Russell Lowell, expressed his deepest sympathy at the sad news. When asked if he would not make some statement of Mr. Lowell's career as a diplomatist, he declined to do so.

Mr. Lowell's death has brought out a flood of affectionate reminiscence and anecdote. The *Evening Post* prints the "well-authenticated story" that Mr. Gladstone's adoption of his Home Rule policy was hastened by the influence of Mr. Lowell, while Minister to Great Britain. It was in repeated conversations with Mr. Gladstone that Lowell sowed the seed which may some day be productive of Irish liberty. This statement is said to be corroborated from an English source—possibly from Mr. Gladstone himself.

Mr. Steadman, in speaking of him yesterday, said: "Lowell's governing instinct was literary. Anyone who knew him in his home life at Cambridge associates him with shelves of rare books, early folios and all things suggestive of scholarship and literary investigation. At the same time he also had the genuine New England character, and never could be contented to figure as a mere bookworm. He took the greatest interest in human life, and was born to touch life at all its points. You might say that he was born with convictions to which he continuously added through life, and it seems to me that the phrase which he applied in the 'Fable for Critics' to Emerson applies, of all men in the world, to himself; he had a Greek head on right Yan-

kee's shoulders. Hence he was in a state, I would not say of conflict, but of perpetual change between his ethical bent, which took on a polemic form, and his taste and love of beauty. This you can see constantly in his poetry."

5.

When a stripling I went to see Mr. Emerson about a certain course of reading and study. I remember that the venerated sage of Concord delivered himself of the rather pungent opinion that "most of the students of Harvard might as well be in the Back Bay"—because they had not the eyes with which to see their opportunities. After some cordial and very commonsense advice of his own, he sent me to Mr. Lowell, and so it was that I saw the Master of Elmwood and talked with him in his own house. How helpful he was, how kind and gracious, all who have ever known the magic courtesy of his manner can well imagine. To me it seemed the first opening of the door of the great world, and so I told him.

Years afterward, meeting Mr. Lowell in Madrid, I ventured to remind him of the small visit of the immature lad prompted by the good Emerson, and he was kind enough to say that he remembered it. The years had touched him lightly at that time. It did not seem to me that from 1868 to 1879 he had aged a minute. Mentioning this to Castelar a day or two afterward, the eloquent Spaniard turned upon me with one of his sweeping gestures. "Lowell," he said, in his picturesque fashion; "how should he grow old? Is he not one of the Immortals?"

6.

Few people ever knew what an omnivorous, indefatigable reader Mr. Lowell was. He read on, read ever. In those days which I have just mentioned his wife was seriously ill with a lingering malady, destined to terminate fatally in London a little later. Mr. Lowell watched by her bedside all night long, never closing his eyes until the next day after the duties of the Legation were over, when he allowed himself an hour or two of sleep. "I am obliged," he said, "to prop myself in a certain position in my chair to avoid any danger of dozing; then I group my books around me and read and attend to my patient alternately." After this had gone on for some weeks, he said, "they formed a plot against me and brought out an English nurse from London. On the night of her arrival I was banished to bed at a normal hour. But as luck would have it, the new nurse fell asleep on the first night of her watching; she was awakened by a cry from my wife, who saw the candles setting the bed clothes on fire, and after this alarm I insisted on returning to my post. So there I am back again, arm chair, books and all."

The temporary recovery of his invalid wife filled Mr. Lowell with joy, and his lips overflowed with thanksgiving. Madrid was a pleasant place of sojourn for him personally. He cared little for the exaggerated etiquette of the Court, but he liked the good literary society. There were, however, he said, a great many "professors of mere phrasing" in Spain; authors with good sense of literary fame without many ideas to convey in it. Of Castelar's robust and vigorous genius he was never weary of speaking in terms of highest praise. He thought that the contemporary school of Spanish poetry had a high destiny.

NEVER was truer word spoken than that remark of "Taverner's" concerning James Russell Lowell, reprinted in today's *Post*:

To understand the influences which developed Lowell's genius, we must go back to the simple life of his boyhood and youth in his native town, where, instead of the artificial character which has since penetrated it, there was a delicious natural enjoyment.

It remains to be seen what the present Cambridge will produce for the benefit of American letters and life. Perhaps it is too soon to have expected the new conditions there to fructify.





DR. HOLMES AND MR. WHITTIER are all of the elder men of letters of the distinctive first period of our literature who remain, and their association with Mr. Lowell was naturally so warmly personal that their feeling is now more like that of brothers of blood than mere brothers of the pen. A visitor to Dr. Holmes yesterday at his summer home at Beverly Farms was told that it is not likely that his old friend will attempt a biography of the dead poet. That will be a work for a younger man. "Three weeks ago I paid my last visit to him," said Dr. Holmes, "and could see that he had failed greatly. He was reading a volume of Scott when I entered and though greatly debilitated, was cheerful." Mr. Whittier spoke of the narrowing of the little circle—Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Motley and himself—until now only two were left. "We had expected much good work from Lowell, even after 70," he continued. "It was hoped that he would have ten good years to work after he returned from Europe. It was supposed he might do some work even superior to anything he had produced." Mr. E. C. Steedman, asked for his estimate of Lowell, replied that "there is but one thing to say—he ranks as our very foremost man of letters."

## LOWELL'S EARLY LIFE.

Hon. Stephen M. Allen's Reminiscences.

*Boston Manuscript.*

"Accidental circumstances in early life brought me an intimate acquaintance and association with James Russell Lowell, which lasted for a number of years. His deep, comprehensive and versatile talent, coupled with a wide range of theoretic training, under the influence of a vivid imagination, gave him a most instructive and interesting character. There was no subject, from the highest spiritual and ethical, down to the aggregation and correlation of matter, that he was not ready to converse upon and discuss. His range of thought reached round that circle which enclosed all that social and industrial life, and gave character to the moral, political and progressive success of a free and independent people.

In his early days he became warmly attracted to those of independent thought and character who had been educated in a different school or sphere from his own. This was the secret tie which held us together for ten or fifteen years. His was a smooth, easy life up to twenty-five years of age, while mine had been one of rare intensity, toil and hardship. When at eight he was studying his Latin accidently under the tuition of an indulgent and distinguished father, knowing no pecuniary wants and free from mental and bodily suffering, it was my lot, while having as good a father, though but an obscure village school-master, to be studying the mixture of colors in a calico print-works, for ten or twelve hours a day and reciting progress at home after the day's work was done. While Lowell at twelve felt himself already on the way to the enjoyment and security of a remunerative profession of belles-lettres in some literary institution—for he ever studied to be independent of others for personal

support—it was expected of me to be able to draw every piece of machinery then needed in a cotton mill, preparatory to a future profession of a mechanical engineer.

Lowell was quick to learn the real history of his young associates, and made them feel that their personal experiences became one with his own in mutual works for the common good. Hence the necessity of dwelling upon personalities in this reminiscence. Perhaps the coincidence that our grandfathers were active revolutionists and abolitionists in the olden time—that his, as the judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, abolished slavery in 1773 in the State—that our fathers were born the same year, 1782, and that we both saw the light but a few weeks apart, in 1819, had something to do with both our minds in thus becoming sympathetically attached. At any rate we formed resolutions that to a greater or less extent affected the efforts of our whole subsequent lives. In those plans slavery was to be abolished in some way; national and State politics were to be purified; the basis of municipal government was to be honor, integrity and economy; the best men were to have place and position; the public schools were to become more "technically practical" in their teachings; industrial art and labor should be better encouraged and protected; temperance should be enforced and promoted by all proper moral and legal effort that could be made available,—with many other principles of political economy theoretically laid out.

Lowell's family, collaterally, at least, had been foremost in the promotion of the cotton manufacture in New England. He felt that it could be extended to advantage South and West. He became theoretically acquainted with its first introduction in England and Scotland, and particularly with the efforts of David Dale, Robert Owen and William Allen of Lanark. He liked their plan of schooling their operatives, the co-operative schemes for benefitting their help. He did not like the socialistic idea of communities, as sinking individuality too far, by generalizing the duties of life that should be personal as a constant spur to moral and religious activity. In 1843 we spent our first summer vacation together with some other friends at Nantasket beach. William W. Story, Lowell's intimate friend, was one of the guests. George Tyler Bigelow and George T. Curtis came there occasionally; James White and two sisters and the sister of Story, whom Mr. Curtis subsequently married, were there for the season. There were also there representatives of the highest commercial and manufacturing interests of the State, which with some teachers and young people, made up the whole number of guests. Lowell was then engaged to Maria White, whom he subsequently married. She was a most beautiful and accomplished lady—somewhat undemonstrative and retiring, more so than her sister, but she seemed always the embodiment of dignity and kindheartedness. The brother was a whole-souled, thoroughly practical gentleman—a rank abolitionist. He afterward lost his life mysteriously in the West, it was said, in efforts to assist the fugitive slaves to escape, through the underground railroad for that purpose. His body was found floating near the beach

of Lake Michigan. He was the son of Abijah White, a wealthy citizen of Watertown.

Story was then trying, as was Lowell, to earn a living at the practice of law. Both failed in that department. Neither of them liked the profession. Story became the distinguished sculptor, and Lowell the diplomat. Story had great literary talent and quite a poetic taste, particularly for blank verse and the heroics. There was a jealousy of Lowell, who was always the life of the guests, by a few of the lords of the manufacturing interests, who naturally were aristocrats. They felt that their names should be at the head of the list of American manufacturers, and never lost opportunities to place them there. On the contrary the name of Lowell gravitated there through its own volition alone. Such were disposed to sneer at the Whites for bringing their silver forks, not then in general use, as being an affectation, though they all were as unaffected and simple in habit as high-bred custom could guarantee.

All the guests were in harmony with the accustomed athletic sports. Few were early risers except occasionally Lowell and myself, who went out with the fishermen at three for cod and haddock, returning always by breakfast time generally well loaded down with fish. Mackerel were then plenty in the bay, and Story, with Lowell and myself, often went out, making great hauls. One morning Story said he would stop in a cleft of the ledge on the point, to write on his Phi Beta Kappa poem, and Lowell and I went off in the boats. The success was such that Story seeing us desired to be taken on board, but Lowell would not permit him to come, which angered Story somewhat. Lowell and myself were seated directly in front of Story when he delivered his poem at Cambridge, and it was plain to observe the change of style when the school of mackerel jostled the harmony of the poem. The orator looked up and gave us a smile and then went on, getting great applause at the end.

One morning when Lowell and myself were going towards the beach we heard screaming and saw quite a commotion in the water some ways out from the shore. We ran for and launched our boat, and in a short time were through the surf. Continued screams of "A shark! a shark!" came over the water, and we speedily rowed to the scene of activity. Two young ladies who were expert swimmers were in the habit of going out sometimes a quarter of a mile without boat or escort, and this morning became surrounded with a school of menhaden, among which a mackerel-shark was feasting, sometimes coming near enough to be clearly seen by them. When told what the real trouble and danger was they declined assistance from us and struck for the shore, which they soon reached with perfect safety.

One evening, just before sunset, while Story, Lowell and myself were bowling, a man came up asking assistance. Story had the last roll, and Lowell was already engaged in talking with the tramp when Story appeared. Story fixed his eyes on him for a moment, and then told him plainly that he was an impostor, and that he [Story] had seen him before at such and such places. The tramp turned pale, and started off





without reply. Story remarked to me that it was fatal for a man to suffer him to get a full view of his face which could never after be effaced from his mind. In the call referred to it had been three years since he had casually met the tramp, and them but for a minute or two. I have often called this to mind since Story became distinguished as a sculptor, as showing a native talent for physiology.

Lowell's office was at 10 Court street, Boston. He, like many other lawyers and good men, was sometimes short of money. One morning I called upon him and he was walking the floor excitedly. After exchange of salutations he looked up and said "Allen can you tell me how and where I can earn an honest dollar?" I had been successful and comparatively independent in my humble sphere and answered that I could tell him where he could get a hundred if he wished, and offered to supply him with ready money. "That is not what I want," said he. "I want to earn some money." There were then associated with us a few mutual friends, who strove to aid each other in the stern conflict of life. Lowell one day proposed that we have a name for our club, and he furnished one, "The Mutual Admiration Society." Each member informally was to bring in his friends for the purpose of mutual aid and sympathy. They are most all gone now. Colonel Ezra Lincoln, Lowell's friend, was an engineer, and was a polished gentleman. He was ever active in business as well as politics. James T. Fields probably had the most to do personally with Lowell in regard to literary matters. When Mr. Lowell got up the Paul Morphy demonstration as a tribute to the champion chess player of America, a banquet was given at the Revere House. There were those that spoke for the first time on such an occasion, and some of our first men broke down, including Judge Shaw, Agassiz and others. Lowell and Fields held the fort and by their pleasantry and mirth brought up the spirits that flagged under the gravity and seriousness with which some of the older guests spoke.

Lowell's marriage in 1844 changed his plans of active life so far as the practise of the law was concerned. His literary labors became both arduous and remunerative. He always claimed that every man should really earn his own living independently of others, and this has been his own and most vigorous plan since boyhood. His appointment as professor of belles-lettres at Harvard as well lecturer in the Law School, cut off the opportunity of working with effect upon many of his early pet theories; but, so far as I know, he never changed much in his ideas of what should be, but only as to what practically could be carried out under them. Many of the benevolent and philanthropic societies originating in Boston during the last forty years he had sympathy with, and aided directly or indirectly. These subjects included art, science, mechanical industries, political economy and technology as a method of teaching, and many other purely benevolent organizations.

The war changed everything around him, and death and other circumstances took from him the most active of those that in early life were led through his genius and

activity to join in plans and works of general reform. After the war he became a man of the public, and served it faithfully to the end of his days.

Many years have passed since there was much intimacy of association between us. Each had his own sphere of life, its duties and cares to sustain, and my own had been all-absorbing. Our last personal meeting was some three years since, when he called at the room of the Webster Historical Society. We were then old men, or at least were fast becoming such. More than twenty years had passed since we had compared notes. Forty odd had slid by since those luminous plans of early manhood had been made with such enthusiasm and faith to govern our future; they contemplated a high state of mutual improvement, and a faithful disinterested citizenship beyond ourselves, as servants of the country we were to represent. What had we accomplished? We looked at each other with clasped hands, though but little was said. A tear dropped from Lowell's eyes as he gazed into mine. I am not ashamed to admit that mine responded with many in return. We planned to meet again, but never did; and so I parted from the man to whom I was most indebted for my first assurance and enthusiastic encouragement that it was possible for a business man to cultivate a taste for letters and literary associations while pursuing his vocation of mechanical or mercantile labors.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

## LOWELL'S COTEMPORARIES

Reminiscences by Hon. Stephen M. Allen.

### II.

James Russell Lowell, like Daniel Webster, at eighteen years of age had decided and to a certain extent fixed ideas of the political economy both of Europe and America. He at twenty-five by no means glorified England, as many have felt that he did liberally towards the last of his life. It had not occurred to me that he had changed, only as all change when they begin to see that it is quite one thing to have glorious ideas of government with men and things, and the uses to which they should be put, and another to be able to see them fully carried out through any influence we may personally exert in their behalf. To his mind then, homely expressed, the British Government individualized was more of a bully than a philanthropist. In the acquirement of her Indian territory in the East, and the millions of benighted with it, coming under her arbitrary control, she outraged humanity and treated them more as slaves or serfs than as freemen, and never lost sight of the pecuniary advantage of such a citizenship. On the character of her warriors and statesmen, of the influence of the East India Company upon civilization, Lowell discoursed in his younger days quite freely. He believed that both Marlborough and Chatham had "doubles" within themselves of which they never were conscious, but which made their lives a contradiction of misapplied energies. Warren Hastings acted like a robber and pirate, and Wellington as a legated butcher. He appreciated Sheridan, Burke and Fox, but deprecated the

small amount of real political principle they enunciated for posterity applicable to a growing civilization of any kind. Their record altogether would not amount to that left in print by Daniel Webster. Pitt he thought a precocious ghou, whose whole selfish and bigoted acts were simple trigs to human progress, fixing a pecuniary debt upon the government, that would, with the costs of royalty, drag a majority of the people down to permanent poverty and suffering. Jeremy Bentham was then Lowell's ideal of a practical moralist, whether as an expounder of legal, mercantile or social jurisprudence.

Robert Owen stood at the head of coöperative industrial reform. It was always interesting to Lowell's young friends to see with what facility he could turn from deep, serious subjects to those of a light and jovial character, without losing the application or importance of either, as an impressive fact, or making the universality of life a common subject of interest. He could alternately be the gravest of the grave, or the most jolly and genial associate, without creating a hiatus. One always felt that there was such proper connection between the two subjects, as he treated them, as to make up a most beautiful and harmonious whole. Before Lowell, in 1844, gave name to the mutual admiration society, as mentioned in my previous letter, there had been a general awakening of young men in Boston to the importance of coöperating in various ways to aid the cause of successful industry, education and morals. These were brought together by him so far as he practically could do under the circumstances surrounding each case.

There were more than a hundred in all that thus directly and indirectly were informally brought together for work. The governing principle was, however, to be that while each should do what he could privately by himself, no general mention should be made of the result of a public character. Lowell was equal to the secret booming of such effort, so far as to keep up the individual courage or interest of each worker in his sphere of action. When it became necessary to disband the old city fire department, forty young men instantly came forward, from all social and business circles, to man each "tub." It may not be generally known at this day that the salaries of these were pledged to build churches, or be disposed of in charity, or that some of these men afterwards were sent to Congress, while others became quite eminent in their respective professions.

One member in particular, still living, a graduate at Harvard, may be mentioned as doing regular duty at the "tub," often taking some of the members home after a fire to give them lessons in chemistry or physiology. At a later day, and for a long series of years after, he was the successful manager of the Lowell Institute. This institution has been a godsend to literary culture in Boston, as well as a practical art school, for forty years, where the poor student could always get instruction free gratis. Another object of the club was the establishment of medical dispensaries where the poor could get treatment and medicine free from charge. Some of these have been in successful existence and operation for forty years. An incident connected with the establishment of one of these will long be remembered





by the writer, who was the subject of a practical joke perpetrated by Dr. Webster, from whom he took a few lessons in chemistry. While alone in the dissecting-room of an evening, in the old Mason-street Hospital, where there were on the tables sixteen subjects in process, the key was turned upon me and I was detained for an hour or two before the door was opened. It was my privilege to have known both Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman, being a frequent visitor at both their houses, having charge of the ventilating process for use in the new hospital then building. I cannot pass without adding my protest to the assertions of some that Dr. Parkman was an avaricious, hard man upon his fellows. It was not so. He had his eccentricities, and one of them was being very exacting. He was, however, a most benevolent, kind-hearted man. He gave his whole time and the use of his money for aiding the poor and needy. He was one of the best friends the mechanics ever had, and would loan them small sums of money, on indifferent security, to accommodate, but never taking more than six per cent interest. Lowell did not like him very well until he learned the real character of the man. Among the old citizens of Boston who deeply sympathized with the young active members of the society some of them before it had name, were the elder Nathaniel Bowditch, Thomas Perkins, and Jonathan Mason. They soon passed away. Of those younger, few of whom are now living were Charles Scudder, Stephen Fairbanks, John Benson, Frederick D. Allen, James W. Converse, Franklin Haven, Henry W. Dutton, Charles G. Greene and Daniel Safford, with Mr. Parkman and many others who contributed to different enterprises.

One of the early enterprises they patronized was starting a charity Sunday school to take in poor children, with an auxiliary society for clothing such as could not otherwise get suitable garments to wear. This numbered some seventy-five young boys, many of whom were reclaimed and educated and subsequently held good positions here and in the West. One of them became mayor of Cambridge, one is the present postmaster in a large Western city. The second superintendent of this school was a young lawyer, a graduate of Cambridge and a friend of Lowell's. Boston was small forty years ago, and the United States had but a small population compared to the present. The ideas of the mass of the people were very different. A young man that was known to smoke in those days was looked upon as unfortunately contracting a pernicious habit. A fine of five dollars was the penalty for smoking in the street. Lowell was always fond of smoking, however. In the winter it was a common practice for some of the church dignitaries to hold morning prayer meetings, Deacon Benson's house, corner of Federal and Channing streets, was a popular resort for that purpose. The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association and Amos Baker had evening schools for apprentices, and the Mercantile Library Association gave public lectures free. Lowell patronized the latter as did many of his friends. E. P. Whipple and J. T. Fields often gave them lectures.

Many of the poor foreign-born working

men had very poor accommodations for living. Many resided in basements, and a movement was made for their relief, which resulted in the erection of a large number of comfortable dwellings. This was accomplished through the indirect and direct aid of the society. The sanitary condition of Boston was one of those questions that engaged a great deal of attention, and Lowell became much interested in the cause. The city of Boston was urged to lay out more parks and sell lands at a reduced price. Chester Park was enlarged, and all the streets south to Ruggles street in Roxbury were raised and restricted to what was called the dry dock grade at Charlestown, placing them above tide water. This was done entirely through the influence of members of the society. Daniel N. Haskell, editor of the Transcript, was a member, and published a great deal of matter in aid of the movement in that paper. The Artists' Association was organized in Boston in 1841, with a great number of distinguished patrons, in which Lowell with others of his friends took great interest. Two of the artists, Carleton and Hollingsworth, became attached to the Lowell Institute as teachers and remained there during their lives.

T. Buchanan Read came with letters from Cincinnati and with an original painting of General Harrison which was his first great effort of the kind. He was introduced to Chester Harding and other artists and subsequently to Lowell, and became a great favorite with all. His appearance in these days was that of a light-complexioned, small-sized boy of eighteen, though he had the character, when animated, of a man of thirty years. Unfortunately his tastes as criticised by some were considered too versatile for him to succeed well as a painter. Harding was one of the members, and came to me one morning quite excited after reading a poem of Read's, then published for the first time by the Mercantile Library Association, before which it had been delivered, and begged me, if I had any influence over Read, to "entreat him to stick to his crayons" and let poetry alone. Lowell did not think so, but believed a man might be both painter and poet. Read's painting and poem of Sheridan's Ride is an evidence of the correctness of his judgment. Read went to Rome with letters to Story, with whom he became quite intimate, but returned home and died. The Artists' Association was well patronized for a time by the public; but few of the members are now living. Healy had been one of Harding's young pupils who afterward went to Europe and painted Louis Philippe. On returning to Boston he was encouraged by some of the Boston merchants to make an historical picture of Webster's answer to Hayne, and did so after four years' labor. When done, it was sometime before he could realize upon it and he became very poor and discouraged. The city had offered \$3000 for it. One of Lowell's friends offered \$4000, though he did not feel able to buy it. The city then offered \$5000 and got it. It is now the principal attractive painting in Faneuil Hall and is probably destined to remain there for all time.

Ross Winans was a rich and very successful railroad and locomotive-builder of Baltimore. He took with other friends the contract

to build the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and came to Boston for the assistance of engineers. Colonel William R. Lee, a graduate of West Point, was then superintendent of the Boston & Providence Railroad and gave him support. Major Whistler also became connected with the enterprise. I think it was Colonel Lee who first suggested the starting of evening schools in Russia along the line of the road, where the young Russians could be taught mechanical work and engineering in connection with ordinary studies. Many young mechanics of Boston were invited to go to Russia as instructors—some did go, and enough to make the system a success. Lowell afterward became much interested in the matter.

General H. B. Sargent, a friend of Lowell, was the first in his class at Harvard, and one of the most brilliant students in the Law School during my membership. It was wholly through Lowell's influence that I read law. Many of the students distinguished themselves in after life. Rutherford B. Hayes became president of the United States, Judge Richardson became secretary of the treasury, Anson Burlingame minister both to China and Russia. Governor Arnold, Judge Lowell, the two Parkmans, Nathan Morse, Robert Codman, Ebenezer W. Stone were members of the class. General Sargent was intimate with Lowell, and wrote an essay some thirty-five years ago upon the labor question which pleased Lowell very much. He took the laborers' side of the question and subsequently interested himself in building houses for the working classes. The Legislature of 1851 brought together many young men that became reformers and that joined in organizing the Republican party of Massachusetts in 1854. The leaders were self-made men. George S. Boutwell was elected governor. Henry Wilson, president of the Senate; Nathaniel P. Banks, Speaker of the House; Amasa Walker, secretary of State. There was a great deal of talent in the Legislature of that year. Ezra Lincoln, Caleb Cushing, B. E. Curtis, Sidney Bartlet, John Mills, General Whitney, James M. Keath, William Aspinwall, F. O. Prince, Theodore Dunne, Henry Gardner, Otis Kimball, William Schouler and G. M. Wightman were members.

At the funeral of Daniel Webster at Marshfield in October, 1852, there were many who had grown rich in property and honors, through the influence of Webster, some of whom had gone back on him, but were very prominent actors in the services. The young Governor Boutwell was there representing the State. A few of the old political liners, who had before been in the habit of first naming the candidates for governor, but who had been disappointed in their choice, were disposed to give the cold shoulder to the governor. He conducted himself with a great deal of dignity, as usual, and paid no particular attention to them, more than to the thousands of honest but humble people present on the occasion.

The organization of the Republican party at Worcester, July 20, 1854, where it first received its name in Massachusetts, is a matter of written history. It was purely accidental that I was called upon to preside over that convention for the most of the day and through all of its business action. It adjourned to Sept. 7, when Robert Rantoul,





Sr., presided. John A. Andrew wrote the resolutions and Charles Sumner spoke for over an hour. The conventions of 1856, nominating Fremont; the Brooks outrage upon Sumner; the Burlingame duel; threats of Brooks to attack Wilson and Banks, who was then Speaker, are all matters of history. Mr. Lowell was active in all those measures in his quiet way, but exercised a powerful influence through others. As to my own humble effort in all these things I can only say that Lowell prompted me to action more than any other person. The war brought freedom to the slaves and established that emancipation which we in early life felt could be done with money. Alas! for human selfishness; thousands of millions of dollars, and millions of lives, directly and indirectly, were sacrificed to this end.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

#### LOWELL'S CONTEMPORARIES.

To the Editor of the Transcript: In a recent issue of your paper appeared a communication, signed "C. O. Stickney," wherein the writer names several contemporaries of James Russell Lowell, and states that, with one exception, they have all passed over to the "other shore." Allow me to say to him, and to distant friends who may be misled by this assertion, that another shining exception exists in the person of Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, whom we still have among us, and whose tribute to Lowell in a recent number of the Transcript—most tender and beautiful—antedating your correspondent's communication, ought not to have escaped his notice.

Fully recovered from a recent illness, the doctor lives to cheer his many friends and to frequent his much-loved haunts of Scituate and Wayland.

W. R. W.

Concord, Aug. 24.

[Wheldon]

#### MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are

Is she that to my soul is dear:  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening-star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own.

Which lesser souls may never know:  
God giveth them to her alone.  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair:  
No simplest duty is forgot;  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own free will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

[James Russell Lowell.]

Y. AUGUST 13. 1891

## LATEST

NOT AMERICA'S ALONE.

England Equally Laments  
Lowell's Death.

Words of Love and Esteem Spoken  
on Every Side.

He Was Always on the Side of  
the Best in Life.

LONDON, Aug. 13. The Times says: "The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than would be that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow-countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind; whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America, and amid the heartfelt regard and admiration of England."

The Standard says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The Daily News says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and long obituary notices.

#### Tribute of Bret Harte.

Bret Harte has written concerning the death of James Russell Lowell, the American poet, as follows: "To my pride, as an American, in the frank admiration and living appreciation shown of Lowell's intellect and character personally here, I have to add my own expression of sorrow at the loss of one of the most fastidious and cultivated professors in my calling, and one of its gentlest yet manliest critics."

English Authors' Society Sends Regrets.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well known writer and novelist, and first chairman of the executive committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmoor to

a newsagency in this city, in which, referring to the death of Mr. James Russell Lowell, he says, "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

#### MINISTER LOWELL IN LONDON.

When Mr. Lowell was Minister to the Court of St. James, the London World included in its series of "Celebrities at Home" a readable sketch of the distinguished literateur, which is appended:

An unpretending house in a quiet London square, painted that dull red color—an American importation, by the way—with which we are now so familiar in the western districts of the metropolis. It is the residence of a minister who represents the vast Republic of the West, over which the sun takes four hours to rise, and which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is nothing ambassadorial in his surroundings. The arms of the United States are nowhere conspicuously emblazoned, as would be those of some petty German State. Mr. Lowell is not approached through an antechamber filled with secretaries and gilded attachés. You are introduced by a manservant out of livery into a little room on the ground floor at the back of the house, which contains a few well-filled bookshelves, a writing-table strewn with papers and letters, while a few simple engravings here and there cover the walls. Seated in an easy chair reading is a slight spare man with a profusion of curling hair and a luxuriant beard which is almost white. His manner as he rises to greet you is singularly quiet and unaffected, and though he has made the Yankee dialect of New England immortal, you cannot detect in the tones of his voice

the slightest trace of Americanism. He has long passed his sixtieth birthday, having been born in the same year as Queen Victoria, yet it is impossible to regard him as old. He reminds you of nothing so much as the beautiful Indian summer of his native land, differing only from midsummer in the circumstance that the subdued tints of the foliage, and the still dreamy air, tell you instinctively that they are the heralds of coming winter. Taking a well-colored little meerschaum from a rack he proceeds to smoke, and hands his visitor a box of cigarettes. Leaning back then in his chair, he turns toward you his full, deep, gray eyes at once thoughtful and penetrating, and seems more inclined to listen than to talk. The conversation drifts from one subject to another, and it is only when some chord which interests him is struck that you catch a momentary glimpse of the varied knowledge, the rich cultivation, the genius and power which have made for him so great a name on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who are familiar with Mr. Lowell's life know that he has not only shed a brilliance over the New World, but also done much to cement the bonds of union between the Old World and the New. As a poet he can hardly be considered inferior to Longfellow, though far less widely known and read; while as a humorist he must take his place in history with great masters of wit and satire like Swift and Thackeray. His modest house in Lowndes square seems but a resting-place by the way. His home is in the beautiful suburbs of Cambridge, in his native Massachusetts, on the banks of the sluggish Charles. Through all his wanderings in many lands, beautiful Elmwood, the home of his father, the place of his birth, the grave of his children, and the spot where sixty years of his life have been spent among his books, seems always to claim him as its own.

Mr. Lowell comes of a good old English stock. His ancestors emigrated from Bristol in 1639, and settled in New England.





Many of the Lowells were foremost men in the annals of their adopted country. His grandfather was a member of the convention which framed the constitution of Massachusetts and excluded slavery from its borders. His father was a distinguished Congregationalist minister, and a year before the poet's birth he purchased Elmwood, a plain structure of wood, whose want of picturesqueness is relieved by the fine timber in which it is embosomed. In the library, which contains a large and choice collection of books, there hangs a portrait by Page of Mr. Lowell in his youth. The dark auburn hair, parted in the middle, falls in thick curls over a white collar thrown back loosely from his neck. There is a dreamy poetry in the deep-set gray eyes, and the expression is one of almost mournful sadness. One may well marvel that the "Biglow Papers" could have been produced by the grave, melancholy looking youth, who might have sat as a model for Goethe's Faust. The coat of coarse brown cloth he wears gives a spice of Puritan simplicity to the portrait. In an upper room, which was the poet's study in his father's lifetime, there hang touchingly over a picture frame some pairs of baby's shoes; and from the window may be seen the pretty wooded slopes of Mount Auburn Cemetery, the last resting-place of the little feet; all his children, but one daughter, having died in infancy. It was this which gave the tinge of sadness to much of his early poetry:

"As a twig trembles which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred:  
I only knew she came and went."

The death of his children was followed, after nine years of domestic happiness, by the loss of his wife, referred to in those touching lines of Longfellow:

"T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath.  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like  
Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin,  
And softly from that hushed and darkened  
room

Two angels issued where but one went in."

Mr. Lowell has shown himself to be a writer of graceful, powerful and versatile prose, which alone would have made the reputation of a lesser man. His lectures on the great poets of the world are models of criticism, and display at once the brilliant powers of his vigorous mind, and the stores of varied knowledge acquired in years of thoughtful, patient study, and extended travel in the lands of the Old World. His more serious poems are full of graceful imagery, of noble thoughts clothed in noble words, while some of them possess the impassioned fire of true poetic genius. They want, perhaps, that something which Longfellow's Muse possesses; or possibly it is that the older poet had gained the popular ear before the younger one became known, and his melodies fell on somewhat unheeding ears, so long accustomed to the familiar strains of the old master. But it is on his marvellously humorous prose and still more marvellous poetry that Lowell's fame will rest, and he can well afford not to be placed by posterity in the first rank of the poets of sentiment. A distinguished modern writer has said that if you want to see the England of the seventeenth century, you must go to New England; and Mr. Lowell has told us that if we want to listen to the English which was spoken in the days of the Stuarts, we must go still to New England, where it lingers yet in such places as the remote districts of Massachusetts. Railroads are fast destroying their Old World character, and the Yankee speech is being grubbed up by the school marmas as diligently as the thistle in Canada: but in the "Biglow Papers" it is enshrined forever, like the fly in amber; and peers and country baronets whose titles were purchased from needy James I. can read therein in what fashion

their fathers spake. The first and by far the best series of these remarkable papers were written at the time of the Mexican War. They are designed to expose the iniquity of a conflict undertaken in the interest of slave-holding States, as a means of extending the area of slavery. No satirical pieces of modern days approach them except, perhaps, the "Letters of Major Downing," "Sam Slick," or some of Hood's inimitable verses. Hosea Biglow, Rev. Homer Wilbur and Birdofredum Sawin are characters which may take their place, as portraits from life, with Squire Western or Dr. Primrose. These papers are a mixture of poetry and prose, written in the broadest Yankee dialect of New England, interspersed with imaginary notices of the press, designed to satirize the ludicrous ignorance and absurdity of prevailing American newspaper criticism. Many of the words and expressions in the "Biglow Papers" have become a part of the English language as it is spoken in America today. At the time they were in every body's mouth, and became cant phrases, like the "What, never?" of "Pinafore," or the "Why, certainly!" of "The Colonel."

"But John P.  
Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B."

crossed the Atlantic, and became, with local variations, a catch-song in the streets of English towns. Whoever reads these wonderful sketches, so full of humor and wit, an keen political satire from which men shrank as from a scalpel, and is able to understand something of the point of the allusions, experiences a sensation he will never forget. Here is a description of a Yankee orator, inimitable in its truth to nature, and which, *mutatis mutandis*, might be applied to some parliamentary orators we wot of, Irish and otherwise:

Subjick stalted; 'expanded; delayed; extended. Pump lively. Subjick stalted ag'in, so's to avide all mistaiks. Ginnle remarks; continooed; kerried on; pushed fuder; kind o' gin out. Subjick re-stalted; deloated; stirred up permiscuous. Pump ag'in. Gits back to where he sot out. Can't seem to stay thair. Ketches into Mr. Seaward's hair. Breaks loose ag'in, an' stait his subjick; stretches it; turns it; folds it; onfolds it; folds it ag'in so's 't no one can't find it. Argooes with an imedjinary bean that ain't aloud to say nothin' in repleye. Gives him a real good dressin', an' is settsy side he's rite. Gits into Johnson's hair. No use tryin' to git into his head. Gives it up. Hez to stait his subjick ag'in: does it back'ards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', no ways. Gits finely red on it. Concluds, Concluds more. Reads some xtrax. Sees his subjick a-nosin' round arter him ag'in. Tries to avide it. Wun't do. Mis-states it. Can't conjectur' no other plawable way of staytin' on it. Tries pump. No fx. Finely concluds to conclud— Feels the flore.

Underlying this satire, of the broadest and most farcical kind, runs a current of the strong religious feeling which everywhere distinguishes Mr. Lowell's writings. A every turn we catch glimpses of that old Puritan faith, with its simple fervid zeal, which the Pilgrim Fathers planted on New England shores.

Mr. Lowell's life has been an eventful one, the milestones on the road being, for the most part, the dates of the many volumes which owe their birth to him. His long residence at Elmwood was unbroken save by a year or two's European travel. His distinguished services to the Northern cause at the time of the Civil War, as an able opponent of slavery, were recognized in 1874 by the offer of the Russian ministry. This was declined, and in the same year the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon him by the sister University on the Cam—an honor perhaps more appreciated than expatriation to the court of the czar. In 1877 he accepted the mission to Spain, and two years later, on the withdrawal of Mr. Welsh, he was transferred to London. Seldom has an American minister been received in this country with more cordiality, or become more generally popular than Mr. Lowell. The University of St. Andrews has bestowed the highest distinction in her gift upon the successor of Longfellow at Harvard. Few men could

do greater honor than Mr. Russell Lowell to the position of lord rector of that ancient scholastic foundation. His election will be regarded, in the land of his birth, not only as a high compliment to one of America's most distinguished men of letters, but as a graceful act of international courtesy on the part of that old land which he is proud to own as the fatherland of his race.

#### Robert T. S. Lowell.

Robert Traill Sponce Lowell, brother of James Russell Lowell, died yesterday morning at his home in Schenectady, N. Y., within less than a month of his seventy-fifth anniversary. He was a faithful clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church and a man of letters of no mean order, both as poet and as novelist, having earned a title to remembrance by "The New Priest in Conception Bay," "A Raft That No Man Made," and "Stories from an Old Dutch Town." Mr. Lowell was born October 8, 1816, in Boston, where his father, Rev. Charles Lowell, was pastor of the old West Church. He was educated at the Round Hill School of George Bancroft and Joseph G. Cogswell in Northampton, and at Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1833. He took a full course at Harvard medical school, but instead of practising medicine he went into trade. In 1839 he began the study of theology. By invitation of Bishop Spencer of Newfoundland he went to Bermuda, where he took deacon's orders in 1842 and priest's in 1843, and was appointed chaplain to the bishop and inspector of schools. He was afterward appointed to the parish of Bay Roberts in Newfoundland ("Peterport" in "The New Priest") and made the record of a devoted servant of Christ, especially in the famine of 1840, when his medical training was of the utmost value to the people; he was chairman of the relief committee of the district and wore his health out in his arduous work, so that he was compelled to return to the United States. Mr. Lowell's next work was among the poorer people of Newark, N. J., where he gathered a congregation called Christ Church, and in 1849-50 built a stone church, which was open and free to all, with daily services. Between 1850 and 1859 he was rector of Christ Church, Duaneburg, N. Y., and then for four years was head master of St. Mark's School in Southborough.

It was while he was rector of the parish at Newark that he sent to press his first and most important work, "The New Priest in Conception Bay." The novel was published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. in the fall of 1858, and such was the interest in the work that, though sent out anonymously and followed almost immediately by the failure of the publishers, the first edition was exhausted in a short time.

The slender volume of poems which appeared in 1860 under the title of "Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago, and Other Things," was but a small part of the poetry which he kept back in manuscript, and it was filled out in the next edition, published in 1863, with many new pieces, and dedicated to his old teacher, Dr. Cogswell.

The famous war poem, "The Massachusetts Line," written to the air of "Yankee Doodle," was sung with wonderful inspiration during the Civil War. Still another of these poems is the one entitled, "The Little Years," a song for the older graduates at Harvard, which is an unforgettable poem. Still another, written in a different vein, but equally unforgettable, is "The Brave Old Ship, the Orient;" and yet another, entitled "Burgoyne's Last March," written in 1877, is a fine specimen of the way in which he treated an historical theme.

When Dr. Lowell gave up the charge of St. Mark's School, he made his home in Schenectady, N. Y., and in 1873 became the professor of the Latin language and literature in Union College, where he remained for six years. After retiring from this post in 1879, he did not





undertake any further public duty, but continued to reside in Schenectady, and identified himself strongly with its interests and associations. Out of his residence there grew "Stories from an Old Dutch Town."

Dr. Lowell's home was on the banks of the Mohawk, and from the foot of his garden he could take his boat and go up and down the river at his leisure. He was a great student of the classics, and delighted to write to his friends in Greek, or Latin, or English, as they were able to follow him in the expression of his thoughts. He kept up his interest in the ancient languages to the end of his life.

Since the death of his brother, his health, which was very much impaired by the death of his wife last year, became more and more uncertain, and his sudden death has not been unexpected. He had five children—three sons and two daughters. His eldest son, James, and his son Charles survive him. His two daughters, Mary and Rebecca, are living in Schenectady.

## SEPTEMBER 14, 1891

### REGARD FOR LOWELL.

#### Sorrowful Words at the Death of the American Poet.

LONDON, August 13.—The provincial press and the London afternoon papers contain long and affectionate articles upon the late James Russell Lowell. Expressions of sorrow for his death come from every quarter.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The universal regret for Lowell's death and admiration for his character and achievements expressed on this side of the Atlantic are an eloquent testimony of the reality of that entente among the English-speaking race which it was one of the objects of Lowell's life to promote. His place in literature is with Carlyle and Ruskin."

Edmund Gosse, in an article in the *St. James Gazette*, says: "It is too soon to make an estimate of his final place in history. We think today only of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence and his devotion to letters, and we reverently partake of America's sorrow."

Henry Irving writes as follows:

"In common with all Englishmen, I lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

LONDON, August 13.—Lord Tennyson wires from Haslemere saying: "England and America will mourn Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine sincerest sympathy with the family."  
"TENNYSON."

Walter Besant, the well-known writer and novelist and first chairman of the executive committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmore, in which, referring to the death of Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

#### SOME AMERICAN TRIBUTES.

BAR HARBOR, ME., August 13.—Secretary Blaine, when informed of the death of James Russell Lowell, expressed his deepest sympathy at the sad news. When asked if he would not make some statement of Mr. Lowell's career as a diplomat he declined to do so.

BOSTON, August 13.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is much affected by the death of his life-long friend, James Russell Lowell, although, as he says, he knew it was coming a long time. He declined, however, most imperatively to talk on the subject for publication at this time.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., August 13.—John Greenleaf Whittier, who has been forced to return from the mountains by ill health, was much shocked to hear of Mr. Lowell's death. "Too bad, too bad," he said. "It is indeed a great loss to American letters and to the world."

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 13.—W. D. Howells speaks of Lowell's death as a national calamity. He declines to be interviewed, but says he may write an article on Lowell at some other time.

### COMPOUND INTEREST.

A new way of laying up money is described by a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, and the story is the more interesting because of the celebrity of the involuntary inventor of the method in question—no less a person than the author of the *Biglow Papers*. In 1835, says the writer, Longfellow having resigned his place as professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, Lowell was appointed his successor, with leave of absence to perfect himself in his studies.

Lowell at once went abroad, but did not remain so long as he had intended. In later years he used to tell how he happened to cut short his European studies.

It appears that he left instructions with his London bankers to notify him as soon as his account was reduced to a specified sum. Then he settled down to his work, drawing upon his bankers as he needed money, but keeping no account of his drafts. He was still in the midst of his studies, when one day he received word that his balance had been cut down to the specified figures.

The news was surprising; he had supposed himself still well within his limits; but as he had no records of his own there was of course no disputing the banker's statement, even had it occurred to him to do so. He packed up at once and returned to America.

Some years afterward he received a letter from the bankers, stating that, owing to the error of a clerk, his account had been charged with a certain sum which had been drawn, not by him, but by another Lowell, a kinsman of his.

The bankers apologized for the blunder, and of course had placed the amount of the draft, with compound interest, at his credit. They kindly suggested that if he were not in present want of the money, they would invest it for him in a way which they believed would turn out to his advantage.

Mr. Lowell thanked them, and asked them to invest the amount at their discretion. About a year afterward he received a draft for nearly seven hundred pounds, and found it very timely, as he was just then wishing to furnish a house. Thanks to his own carelessness and the blunder of a clerk, he was able to do it in a fairly sumptuous manner.

To illustrate Mr. Lowell's devotion to nice points of social usage, "The Boston Advertiser" relates this anecdote: When he was Minister to England a freshman from one of the big American universities called upon him with a letter of introduction. Mr. Lowell made it very pleasant for his young visitor, talked charmingly with him, gave him some friendly advice concerning his tour, and several favors in the form of letters which an American Minister alone had the power to confer. The undergraduate was profuse in his thanks, and was bowing himself out of the room after his interview—had even got so far as the outer door—when Mr. Lowell caught sight of his hat, which was of the ordinary derby pattern. He promptly called the young man back, and speaking kindly, yet dryly, said: "Mr. S—, no real gentleman in England wears derby headgear. You should purchase a silk hat at once. Your social duties here will demand it. That is all. Good-day."

## The Bulletin.

A Parable June 1885

Said Christ, our Lord, "I will go and see  
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."  
He passed not again through the gate of birth,  
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief-priests, and rulers, and kings,  
"Behold, now, the giver of all good things,  
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state  
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread  
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,  
And in palace chambers lofty and rare,  
They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim  
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;  
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,  
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,  
And from under the heavy foundation stones  
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,  
And opened wider and yet more wide  
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars,  
then,  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure  
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold  
Ye have fenced my sheep from the Master's fold;  
I have heard the dropping of their tears  
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,  
We build but as our fathers built;  
Behold thine images, how they stand,  
Sovereign and sole, through all our land."

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame  
To hold thy earth forever the same,  
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep  
Still, as thou ledest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,  
And another's girl, whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,  
And as they drew back their garment-hem,  
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,  
"The images ye have made of me!"

—[James Russell Lowell.]

### MR. LOWELL'S LAST LETTER.

The *Athenæum* publishes the following letter, which was written by the late James Russell Lowell to Mr. R. A. Kinglake shortly before his death:—

Dear Mr. Kinglake,

I am highly honored in the dedication of your pamphlet, which I read with great interest. I think your plan of Local Vallhallas to supplement that at Westminster an excellent one. While it admits men of national reputation, like Blake and Fielding, it admits also men of less renown, but deserving some lasting commemoration in a less degree. A collection of the busts of worthies (in old Fuller's sense) is both a recognition and a stimulus. I am not well enough to cherish any hope of seeing England again this year. My recollections of the old home are among the dearest of my life. Should you see Archdeacon Denison, I pray you to recall me kindly to his memory. With kindest regards to your daughter,

I remain, faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.





*Nation* 53 LOWELL Sept. 17, 1891  
PIEVE DI CADORE, August 27.

In the notice of the life of Lowell in the *Nation* of August 13, there is a passage which seems to me to admit, if not require, a fuller explanation than is there given. After mentioning the death of his first wife and the consequent change in his manner of existence, it says: "And although he allowed his name to stand in connection with anti-slavery societies, he was generally regarded as having cooled in sympathy. This was unjustly attributed to his becoming, in 1855, a professor in Harvard University, then rightly regarded as very conservative." The disclaimer is correct, but purely negative; and, as a fact, the imaginary cooling, which was nothing more than the natural effect of grief and a morbid melancholy, preceded any hint of his appointment to succeed Longfellow, and was broken up by it and his subsequent visit to Europe.

It happened that I made Lowell's acquaintance shortly after the death of his first wife and while he was still overwhelmingly affected by it. I went to Cambridge to secure the assistance of the literary men resident there for the carrying on of an art journal which I had then projected and afterwards edited, the *Crayon*, and the acquaintance grew into a warm friendship, of which one of the first fruits was an invitation to come and stay with him at Elmwood. He was in a state of apathy and incipient hypochondriasis, from which, as one of his later letters shows, my intrusion into his solitude partially aroused him, and he was grateful for the diversion. The grief for the death of his wife was keen, and his feeling was expressed in the "Ode to Happiness," which he read me from his note-book one day during this visit. He spoke of it as unfinished, but, so far as I recollect, it was then as it was printed later. What oppressed him, however, more than his bereavement was a profound conviction that his brain was menaced by, or actually undergoing, a process similar to ossification, and that he was doomed to die, as his mother had died, insane; and this gloomy presentiment, coupled with his sorrow, produced that apathy which was regarded as a cooling off of his human sympathies; he considered himself as already the victim of a terrible death, and all his constitutional buoyancy could not resist the obsession.

I had just gone through one of those disillusionings which young men consider great grief, and this excited a certain sympathy which took him out of himself, while the efforts I made to arouse him out of his apathy and despondency were grateful to him and, I hope, useful. I was an intense admirer of his poetry, and had most of the then published poems by heart, and I made him talk of them and read me what he had unprinted. He told me that he had written "Sir Launfal" in two evenings, and had never retouched it—an omission I gently reproved him for, but he replied in a way which made me think that he did not hold his work in such high esteem as to induce him to spend much labor *limas* on it. The fact was, I suspect, that he could not take up revision without its becoming remaking, for his versification was so spontaneous that he

could write in verse faster than in prose,\* and it was easier to write new than to remodel the old. This facility was curiously shown in one of our Adirondack excursions. We had halted to camp on Tupper's Lake, and the guides and myself constructed for the occasion a huge bark shanty, and when it was finished, I said to Lowell, "We have built you a house; now give us an inscription for it"; and he began what I at first took for a reply, but what was really, without casting about for a word, an impromptu:

"Whom rain doth welter  
Or heat sweeter,  
Respect this shelter."

and went on with a history of the shanty, the part taken by each of us in the work, giving the names of the whole party, which was composed of ten visitors and nine guides, all without an instant's hesitation and as if it were a part of the conversation.

He did afterwards, however, in spite of his reluctance to retouch his work, rewrite for the *Crayon* the little poem so well known, "The First Snow-Fall," which had been for years circulating in the newspapers, gathering misprints. He sent me many contributions for the *Crayon*, for which he could never be induced to accept the slightest remuneration. He never could remember or rewrite anything that was lost, and he used to tell with a comic distress the losing of "the funniest thing he ever wrote" in a German hotel, while he was abroad rubbing up his German preparatory to his assuming his professorship at Harvard.

Prior to undertaking the publication of the *Crayon*, I had been engaged as art editor on the *Evening Post*, then edited by Bryant; and talking with him of Lowell, I thought I perceived a certain soreness at the criticism Lowell had passed on him in the 'Fable for Critics,' and I mentioned it to Lowell. When he came to New York to embark for Europe, on the occasion alluded to, I gave him a dinner, chiefly to bring him and Bryant together, as they had never met; and Lowell, remembering Bryant's feeling on the subject of the criticism, did his best to captivate the elder poet, and, as I satisfied myself later by talking with Bryant, succeeded completely, and though there were in the company several of Lowell's old friends, Bayard Taylor, Charles Sumner, E. P. Whipple, and others, the conversation between the two was hardly interrupted during the entire evening. We separated at a late hour, Bryant and I leaving Lowell and Taylor at the Turkish café of Oscanyan enjoying a nargileh.

I resided in London during a large part of the time in which Lowell represented the United States there, and can endorse what the *Nation* says of his political aspect. He was accused of servility to rank and of indifference to the social pretensions of Americans in London. He simply understood his business at the

court to which he had been sent, which was, as I have since heard it formulated by one of the greatest of English diplomats, Lord Dufferin, not to introduce his countrymen to the society of the court, but to represent his Government at that court. Americans inflated by a local importance came to London wearing their Congressional-district halos, and expected to be presented to the Queen, wearing them; Lowell, measuring them by the larger standard of a court where all the world comes, declined to use his great personal influence to the disregard of that standard. His feeling, which was just and diplomatic, was that no American, because he is such, is entitled to a presentation at court or an introduction to English society, but that it is for the Queen in one case, and society in the other, to choose whom they will see, and that without some distinction which makes them of interest to the one and the other, the presentation is an intrusion. A Minister who considered it his duty to be the usher of all the Americans who come to London, would find that he had neither time nor influence for his diplomatic duties.

Lowell knew every detail of the court etiquette, and while, on the one hand, he never permitted himself to be led into a violation of it, on the other he never allowed any derogation of the ceremony which his position as the representative of a great Power entitled him to. He maintained that a sovereign democracy had the same right to the formalities established for the court as a monarchy, and abated none of them. A lady of rank at whose house I was visiting, expressed the desire to make the acquaintance of the Minister, and I undertook to make him acquainted with her wish. He inquired her rank, and as she was a marchioness, he replied, "I cannot, as Minister Plenipotentiary, make the first call on anything less than a duke; the Marquis must make the first call." People who know nothing of the importance of precedent may consider this snobbish in the representative of a republican country, but it was just this which made Lowell the stickler for the letter of the law of precedence which he was. He would not allow, even by a careless acquiescence in a neglect of one of the rules of diplomatic etiquette, any disregard of the least of them which might seem to abate the deference due him as the representative of a republic.

Your comment on his second wife, "an accomplished and agreeable woman," does very imperfect justice to her qualities. She was one of the noblest women I have ever known, and I knew her from early in her entry into his family nearly till the day of her death. She was fully worthy of him and made his married life with her supremely happy. He told me that his attachment for her had begun before he left home for Germany, but that he waited till he had proved by protracted absence that it was solid before declaring himself. My opinion is that she influenced his life even more than his first wife, though I judge of the earlier period only from what he and others who knew him then have told me. There was an intensity of sympathy in her nature, coupled with the highest moral standard, which he felt the full value of and reposed on. For reasons which I do not recollect, I did not at the time of their marriage write to con-

\*[Witness Lowell's own testimony in that inimitable "Letter from Boston" of December 27, 1846, written "in steambout haste."—ED. *NATION*.]

"Dear M., By way of saving time,  
I'll do this letter up in rhyme,  
Whose slim stream through four pages flows,  
Ere one is packed with tight-screwed prose,  
Threading the tube of an epistle  
Smooth as a child's breath through a whistle."





gratulate him, but, a considerable time after, I did so and apologized for the neglect, and he replied that the congratulations "hit the white," for he was very happy. I have not, I believe, seen him since her death.

W. J. STILLMAN.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### A STUDY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY S. H. THAYER.

I.

June 25, 1885

The Christian Union

PEOPLE finds in its leaders of thought, in its best translators of sentiment and of life, fitting exponents of its language, learning, and spirit. Each determinate civilization, modern or ancient, has its own commentators, and poetry, of various distinctions, made classic for their interpretation of the environments and essential ideals of its respective periods. The enduring monuments of thought, in whatever form expressed, are thus related to their time; men grow great by appropriating and elucidating the eminent principles and passions of their age and race.

We, as a people, need not be ashamed of our own distinguished names, although time has not, as yet, applied its supreme test to them. Letters, poetry, the distinctive products of literary creation, are perhaps of the slower fruits that ripen in a new civilization, so that of these names we may count only a rare few. Irving and Bryant are of the illustrious dead; Emerson, whose serene mountain-thought has given fresh force and grace to the ideas of liberty and ethical philosophy, has more recently gone before; Longfellow, beneficent and beloved not only by one race, but in a hundred climes, who has typified the home sanctities in living song, who has relit the altar-fires of old-time legendary lore in his marvelous verse, has followed these; while Whittier and Lowell are far along on the western horizon, their work largely accomplished, and their records principally made. Of the latter, whose literary career has, for a time, been interrupted, this paper treats. His work and vogue are somewhat of a unique cast; there is in them an especially articulated relish of the humanities, modulated by a modern critical tendency. Whether humorous or serious, in poetry or in prose, he is a broader, larger mold of the Matthew Arnold type, plus genius. His thought has more warmth and blood, more imagery, and more humor and enthusiasm than that of the fibrous Englishman; there is a certain bountifulness of wealth, an unfettered optimism, that gives a flavor and picturesqueness to his commentaries. His art creed is not held as severely or tenaciously as Arnold's, his critical discussions are more instinctive, less polemic, less consciously impressive, less methodical. Arnold has made his model after the classic Greek form; his stress is laid on the construction, the expression, which are the superficial endowments of language—these are the first articles in Arnold's creed, which, like most literary creeds, is frequently broken by the author. But there is an exuberant freedom in the movement of Lowell's thought and art that is hail-fellow and reciprocal, which attracts rather than compels a following. I am speaking now rather of his prose than poetry.

Lowell was the product of a long succession of worthy ancestors. Nearly 250 years ago they came over from Worcestershire, England, and settled in Middlesex County, Mass. Lowell, the city of looms, was named

after them. Lowell's grandfather was a distinguished judge; his father was a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, where he himself grew under the shadow of Harvard University. He early and thoroughly imbibed the spirit of its high order, and through patient fostering prepared for and entered its regular course at the age of fifteen, became class poet, and graduated at nineteen. From his studies here he was booked for the law—the law, that dream so prone to end in drudgery. I believe it is Alexander Smith who says that "skylarks are primarily created to sing, although a whole choir of them may be baked in pies." Imagine Lowell trained to the musty tomes of this most voluminous profession; Lowell, so natively a "law unto himself," incrustated in traditions and precedents, and buried in briefs! He escaped; indeed, like Irving and Bryant, he could never find clients, and they could never find him. He spent a year at it, and at the end of it, in 1841, published a volume of poems entitled "A Year's Life." One suspects a more appropriate title would have been "A Year of Death." Is it strange that in these early poems we find an imitation of the laureate master whose lyrics had already captivated the eye and ear of the younger poets of both shores? These notes from "The Sirens" are echoes from across the sea, and no mean ones:

"The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,  
The sea is restless and uneasy;  
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,  
Wandering, thou knowest not whither.

Come to the peaceful home of ours,  
Where, evermore,  
The low west wind keeps panting up the shore."

Young songsters, like young birds, mimic some elder until they find their own aerius. In his "Serenade," which commences—

"Under the window I sit alone,  
Alone, alone—ah, woe! alone!"—

do we not detect the cadence of Shelley making a tragedy in thought? Lowell had yet to find his vein, but meanwhile his ear would catch sounds that lured him everywhere. Yet there was little of the dilettante in his nature; he was wholesomely fresh, and sufficiently trained by study, thought, and aptitude to feel the pulse of life, and to draw from nature's springs new revelations. Lowell, of all American poets, early found for himself green pastures and game forests; he would not long infringe on another's preserves, he must possess in his own right. There is a mark of high manliness—not brusqueness, but the strength of gentleness—found in this earlier work. We find it in the picture he draws entitled "Love:"

"A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,  
But faces truth and beauty as their peer,  
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts  
By a clear sense of inward nobleness."

The theory of art for art's sake alone, that French speech grafted on to English lips, found no reiteration from him. He would use art as a means, not an end. He was a free translator of Puritanism, but the quality of moral supremacy found in its blood coursed through his nature. He could say, as he did, that "Puritanism had an abiding faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." Two things stand foremost in Lowell's prose and poetry alike. The first, an intrepid moral nobility, both in mind and character; the second, which continually manifests itself, an almost vagrant

scope or the insignificant.

Lowell is not polemic for its own sake. His determinate ideas are not overexact; he loves room himself, and gives it to others; so it has come to pass that he has written somewhat out of school. Emerson has said, somewhere: "The student must have a style and determination, and be a master in his own specialty; but, having this, he must put it behind him." Lowell sat at the feet of Emerson, and it availed him.

ness, and the American's keen insight and tact—for Lowell is a pronounced product of the New World; he is intuitively critical, not studiously so, nor technically or narrowly so. It is the essential, the main thing, that determines him. No critic of the nineteenth century is more searching for, or appreciative of, values than he. He never weighs the grains and pennyweights in pound scales. It is the full and consummate strength of the work that challenges his judgment, not the micro-

waywardness of imagination, which, in its eagerness for exploration, wanders "at its own sweet will" through all the outlying provinces of his theme, in such manner as often to lose him his way. He never could "blaze his way," as the forester says, yet he has none of the sheer idler's will, or want of will; somehow he finds the best pastures in his foragings, he gets at the heart of the beautiful and the true, he is unpretentiously sane; what he writes has purpose, faith, acute-





spire-like narrowness of a certain class of scholarship, is apart and remote from his, which is of a wider range, wrought out of various contiguity with the civilities and thoughts of men and the world. We can frequently only contrast critics, as we do orators and poets, not compare them. Of Stedman, who, as a contemporaneous critic, is in close sympathy with Lowell (the two constituting, perhaps, the accepted umpireship in strict literature, on this side the water), it is fair to say, he possesses the keener detective edge of the two. There is a nicety in his distinctions, with a compactness of style (placing a word for a sentence) which gives pungency to his judgment, and exceptional felicity of meaning to his statement. Lowell has a power of impressing, different, but not less effective; he has a less delicate but more lavish imagination; he employs his resources more irregularly, less strenuously, than Stedman. There is that in the latter's method that dispenses with extended comment. It possesses somewhat the force of a projectile deftly and surely aimed; while Lowell hates to part with his theme, takes views from many standpoints, and gives the effect of a larger outlook. In a sense the two critics are complementary (in treatment at least); the disciplined yet delicate touch of the one, and the more careless range of the other, serve to fill out and complete the interpretation. Yet they are both poets, and find numberless similitudes in tendency and feeling.

We sometimes imagine that the poetical and critical faculties, when united in one, tend to impair the conditions of power for either gift in the possessor, yet somehow recognize the futility of poetic criticism save by a poet. It is for this reason, perhaps, that lovers of poetry are drawn instinctively toward these two critics; for a critic must have in himself the power to master another's secrets. But we forbear further reference to his critical scope.

The poetry of Lowell (the earlier of which we referred to in opening) constitutes the finer, more characteristic body and soul of his work, and certainly illustrates better his free imagination and various-sided genius. This first poetic strain was scarcely indigenous; in it he was testing the point of his cimeter, or rather casting about for his real weapon of service. I have said that Lowell is a true American; he is also a progressive one. His moral forecast and his mental outlook were prophetic of the gathering crisis between slavery and freedom, and his spirit did not shrink from the conflict. When great men are borne on the tide of mighty forces, when thought becomes instinct with life, convictions burning, and the conscience alive and palpitating under the stress of a vast moral and social evil, genius finds its armory as well as the soldier. What an array of moral potency arose at the alarm of this momentous outcry! Whittier, Phillips, Dana, Pierpont, Garrison, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, all thrilled with their protests against the broken commandment. Lowell had written some of his "Biglow Papers" in the period of the Mexican War; they had served as a protest against a war of conquest. Charged with a novel invective, pointed with satire, wit, and humor, they revealed, both to Lowell and the world, his weapon. "I soon found I held in my hand a weapon, instead of a fencing-stick, as I supposed," he said. These papers were cast in an idiomatic vernacular, grotesquely droll to a fault, but beneath all drollery, beneath all laughter, there was a stern presentment and a burning impeachment. They contained a lurking whipl

that scourged. None but a born humorist, and one natively learned in all the idiosyncrasies and inconsistencies of American society and politics, could have fitted his thought to such a mold as this. They had the rare quality which quickened laughter and the conscience at the same time. They charged on slavery, and put the slaveholder in the pillory. They excoriated the wily politician who would coo gently as the dove, and make over his manhood for the paltry pottage. Others were persecuted and buffeted for their devotion; but the "Biglow Papers," not a whit less true or severe, were without an adversary with which to cope. Lowell challenged slavery, challenged rebellion, challenged political chicanery, the triple curses of the times, but he found no opponent who could match his unique logic. Who could discomfit Parson Wilbur, who confound Hosea Biglow? We have in the humorists of these present days sheer nonsense, odd ways of saying funny nothings; but the ground of the "Biglow Papers" is veritable. They contain a wealth of fertile, prolific ideas, they pierce to the quick the crystallized follies and the embodied wrongs of their day, and in their own way disclose the inventive genius of an original mind, with infinitely various resources, working neither for spoil nor praise, but enlisted for the cause. The dainty little cultures of the artistic school, strained through the mesh of modern vogues, eliminate the individual and demand the model and the copyist, but the vigorous spirit and independent naturalness of Lowell passes by the school and the model, and asserts itself. Lowell's gift of communication is generally a fortunate one; he does not affect words to mystify his phrases, neither is he over-prudent in his qualifications; there is a certain energy and glow of feeling which leads one to forget the mere lacework of style. He is equally removed from the highly distilled attenuations of a Swinburne and the definitely harsh abbreviations of a Browning; he manages to blend, even with his illusive themes, a certain virility, giving to their vaguer meanings a tenure that relieves them from obscurity. Lowell is the sworn enemy of sham in style, as in character; like others who abound in fullness, however, he frequently writes that which, while it translates to himself his own thought and meaning, demands a close study before it clarifies to the reader. Yet the richest mining is not always on the surface, and you are pretty sure that pretension has no hand in molding into form the heat and tension of his thought. That which breathes through his body of poetic creation is a real interpretation of passion working itself outward into real pulsations. There is but little of grave meditative philosophizing, abstract soliloquies, such as prevail in the verse of Wordsworth. Life vivifying life, with large and free movements, stirs him, to his best. In his poem on Columbus, wherein he says,

"Life, the one block  
Of marble that's vouchsafed wherefrom to carve  
Our great thoughts,"

he has a subject that touches the key of his nature. When he makes Columbus say,

"My heart flies on before me as I sail;  
Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,"

we feel that his intervening verse, wherein he moralizes on patience, mysteries, solitude, and the still stars, are but preludes to the coming reality. Later, the divining soul, translated from the mere theater of life, is raised as on wings to a profounder spiritual conception, as in that beautiful poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—Columbus the discoverer of earth, Sir Launfal the discoverer of another life.

a far-away legend. Its first prelude is a spontaneous tribute to the fresh and exhilarating springs of nature. In elevation of theme the poem proper outranks Tennyson's "Idylls," however else it falls short. The situations are not demonstratively striking; no strained plots to arrest the coarser sense of feeling; "Sir Launfal's Vision" advances through an inward as well as outward process, which elevates and at last sanctifies life, until the climax comes, when he is ripe for the revelation,

dream of his fancy; second, the more tangible period, where life is strenuous, realistic, or projective, as in "Columbus." In "Biglow Papers," and in various poems on nature, in which he reveled with so keen an appetite. In these he felt the thrill and the effluency of life. And in the third period, the deeper influx, the ideal relations of mind to life, possessed him, and through these, the greater, he informed and transformed the less. The "Vision of Sir Launfal" was coined from

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### A STUDY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By S. H. THAYER.

#### II.

LOWELL has the three distinctive periods delineated in his poetry—the formative, where the lyrical and legendary spirit evokes the melody and





which but registers the interpretation of the sacrificial idea of which he has already partaken. The leper, glorified, stands before him the living Master, and utters his saying :

"In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail.  
Behold, it is here, this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now :  
This crust is my body broken for thee,  
This water his blood that died on the tree."

In this simple yet beautiful versification we may miss the intonations of a Tennyson, with their grooved and flawless modulation of expression ; but there is freedom and fitness. Going back to this passage in the prelude, so famous :

"And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it, softly, her warm ear lays."

How untrammelled is this ! Like the wild vine, it runs without let or hindrance. And this other grander eplome :

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away ;  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Lowell springs many such compact felicities on the reader, that electrify. They write themselves in the memory for their unqualified probity and nobleness. He reminds you of some musical genius who, in his affluence, evokes from the keys the ebb and flood of his own feelings, taking light heed, as a bird sings. Nature, foremost, has made such an one bountiful. Longfellow's nicety of fancy, unerringly cast into beautiful intaglios of thought, may be contrasted, but cannot be compared, with Lowell's way, whose imagination breaks into venturesome excursions, as a careless boy from school. There is nothing tentative about him. He confidently makes a song of his own. What a glad, free overflow is that passage from his "Al Fresco," beginning—

"The dandelions and buttercups  
Gild all the lawn ; the drowsy bee  
Stumbles among the clover-tops,  
And summer sweetens all but me.  
Away, unfruitful love of books,  
For whose vain idiom we reject  
The soul's more native dialect !"

And ending—

"Oh, might we but of such rare days  
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place !"

Lowell, we fancy, would rather make his way, in spirit, through June days and blossoming fields, with the south breezes blowing, than through introspective questionings, which would vex his soul with their fine-spun speculations. He is not disdainful of profound or subjective things ; he does not scorn the philosophies ; but he will not drudge it. These traits are ingrained ; they pervade his work, and give their atmosphere and color to his thought ; they are the wings on which he soars—not a fashion taken on. They may prove, sometimes, a hindrance, by means of which he is led to fall below the true key of his song. There is an elasticity in such a temperament that lets down, as well as lifts ; and Lowell not infrequently lapses in manner and expression, causing a revulsive twinge in the reader. No serious poem illustrates this tendency more aptly than "The Cathedral," with its large design, fine sweep of meditative tone, and its modern yet reverent soliloquies, uttered within the dim solemnity of lofty arch and shadowed nave. But, as if the theme were too

majestically exacting, Lowell's irrepressible humor lurks about, and scores its light word, sometimes a disagreeable surprise to the feelings, and which we wish well out. The exalted beauty and purpose of the poem add to the incongruity of this lapsing tone. There are a number of passages which, by their startling antipathies, disconcert and weaken the effect of the whole. Yet, in spite of these, the poem is rich in imagery, and powerful for its interpretation of moods and traditions. I do not know of another ambitious poem of his so irregular in its execution, so strong and weak by turns.

We cannot write of Lowell, as of other American poets, that he has a prescribed or partial vein in which he works. His range is a wide one ; he is a poet appealing to the humanities ; a bountiful poet of nature, philosophical in a bright, sententious way ; a poet of fancy, of the affections too, as his deep, spontaneous verses "The First Snowfall" so beautifully testify, and, withal, a rare genius that can respond grandly to a great occasion. Occasional poems, as a rule, are without pre-eminence. They frequently suggest a knack, exhibit an aptitude for filling an appointment creditably on proper notice, yet seldom burn with genuine flame. But where do we read a poem charged with such elevation, such inspiration, and crowned with a nimbus like, "The Harvard Commemoration Ode" ? What organ tones are here ! The theme, the occasion, and the poet are at one ; it has the unquestionable sign of greatness ; eulogistic in cast and spirit, but without the sins of eulogistic redundancy. The war sounds were silenced when Lowell wrote this ode. A million graves had been freshly made, in one of which slept the martyred President. The "great deep" of a nation's heart had been sounded. A million homes were desolate ; while the nation's life and honor, preserved, stood as the offset to this desolation. Lowell, whose whole nature had gone forth with the conflict, now felt its pangs as if every bitter weed were his to wear. Yet he felt the triumph as if every fetter had fallen from his own limbs. In this supreme tension of mind and spirit he arose to a splendid achievement, where there is heroic passion, largeness, and an undaunted sweep. It stands pre-eminent, unrivaled, among our war or post-war poems, beautiful for its grand pathos, as for its artistic structure and free movement.

The passages which I would quote if I had space would illustrate how wholly modern in impulse, how free from the stilted rhetoric of the eighteenth century, or opposed to the overdone classical tediousness of the imitators, is this poem. It was not made, it was a true interpretation, written when the pulse of a nation was beating time, and the heart of the poet trembling with emotion. He felt its full compass, he felt it all. Art is pygmy alone, but art plus the soul is a giant. We have said that Lowell had an independent, a creative, genius. It is an originality which goes beyond manner and vogue, though these are of it, and shines in thought. Originality of thought is not new thought, indeed ; but it is the illumining of the old with new or more significant meaning. "What is new is not true, and what is true is not new," is as true to-day as ever. Yet the magic of a poem is largely imparted by the individual ; some mark, some sign, that transcends in beauty, and clothes the old with new power, beguiles us. Some things take their value from the fact. Kepler's rules relating the planets and the sun are valuable for themselves ; their scientific accurateness is their beauty and eloquence. But a poem flashed from the imagination, ideal, artistic, inspired, takes its color and its atmo-

sphere from the genius that creates it. Lowell does not so much depend for effect on subject ; he takes, as all masters do, the old themes. The dainty versifiers may strain for some rare bit, some fanciful legend, thinking to catch the curious with their novelty. 'Tis a concert, and passes for what it is worth. The muse does not haunt the great poets thuswise. The mighty songs are not tentative in theme ; they spring from the common faiths, fratilities, and passions of humanity. The famous

lyrics of all time are of common ways and things ; to make them great is the province of the poet. Tennyson knew this, and handled these universal thoughts and passions with the master's touch. His greatest poem is on "Love," his odd conceits, his far-fetched, fitful themes, ill serve him. Neither did Wordsworth or Burns explore for these nondescripts ; Longfellow and Whittier picked up their titles on the highways, not in the museums. Lowell wrote of men, of the

world, of the heart, of still nature. "The dandelions and buttercups gild all the lawn" with him, not the exotics. Finally, Lowell's genius is grounded on a broad cast ; he stands, unperturbed, midway between the extremists ; he is neither the sensualist, the realist, nor the transcendentalist. He seems in this to have followed in the line of Keats, whose way came to so untimely an end. The world has for him a store of good and





bountiful gifts of which he partakes, but he blends them with the finer gold of things ideal and imaginative. He does not dwell in the rare ether of Shelley's sublimated thought, elusive, visionary as it is; sense and time possess for him tangibility; earth is solid, not dreamland; his horizon is wide and human, while it glows with rays from the "Borderland." His scholarship is servant, not master; modern tendencies and study do not betray him into losing the wealth of the world's legends and traditions; he searches with a generous and reverent spirit for the spoils of time, and holds lightly the modern scientific creed, so far as it trenches on the pre-emption of the poet's realm; his mind is catholic; 'tis open to the four winds, which bring to his ear and heart the harmonies and fragrance of earth, and through these the unspeakable gift of song.

Let us hope that with his release from the official prison-house of diplomacy, in which for eight years he has been bound, the voice well-nigh silent for this long period will break forth again, giving to the world some final confirmation of a genius which has already proved its peerage with "the immortals of our western choir."

### IN MEMORIAM: JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Journal of Education* BY OLIVE E. DANA. pp 181-182

1. James Russell Lowell, noted for the brilliancy of his genius, the variety of his endowments, the strength of his character, and the scope and efficiency of his work, as man, patriot, and poet, died at his home in Cambridge, Aug. 15, 1891. He was a representative New Englander, and, though he came in time to be almost cosmopolitan in his sympathies and affiliations, as well as world-wide in his fame, he has always been her loyal son.

2. He was born in Cambridge in the house which was his life-long home, on the 22d of February, 1819. He was the son of Dr. Charles Lowell, a Unitarian clergyman. The Lowells were of distinguished ancestry and English descent. They were prominent in the early history of New England. His grandfather, Judge Percival Lowell, was a member of the Continental Congress of 1781, and chief justice of the first circuit court of the United States. He was efficient in securing the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts. Francis Cabot Lowell, a son of Percival, was known as the first to discover and employ the supplies of water-power in New England. Lowell, the busy manufacturing town on the Merrimack, was named, on this account, for him. It was his son, John Lowell, Jr., a cousin of James Russell Lowell, who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston.

3. The poet's mother was Harriet Spencer. She was of Scotch descent, who loved ardently and knew familiarly old romance and poetry, and whose love was only shared by her children. Said Mr. Lowell, looking backward from the vantage of his manhood on the happy associations of his childhood: "A mythology that broods over us in our cradles, that mingles with the lullaby of the nurse and the winter evening legend of the chimney-corner, that brightens day with the possibility of divine encounters, is of other substance than one which we take down from our bookcase, sapless as the shelf it stood on."

4. The Lowell homestead is near Mount Auburn, Cambridge's beautiful silent city. The house is square and three-storied, painted yellow, and set among English elms, which give it its name,—Elmwood. There are several acres of land appertaining, where are trees, flowers, and birds, and where the five Lowell children, of whom the poet was youngest, made friendships with nature that were life-long.

5. In the poet's boyhood Cambridge was a town of quiet and

almost suburban loveliness, affording to the children reared within its limits many of the delights of the country itself. He was sent first to a genuine district school, thence to a school for boys in Cambridge, from thence to a classical and preparatory school in Boston, and thence he went, at the age of sixteen, to Harvard. He was not fond of mathematics; he liked the languages, and found still greater pleasure in general reading. He graduated in 1838, as class poet. Many men, since become eminent, were in the class; among them, William W. Story, the sculptor and poet, Rev. Nathan Hale, Hon. George B. Loring, and Prof. W. P. Atkinson.

6. After collegiate came law studies, and Mr. Lowell received the degree of LL.B. in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but would rather write tales and poems than briefs. When only twenty-one he published a book of poems, "A Year's Life," and in 1844, the year of his marriage, a second volume. These little volumes, though holding some pieces which he afterward discarded, contained much that was beautiful, and the latter held two or three exquisite poems, familiar wherever his verse is read, one of which is the poem "My Love." This was inspired by the poet's young wife, a lady of rare loveliness of person and character. She was herself a poet, but the fragrance of her stainless life and loving deeds is sweeter and more enduring than the memory of her poetic gifts. There is not in English literature a finer portraiture of womanly character, actual or ideal, than our poet's lines.

#### 7. Recitation:

##### MY LOVE.

"Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

"Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

"Yet in herself she dwalleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair.  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

"She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

"She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seems of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

"Blessing she is; God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
For hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless?"

8. Mr. Lowell early began to think seriously of literature as a profession, and indeed was engaged in it more earnestly than in his law business, which he abandoned. With a friend, Robert Cutler, he attempted the publication of "The Pioneer," an illustrated magazine with some distinguished contributors. It proved unprofitable, however, and was given up. His first prose work was published in 1845. It was entitled, "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," and was the first of a long and delightful series of studies in literature, ancient and modern, which have enriched American letters for all times, and are a treasurer-house of learning, wit, and wisdom.

9. But not happiness, nor nature, nor his studies, could detain him when he felt, as he began to feel, the need of brave voices to speak for the oppressed. He had described the poet as one





—“to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,  
Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer  
Than that of all his brethren, low or high,”

And had declared:—

“They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.”

10. Mr. Lowell had written already glowing stanzas in defence of freedom, and in warning against approaching national perils. But all that had been done seemed ineffectual and of little worth as weapon or argument. He determined to try satire as a vehicle of truth, and alive with patriotic passion, wrote and published in the *Boston Courier*, in 1847, the first of the unique and inimitable “Biglow Papers.” They were irresistible, and were quoted everywhere. It was while the Mexican War was in progress, and their influence in modifying public sentiment was most salutary. They were published as a volume in 1848, and have never lost their popularity. In the same year he published his well-known “Fable for Critics.”

11. In the same year, too, he published the noble poem, “The Vision of Sir Launfal,” with its fine prelude and its exquisite presentment of the secret of Christian brotherhood and service.

12. In 1851 Mr. Lowell and his wife went to Europe, hoping that the sea voyage would restore her health, then failing, but she died in 1853. In 1855 Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and in the same year he was appointed Longfellow's successor as professor of modern languages in Harvard University.

13. In 1857 the first number of *The Atlantic Monthly* was issued with James Russell Lowell as its editor. He was at its head for five years, and subsequently, for nine years, he edited *The North American Review*. The civil war drew from him the second series of the “Biglow Papers.” In them he gave invaluable aid to the defenders of his country, — nay, was himself one of her most valorous and efficient helpers. Nor have their interest and their popularity diminished since their purpose was accomplished. If, as he modestly asserted, they are not “Yankee Portraits,” they present and preserve the typical New England character at its best, in mind and morals, at its homeliest and home-likest in speech and manner, at its brightest and keenest in argument and humor.

14. In 1865 he was asked to write a poem for the Harvard Commemoration Services, but answered that nothing must be expected from him. But inspiration came, unexpectedly, and a day and night of rapid writing completed the “Commemoration Ode.”

15. This ode is full of a noble patriotism, quickened to passion with grief, loyalty, and hope. He asks:

“How could poet ever tower,  
If his passions, hopes, and fears,  
If his triumphs and his tears,  
Kept not measure with his people?”

“’Tis no man we celebrate,  
By his country's victories great,  
But the pith and measure of a nation  
Drawing force from all her men.

16. “Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to  
save her!  
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
She of the open soul and open door,  
With room about her hearth for all mankind!

“What were our lives without thee?  
What all our lives to save thee?  
We risk not what we gave thee,  
We will not dare to doubt thee,  
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!”

17. In 1868 Mr. Lowell published “Under the Willows”; in 1869, “The Cathedral”; in the following year, “Among My

Books,” and “My Study Windows.” In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, and after three years of service there he was sent to represent our country at the English Court. In England the most distinguished honors were paid him, and by all classes. The worth of the man, his rare endowments as a scholar and genius, and most of all, his helpful manliness, were everywhere recognized and honored.

18. Mr. Lowell delivered an address at the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge in Westminster, another at the dedication of the memorial of Samuel Pepys at St. Olaves; and still another at the Longfellow Memorial Services at Westminster. In 1884, he gave, before the Midland Institute in Birmingham, Eng., an address on “Democracy,” regarded, as it has been said since his death, “as, on the whole, the finest interpretation of the American idea which has yet been made.” When he returned to America no expressions of regret, and these were numberless, were more significant, and none touched him more deeply, than the resolutions passed and presented to him by bodies of English workmen.

19. In America he was received with warmest welcomes, and with graceful poetical tributes, from all the *literati*. In 1886, on the 6th of November, he gave an oration on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. It was scholarly and earnest, abounding in counsels for the teacher, the student, and the man of affairs. He said:

“The founding of the first English college here was what saved New England from becoming a mere geographical expression.”

“They (the Colonists) meant that their venture should be gainful, but at the same time believed that nothing could be long profitable for the body wherein the soul found not also her advantage.”

20. “I think that a wise teacher should adapt his tasks to the highest and not the lowest capacities of the taught.”

“Next to the five points of Calvinism, our ancestors believed in a college education; that is in the best education that was to be had.”

21. “The only way in which our civilization can be maintained, even on the level it has reached, . . . is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and directness, and by opening more inlets to those indirect influences which work for refinement of mind and body.”

“The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and energy of mankind.”

“The most precious property of culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain high ideas of life and its purpose.”

“The influence for good of a highly trained intelligence and a harmoniously developed character is invaluable.”

22. In 1887 Mr. Lowell lectured before the Lowell Institute; in the same year he published a volume of addresses entitled “Democracy,” and he has lately revised all his works.

His second wife had died in England while the poet was minister there, and sorrow wore upon him. For a year or two Mr. Lowell has been seriously and severely ill, suffering with a most cheerful patience. He died on the 14th of August, 1891, universally mourned, and was buried at Mt. Auburn two days later. He rests with his kindred, not far from the grave of Longfellow.

Dr. Phillips Brooks and Dean Lawrence conducted the service, and President Eliot of Harvard, and three of the professors, — Child, Norton, and Bartlett, — with the authors Holmes, Curtis, Howells, and Oranch, bore him to his rest.

23. “They love truth best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

— Ah, there is something here

Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,

Something that gives our feeble light

A high immunity from Night,

Something that leaps life's narrow bars

To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;

A seed of sunshine that doth leaven

Our earthly dullness with the beams of stars;

And glorify our clay





With light from fountains older than the Day;

A conscience more divine than we,

A gladness fed with secret tears

A vexing, forward-reaching sense

Of some more noble permanence;

A light across the sea,

Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,

Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years."

—From the "Commemoration Ode."

## THE BUST OF LOWELL.

Walter Besant Writes in Favor of Placing  
It in Westminster Abbey.

It is proposed to set up the bust of Lowell in Westminster Abbey. There will be a certain amount of protest, on the ground that the Abbey is for Englishmen, and not for foreigners; also on the ground that Lowell's position in letters was not such as to command the right to a monument in the Abbey. There is no other objection possible. As regards the first, anyone who advances literature in America does so in Great Britain as well. The converse is also true. Therefore, if we admit men of letters to the Abbey at all, we ought to admit Americans as well as Britons. Whatever else we have not, our literature we do have in common. For the second objection, consider what a very eminent man Lowell was. His writings profoundly affected his own people during the civil war, and greatly modified opinions here; his collected essays may compare for style, for delicacy of thought and criticism, with anything in the language; he occupied—with the greatest credit—the most important foreign post his country has to bestow—that of Minister at our Court; if his poems do not rank with those of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, they are a long way above the work of our minor poets, and he was, if always an American, always an Englishman, too. In talking with him one perceived the Puritan; one understood the Pilgrim Fathers; one went back in imagination to a little group, embarking for a land where they could hold their own faith undisturbed, and where they could, also undisturbed, forbid, under penalties of the whipping post, anybody to hold any other faith. There are not so very many Americans of the old stock left. Those who do remain are the strongest allies we have for the maintenance of affection and friendship between the two countries.

There is another objection which must be mentioned, because it has already cropped up. I do not consider it serious. One man, representative of many men, writes to ask why we should be always "truckling to them Yankees," and getting nothing in return. My friend, let us be very well assured that we shall get nothing at all in return. At the next Presidential election as many insults will be publicly offered to this country—a friendly country—as ever, in order to catch the Irish vote. So much we expect, and whatever courtesies we offer, we shall not be disappointed in this respect. These things have nothing, however, to do with our plain duty, which is always to behave with the urbanity due from one great nation to another, to take no notice of rude speech and to perform those acts of politeness which one gentleman should always exercise towards another without asking whether they will be returned or not. We will put up this bust to Lowell, because we are bound to do so in acknowledgement of cousinship and in admiration of a great character. It will be put up, though from every platform in the States every speaker is outwitting his rival in malignant abuse of this country in order to catch votes. We do not like it; we feel the mischief of it, the pity of it, the neediness of it. In private our

American friends mourn over it. We see what might be done for the world—yes, and shall be done—when we, once for all, conclude that mighty federation of which we spoke last week. Meantime the next Presidential election is drawing near, and I dare say the tail-twisting of the lion will very shortly begin. Go on twisting, gentlemen, but—in the Abbey—silence, if you please. The organ peals; the anthem rings along the arches, and the echoes repeat it from pillar to pillar. There walks down the aisle a procession, headed by the dean; one draws aside a curtain. Lo! The face we know so well; the calm, wise, meditative face; the broad forehead, the gray beard, the soft sad eyes, the sweet mouth. It is the face of Lowell. Hush! noisy demagogues. One moment; let us listen to him who speaks in praise of our great departed—ours, my American friends, as well as yours. You have his body; we, as well as you, will keep and guard his soul.

WALTER BESANT.

*Latest Literary Essays and Addresses.* By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892. *Boston Post*

THE volume in which Lowell's last essays are garnered is almost exclusively of literary interest. To an unusual degree it is a student's book. The occasion of several of the essays, meant as prefatory to other matter, limited their scope and kept the discursive habit of the critic somewhat in check. Lowell required a large field to give him the natural freedom of movement that secured the best results. He was not analytic in method, but intuitive; he illuminates the subject, but does not organize knowledge about it; and consequently the brief monograph, which most demands self-restraint, afforded poor facilities for his genius. The meagreness of some of these pages, in contrast to the common abundant overflow of his mind in discourse, is thus accounted for. The essay upon "Richard III.," for instance, took up the single question of the authorship of the play, and while the topic permitted the author to write of Shakspeare's general characteristics, he wrote fluently and delightfully, with equal penetration of thought and breadth of treatment; but there he stopped, and, having stated the point of view and suggested a general argument by naming the tests of authenticity, he leaves the main question at loose ends. For completeness, for conviction, it was necessary to develop the argument and apply the tests in detail, but to do this was not consistent with his habit of mind. The result is, that one learns Lowell's doubt whether Shakspeare wrote the play, but has no opportunity to judge the merits of the case without private study.

The essay on Landor, in the same way, is hardly more than a sketch and a reminiscence. He had written on the main subject before. His immediate task was to furnish an introduction to certain letters of Landor published in a magazine. The slightness of the occasion

explains the character of the paper, which was of a temporary interest. The essay upon Milton's "Areopagitica" was similarly a preface to a reprint of that work, and the one upon "The World's Progress" served a like purpose. Interesting as each is—one for the characterization of Milton as a man alien from his age even in dealing with contemporary politics, the other for the view it gives of what impression science made on Lowell's mind—neither of them is written or conceived in the large manner which we associate with their author's ordinary prose. All these papers reflect the lettered ease of a mind no longer strenuous except on great occasion; they show the scholar among his books, handling his thoughts with a certain unconcernment, content to let them go as they come.

In the three remaining essays there is a more marked engagement of the mind with the subject. Walton is treated with the touch that one gives only to a favorite author. The old angler's personality, his times and friends, interested Lowell, and what we had almost called the unitary charm of Walton's phrase and moods, his freshness, felicity that seems unsought, his generous share of "nature," stimulated the pleased senses of the critic and drew out his sympathies; so that, in this instance, though the essay was also originally a preface, it takes a place of its own with the other studies in literature which make up the body of Lowell's work.

Gray, however, is the author of whom the best essay is made in this collection. The poet, both in his personality and his fame, gave "ample room and verge enough" for Lowell's distinctive powers. As is so often the case in the long-familiar essays on the older poets, the critic cannot confine himself in any definite limits. He must make his entry through a large portal and discuss the whole century before he has time to remember the particular poet he is to meet at the bar of criticism. Gray is out of sight at the opening, and remains reclusive for a considerable waiting-spell. Meanwhile the eighteenth century is surveyed, its great names recalled, its traits singled out with much regretful contrast of past and present humorously thought, and from paragraph to paragraph the page is studded with those brilliant *sententiae*, compact condensations of taste and judgment, which give to Lowell's best prose its air of world-wisdom. A more just characterization of the century which is the puzzle of our own, and which, by our ineptitude to understand its ways, almost convicts us of that illiberality we most zealously shun, is not to be found; it is worth chapters of literary history as such history is written when that period is treated of. It is brief, but complete and exact, though broad. Of course the figure of Dryden is large on the page, since Lowell never resisted the desire he had to speak of him, just as he always brings in Ben Jonson on the least provocation; but when Gray is finally reached, the special study of his life and genius is conducted with the acuteness, the light revealing touch, the disinterested self-possession, which inevitably force the spirit, whoever he may be, to render up the tale of what he was.

Gray needs to be treated with consideration, with excellent breeding, for otherwise the most personal phases of his aristocratic





and retiring nature would fall of their effect. Lowell's literary manner on this occasion is as perfect as an actor's. He illustrates Gray's character by the way he behaves towards him. We do not undertake to say that this is conscious art; it is probably only literary instinct. But the issue is most happy. We learn the truth about Gray, and our poet is not discomposd by the inquisition. There was a kind of felicity in this that Lowell was master of in all his subtler work, but the secret of it was constitutional, or, as we now say, temperamental.

Akin to this, so well illustrated in the paper on Gray, is the indefinable quality that escapes definition but not perception in the address on the Study of the Modern Languages, by virtue of which, while defending his thesis loyally and better than a more partisan supporter could have done, Lowell yet conveys the impression that he has half the truth in his other hand, and even playfully lets you see it from time to time. The modern languages have the field, it is true, but if courtesy stands in the foreground, honesty looks out behind, and will have to be reckoned with, amicably, of course, but justly. The orator turns the silver side of the shield, and makes it glitter in the light, but his hand is on the dark gold behind, and he can't quite keep his eyes off it; or, to drop metaphor, let us say that here, too, Lowell makes his attitude of mind express a large part of his story. In this address, next to the essay on Gray, is the largest portion of that thought, now practical, now profound, which especially distinguishes his last words; and if the entire volume is less rich in this value than preceding ones, it is their light that casts the shade.

G. MARCH 28, 1892.

## WALT WHITMAN DEAD.

THE "GOOD OLD GRAY POET" SINKS  
CALMLY INTO REST.

INCIDENTS OF HIS LAST HOURS

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND THE BOOKS  
HE WROTE.

HOW THE POET LIVED AND DIED

THE FUNERAL SERVICES TO BE HELD  
AT THE TOMB.

Walt Whitman is no more. After hovering between life and death for the past three months, his death occurred at 6.43 on Saturday evening, at his humble residence, No. 323 Mickle street, Camden, where he had lived for about eight years, and where many of his friends, prominent in the literary and professional world, have visited and cheered up the venerable and beloved poet in his declining years.

While he had been confined to his room for over seven months, only going out once or twice in his wheeled chair since last summer, he was not taken seriously ill until Wednesday, December 16th, when he had a

heavy chill, which lasted for nearly two hours, leaving him in a very weak condition, from which he occasionally rallied for short intervals. It was only a few days after he was first taken with the chill that pneumonia was developed, and since that he had taken little nourishment at a time.

The physicians state that the prolonging of his life was due largely to the strong and vigorous constitution of the man, although after he realized that he was, indeed, seriously ill, he did not by word or gesture, indicate that he wanted to live, and during the earlier weeks of his illness he remarked several times, in his usual characteristic way: "It don't make any difference whether I live or die," and seemed perfectly resigned, calmly awaiting the final summons to another world.

Several times during the past three months his physicians thought that final dissolution was near, and on Christmas eve it was not thought possible that he could survive another 24 hours. His personal friend and biographer, Dr. Buckner, of Canada, Dr. Alexander McAllister and others remained at the house all of that night, expecting death at any moment, but the venerable poet rallied and grew somewhat stronger during the week which followed, but he was able to take but very little nourishment. From that time until Thursday of last week his condition remained practically unchanged, and his nurse was almost constantly at his bedside, attending to his wants and turning him from side to side whenever the aged bard expressed the desire.

### His Last Hours.

On last Thursday he grew very restless, and wanted his position in bed changed many times during the day and night.

On Saturday afternoon, at about 4.30 o'clock, he called his housekeeper, and signified his desire to change his position in bed. At this time she noticed a marked change in his condition, and Dr. McAllister, Mr. Harned and Mr. Traubel were sent for. Dr. McAllister arrived about 5.30 o'clock, and found the old poet lying on his side, and it was then plainly noticeable that he was nearing final dissolution.

In answer to a query from Dr. McAllister he answered faintly that he felt no pain, and when the doctor again asked him if he could do anything for him the aged bard murmured softly: "No." He then lay quiet for a short time, and suddenly asked for his housekeeper, Mrs. Davis. She approached the bedside, and he whispered: "Won't you lift me up?" Mrs. Davis and the nurse changed his position, as requested, and he remained quiet for some time then with his eyes closed, and seemed to be resting easier. Shortly after 6 o'clock he opened his eyes, and in his last whisper said: "Warry, wait." The nurse, Warren Fritzing, carefully changed his position again, and the dying poet, opening his eyes, smiled faintly, as though showing his appreciation of the efforts of those about him to render him all the comfort possible in his last hours.

He did not speak after this, and lay very quietly, his respiration growing shorter until 6.43, when Dr. McAllister, who was bending over the dying poet, carefully noting each breath, pronounced him dead.

About fifteen minutes before he died he opened his eyes again, and, raising one hand, grasped his wrist to feel for his pulse. He held it only for a moment, and then calmly felt the other wrist, apparently perfectly conscious of all his surroundings.

The following notice was placed on the front door immediately after his death:

"CAMDEN, N. J., March 20, '92.—Whitman began sinking at 4.30 P. M., and continued to grow worse until he died, at 6.43. The end came peacefully. He was conscious until the last. There were present at the bedside Mrs. Davis, Warren Fritzing, Thomas B. Harned, Horace L. Trauble and myself.

"ALEXANDER McALLISTER, M. D."  
Thomas Ekins, the well-known painter

of Philadelphia, and William O'Donovan, a sculptor of New York, yesterday made a plaster death mask of the deceased; Mr. O'Donovan coming from New York in answer to a despatch for that purpose. The work occupied about four hours. The physicians last night made an autopsy, the result of which was not made known. This was in accordance with the desire of the old poet, who, in December last, gave his consent to the proposition in the interest of science.

His brother, George Whitman, and wife arrived at the house yesterday, and are assisting in the arrangements for the funeral, which will take place on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. It is the intention to have the remains exposed to view at the house, from 11 to 2 o'clock on the day of the funeral, and the services, if the weather will permit, will be held at the tomb in Hurlingham Cemetery. Dr. Buckner and Robert G. Ingersoll are expected to be present and make addresses.

For a number of years the old poet was in the habit of dining on Sundays with his personal friend and legal adviser, Thomas B. Harned, Esq., at his residence on Federal street, above Broadway, where he met at dinner many men of prominence in the world of letters, as well as in the legal and other professions. He, however, had not dined at Mr. Harned's house since last spring, owing to his enfeebled condition.

The last will and testament of the aged poet, made and signed on December 24th, is now in the possession of Mr. Harned, to whom he gave it immediately after signing the document. On January 1st he added a codicil to the original document.

The house in which he died he purchased about eight years ago, and has since lived there, spending very much of his time in his "den," a room comfortably furnished and strewn all over with books, papers, magazines and manuscript, which, he once remarked, he found great difficulty in keeping straight.

The last letter he wrote prior to his serious illness was one to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in answer to a very complimentary acknowledgment he had received from Mr. Ingersoll on the receipt of his completed book of poems, "Leaves of Grass."

### His Last Letter.

The following is a copy of the last letter written by Whitman, and which was sent to his friend, Dr. Johnston, Bolton, England:

"CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. America, Feb. 6, 1892.—Well, I must send you all, dear fellows, a word from my own hand—propped up in bed, deadly weak yet, but the spark seems to glimmer yet. The doctors and nurses and New York friends as faithful as ever. Here is the advertisement of '92 edition. (Advertisement appended.)

"Dr. Buckner is well and hard at work. Colonel Ingersoll has been here, and sent a basket of champagne. All are good—physical condition, &c., are not so bad as you might suppose, only my sufferings much of the time are fearful. Again I repeat my thanks to you and cheery British friends—may be the last, my right arm giving out.

"WALT WHITMAN."

On the bottom of the above was appended the following:

"Feb. 7.—Same condition continued—more and more it comes to the fore that the only theory worthy our modern times for great literature—politics and socially—must combine all the people of all lands, and not forgetting the women. But the mustard plaster on my side is stinging and I must stop. Good-bye to all. W. W."

During his illness he received many telegrams from inquiring friends in this country and also on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the cablegrams was from the Whitman Circle at Bolton, England. A large amount of domestic and foreign mail matter has also accumulated during his illness, much of which yet remains undisposed of.

Many men of prominence called during his illness to inquire after his health, but he was too weak to see them, and by advice of





his physicians they were not admitted to the sick chamber.

### SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, New York, on the 31st of May, 1819. His early life was passed in New York city and Brooklyn, where he attended the common schools of that day and was said to have been a hard worker and an apt scholar, mastering one branch of study before taking up another. He manifested a great liking for printing offices at an early age, and was a great reader, eagerly scanning everything that came within his grasp in the shape of literary works.

For about 12 or 13 years of his young manhood he was engaged in teaching school or working in printing offices. When but a boy of some 12 years he entered the office of the *Long Island Patriot*, where he continued for several years; and during that time contributed a number of sentimental pieces to that paper. His next contributions were to the *New York Mirror*, published at that time (1832) by George F. Morris. In writing in late years of his early contributions to that journal he speaks as follows:

"I remember with what half-suppressed excitement I used to watch for the big, fat, red-faced, slow-moving, very old English carrier who distributed the *Mirror* in Brooklyn, and, when I got one, opening and cutting the leaves with trembling fingers. How it made my heart double-beat to see my piece on the pretty white paper in nice type!"

#### In Journalism.

Walt Whitman's adventures in journalism are thus described by himself in an article which he contributed to the *Camden Courier* in its initial number:

"My first real venture was the *Long Islander*, in my own beautiful town of Huntington, Long Island, New York, in 1839. I was about 20 years old. I had been teaching country school for two or three years in various parts of Suffolk and Queens counties, but liked printing. I had been at it while a lad, and learned the trade of compositor, and was encouraged to start a paper in the region where I was born. I went to New York, bought a press and types, hired some little help, but did most of the work myself, including the press work. Everything seemed turning out well (only my own restlessness prevented my gradually establishing a permanent property there). I bought a good horse, and every week went all around the country serving my papers, devoting one day and night to it. I never had happier jaunts—going over to South Side, to Babylon, down the South road, across to Smithtown and Commack, and back home. The experiences of those jaunts, the dear, old-fashioned farmers and their wives, the stops by the hay fields, the hospitality, nice dinners, occasional evenings, the girls, the rides through the brush and the smell from the salt of the South roads come up in my memory to this day, after more than forty years. The *Long Islander* has stuck it out ever since—is now in the hands of Charles E. Shepard, who was born to brevity, the chase and the ink-block, and prints the best country weekly for local news I know of anywhere.

"I next went to the *Aurora* daily in New York city—a sort of free lance. Also wrote regularly for the *Tatler*, an evening paper. With these and a little outside work I was occupied off and on, until I went to edit the *Brooklyn Eagle*, where for two years I had one of the pleasantest sites, of my life—a good owner, good pay, and easy work and hours (it came out about 3 o'clock every afternoon). The troubles in the Democratic party broke forth about those times (1848-49), and I split off with the Radicals, which led to rows with the boss and 'the party,' and I lost my place.

"Being now out of a job, I was offered immediately (it happened between the acts one night, in the lobby of the old Broadway

Theatre, near Pearl street, New York city), a good chance to go down to New Orleans, on the staff of the *Crescent*, a daily to be started there, with plenty of capital behind it, in opposition to the *Picayune*. One of the owners, Mr. McClure, who was North buying material, met me walking in the lobby, and, though that was our first acquaintance, after 15 minutes' talk (and a drink), we made a formal bargain, and Mr. McClure paid me \$200 down to bind the contract and bear my expenses to New Orleans. I started two days afterwards; had a good, leisurely time, as the paper wasn't to be out in three or four weeks. I enjoyed my journey and Louisiana venture very much. I believe the *Crescent* is an institution there yet.

"Returning to Brooklyn a year or two afterward I started the *Freeman*, first as a weekly, then daily. Pretty soon the Secession war broke out, and I, too, got drawn to the current Southward, and spent the following three years there.

"Besides starting them, as aforementioned, I have had to do, one time or another, with a long list of papers, at divers places, sometimes under queer circumstances. During the war the hospitals at Washington, among other means of amusement, printed a little sheet among themselves, surrounded by wounds and death, the *Armory Square Gazette*, to which I contributed. The same long afterward, casually, to a paper—I think it was called the *Jimplecute*—out in Colorado, where I stopped at the time."

#### An Army Nurse.

The work to which Mr. Whitman referred in the last paragraph was his experience as a volunteer nurse with the Army of the Potomac at Washington from 1861 until the close of the rebellion, in which position he was said to have been one of the most valued nurses in the hospitals, his great strength mentally and physically and his uniform kindness, attention and patience to the wounded soldiers endearing him to all with whom he came in contact. In later years he has always spoken of his work among the wounded soldiers as one of the greatest works of his life, and one of which he was very proud. Soon after the war he was attacked with paralysis, which has troubled him more or less from that time until his death, but never seeming to affect his mental faculties.

From 1865 to 1874 he held a Government position at Washington, until recurrence of his paralytic affliction compelled him to leave Washington and locate where he thought would be to his benefit physically. He started for the seashore, but stopped to a few days in Camden, and, liking that city, concluded to settle there, and did so. He has lived for a number of years in an unpretentious house at 223 Mickle street, where he was surrounded with books and periodicals, and where he passed the greater portion of his time.

A few years ago he was presented with a horse and carriage, and on pleasant days he enjoyed long drives through the country, enjoying the beauties of nature the country afforded, and he was never tired of expressing his thanks for the thoughtful friends who presented to him his team. When he was able to go out more he would stroll down to the ferries and would ride on one of the boats between Camden and Philadelphia a number of trips, watching the ferryboats and other craft on the river for hours at a time. He was never of a communicative nature on such occasions, unless approached by some one whom he knew, and then he would usually answer any queries in monosyllables only. He was always very courteous to newspaper men, and would enter into a conversation with them on almost any subject, and always welcomed them to his home. He became very sociable with some of the crews of the ferryboats and seemed to enjoy the familiar talks he would have with them on matters connected with boating on the Delaware.

One of the things he used to take great

light in was to give the ferrymen and drivers presents of gloves, and on some odd nights he has been known to bring to the ferry in his pockets several pairs of these useful articles, and before he would leave for home he would give them all away, receiving the heartfelt thanks of these men in tell for his kind remembrance.

#### His Literary Works.

Although Walt Whitman was a prolific writer he leaves behind very few books to perpetuate his memory. The chief of these was "Leaves of Grass," which was first published in 1855.

"Leaves of Grass" was republished in 1856, 1860, 1872, 1876 and 1882, the last edition being enlarged and rearranged. The first edition is now very rare and commands high prices. "Drum Taps" appeared in 1865. His other works include memoranda during the war, published in 1867; "Democratic Vistas," a series of prose essays, 1870 (this has been republished as one of the "Camelot" series in England, 1885); "After All, not to Create Only," 1871; "Passage to India," 1871; "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," 1872; a series of poems, including "Democratic Vistas," "Centennial Songs," and "Passage to India," published under the title of "Two Rivulets," 1876; "Complete Works," in two volumes, 1878; "Specimen Days and Collect," 1882, and "November Boughs," 1888.

He corresponded for some time with Alfred Tennyson, but of late years their letters have been few, owing to the fact of Tennyson's blindness, which compels him to have his writing done by others. Many other prominent people were among his friends and correspondents.

Among his late distinguished visitors was Sir Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia" and "Light of the World."

#### His Tomb Prepared.

The old poet will be placed in the recently completed tomb in Harleigh Cemetery, on the outskirts of the city of Camden, a spot selected by Mr. Whitman when he was enjoying his usual health, and where he visited many times during the construction of the tomb.

The idea of the tomb was his own, and one his friends could not dissuade him from. He selected his own lot, which is in a portion of the cemetery known as Woodlawn, and the tomb is built in the side of a hill in the grove. When asked why he selected such a spot he replied, "I would rather go in the woods."

The tomb is a substantial structure built of massive granite blocks, some of them, it is said, weighing over seven tons.

The door is of granite, six inches thick, and measures 4 feet 2 inches in width by 6 feet 4 inches in height. No rods, bolts or other fastenings are used in the structure, the four corners being held together by interlocking or mortising the blocks of granite.

The only metal used is the heavy hinges on which the door swings and the massive brass lock that secures it. The entrance to the tomb is 3 feet 6 inches by 6 feet, and the vestibule in front of the entrance is 11 feet 3 inches wide, 7 feet deep and 8 feet high.

The tomb contains receptacles for eight caskets or coffins, arranged in two tiers. They are constructed of marble, and will be sealed with polished marble slabs. The roof is also of granite, the top piece containing simply the name Walt Whitman.

The poet's wish is that the remains of his mother, which are buried in Evergreen Cemetery, and those of his father, buried in Brooklyn, be exhumed and deposited in the tomb. This wish will be complied with by those to whom he entrusted the request.











while being repaired, but he had no idea of what had become of them. He had no recollection of giving any of them away, but supposed his friends had helped themselves. He said he presumed very little of the original ship remained and I told him that my own investigation had unearthed the fact that there was nothing left of the famous ship but one of the cat-heads. He then spoke with great humor of the idea of people visiting the ship and reverently gazing at the boards and timbers which were standing in a joust, no doubt, at the time the heroes trod her decks. Here he recited an old bit of doggerel that he remembered seeing when a boy, concerning the surrender of Capt. Dacres. I cannot recall the beginning of it, but it described the great humiliation of Dacres as he stepped upon the deck of the victorious Constitution and offered his sword to Hull. The last part of it ran like this:

"He did not look the dandy, O'  
 "Then up spoke gallant Isaac Hull,  
 "What makes you, Dacres, look so dully  
 "Cheer up! cheer up! We'll go below!"  
 "And take a glass of brandy, O'!"

"It was a rare treat to hear Dr. Holmes recite this, appreciating, as he did, the humor of the situation. The conversation turned upon literary matters and he said he was at present writing nothing but an occasional letter to friends. He had intended that 'Over the Tea Cups' should be his last published work. I expressed a hope that such would not be case, for his powers seemed to be inexhaustible. He said he felt mentally as strong as ever, but he found the exertion of writing very wearisome. He had, however, recently employed a secretary and with that assistance he might at some time yield to the impulse of fancy. He had until recently written all his own letters, but now his secretary did that for him, except in the matter of personal correspondence with friends.

"He evinced his lack of interest in magazine literature by pointing to a pile of uncut monthlies that lay on the table. He said he did not subscribe for any of them but they were sent to him by the publishers. He said he had rarely purchased books of late years, the best of them being usually sent to him by the authors or publishers. I said I supposed he was burdened with the manuscripts of young writers who desired his advice and criticism. He replied that he had always endeavored to be kind to the young authors in that respect, but that of late it had been necessary for him to decline such favors. He spoke of this as though he regretted his inability to render such assistance. In fact it seemed to me that his great good nature must have been being imposed upon in this way. It would take too long to give you a full account of this delightful interview. He inquired affectionately for Donald G. Mitchell, our fellow townsman, and desired me to convey to him his kindest regards. After nearly an hour's conversation I arose to go and the doctor made a movement as if to rise, but I begged him to remain seated and allow me to find my own way out.

"In conversation concerning some of the old families of Massachusetts he spoke with pride of his descent from Gov. Dudley and another famous governor of Massachusetts, and also the Quincy family. I could not help thinking as I walked toward the car how proud the most distinguished of these great families would be of this their most illustrious son."

of the world were marked by circuitousness, tergiversation, and a style too circuitous to be classed even as slovenly. The American proclamation, petition, or diplomatic or political argument was quite certain to be marked by clear-cut purpose, masculine vigor of expression, and close adaptation of words to ideas. All this was undoubtedly due to long and intense thinking on subjects of the highest importance to the thinkers, and to a somewhat narrow field of reading; restricted to the study of the great masters of English style, the great American writers were able to wing every word with an exact understanding of its purport, and of its strongest use. It can hardly be possible to overestimate the educational influence which must have been exerted on the American people by the constant reading of their own political literature at a time when there was little or no native drama, poetry, or history, and when the attention of the newspaper reader was concentrated on politics and state papers. If the American's reading matter was limited, it was marked by dignity, by a freedom from meanness of conception or treatment, and by a copious supply of sound English words and an evident power of discrimination in the use of them. Common schools may have been few, colleges poor, and universities nonexistent; but the documents which the scanty newspaper literature of the time gave to the people were in themselves an education. Even those writings in which a lack of thorough early training is occasionally betrayed by an over-fondness for long words or labored efforts, through they may thereby become ponderous, do not become turgid or inexact. The rule was that the American diplomatic or political writer said what he meant to say, and said it in the fittest words. Such a process of popular education ought to go far to explain the completeness with which all departments of American literature finally blossomed forth. The people have been versed for years in that which, if it was only one branch of literature, had been handled in a manner little short of perfection. If the popular literary standards were few, they were of a very high order and of a kind particularly serviceable in the direction of mere show and pretense; and the men who, in other departments of literary work, were at last able to come fully up to these standards, were necessarily men of such power that their work at once took a permanent place in the literature of the race. But not all the credit should be given to the ability of the writers; a large part of it is due to the existence of a class of readers, trained to high demands by the quality of their current reading, furnished mainly by the newspapers. If the strength of the new American literature was drawn from Shakespeare, from the prose of Milton, from the English translators of the Bible, it had come through the declarations of colonial rights and the petitions of the Continental Congress to the king, through the Declaration of Independence, the speeches of Patrick Henry and Fisher Ames, the pamphlet wars of Helvidius and Pacificus, the protests against search and impressment; narrow as the newspaper channel had been, they had carried into the new American literature its full share of Shakespeare's exactness and of Milton's power.

The newspaper of that past gave us, in the fullness of time, a literature whose names, from Bryant to Prescott and Motley, are classic. What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us? It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy, or scandalous; and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Primrose. A continued flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial or a half-column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story of a good writer. And the effects are cumulative. Such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience; and the newspapers themselves are steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity, is too often training its readers out of all knowledge or of care for educational standards. The only remedy which can be suggested is in that which will naturally work itself out of a general recognition of the evils to be corrected. It can not but be that the American newspaper shall become again an educating force, higher and nobler than its prototype, whose virtue was based on impotence. Notwithstanding all the evil tendencies of current journalism—the disregard of accuracy, the irreverence, the cruel and impertinent gossip—there are indications which are highly encouraging. The fact must be recognized that not all the successful methods of the immense dailies are bad methods. There is a certain thoroughness and enterprise about them that impresses, and which will be a feature of the management of the ideal "newspaper of the future." We notice also a tendency in some of the most sensational of these papers toward better things—toward a certain legitimate "sensationalism." Manners and methods have been modified under an increasing sense of responsibility and in the endeavor to reach a solid as well as numerous circulation. The sensational newspaper's editorial page already often shows a gravity and pith of styles evidencing ability and conscience. There is a growing tendency toward the fearless, generous, and public-spirited discussion of living questions. Let us hope that these signs indicate a reaction against a state of things that is deprecated by the best men engaged in the profession of daily journalism.—*The Century Magazine*.

#### WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman, "the good gray poet," a sketch of whose life is printed in another column, was a strange genius, who, whatever any one may say as to his writings, has won a place in the litera-

THE NEWSPAPER SIDE OF LITERATURE.—The student of our first half-century of national history can hardly fail to be impressed by the nervous directness, exactness, and consequent force of the American state papers of that time. While diplomatic documents in every other part





ture of the world. It was not ignorance of rhetorical rules that made his verses uncouth and rude. He showed occasionally that he could write poetry in conventional form, but he preferred a rude style of his own, which was sometimes forcible and never elegant. His rhapsodies are devoid of rhyme and often of rhythm, but the thoughts expressed are marked by originality and are occasionally brilliant and beautiful. It may be conceded by those who do not like to read him because of his affected lack of style and quaintness of expression, that he possessed poetic thought to a marked degree, and it is this that has won him recognition never given to more mellifluous but less original writers.

Mr. Whitman was a very earnest man, independent to a fault, a great lover of nature, and his poems reflect these characteristics in their matter and their manner. Concerning his theory of poetry, there are wide differences of opinion, comparable to the disputes over Wagner's music and impressionism in art. W. D. O'Connor, who gave him the title of the "Good Gray Poet" in 1866, "pits Walt Whitman not only against all the poets of the day, but demands for him place and rank beside the great masters, Aeschylus, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare," and proclaims him "the inspired bard and prophet of his era and land." In contrast with this may be put the references to Whitman's poetry as "barbaric yawps," and the declaration in an English journal that "any man in England who might issue such senseless trash as Walt Whitman's poems would be considered a proper inmate for an asylum." These are the extreme views, but the writer who calls forth such eulogies and criticism cannot be without some kind of power. The truth seems to be that Whitman's bluntness, coarseness of expression and defiance of the ordinary rules of poetical composition make him offensive to some classes of readers, especially to the highly cultivated but unimaginative, while his originality, his freshness, the force with which he sometimes expresses bold and original thoughts no less highly commend him to another class of litterateurs, who care more for ideas than for words, and whose imagination fills out the impressionist picture the poet has made.

It is impossible to classify Walt Whitman or compare him with other poets. He stands alone, having established a style of his own, but may at least be accorded a niche in the temple of fame.

*Literature: A Weekly Magazine*  
June 9, 1888.

#### EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The literary growth of a people occupied in developing the resources and strengthening the framework of a rising State is necessarily slow, and is the last phase of national or local life in which the people themselves actually display an interest. After the Revolution men began to interest themselves more and more in the circumscribed little newspapers of the day which slowly but surely grew in size and influence as the people gradually became readers. The young Jansens found but little beyond their own school text-books to afford them reading material, for, even as literature

advances, the requirements and the entertainment of the children are the last to secure attention. But, even in the homes of the people, two young authors of the early days of the century found readers and admirers. The stories of James Fenimore Cooper and the graceful humor of Irving penetrated even beyond the circle of "the aristocracy" which for too long a time had monopolized not only the refinements, but the enjoyments of culture; and, though the readers bore but a small proportion to those who did not read, the effect of the literary advance was each year a more potent and apparent factor in the real progress of the State.

Old Teunis Jansen the elder, as he listened to the story of that marvellous character in fiction *The Spy*, grew interested and excited over the memories of the Revolutionary times that it inspired, but he grew hot and wrath when his grandson read to him the sharp and racy satires of Knickerbocker's so-called *History of New York*.

"Who is this Diedrich Knickerbocker?" he demanded. "'Tis all lies, boy, lies that he is telling. Would that my grandfather, old Teunis were alive. I'll wager you he would hunt up this scribbler, and serve him out roundly for his scurvy tales. The Heer Stuyvesant a blockhead, and our Dutch forebears knave and cowards! Ach! I'll hear no more of it—but—yes—read on, lad—read on. Let's hear what more lies this blackguard Knickerbocker can tell!"

The old man "pshawed" contemptuously too at what he called the "po'try trash" of Drake's *Culprit Fay*. "The idee of there bein' any such heathen truck as a fairy up among the Highlands," he said. "Why, I've hunted them over, man and boy, these fifty years, from Cro' Nest and Anthony's Nose to the Botterberg and Sugar Loaf, and never a spook or fairy did I come across." But, all the same, the charming rhythm of Drake's delightful poem did have its influence on the practical old grandsire; and trim young Sophie Jansen, as she read the lines he saw fit to pooh-pooh, laughed slyly as she noticed her grandfather keeping time to the rhythm of the *Culprit Fay* with finger, foot or head.

But the Jansen family, though a type of the "people" of their day, were to a certain degree above that type in their love of books and reading. The reading habit had not yet secured the hold upon the masses that later years brought it; and though in some, even humble homes, the works of Cooper and Irving, of Drake and Halleck, of Bryant and Verplanck, of Brown and Sands and Hoffman and other now unknown and forgotten writers were alike familiar and popular, the "literary following" was in a measure limited. The bookstore was, however, gradually becoming a feature in social growth, and in many a small town and thriving village the bookseller, with the doctor, the "dominie," the judge and the schoolmaster, was one of the recognized "authorities." Books were then too few to be ranked as other than high and honorable merchandise. They were luxuries, accessible only to the more fortunate; and while there was too apparent a lack of the desire for culture among the people in general, there was also, perhaps, too much of a cer-

tain churlishness of possession among the booksellers themselves, reminding one Charles Lamb's "stall-man," who cries out to the penniless reader in his book-shop:

"You sir, you never buy a book,  
Therefore in one you shall not look."

But each little village had its coterie of culture and in all such circles the local bookseller was both mentor and oracle. In considering the growth of intelligence in our land we are far too apt to forget the bookseller of sixty years ago as one of its leading and most honored factors.

The glimpse which N. P. Willis gives us of a winter at Fleming Farm among "the imprisoned inhabitants of Skaneateles" in the lake region of the State, hints at this growing culture in even remote and isolated sections. He tells of the old library of the Flemings—"a long room in the southern wing of the house, a heavily curtained, dim old place, with deep-embayed windows, and so many nooks and so much furniture that there was that hushed air, that absence of echo within it, which is the great charm of a haunt for study or thought." The Flemings, he says, "amused themselves during the deep snows of winter with a manuscript *Gazette* which was contributed to by everybody in the house, and read aloud at the breakfast table on the day of its weekly appearance." Such intellectual pleasures, he affirms, were not altogether appreciated by the indigenous beaux of Skaneateles, but it was in just such homes that the intellectual growth of the State was developed and fostered. From just such a home, in Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, came that most precocious of American girls—*Lucretia Davidson*.—*ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS*, in *The Story of New York*.

## THE WHITMANITES

Interesting Fellowship of the "Good Gray Poet's" Followers.

*Phila. Evening Booklet* 12/19/95

DEMOCRACY IS ITS KEYNOTE

These Men Worship at a Literary Shrine and  
Accept Members Without Restriction  
as to Sex or Color.

Of the novel organizations which exist in Philadelphia one that possesses some special features of interest is the Walt Whitman Fellowship. In scope this body is international, actually it has an international membership, but in conception it is largely Philadelphian, and its strongest branch is located in this city. While Walt Whitman, whose personality and work were the inspiration for the Fellowship, was a resident of Camden, Philadelphia men of letters and the literary following generally here have always considered him as one of their number, and his frequent presence in Philadelphia and his large circle of friends here whom he constantly visited, sustained the claim. Walt Whitman's work has been variously criticised, but his personality, among those who came in contact with him, excited only admiration. His disposition, his optimism and his gentleness made him be-





loved by all who knew him, and even those who most seriously combatted his views and decried his method of expression, there was a sympathy for the "good old gray poet" which was warm and lasting. The desire to perpetuate his memory and to forward the study of his work from different points of view naturally resulted, upon his death, therefore, in the formation of the society known as the Walt Whitman Fellowship.

It had been the custom for some years previous to the death of Whitman for a little coterie in Philadelphia and Camden of those who manfully and sincerely sustained the rightfulness of the poet's work and who earnestly admired him as a man, to meet upon the anniversary of his birthday and celebrate the occasion with a supper and with informal speeches, of which, of course, the subject was Whitman's poems and life. Upon his death, March 26, 1892, these admirers of Whitman were drawn more closely together, and the meetings assumed the nature of those of an organization. The outcome was on May 21, 1894, the formation of the Walt Whitman Fellowship. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and a regular organization effected.

To quote the phraseology of the constitution: The object of this Fellowship shall be the association of all persons who are interested in the life and work of Walt Whitman. The Fellowship shall encourage the formation by its members of branches in different parts of the world. Any person may become a member by declaring himself such to the secretary in writing and upon the payment of the annual dues. The annual dues shall be \$2.

A committee reported a choice of officers, and its report was confirmed, the following being selected: President, Daniel G. Brinton, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, Robert G. Ingersoll, New York; John Burroughs, West Park, N. Y.; Richard Maurice Bucke, London, Canada; Thomas B. Harned, Philadelphia; Francis Howard Williams, Philadelphia; Isaac Hull Platt, Lakewood, N. J.; council, Charles G. Garrison, Camden, N. J.; Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J.; John H. Johnston, New York; F. H. MacIntire, Philadelphia; Thomas Earle White, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. N. Fairchild, Boston; Miss Charlotte Porter, Boston; Henry L. Bonsall, Camden, N. J.; Wayland H. Smith, Philadelphia and Joseph Fels, Philadelphia.

A large increase in membership was at once reported and the Fellowship began its existence with thirty-five on its roll. Among the number were seven women. At the same meeting Horace Traubel announced the foundation of a branch in Bolton, England. An idea of the spirit animating those who were interested in the purpose of the Fellowship at this date may be obtained from the greeting sent to the Philadelphia body from the Bolton branch. It read as follows:

For 31 May, '94.

To all Whitman Lovers, Present:

An English comrade's greeting and love to each and all.

Some of our most advanced and select spirits here were among the first to recognize Walt Whitman's stature. But now another and more important advance is being made.

Giant Labor is no longer quite the blind, irrational giant he was; but begins to see and arouse. Soon he will advance towards possession of his heritage, and sit on the highest throne. Already he has heard of Walt Whitman as his friend and brother and supreme standard, and is learning of him. And here, in the North of England, during the last six months, his progress has been marked. As our democracy unfolds—here in England, there in America, and elsewhere abroad—our great democrat will be loved by united nations with a passion beyond all precedent. As one only sworn till death to his cause and to the cause of democracy, I send you a comrade's challenge and pledge. J. W. WALLACE.

The provisions of the constitution of the

Philadelphia body were simple and few, and the requirements for membership slight. The organization prospered and if it has not grown largely in the last few years, it has made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in size.

The annual meetings have been marked invariably by a spirit of the greatest good-fellowship, and, though the opinions expressed on these occasions have not always agreed, recognition has always been given to the fact, so plainly indicated, that freedom of speech should be strictly observed, and personal feeling have no manifestation.

Numbers of papers have been read at the meetings dealing with the various phases of Whitman's work, and considering him from different points of view, and these papers in most, if not all cases, preserved in printed form, at present make no unimportant addition to the literature on Whitman, being, as they are, the result of close study of the poet at short range.

The special feature of the organization is its liberality in regard to membership. There is no restriction as to the age, sex or color of applicants for admission to the Fellowship, and the meetings of the club are attended by women frequently. Democracy in almost its primary form is the keynote of the organization, and at the latest meeting a number of colored men were present and took active part in the proceedings. One of them, indeed, made an address, impromptu, on that occasion, which was declared the feature of the evening.

The present tendency of the Fellowship seems to be toward a development of radicalism in more extreme form than was at first suggested by the character and purpose of the organization, and some fears are expressed by the members of more conservative tastes that this will lead at a time not so far distant, to a departure from the original aims of the body. Whether such will prove to be the case remains a question dependent largely, it seems, upon whether the Fellowship permits discussion to take place that has not Whitman or his work for its single subject. The present officers are: Francis Howard Williams, president, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, Robert G. Ingersoll, New York; John Burroughs, West Park, N. Y.; Richard Maurice Bucke, London, Canada; Thomas B. Harned, Philadelphia, and Isaac Hull Platt, Lakewood, N. J.; Council: Charles G. Garrison, Camden, N. J.; Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J.; John H. Johnston, New York; F. H. MacIntire, Philadelphia; Thomas Earle White, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. N. Fairchild, Boston; Miss Charlotte Porter, Boston; Henry L. Bonsall, Camden, N. J.; Wayland Hyatt Smith, Philadelphia, and Joseph Fels, Philadelphia; Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J., secretary and treasurer.

## PERSONAL NOTES.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 82 years old today; but if he and the record of his birth did not admit as much, no one who looked at the genial "autocrat" would believe him to be an octogenarian. His form is erect, his step firm and active, eye bright and his whole bearing that of a man in the best of health and spirits. The Traveller salutes the good doctor, and hopes that it will have many more opportunities of congratulating him on the return of the 29th of August.

## BEVERLY FARMS.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes Attains His 82d Birthday.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 29.—Eighty-two, and still vigorous in mind and body!

This can be said of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who, today, is receiving callers at his attractive summer home here; and they, one and all, are unstinted in their congratulations to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," on his continued good health, and the enjoyment of a life in which he has wrought so much lasting good for mankind.

He, it can truly be said, has not lived for himself alone, but his great and controlling purpose has been to make others happy. He is a man not only of rare literary attainments, but a genius and a philosopher as well. Never has he given up to that morbidness born of bereavement and loss, nor the harboring of vain regrets, but he has overcome the world in the sense that he always has stood up and out as a characteristic personality; and an admiring world has paused and gazed at the picture presented.

It is almost needless to implore for Dr. Holmes that sweet benediction, so appropriate for one travelling down the western declivity, "May his last days be his best days."

All who called upon him were very courteously received, and they departed impressed with the influence of his presence still lingering about them. Among the visitors were authors and others of prominence and many rich floral gifts were seen in the room. A large number of congratulatory letters were received.

Dr. Holmes is utilizing some of his time these bright summer days in compiling and editing some of his own works.

## A POET'S BIRTHDAY

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, four score and two years old, but bearing lightly a weight of years that overburdens ordinary men, on Saturday received and acknowledged, with that graceful courtesy peculiarly his own, the congratulations of his numerous friends and admirers who could visit him personally at his picturesque but unostentatious home in Beverly Farms. There were, to be sure, certain hours set apart for the reception, but notwithstanding this there was during the whole day almost a continuous procession of admirers passing in and out.

The residents of Beverly Farms, especially the children by whom the kindly Autocrat is greatly beloved, visited him in large numbers, many from far and near bringing some token of remembrance and all receiving a most courteous welcome.

The writer was one of the very latest visitors, being admitted to the doctor's study at about seven o'clock, just after he had returned from his usual afternoon drive, which even all the excitement and turmoil of the day had not induced him to forego.

"Yes," said the doctor, in answer to the first and most obvious question, "I must acknowledge that I am somewhat tired. There has been a constant stream of callers, and I have been standing nearly all day receiving them. I have been almost overwhelmed by a multiplicity of congratulations and a wilderness of beautiful flowers. Here you see them. They are everywhere. I cannot remember all of those who brought them. Many of the donors I know; many others I do not know. I wish it were in my power to thank everyone personally."

And, indeed, the study presented something the appearance of a deserted flower mart. Flowers everywhere, and the air of the room heavy and almost oppressive with their perfume. Other tokens of remembrance and esteem were on desk, table and mantel, and intermingled with all were cards, letters and telegrams of congratulation from all sections of the country. On the table in the hall was a large package of letters which yet remained to be





opened, and succeeding mails will doubtless add to the accumulation.

"What paper do you represent?" "The Transcript." "Why, that is my paper. And by the way, it comes to my mind that the Transcript has met with a loss in the death of one of its contributors—Mr. John T. Prince, 'Syphax' of your paper. He was a fine antiquarian, of deep and intelligent research, a man of broad and liberal culture and a most estimable gentleman. I knew him well and would have been glad to write something about him; but I have not the time."

On being asked if he could give the names of those who had sent flowers, he said: "I am sorry I cannot recall them all. I will give you what I remember. You are at liberty to look over the cards and find what you can additional. There are the telegrams on the desk which you can copy if you choose."

A search among the confusion of cards showed the following-named as among the callers: Major Russell Sturgis, Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, mayor of Salem; Rev. Florence K. Kollock of Chicago, Rev. Edwin P. Hoyt of Beverly Farms, Mr. William P. Upham, the well-known historian; Mrs. Frank Taylor, Mr. Franklin Haven, Jr.; Mrs. R. M. Stewart, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Mrs. Dr. Shattuck, Mr. John C. Dodge, and many others perhaps equally well known.

Prominent among the floral tributes was a basket of beautiful roses from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a wreath from Mrs. Whitman, artificial apple blossoms from Miss Whitney, flowers from Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. James L. Sperry, Mrs. John L. Gardner and many others. Many of the floral gifts were also accompanied with fruits.

These were the messages received:

John G. Whittier: Love and warm congratulations from thy old friend.

George W. Childs: I send the heartiest good will and best loving wishes, my dear Dr. Holmes, on this auspicious day. The world has been so much the better for your birth.

George William Curtis, E. J. Phelps and Charles Elliott Norton, a joint message from Ashfield: Love, honor and congratulation.

William H. Baldwin: Please accept my hearty congratulations upon this your eighty-second birthday anniversary. May the choicest blessings of heaven ever rest upon you and yours.

Moses Sweetser, Parkersburg, Va.: I greet you on this eighty-second birthday. May you have many more happy birthdays, as your admirers will always remember your literary and other works with pride.

A gift which especially pleased the poet, and to which he particularly called the writer's attention, was a Japanese crystal ball resting on the coils of a bronze serpent. This was a present from lady friends.

"No, I do not remember who my oldest visitor was. She was a lady—I cannot recall her name. But my youngest visitor—and that is worth making a note of—was five weeks old, a child of Mrs. Henry Parkman."

As this little one could not speak her congratulations, the following message was supplied:

"A little new arrival in the world wants to pay her best wishes to Dr. Holmes, wishing him many happy returns of the day."

But it was now nearing eight o'clock, and the writer, fearing to add further to the burdens of the day, was preparing to leave, when still another package came. It was in a jewelry case from Daniel Low of Salem. "I think it must be a witch spoon," said the doctor as the attendant was opening it. He was near the mark. It was a silver paper knife with the mystic woman and her broomstick in relief upon the handle. Then as the reporter again started to leave, Dr. Holmes, seemingly still anxious not to be considered ungrateful, dictated the following, which he wished to have published:

"Dr. Holmes fears that it will be impossible for him to acknowledge personally all the

tokens of good will and acts of courtesy with which the day was crowded."

In regard to the poet's health the public are kept fully informed. "I cannot see very well," often repeated, is the only complaint that passed his lips. And indeed it is sad to know that those kindly old eyes which have done so much for others are growing dim. But it will be yet another decade before the author of "The Last Leaf" can pose as the model of the poem. It would be well if all the great hosts of men and women who are old at fifty could make a pilgrimage to Beverly Farms and take object lessons in how to grow old gracefully from the sunny, hopeful spirit of the venerable autocrat.

## DR. HOLMES IS EIGHTY-TWO.

Happy is the poet the sun shines on when he reaches a birthday like this one. Eighty-two is a good age, and Dr. Holmes, though of the Brahmin class, is yet blessed with friends galore among the masses as well as the classes. Flowers and gifts of all sorts come to him on these festival days. The birthday receptions in the yellow house at Beverly Farms by-the-Dee were days to be treasured in the memory of all who shared their pleasures. The plain, yellow old-fashioned house, with its big grassy lawn, knows the poet no more. It is a longish walk from the station to the house where he lives now during the summer in a new-fashioned house with a pleasant vine-hung porch, with its odd original-looking chair, its sunny library and its homelike simplicity and taste.

Young authors have a way of plaguing old authors with their attentions; and Dr. Holmes, with all his amiability, dares to resent sometimes their efforts to win his recognition. One young gentleman, whose books have since made a furor, called upon the doctor one day with a friend whom the doctor was glad to see. But he would not pretend to be glad to see the young man who wrote. He declared to his face that he had never heard of him.

"But you and I have had correspondence," said the snubbed young author.

"A good many people correspond with me!" retorted Dr. Holmes.

"I'm going to send you my last book," pacifically offered the young man.

"Send it if you want to. I'll put it on that table there, and maybe I'll read it and maybe I won't," declared the autocrat, autocratically. Since a clever prose writer once fared so, amateur poets who send their books to Dr. Holmes would do well to remember his advice to them and others like them:

"No will of your own with its penny compulsion  
Can summon the spirit that quickens the  
lyre;

It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convulsion,  
And touches the brain with a finger of fire.

So perhaps after all it's as well to be quiet  
If you've nothing you think is worth saying  
in prose.  
As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet  
To the critics by publishing as you propose!"

Sept. 18, 1884.

## THE AUTOCRAT'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

DR. HOLMES has written characteristic letters of acknowledgment to the editors of the "Critic" and to the many writers who contributed of their gratitude and admiration to the "Holmes number" of that admirable paper. The letters need no other introduction than the name of the writer:

"To the Editors of the 'Critic':"

"The visit of your 'Surprise Party' number was so well contrived that I had not the faintest suspicion of what was going on until I opened the 'Daily Advertiser' of August 29, my birthday. On that same day I received an advanced copy of the number of the 'Critic,' in which I find myself embalmed like a Pharaoh, and built over with a pyramid of famous names. My letter, which you print, was written in

him any great harm. The breath that stirs his slumbering vanity brightens the fire upon his hearth, but fans no dangerous flame of self-love, as it might have done in earlier years. And even the shriveled centurion loves a word of praise; it is the sweetmeat of his second infancy.

"I thank you, each and all of you whose names are on the paper before me, not forgetting those other friends whose tributes of regard and love have reached me through less public channels. They come to me at one of those periods of life when kind words are most needed and most tenderly welcomed. I pray you all to accept this imperfect expression of my feelings as at least showing you that you have conferred a great deal of happiness in obeying a generous impulse. Your grateful friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., September 1, 1884."

bly beyond the mark of my desert, but I will own that they give me pleasure. Coming to me so late in life, they seem almost like open letters of introduction to a celestial household, to which I am commended by my air-breathing friends and associates. Could I but carry them with me as credentials, it seems to me as if the angels themselves would make obeisance to a new-comer so highly spoken of.

"Speak as indulgently as you may to one who has crossed the dead-line of the Psalmist's reckoning, he cannot forget that he is sitting among the ruins of the generation to which he belongs—himself a monument, if not a ruin, on which all but himself can read the inscription. Let not the critic weigh too nicely the value of the praise bestowed upon him. A few years will chill and quiet all the excited superlatives which overweening fondness has lavished in his honor."

"In the meantime, a little overpraise comes too late to do

the most lamblike innocence of any special use to be made of it.

"What can I say to the friends who have overwhelmed me with kindness? I cannot write to each one of them, expressing the same feeling of gratitude in exactly the same form of words. I cannot work out scores of different replies without turning the simple utterance of my gratitude into an exercise in rhetoric. Will you allow me through your columns to say to them collectively that which comes from my heart in answer to their expression of esteem and affection?"

O. W. HOLMES.

"BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., August 31, 1884."

"To my Birthday Correspondents:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Your kind words reach immeasurably





## STARTING ON HIS 330 YEAR.

Though Dr. Holmes celebrated his 32d birthday yesterday under weeping skies, they could not repress the cheer and warmth of feeling that lives in the heart of "The Autocrat," nor could they repress the kindly interest which is felt in him by the literary people of two nations. Dr. Holmes is known more exclusively in England as a literary man than was the late Mr. Lowell, but in the warmth of feeling toward him his recent "Hundred Days in Europe" shows that between Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell there was a generous rivalry in English appreciation which the American people keenly and rightly appreciate. With the care which our venerable Boston poet is taking of himself, it may be reasonably hoped that many years of quiet, happy, genial life yet remain to him, and the people whom he has helped to "cheer and not inebriate" wish him health and happiness every moment of his life. More than most men he has helped to make existence pleasant to those around him, and the large interest in his personal welfare is one of the precious returns which fame brings to the man who deserves it.

## HAWTHORNE WOULD NOT INTRUDE.

[Alexander Ireland, in Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.]

Francis Bunnock, a bright, cheery Scotsman, long resident in London, had a wide circle of literary friends and acquaintances. He was the close and intimate friend of Hawthorne during the years he was United States consul in Liverpool, and one of his books is dedicated to Bunnock. When the ever-memorable Art Treasures Exhibition was held in Manchester, 1857, he invited Hawthorne to come up from Liverpool to see it, and kindly asked the late Charles Swain and myself to meet him at dinner and spend the evening together. The next day I spent entirely in the exhibition with Hawthorne, where a curious coincidence occurred. While we were looking at the pictures of the old masters I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner the sculptor enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, "Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?" to which he replied, "Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive," etc. "Nonsense," said I; "let me go to him and tell him you are in the room. I am sure he will be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings." "No, no; I cannot allow you to do this." I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and stupid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordained from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Curiously enough, Hawthorne afterwards recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation.

Referring in the course of some literary recollections to Nathaniel Hawthorne's visit to the Art Treasures Exhibition held in Manchester in 1857, Dr. Alexander Ireland writes that a curious coincidence occurred: While we were looking at the pictures of the Old Masters I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner the sculptor enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, "Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?" to which he replied, "Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive," etc. "Nonsense," said I; "let me go to him and tell him you are in the room. I am sure he will be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings." "No, no; I cannot allow you to do this." I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and stupid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordained from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Hawthorne afterwards recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation.

## A BOOK UNFIT FOR SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The question of the selection of suitable text books for the pupils in our public schools is one of vital importance. This has been brought to notice with great clearness recently by the publication of an "American Literature," by Julian Hawthorne. The fact that heretofore there has been no volume on that subject suitable for school use, should not make the public, or the school boards, accept this one simply because it is the only one in the market. Any teacher on reading it, would immediately recognize its inappropriateness for school purposes, and any other person who might read it would at once detect the egotistical, severe and sarcastic tone, in which Mr. Hawthorne criticises our most beloved and noted authors. One can scarcely realize that he is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and, moreover, an American himself, who should be justly proud of the work of his countrymen, and who should be ready to inspire in the minds and hearts of the children who read his book, a feeling of reverence and pride in our great men. With one exception, not one of our noted writers escapes his unkind, sharp and unappreciative criticism. According to Mr. Hawthorne, Lowell, the truest American, and the one to whom the first place in American literature is due, is "not original." "has a vein of coarseness in his nature," his work is hurried and careless, and there are "striking and memorable" passages both in his prose and poetry, "but the high level is never uniform in anything that he has written;" the "Biglow Papers" are "grotesque, so much so that it makes one half regret their notoriety." If the "Biglow Papers" are not original, was ever anything written that is? Mr. Hawthorne seems to have missed entirely the meaning and purpose of this work, which surely should be brought out to the youth for whom the book is published.

Our dear, delightful Dr. Holmes, whom every young American would love, and whose love should be encouraged—him he calls, "not great, but what there is of him is good," Patronage from Mr. Hawthorne is scarcely due, at least, until he has brought forth something equal to

Dr. Holmes's works, to say nothing of reaching Lowell's heights.

Wendell Phillips, says Hawthorne, "was not a patriot, and loved talking of reform better than the thing itself." Is not this well calculated to stir patriotic feelings in the hearts of young America? Enough dolls are stuffed with sawdust, nowadays, without needlessly adding another to the list. Louisa Alcott, for whom there is a soft spot in the heart of every American man, woman and child, has one line and a half devoted to her, in the same paragraph with Aemilie Rives, and a few others. Henry Ward Beecher is merely mentioned, and Harriet Beecher Stowe has the honor of having her book, which did so much good, and is of world-wide reputation, called a "plausible, emotional, impassioned, one-sided" story, by which the credulous public were duped. In his treatment of Margaret Fuller and her work Mr. Hawthorne deserves the severest criticism. A frank statement of opinion in regard to an author is admissible, even if it does not entirely coincide with our own, but the mean sarcasm and personal spite, which plainly shows in Mr. Hawthorne's article on Margaret Fuller, is utterly inexcusable, and not fit to be put into the hands of children. It is known that the older Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller were not congenial, and the son's feeling is only too visible. The one person in the whole book, to whom Hawthorne gives unqualified praise and glory, is his father. Without disparaging Nathaniel Hawthorne's greatness, and the love and appreciation of his son, is it not fair, to question whether it is right to give fourteen pages of highest praise and careful consideration to him, while to Lowell, confessedly America's greatest literary genius, but four pages are given, and that well sprinkled with patronizing, if not adverse criticism?

Besides all this, there are inaccuracies in the use of English, and in the subject matter itself, which would make it undesirable for school use; and, moreover, the book is beyond the comprehension of those for whom it was designed.

C. W.

WITH HAWTHORNE.—"You shall sleep in Hawthorne's own bedroom," said our hostess, ushering us in, and we went up to it by the steep old staircase—a charming room, with low cottage widows, through whose latticed panes the roses and woodbine peeped in to greet us, while the bobolinks chattered garrulously on the trees outside. The house is a rambling one, with those quaint little steps up and down between the rooms inside which not ungracefully betray an architectural afterthought. The pitch pines and locusts and silver birch trees that now surround and close in the house, as well as the larch wood that clambers up the stoop behind, were planted for the most part by Hawthorne's own hand. One of the bushes is itself a Hawthorne close beside the pretty creeper-covered porch. Everything in the room and outside it seemed to us alike beautiful—the delicate feeling of a cultivated and artistic home informed every detail of the hanging and drapery. We felt that Hawthorne's house has fallen into good hands and that no tinge of its special aroma would be allowed to escape by unskillful treatment. Dinner and gossip in the dainty drawing-room concluded the Saturday, and on Sunday morning we rose fresh after all the fatigue of our week in Boston. At breakfast we were introduced to that immemorial New England Sunday dish, Boston baked beans without beginning the day on which no genuine Yankee of the old rock could ever feel his Sabbath truly sanctified. I cannot say I thought highly of them, perhaps the dish





is in reality a penitential one meant to assimilate the Massachusetts Sunday to a Friday fast rather than to a dominical festival. After breakfast we strolled out casually into the grounds, and our hostess led us through tangled undergrowth of sweet fern and blackberries to Hawthorne's path along the crest of the ridge. There, on his Mount of Vision, as Mrs. Hawthorne used to call it, the Concord dreamer dreamed, says Mr. Bartlett, as many unwritten books as he ever put on paper. His constant pacing up and down as he worked out the details of *The Marble Faun* and the *Tanglewood Tales*, have worn a lasting footpath on the brow of the ridge, from which we looked down upon the waving grassland of the Concord Valley. Low hills gird it round on every side with almost primeval woodland; in the centre the narrow alluvial basin itself, deep in lush meadows, makes up the intrusive wedge of civilization which alone has yet penetrated solid mass of Thoreau's wild and unsophisticated forests. Dark pines rise sombre in front of the house; evergreens climb the slope of the hill side. The gloom of their shade seemed redolent of Hawthorne; it was a fitting place for a man to meet those strange mysterious witch-like figures that flit forever through the pages of *The Scarlet Letter* and the subdued light of the paths at the wayside.

—GRANT ALLEN in *Fortnightly Review*.

Newtown Enterprise, Feb. 6,  
1892.

#### OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The genial Autocrat, "full of years and honor," who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday surrounded by many loving friends, seems certainly to have solved the problem of how to keep the heart young, though the years pile "snow on snow" on the brow. Age would have no terrors for us could we all grow old so beautifully as has Dr. Holmes. "One of the boys," he is indeed, for his sympathies are as quick and his interest in life is as keen as when, a jolly young collegian, he made his grave elders smile by "writing as funny as he could."

One would hardly think that the surroundings in which young Oliver Wendell Holmes was brought up were calculated to produce a humorist. The atmosphere of gloom and sadness, of puritanical restraint, in which Hawthorne grew up a fatalist, and from which he drew the inspiration of his weird romances made of Holmes an optimist, a happy, sunny-natured man. A searcher of hearts he became, indeed, like Hawthorne; but his searching only made him more confident of the good that is to be found in every human soul. His father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, was a Calvinist of the deepest dye, a scholar and a gentleman. His two sons, John and Oliver, spent their childhood in an atmosphere of books, and at school, though their "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" showed them to be as full of pranks as is the tradition with minister's sons, they both distinguished themselves by close application to study.

Like Lowell, young Holmes was destined for the legal profession; but, again like Lowell, he was inclined to neglect his profession and turn to literary pursuits, and accordingly left the law and went to Paris, where he studied medicine. His fame as an author has in a measure obscured his

professional success, but as a doctor he has done faithful work. That physiological problems as well as psychological occupied his attention can be readily seen from his writings. No one but a doctor could have written "Elsie Venner." The subject of heredity, especially, is one in which he takes a vital interest. A physician of the old school, homeopathy excited his liveliest opposition for a number of years, though indeed the allopathists themselves have received from him unfavorable criticism on their excessive use of drugs.

The class of '29, which Holmes has immortalized in his poem, "The Boys," were a talented set of young men, well worthy to be his companions. Holmes was constantly chosen by them as class orator, and some of his best-known numerous poems appeared in the college paper. After his graduation he kept on writing for a few years, then, discontinued literary work for some time. With the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1857, he once more took up the pen, to give to the world that brilliant series of novels and papers beginning with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; or Every Man His Own Boswell." The "Autocrat," "Poet" and "Professor" have been styled egotistical by some critics, but it is the most delightful egotism. A man can be pardoned for discoursing about himself who talks so charmingly; and as the Doctor himself said to a visitor:

"My friend, vanity is one of the most useful things on earth. People would go to pieces but for it; it keeps them together."

Thanks, then, be to the slender thread of self-conceit which holds together the pearls of wit and wisdom which drop from the lips of the Autocrat!

Of his literary work on the *Atlantic Monthly* the Doctor says with the utmost simplicity that "There was no special art about it; it was merely written from hand to mouth. I thought I had written myself out, but I waited a little and things came of themselves." His favorites among his prose works are the "Autocrat" and "Elsie Venner."

In 1840 Dr. Holmes married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, by whom he had three children, all of whom are living. One of his most famous works was "The Hunt After the Captain," published during war times. "The Captain" was the eldest son, who went into the army just after his graduation from Harvard. For a short time he traveled around lecturing, but the work was not to his taste, and the "Autocrat" records how he disliked the "talking in cold country lyceums, going home to cold parlors, and being treated to cold apples and cold water, and then going up to a cold bed in a cold chamber, and coming home the next morning with a cold in the head." He finally settled down to steady literary work and to practice as a physician.

At the Atlantic Club, Holmes was the life and spirit of the meetings, which were attended by such men as Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Whipple, Motley, etc. None of these reunions seemed complete without Holmes, who, quick and nervous in manner, a little undersized in figure, beaming in countenance, moved about here, there, everywhere, always ready with some bit of quaint wisdom or sparkling repartee. Charles Kingsley called him "an inspired jackdaw." Many of these have now passed away, but Holmes is still with us, benign and beautiful in his old

age, waiting with trust and confidence to pass the Iron Gate of which he has himself written. It is impossible to describe the exact feeling with which the public in general regards Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is veneration and love, but yet it is something nearer. He is so completely "one of us." No one can see his face or read his works without realizing clearly the warm human heart that beats and throbs with that of all mankind, who are to him "mine own people" indeed. He recognizes the faults in humanity, sympathizes with the temptations, and rejoices over the good that is always to be found with a feeling of fellowship. Though we may think of the author of the "One-Hoss Shay" as "a fellow of infinite jest," yet no one can touch the chord of pathos more tenderly than he—witness "The Last Leaf." Lincoln, it is said, could never repeat without tears this stanza:

"The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom:  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb."

Perhaps no better expression can be found of the hearty appreciation which is felt for the poet far and wide than a poem which was written by an Englishman some years ago.

Of his popularity the genial old doctor says with quaint simplicity: "It is an astonishment to me that the world loves me so much, but it is also a great joy." Those who visit him at his home report his mental faculties as keen as ever. Indeed, it would seem age has only ripened his powers to fuller maturity, if one is to judge by his beautiful poem on the late James Russell Lowell, written shortly after the poet's death.

Those who visit Dr. Holmes at his house say that he is as charming and sprightly as ever. As he cheerfully says, "I have worn well." His faculties are unimpaired, save that his sight is not so keen and his hearing is a little duller. On this latter fact he himself touches with beautiful resignation in "One Hundred Days in Europe."

"One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, 'Look! Look! See the lark rising!' I looked up with the rest. There was the bright, blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish."

"Again one called out, 'Hark! Hark! Hear him singing!' I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? Those that look out of the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low. Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate—unless—unless—if our mild humanized theology promises truly—I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me?"

"I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasing life-entertainment was unstringing its instruments, and its lights were being extinguished—that the show was almost over. All this I kept to myself, of course, except so far as I whispered it to the unseen Presence which we all feel in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who, for





the first time, gently presses back the long-lips of her, as yet, unweaned infant." He is taking the utmost care of himself physically, and is said to have an eager curiosity to see how long his life can be prolonged. That he may see many, many more returns of this Christmas-time is the wish of all who know the kindly old man who has kept in his heart for fourscore years the feeling of peace and good will towards men.

*Phila. Ledger, July 2, 1892*

#### CURTIS'S EULOGY OF LOWELL.

The oration which George William Curtis delivered at the Brooklyn Institute on the 22d of February has the distinction of being the most just and the most discriminating eulogy of James Russell Lowell that has yet been uttered, while at the same time it no less honors the heart and the head of the author. There is, indeed, only one man who could do such justice to the comprehensive intellect, the heaven-born genius, the delicate fancy, the lion-like bravery of the most romantically practical poet of the nineteenth century—and the man who has paid this grand tribute to a life-long friendship is he whom Lowell himself has described as

The clear, sweet singer with the crown  
of snow  
Not whiter than the thoughts that housed  
below.

The value of the panegyric lies in the fact that Mr. Curtis is able to mirror, with great faithfulness, the depths of a great soul; to outline, with firm hand, the delicate tracery of a character known to few; to paint, with loving care, the colors of a warm heart, and, withal, to set the jewelled splendor of the poet's vast individuality in a frame of brilliant, carefully selected diction. One feature of Lowell's many-sided nature, which was none the less assured because it is not generally patent to the world, and which his eulogist has portrayed with great stress, was the patriotism, which was the "be-all and the end-all" of his life. "Literature," says Mr. Curtis, "was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress." Nor can we, after reading the fiery, though half-veiled, indignation, the "humor in deadly earnest" of the *Biglow Papers*, or the lofty thoughts expressed in the Commemoration Ode, hesitate to believe the truth of that assertion. It was, in fact, this love of country which induced the poet to leave the grateful solitude of Elmwood, to immerse himself in the intricacies of a diplomatic life, and to so win the hearts of the English people that, on his death, "the sorrowing voice of the English laureate and of the English Queen, the highest voices of English literature and political power, mingling with the universal voice of his own country, showed how instructively and surely the true American, faithful to the spirit of Washington and of Abraham Lincoln, reconciles and not exasperates international feeling."

But, in emphasizing Lowell's greatness as a publicist, in lauding the noble work he accomplished by inspiring a spirit of international good will and friendliness, Mr. Curtis does not the less honor

Lowell, the poet, the scholar, the critic, the censor, the public counsellor, but accentuates, in turn, his wonderful many-sidedness. Mr. Curtis can, indeed, well appreciate this great diversity of talents, for he too is endowed with a similarly varied genius. Although his muse seldom runs in rhythm, he has not only through long years "swayed the pens that break the sceptres," but he has also "touched the stops of various quills," and given to the world much notable literature, parented by his facile brain. While thus and in other respects, they had much in common, Lowell and Curtis were as a unit with regard to their independence in politics. This similarity is so strong that the following words apply as well to the writer as to the subject of the writing: "With his lofty patriotism and his extraordinary public conscience, Lowell was distinctively the independent in politics. He was an American and a republican citizen. He acted with parties as every citizen must act if he acts at all. But the notion that a voter is a traitor to one party when he votes with another was as ludicrous to him as the assertion that it is treason to the White Star steamers to take passage in a Cunarder. When he would know his public duty Lowell turned within, not without." Such knowledge is true patriotism, and when it exists in the breasts of men of like calibre with Lowell and Curtis it compels them, as Kingsley says, to

"Do noble things, not dream them, all  
day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast  
forever;  
One grand, sweet song."

4 Park Street, Boston.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S

## LITERARY BULLETIN

October, 1889.

### Tributes to Doctor Holmes.



ONE of the most beautiful and touching things in human experience is the love and reverent tenderness which noble Age inspires. Peculiarly sincere and deep are this love and tenderness when Age lifts into eminence men who have devoted their long and fruitful years to the instruction, the cheering, the inspiration of their fellow-men. This will account for the tone of admiration and affection which is most noticeable in all current allusions to Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes. Their countrymen recognize their wisdom, their genius, their large achievements, and their beautiful characters; and they delight to do them honor.

From the numerous tributes paid to Dr. Holmes on his recent completion of his eightieth year, and gathered by the enterprise of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, we cannot forbear quoting three. And properly the first place is given to Mr. Whittier's graceful and very characteristic poem:—

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,  
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;  
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here  
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.  
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day  
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,  
His genial presence, like an after-glow,  
Following the one just vanishing away.





Long be it ere the Table shall be set  
 For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,  
 And Love repeat, with smiles and tears, thereat  
 His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget.  
 Waiting with him the call to come up higher,  
 Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher !

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Mr. George William Curtis, with his customary felicity, wrote : " It is better to be eighty years young than forty years old. Youth is the freshness of sympathy, the unquenched hope, the generous enthusiasm, the tender feeling, the lofty aim, the cheerful humor, of which his books are full, and which make the poet and the Autocrat a young man. The crown of honor and love that he wears is, like his genius, many-sided, and every side sparkles with diamond lustre. His delightful humor first in New England brightened the seriousness of its literature. . . .

" It is not easy without apparent exaggeration to express publicly the affection and admiration in which Dr. Holmes is held by his personal friends. To the public he is the brilliant author who speaks to every mood. But to his friends he is the man who strengthens and enriches every charm which the author weaves."

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner said : " Our poet, our essayist, our novelist, our man of wit, has endeared himself to the whole nation for a long time, and now it comes to be plainly seen how much we owe him in the way of distinction in the world. When we sum up all our resources and achievements, it is to him and his few compeers that we must point for our distinction.

" This is the general thought on his eightieth birthday. But to those who are so fortunate as to know him outside of his books, there is added a wealth of love and personal devotion to the man, for the qualities which sweeten private life and endear their possessor. It is very beautiful to me to see Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose life has been so helpful and full of sweet charity, so followed now with love and honor."

*The Nation*  
 Oct. 15, 1891  
 Vol. 53, no. 1372  
*On Emily Dickinson*

## RECENT POETRY.

THE extract from a letter of the late Mrs. Helen Jackson (" H. H. "), prefixed to the second series of Emily Dickinson's poems (Boston: Roberts Bros.), suggests the curious difference in the careers of these two gifted women, both natives of the same small inland town of Massachusetts. They were playmates and schoolmates ; both began to write after early girlhood had passed, and for the utterance of deep personal feeling. But the one easily obtained fame, friends, recognition, influence ; she had varied social experience ; with many sorrows, she obtained much of what was best and most enjoyable in life, and died in the maturity of a conspicuous literary career. The other died absolutely unknown, even by name, beyond her own domestic circle, and yet this nameless woman was at once uplifted into an extraordinary prominence by the simple publication of her poems, after death. Some added light is thrown on this curious transition by the preface contributed to the present volume by Mrs. Todd, but it leaves many questions to be asked. It, however, brings out clearly a point overlooked by many who have discussed Emily Dickinson's poems.

Mrs. Todd has recalled attention to the fact that they should be viewed rather as sketches than as finished works. We can never know what changes the author might have made in them had she seriously addressed herself to putting them in print. Up to the point where she left them, her chief solicitude had clearly been with the phrase, not with the verse or the line. She would make many alterations to secure precisely the adjective or substantive she needed ; but the minor changes required to perfect a rhyme or to avoid a repetition were sometimes postponed for some moment of leisure, it may be, or in other cases spurned as unimportant. Even her peculiarities of grammar seem like mere short cuts or abbreviations, as when one takes notes in shorthand. We all know that a really fine poem is rarely struck off at a single sitting ; there are usually several stages of completion, at any one of which, up to the very last, the work would seem still imperfect if published. The peculiarity is that almost all of Emily Dickinson's compositions are taken at that intermediate stage ; and they are, in short, to be viewed as sketches, not works of conscious completeness. With this interpretation, it may fairly be said that those contained in this second series are quite as remarkable as those in the first. Perhaps they are even more remarkable ; at any rate, there

sovereign of sovereigns. In the following verses we have a haunting picture, not easily to be dropped from the mind :

### THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

After a hundred years  
 Nobody knows the place,—  
 Agony, that enacted there,  
 Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged  
 Straggled around and spelled  
 At the name, orthography  
 Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields  
 Recollect the way,—  
 Instinct picking up the key  
 Dropped by memory.

The poems on Nature in this volume indicate the same peculiar intimacy always shown by Emily Dickinson ; it seems as if she had been

There's triumph of the finer mind  
 When truth, affronted long,  
 Advances and the universe,  
 Her God her only throng.

A triumph when temptation's bribe  
 Is slowly handed back,  
 One eye upon the heaven renounced  
 And one upon the rack.

Severer triumph, by himself  
 Experienced, who can bear  
 A trial that can bear  
 Jehovah's countenance !

Note, for instance, the fineness of touch in the word " slowly," in the third verse, indicating the greatness of the struggle by the fact that even the utmost heroism cannot instantly decide it. A characteristic effect is also produced by employing the strong Roman " Emperor " instead of the cheapened word " Emperor," and thus placing death as a

are more of them.

They are divided into the same four departments, viz., Life, Love, Nature, Time and Eternity. It is to be noticed, however, that the department of love-poems is, in this volume, more scanty than in its predecessor, as if the author's little tale of experience, in that direction, were soon told. There is no loss of quality, however, even in that department, and in the other directions both quantity and quality are sustained. There is, in the first volume, for instance, no nobler strain of ethics than this (p. 109), which is also full of verbal felicities :

### TRIUMPH.

Triumph may be of several kinds.  
 There's triumph in the room  
 When that old Emperor, Death,  
 By faith is overcome.





in at the very birth of her birds and flowers,  
as in the following verses (p. 72):

#### FRINGED GENTIAN

God made a little gentian;  
It tried to be a rose  
And failed, and all the summer laughed.  
But just before the snows  
There came a purple creature  
That ravished all the hill;  
And summer hid her forehead,  
And mockery was still.  
The frosts were her condition;  
The Tyrian would not come  
Until the North evoked it.  
"Creator! shall I bloom?"

The editors have put at the beginning of the volume two verses which seem—unlike all the rest—to show some objective aim in the poems; and they close with these four terse lines, which might well suffice for Emily Dickinson's own epitaph:

"Lay this laurel on the one  
Too intrinsic for renown.  
Laurel! veil your deathless tree,—  
Him you chasten, that is he!"

The fact that Mr. Douglas Sladen, in his 'Younger American Poets' (Cassell Publishing Co.), makes no allusion to Emily Dickinson, shows how important it is that the editor of such a compilation should be on the spot and should have the latest information. The earliest information, if that is desirable, may certainly be said to be possessed by a compiler who heads his list of juvenile rhymers with the name of Paul Hamilton Hayne, who would, were he living, be over sixty. The mere selection thus seems so liberal that it is almost a disappointment to find that Whittier and Holmes are omitted. In the distribution of space, too, there is a waywardness which can only partly be explained by the whims of publishers; thus, Stedman has sixteen pages, Ella Wheeler Wilcox nine, and Aldrich one and a half. But, with all its faults and its wilderness of misprints—including, for instance, "Borjeson" for "Boyesen" (p. 665), and "Lamer" for "Lanier" (p. 666), the book affords a fairly good collection of the works of American poets less than sixty-one years old; and the appendix containing Canadian poets, and edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts of St. John, N. B., is distinctly valuable and useful. We should not neglect to add that there is prefixed to the volume a dedication to the citizens of Boston, and a sonnet to "The American Fall at Niagara," both by Mr. Sladen and in a Tupper-like vein.

A far more modest and far better executed collection of miscellaneous poems, from English and American sources, is that called 'Sunshine in Life: Poems for the King's Daughters' (Putnam), selected by Florence Pohlman Lee. The selection is good, the typography beautiful, the dates of birth and (if need be) of death are mentioned in connection with each author, and several good indexes are supplied. For the benefit of that part of the public to which the order of the "King's Daughters" is but a name, it might have been well to intimate their aims and functions. Another book of poetry, no less valuable for not being new, is a new edition of Sidney Lanier's Poems (Scribners), with the well-known memoir by Wm. Hayes Ward. Good books, like good runners, possess what may be called their first and second wind; most sink down breathless when their first wind is exhausted, usually at or before the death of their author. If,

however, an author's fame really survives him, it is likely to hold out for a long time, and such seems destined to be the fame of Sidney Lanier.

Of volumes wholly new, we find that of Helen Gray Cone incontestably the best: 'The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The title-poem is the strongest poem of action and movement ever written by an American woman; and, as Emerson said of "H. H.'s" poems, perhaps we might as well omit the "woman." Since Scott there has been no terser handling of the ballad measure, mingled with fine spiritual touches that Scott could not have given. Read now the story of the *Orient* at Nelson's sea fight of Aboukir (p. 37):

#### THE STORY OF THE "ORIENT."

'T was a pleasant Sunday morning while the spring  
was in its glory,  
English spring of gentle glory; smoking by his cottage door,  
Florid-faced, the man-o'-war's man told his white-headed boy the story,  
Noble story of Aboukir, told a hundred times before.

"Here, the Theseus—here, the Vanguard"; as he  
spoke each name sonorous—  
Minotaur, Defence, Majestic, staunch old comrades  
of the sea,  
That against the ships of Brueys made their broadsides  
roar in chorus—  
Ranging daisies on his doorstep, deft he mapped  
the battle-line.

Mapped the curve of tall three-deckers, deft as might  
a man left-handed,  
Who had given an arm to England later on at Trafalgar.  
While he poured the praise of Nelson to the child with  
eyes expanded,  
Bright as dawn, his honest forehead blushed the  
scarlet outlass-scar.

For he served aboard the Vanguard, saw the admiral,  
blind and bleeding  
Borne below by silent sailors, borne to die as then  
they deemed.  
Every stout heart sick but stubborn, fought the sea-  
dogs on unheeding,  
Guns were cleared and manned and cleared, the bat-  
tle thundered, flashed, and screamed.

Till a cry swelled loud and louder—towered on fire  
the Orient stately,  
Brueys' flag ship, she that carried guns a hundred  
and a score:  
Then came groping up the hatchway he they counted  
dead but lately,  
Came the little one-armed Admiral to guide the fight  
once more.

"Lower the boats!" was Nelson's order. But the  
hesitant boy beside him,  
Who had followed all his motions with an eager  
wide blue eye,  
Nursed upon the name of Nelson till he half had de-  
fied him,  
Here, with childhood's crude consistence, broke the  
tale to question "Why?"

For by children facts go streaming in a throng that  
never pauses,  
Noted not, till of a sudden, thought, a sunbeam,  
glides the notes.  
All at once the known words quicken, and the child  
would deal with causes:  
Since to kill the French was righteous, why bade Nelson  
lower the boats?

Quick the man put by the question. "But the Orient,  
none could save her;  
We could see the ships, the ensigns, clear as day-  
light by the flare:  
And a man leaped and left her; but, God rest 'em,  
Some were braver;  
Some held by her, firing steady till she blew to God  
knows where."

At the shock, he said, the Vanguard shook through all  
her timbers oaken;  
It was like the shock of Doomsday—not a far but  
shuddered hard  
All was hushed for one strange moment; then that  
awful calm was broken  
By the heavy plash that answered the descent of  
mast and yard.

So, her cannon still defying, and her colors flaming,  
Nying,  
In her pit her wounded helpless, on her deck her  
admiral dead,  
Boared the Orient into darkness with her living and  
her dying.  
"Ye' our lads made shift to rescue threescore souls,"  
the seaman said.

Long the boy with knit brows wondered o'er that  
friendship of the foeman;  
Long the man with shut lips pondered; powerless he  
to tell the cause  
Why the brother in his bosom that desired the death of  
no man,  
In the crash of battle awakened, snapped the bonds  
of hate like straws.

While he mused, his toddling maiden drew the daisies  
to a posy;  
Mild the bells of Sunday morning rang across the  
churchyard sod;  
And, helped on by tender hands, with sturdy feet all  
bare and rosy,  
Climbed his babe to mother's breast, as climbs the  
slow world up to God.

Had that been written by a man—Rudyard Kipling, for instance—all the critics would have said, "How virile!" But the woman in the writer has given us that last verse, in which the "virile" is merged in the human, which is better. Another volume of good verse is 'A Handful of Lavender,' by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), showing her well-known quality of fine sympathy with nature, penetrated by a charm of execution which may easily become mannerism unless she has a care. James Whitcomb Riley has also a very close intimacy with nature, as seen in his 'Old-Fashioned Roses' (Longmans), but he will always suffer in the eyes of serious critics from having first appeared on the comic stage, thus forfeiting the associations of seriousness; so that the reader still turns first to "Griggsby's Station" and "Little Orphan Annie." Miles I'Anson, in 'The Vision of Misery Hill' (Putnam), has some of the coarser California flavors; while Harry Fenn's illustrations of the same book are coarser and cruder still.

There is good local coloring in 'Wildwood Chimes' (Cincinnati: Clarke), by Emma Withers, who has for material the beautiful mountain woods of West Virginia. On the other hand, there is in 'An Idyl of the Sun, and Other Poems,' by Orin Cederman Stevens (Holyoke, Mass.: Griffith), no local coloring at all—not even that of the sun—and while there are good touches, there is nothing which might not have been written anywhere. 'Lyrics of the Hudson,' by the late Horatio Nelson Powers (Boston: Lothrop), have a mediocre excellence above which rises these rather striking lines on that miracle yet unsung, the phonograph (p. 69):

#### THE PHONOGRAPH'S SALUTATION.

I seize the palpitating air. I board  
Music and speech. All lips that speak are mine.  
I speak, and the inviolable word  
Authenticates its origin and sign.

I am a tomb, a paradise, a throne,  
An angel, prophet, slave, immortal friend:  
My living records in their native tone  
Convict the knave and disputations end.

In me are souls embalmed. I am an ear  
Flawless as Truth; and Truth's own tongue am I.  
I am a resurrection, and men hear  
The quick and dead converse, as I reply.

A most curious and interesting little book, which might well have been much larger and more annotated, is a volume of poems and translations in Pennsylvania Dutch: 'Drauss un Deheim: Gedichte in Pennsylvänisch Deutsch bei 'm Charles Calvin Ziegler von Brushvalley, Pa.' (Leipzig: Hesse & Becker). There is no regular glossary, but there is a very careful appendix illustrating the pronunciation of the dialect, and some notes as to the influx, constantly increasing, of English words.





## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Journal of Education, Dec. 15, 1898.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born near Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. It is a fact that we have never seen attention called to, that on the year of Whittier's birth both the United States and Great Britain abolished the slave trade throughout all their territory and colonial possessions.

Whittier was descended from Thomas Whittier, who came to Haverhill with the Society of Friends in 1648. The Whittier family was famed far and near for its peace qualities. In 1697 and again in 1698 the Indians descended upon Haverhill, massacring in horrible fashion. On the former occasion they carried away Hannah Dustin, whose case was recited in all school readers forty years ago, and in the latter they killed and captured forty white inhabitants of Haverhill, but though they went and came by the door of the Whittiers, the scalps dangling from the belt, they never once molested the Whittier household. The spirit of the fathers was in John Greenleaf Whittier.

Strength of character and loyalty to the truth were equally noticeable traits of the Whittier family. It took seven generations of sturdy, liberty-loving, God-fearing yeoman to produce a Whittier. The father of the poet had a comfortable farmhouse on the outskirts of Haverhill. The house is still standing, and the electric cars run past the house from the Haverhill station. The father was in comfortable circumstances, but the poet was brought up to work on the farm in the summer, to attend the district school in the winter, and to work in the shoe shop of that day occasionally.

Young Whittier went to school in a dilapidated, one-storied shanty, standing not far from the Whittier homestead. This was the home of the schoolmaster, whose wife, somewhat given to drink, took care of her own babies "in the next room." In a poem, "To My Old Schoolmaster," is this verse, which follows one which speaks of a domestic discussion between the schoolmaster and his inebriated wife. Then,—

"Through the cracked and crazy wall  
Came the cradle rock and squall,  
And the good man's voice at strife  
With his shrill and tipsy wife."

Whittier was first aroused in poetic imagination by a volume of Burns, which fell into his hands in early boyhood. He was so fascinated with it that he spent every spare minute upon it. "He read it at night by the kitchen fire, at noon while resting in the shadow of the stone wall he was helping to build." Everything now took on a hue of poetry, which sought expression in rhythmical language. All this greatly disturbed his practical father, who saw naught but waste of time and energy therein, but the boy would write.

Whittier's "first verses for print" were written in blue ink on the coarsest kind of paper, and were

thrust under the door of William Lloyd Garrison's office, *The Free Press*, an obscure publication in the neighboring town of Newburyport. This was done after office hours and found by Garrison on the floor the next morning. The editor was about throwing the paper in the wastebasket unread—he had no need of poetry—but glanced at it casually, saw that it was poetry, "The Exile's Departure," and laid it away for use, but it did not appear till June 1, 1826. Of course young Whittier had looked in the *Free Press* every week for his lines, and when at last they appeared—well, no one knows how he felt except those who have seen their first verses in print, after weary weeks of waiting. There was no author's name with the verses, and as soon as they were printed, others were sent, all of which were printed. At length Garrison learned that they came "from a farmer's boy, named Whittier, living in East Haverhill." Garrison at once replied, "I will ride over and see that boy,"

He did so, and found father and son working together in the field. How little either thought that for fifty years they would work together in a great cause! This visit of Garrison decided the career of Whittier. Garrison was but two years his senior, but he was already a man of affairs, had seen much of the world, had a fair education, had deep convictions, an earnest purpose, and great courage. On that first visit he insisted that the father should give young Whittier something of an education, and two years in an academy followed. With this scholastic capital he went to Boston, and before he was twenty-one was editing the *American Manufacturer*.

From 1833 to 1837 he edited the *Haverhill Gazette*, and in those years he found his mission. He was now from twenty-six to thirty years of age. Before this time he had done editorial work in Boston, Haverhill, and Hartford, but now he lifted himself above mere journalism, and sent forth bugle blasts that helped to arouse the entire north. Those were memorable years. Webster had just delivered his famous reply to Hayne and was at the height of his glory; Great Britain abolished slavery throughout the British empire, 1833; the Whig party was born, 1834; the American Anti-slavery Society had just been founded, 1831; Andrew Jackson was the sensational president, and Van Buren succeeded him in 1837; the greatest financial crisis in the history of the United States was in 1837; Queen Victoria began her reign 1837; and E. P. Lovejoy was murdered for his anti-slavery sentiments in 1837; Carlyle wrote "Sartor Resartus"; Emerson, "Nature"; Hawthorne, "Twice Told Tales"; Goethe, "Faust"; Lord Lytton wrote "Last Days of Pompeii"; Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist"; De Tocqueville, "Democracy in America"; D'Aubigne, "History of the Reformation"; while Victor Hugo, Balzac, Strauss, Hans Christian Andersen, Irving, Bryant, Holmes, Cooper, Prescott, Lowell, Motley, Poe, Longfellow, Channing, Audubon, Greeley, Paulding, N.





P. Willis, Thackeray, Samuel G. Howe, the Brownings, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Harriet Martineau, Lockhart, Bronson Alcott, and Lydia Maria Child were catering to the literary world into which he was suddenly launched in those years. There were other important events: the New York Sun was born as a penny paper, 1833, and the first newsboys in America put in their appearance; temperance societies and anti-slavery societies were everywhere organized; an anti-abolition mob terrorized New York July 4, 1839; an anti-lottery movement was begun; the Ursuline convent in Charleston was burned, 1834; the sewing machine was invented; the telegraph was successfully used. Whittier came to his literary opportunity at one of the memorable periods of American life, and it is not to be wondered that he broadened his power and deepened his conviction in such times.

It was in this period, while editor of the Haverhill Gazette, that he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature. He removed to Amesbury in 1838, and devoted himself to literary work. His great opportunities were in the columns of the National Era of Philadelphia and the Atlantic Monthly of Boston, to both of which he was a frequent contributor.

Mr. Whittier's poetic genius was partially appreciated in 1857, when his volume of collected poems appeared, but it was not till 1866 that he was recognized as one of those "Great American Saints" who are also "Great American Poets." It was his "Snow-Bound" that led the critical world to see the power of genius in his lines. What Emerson's "Nature" was as a revelation of the possibilities of the American essay, Whittier's "Snow-Bound" was as a revelation of the possibilities of creating an ideal American life in verse. There is nothing else in American poetry that compares with this in several essentials. His "Tent, on the Beach" and "Among the Hills" were in the same line, but lacked, as did all his other verses, somewhat of the power of "Snow-Bound."

#### BRIEF RECORD.

1620.—Thomas Whittier, first American ancestor, born in England.

1638.—Thomas Whittier came to America and settled at Salisbury on the Merrimack.

1648.—Thomas Whittier moved to Haverhill, taking with him the first hive of bees in Haverhill, and \$400 as his worldly possession.

1669.—Joseph Whittier, from whom J. G. Whittier was descended, was born,—the youngest child.

1716.—Joseph second, grandfather of the poet, was born,—youngest child.

1760.—John, father of the poet,—tenth child.

1807.—December 7, John Greenleaf Whittier born. Because he came through the line of the youngest sons, there were but four lives connecting the poet with 1620.

1826. June 1 his first verses, "The Exile's Departure," appeared in the Newburyport Free Press.

1827.—First met Garrison.

1827.—Went to Haverhill Academy.

1828.—Edited American Manufacturer, Boston, Haverhill Gazette, New England Weekly Review of Hartford.

1833-7.—Returned to editorship of Haverhill Gazette.

1831.—"Legends of New England" published.

1832.—"Moll Pitcher."

1833.—An anti-slavery pamphlet.

1836.—"Mogg Megone."

1838.—"Anti-Slavery Ballads."

1850.—"Songs of Labor" and "Old Portraits."

1857.—Complete edition of poems, a great success.

1853.—War poems.

1866.—"Snow-Bound."

1867.—"Tent on the Beach."

1868.—"Among the Hills."

## NEW ENGLAND POETRY.

### Characteristics of Our Great Poets.

Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and  
Lowell

### Their Work for Literature and Humanity.

[Written for the Traveller.]

With the death of James Russell Lowell the poetical voice of New England ceases to be a great symphony, and consists only of broken chords; for death has previously robbed us of William Cullen Bryant and Henry W. Longfellow, and age and infirmities hushed the sweet songs of Whittier. Now the lyre is silent, waiting for a new master hand to touch and sing the yet unsung songs of humanity.

"Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Forth what I begin,  
And all I fail or win."

Poetry, the utterance of primeval thought, is the beginning of literature. The child loves poetry before it will listen to prose, and most of those whose names are familiar in the various paths of letters made their first step by means of rhyme. But a poet is, in the true sense of the word, born, not made. To be able to interpret the voices of the soul so that others can understand them, and to set that interpretation to the music of sound, is the gift of but few.

Until the beginning of the 19th century America had no literature of her own nor did she feel the need of any. The nation, like a family, had been "settling" and the mental food she had time for was borrowed from the mother country, which by its common history and language belonged as much to America as to England. But after the revolution America began to evolve a people and civilization of her own allied to, but a counterpart of no other. It was then that she began to feel the need of a liter-

ated with the law, Bryant being admitted to the Plymouth bar and practicing his profession for 10 years, while Longfellow intended to become a lawyer and was studying with his father, when offered a professorship in his Alma Mater and Lowell's paternal grandfather was a famous jurist. Each, during their lives travelled extensively in foreign lands; were received in England as men of acknowledged genius; all outlived the allotted years of

ception of the last mentioned, have points of striking similarity that might suggest a study of environment to the psychologist. All of them were men of education, of college training and Puritan ancestry. The early lives of the three were surrounded by the comforts and refinements of cultivated homes, Bryant's father and grandfather being physicians, Longfellow's father a lawyer and Lowell's a minister. All of them were in some way con-

ature of her own, for a borrowed one was no longer the medium of her thoughts or aspirations.

The want suggested a supply and from New England—the land that in its earlier days had banished music and song—came the poets and poetry of our first century, beginning with Bryant, who can properly be called the father of American verse, and ending with James Russell Lowell and John G. Whittier. The lives of these poets, with the ex-





man, were singularly happy in their domestic relations and were men of unexampled morality and integrity.

Bryant and Lowell shared in common an interest in politics, and occupied positions of political preferment, both commenced their literary careers as assistant editors of short-lived magazines.

Lowell and Longfellow claimed the same place of residence in their later years, were both twice married, and each in turn occupied the same chair in Cambridge University.

But here the similarity ceases. Bryant, voiced the moods of nature, Longfellow those of the heart and home, and Lowell the reason and the mind. The first has been styled the Wordsworth of his country, and some have charged him with imitation of, when his soul was only in sympathy with, the soul of the Lake poet. His style was thoughtful and dignified, and possessed a simple grandeur that has never yet been rivalled. He takes us from ourselves and our narrow ways into nature's great auditorium, he bids us listen to her voices and learn from her the hidden secrets of life. He knew nothing about the wild chaos of passion and regret of which Byron wrote, or the religious metaphysics of Shelley. His domestic joys during an unbroken married life of 45 years were unmarred, and his simple faith in the Deity during his 84 years of life unquestioned. Lowell said of him: "And shall we praise? God's praise was his before, and on our futile laurels he looks down, himself our bravest crown."

As he and nature had been inseparable life, so did he unite himself with her death, in that finest of his poems, "Thanatopsis."

So live that when the summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death.  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant

Longfellow, though he loves nature as a poet should, only thinks of her as the abode of Hiawathas and Evangelines. His province is the heart and home, his power to put a glory about the simplest act of the simplest life; as he humbly says:

"That is best which lieth nearest,  
Shape from this thy work of art."

Bryant could see a poem in a violet and Longfellow in a blacksmith. He spoke a universal language, and every one claimed him for their own, from the child of tender age to the white-haired patriarch. He neither dazzles the intellect or surprises the imagination as Lowell does, he moves on with a stately grace and steadiness of purpose to the end. He neither reaches above or falls below you. He is occasionally sad, but not melancholy.

His Evangeline does not die without seeing Gabriel; it is not an entirely popular ending to the weary search. He would have more sweet than bitter in life; he would not so much study her

problems as he would admire her ways.

The change from Longfellow to Lowell is like passing from the fair and sunny meadows where we have basked in warmth and flowers, to the high cliffs beyond, where the sunny meadows we have left become but a speck of the kaleidoscope of the world. If you wish to have him for company you must with him.

"—Not fear to follow out the truth,  
Albeit along the precipice's edge."

But he will never lead you over; he will carry you to the brink; he may show you a tender flower growing in its dark chasms and reaching for the light, or he may help you to measure the dark abyss, but you never fall because he never does.

He is bold and critical, keen and unswerving in his judgment, he sees his own faults and foibles, with their possibilities, as well as those of others. In his "Fable for Critics" he says of himself:

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus  
to climb,  
With a whole bale of isms tied together  
with rhyme,  
He might get on alone, spite of brambles  
and boulders,  
But he can't with that bundle he has on his  
shoulders,  
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh  
reaching  
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt sing-  
ing and preaching;  
His lyre has some chords that would ring  
pretty well,  
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the  
shell."

No one could have criticised him so keenly and kindly, as he has himself, but he does not tell the other side, that his admirers could. His pleasant manner of criticism is his most felicitous vein, it was the one upon which his reputation was founded in the first rise of the "Biglow Papers."

The story of Sir Launfal, in which the subject of the Golden Grail, or Last Cup of our Saviour is worked up in a manner to carry a lesson to any generation, is a beautiful religious conception. Here, as elsewhere, Lowell never lost sight of the nobility of simple goodness. 'Tis not in lofty crusades, but in good deeds at his own door that man is to work the perfection of his destiny.

He sees all about him "the ounce of gold exchanged for the ounce of dross," but he, with the prophetic insight of the poet, doubts not

"That after us some purer scheme  
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,  
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

He has carried out "the noble purpose of his life to noble ends," and as we think of his silent voice we wonder who will take up the unfinished psalm.

MARY INGERSOLL.

#### THE FORSAKEN FARMHOUSE.

Against the wooded hills it stands,  
Ghost of a dead home, staring through  
Its broken light on wasted lands  
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unplowed, unsowed, by scythe the unshorn,  
The poor forsaken farm fields lie,  
Once rich and rife with golden corn  
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,  
The garden plot no housewife keeps;  
Through weeds and tangle only left  
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,  
Sways bare before the empty rooms,  
Beside the roofless porch a sad,  
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track in mould and dust of drouth,  
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,  
And in the fireless chimney's mouth  
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall  
Resounds no more on hushing eves;  
No cattle low in yard or stall,  
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost  
Some haunting pre-ence makes its sign;  
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost  
Might drive his spectral kind.  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

#### The Manliness of Whittier's Verse. (Philadelphia Inquirer.) Dec 17/91

In many parts of the country Whittier would have been hanged to a lamp post with pleasure, and in all the other parts he was to some extent a social pariah. The manliness of fibre indicated by his anti-slavery efforts is abundantly manifested in his poetry, and in this sense it is superior to the work of any other American poet, and on this account it appeals to forceful people, who are doing the world's work, as the smartness of Emerson, the sentiment of Longfellow, the academic verse of Lowell and the mere word mongery of other writers cannot, do not and never will appeal.

#### WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

John G. Whittier Dec 17/91  
Many Friends From All New England  
Personally Greet the Poet.

NEWBURYPORT, Dec. 17.—The quiet Quaker house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carland on High street was the scene of unusual activity yesterday on the occasion of the 84th birthday of their friend and guest, and of New England's beloved poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Visitors were present from all parts of New England and gifts were sent from all over the world. Mr. Whittier was bright and vivacious and took great delight in conversing with his visitors.

The Whittier Club of Haverhill brought with them a bunch of artificial Mornu roses, encircled with broad bands of pink satin ribbon, upon the ends of which were stamped sketches of Mr. Whittier's birthplace and the old schoolhouse where he attended school. Mrs. James P. Nichols of the same city brought a bunch of pink.

The young ladies of Lasell seminary, Auburn, Mass., contributed some elegant tea roses, and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bullen of Newton also sent roses. A bouquet from Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Brown of Newburyport attracted attention on account of its size and beauty.

The poet Steadman gave an artistic oil painting of the Hampton meadows.

With the Haverhill party came three old schoolmates, frosty-headed and laden with years—Hon. J. H. Carleton of Haverhill, Mrs. Warren Ordway and T. B. Garland of Dover, N. H.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer president of Wellesley College and ex-governor and Mrs. Claflin called later in the day.

An important incident was the visit of Mrs. Bartlett, mother of the gallant W. W. Bartlett, of whom Mr. Whittier wrote in verse. Mrs. Bartlett is about 80 years old, and was a schoolmate of the poet, having attended the Haverhill Academy with him.











# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS 60TH BIRTH-DAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,  
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;  
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing  
here,  
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.  
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day  
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow.  
His genial presence, like an afterglow  
Following the one just vanishing away.  
Long be it ere the table shall be set  
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,  
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears,  
thereat  
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget,  
Waiting with him the call to come up higher.  
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher,  
6th mo, 26, 1889. —[John G. Whittier.

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

At Four Score and Four.

*Boston Transcript* Dec. 17, 1891

John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17th, 1807, and therefore is now four score and four years old. Like many another New England lad, he has, from the humblest walks of life, by his own strength and will and purpose, risen to that plane where he can stand before kings. The encyclopædia and biographies tell us of the early days, of the home in Haverhill, of the humble and moderate struggles with life and traffic, of the country boy sending his first poem to the paper in Newburyport, and of the coming of William Lloyd Garrison to the country house to seek out the author, of the mutual and true friendship which ever after existed between these men, of Mr. Whittier's literary and editorial writings. All through his life items and incidents have been caught up, so that the lover of poetry and reform, and the youth of our schools are as one in gaining inspiration and trust and courage by learning of one who has grown up in our own New England, whose life and poetry is revered and whom all the world delights to honor. In the presence of such men as Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier we stand with uncovered heads. Longfellow and Lowell have passed on, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier remain. It gives pleasure to the hearts of the admirers of the genius and ability of the genuine American to revere and recall the services which its great men and women have rendered the world. This pleasure grows upon our nation. The public schools enter into the celebration of the birthdays of these noble people with a true zeal. The men and women who have passed on to the immortal home are borne in mind, and those yet on the shores of time are not neglected. These men cannot be unmindful of the respect in which they were and are held. The world is quicker to respond to high thinking and genius than formerly. The world of science and mechanics has brought untold blessings to the student and poet. The genius of a Shakespeare would not have been relegated to a later generation to be appreciated if the telegraph and daily paper had existed in his day. These great forces publish to the world the exalted sentiments of reform, poetry, statesmanship and science, and those whose eye and ear are in attune are quick to respond. The rapid living of today brings people of similar likes and tastes speedily together. The world of today is quicker, readier to recognize genius and true worth than in earlier times.

I shall always regard it among the choice things of my experience that for four years I lived in Amesbury as a neighbor of Mr. Whittier, and that our meetings at the post office, on the street or in the house have in them treasures of thought and inspiration which will last with life. Oftentimes we have idols which we dare not take down from the pedestal. They do not bear handling, close inspection. There are au-

thors whose writings are noble, but whose daily living is full of sadness and disappointment. We know of them by their prose or their poetry, but an intimate knowledge of their characters and walk among men would shatter our idol. But not so with Mr. Whittier. His living will bear inspection. There are no skeletons in his closet. We do not have to halt and stammer when we speak one to another of his daily life. He loves his home life. He delights in his close friends. He was born in Haverhill. After the death of his father, the family sold the farm and removed to Amesbury, where they attended Meeting on the First Day. The youth of Whittier on the farm is oftentimes pictured in his poems. The scenes which meet him on the way from his home to his Meeting are those most fully and graphically dwelt upon. Early impressions have been his choice inspirations. Mr. Whittier became a writer and editor, his brother early left the old farm, a sister was the village schoolteacher, and another sister cared for the home and the mother advancing in years. Mr. Whittier is the only one remaining. His legal home is Amesbury, and he is ever there on election day. The homestead is cared for nowadays by Judge Cate. The home being broken, Mr. Whittier goes about among his several stopping places. Now he is at Danvers, now Newburyport, now Portland, now Helderberg among the White Mountains. But to Amesbury he is attached with deep love. He is now eighty-four years old. The other day I was talking with Judge Cate; he said, "Mr. Whittier is not a sick man, but is an old man." It is not strange, therefore, that reports often get into the papers concerning his ill-health. Nature must with him soon give way. The poor body may become frail and fall, but his great and noble soul, like that of his old companion, will go "marching on." He has given much to the world. And the world is not slow in returning the appreciation. It does his heart good to know of the world-wide reverence in which he is held. No man could resist the sympathy which rolls in upon him; and yet he sees how small his work has been. He sees wherein he could have done better. His heart is like that of us all. Experience and age have brought us lessons. And we all can readily see wherein a better and a nobler living and influence could have been wrought. We are not satisfied with

what we have attained. We desire to perfect that which we have, and do better than what we have accomplished. In his age, as men count age, Mr. Whittier is still young, hopeful, cheerful. He has ever regarded the upper and nobler side of life, and this has been for the keeping of his heart near to the source of those passions for purity, trust, confidence and true joy, which make youth and childhood the delight of all the world.

The Quaker meeting-house, where Mr. Whittier through all his life has attended, is but a short distance from the homestead in Amesbury. Here are the memories of the friends with whom he has trod the quiet aisles of prayer. But it is the tradition that the Spirit never moved him to speak in Meeting. He is gifted as a writer, the finest and purest of literature flows from his pen; but yet he cannot, or at least has not, spoken in Meeting. Conversing with him once on preaching without a manuscript, Mr. Whittier asked, "How can thee think on thy feet?" This was a great mystery, how that a person could stand before an audience without a manuscript. It is a great thing to do. Many attempt, but few, very few, succeed. Mr. Whittier is a lover of travels, diaries, biographies, and he follows with keen delight our explorations in new and unknown regions. The exploits of his friend Greeley into the Arctic circle kept his mind at high tension, and when the word passed over the world that Greeley was rescued

—with all his neighbors, he rejoiced. And when Stanley was in the depths of an African continent, he said that he would rather shake hands with Stanley than any other man. Mr. Whittier delights in the common life and in the daring and heroism of a person who is striving to unfold and bring to light new and hidden things. The explorations going on in Palestine, Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh as well as among the ruined cities of the Roman and Grecian realm engage his mind. And yet with all his love of travel, of journeys in foreign lands, of explorations in tropic or polar parts—with his liking for these, Mr. Whittier is no traveller, scarcely having been out of New England, except to Philadelphia. And further, he is a lover of grand views, he revels in looking upon the rolling and unceasing ocean, he revels amidst the landscapes of the White Mountains, yet has never seen Niagara Falls—a natural wonder of all the world, within five hundred miles of his own home. The varied, choice and luxuriant landscapes of his own Essex County give him pleasure. Here are rolling lands, river, mountain view and ocean. These thrilled his heart and have moved his pen to give word-pictures of nature and landscape unsurpassed.

Mr. Whittier is a rare conversationalist. A person of his tastes and temperament, however, has moods and moments when to converse would be almost impossible. At such times Mr. Whittier has been known not to recognize a neighbor. His mind was upon other things; he was engrossed, so that the matters of ordinary life were unnoticed. This is not a strange experience. It is that of which every strong and earnest person knows. But I have been with Mr. Whittier when at his best, when his tongue would be loosened, and rich and quickened conversation would flow from his lips. He was full of reminiscence. His choice was subjects of exploration, travel, early American sociology, the reforms of the day, the fresh industries of the Church; all gave him wide fields for conversation.

Mr. Whittier is no mean student of theology and religious efforts. He has always kept his mind fresh and vigorous with new reading and study. He is not a theologian, but loves the study of God; and this study is the more keen and lively because of his deep love for humanity, made in the likeness of God. He is a student of the better side of human nature. He believes in the nature of man. He holds the idea that sin, wrong, injustice are vulnerable. That the nature within the soul, if it but assert itself, would cast out sin and trample injustice and wrong underneath the feet. The great thought of Jesus is a theme of inspiration—that good is able to overcome evil. In his study of God and humanity, he early saw their kinship, and all his appeals were from this point. He had no long definitions for God, for the mission of Jesus, the nature of the human heart, the mysteries of life or the world into which we shall pass. Few, but central, ideas have governed him all through life. His religion is an affair to live. It is the reception of a truer and nobler character. It is a sentiment, a faith, a confidence, which is real in the common ways and trials of today. He reduces whole schemes of theology to simple statements, and these he does not thrust upon others. But his great statements of God, duty, the masterful spirit of Jesus and humanity set forth in perfect gems of rhythm and rhyme, have been given with such sweet reasonableness as have made them handmaids in helping the world into a clearer and more delightful vision of God and immortality. The exquisite liberality and tone of his poems lead and hold our hearts. His poems are forceful because they tell us in direct and unhesitating language the story of his faith and confidence. It takes a strong person, to master and lead. Mr. Whittier is strong; and men and women of all lands and of all





phases of religious belief have been by him assisted and upbuilt in spirit and in truth.

"O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our names or sign,  
We own thy way, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one;  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,  
We know in thee the Fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may thy service be?—  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee."

The poems of Mr. Whittier, whether of the reforms of his early manhood, or relating to the society of early Quaker and Puritan days, or in reminiscence of some heroic and patriotic incident, were each composed from the high plane of the spiritual. The summit of life is his standpoint. From this he views life and all experience. They who are on the mountain gain the better and clearer view. Looking at life as it is, from the spiritual outlook, a new animation and courage is gained. Mr. Whittier came to the defence of the weak, the oppressed and the wronged, and because of the high point of judgment in the time of crisis, he has been able to be a powerful prince among the Lord's host on the earth, in making the weak stronger, the oppressed to be made free and the wronged to be so presented that the world has hastened to undo the injustice. The poetry of Whittier has been helpful, hopeful and brave. The word of courage and of help is the word humanity needs. There is love, true love, beneath it all. The lives of many have been distorted, ill-grown and unfolded, because of the older teachings of man's nature, of the far-away character of the ministries of Jesus and the placing of God on a throne far away and only judging and frowning; but in the newer Protestantism where love and grace and brotherhood are emphasized and enforced, the better side of humanity will be brought out and ennobled. The story of the Eternal Goodness is true of all hearts. The earnest thought finds ready response. Humanity has been voiced by those enrapturing lines—

"Who fathoms the eternal thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God! He needeth not  
The poor device of man.  
I walk with bare bushied feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God."

Mr. Whittier recognizes the justice of God, he knows of divine royalty, he sees a world of pain, within himself no merit, but yet in all the maddening maze of things he knows that God is good. No man is more willing to take the world as it is.

"The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above;  
I know not of his hate,—I know  
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And with the chastened Psalmist own  
His judgments too are right.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled ear,  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift.  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

Such words and sentiments have been for the ushering in of a new dispensation. They help us to read all life and trial in the light of an unceasing affection. Truly, the world owes and is ready to bestow gratitude upon Mr. Whittier, and prays that his remaining days may be free from pain and full of love and peace.

ANSON TITON.

#### A Visit to the Poet Whittier at Oak Knoll.

The picture of this favorite New England poet in the December Arena, and the interesting sketch in the same number by George Stewart, LL.D., has brought back to my mind a visit made to this friendly and philanthropic author at Oak Knoll, several years ago. I started from Groveland, Mass., with a friend and reached his winter home on a forenoon of March. As we stood at his door a light snow began to fall, and the sweet, humid atmosphere and picturesque color of those surroundings are vividly brought back in vision.

We had been told that he could not see strangers, and were pleasantly surprised when he came to the door himself to welcome us. He led us into his study, and the comfort and refinement of this sweet, homelike room were made apparent to our souls before the surroundings and pictorial effects were apparent to our sight.

When we were comfortably seated, he left the room, and soon returned with his arms full of shingles which had been dropped from a roof lately repaired. These light fragments which burn so freely had been brought to replenish the fire on the hearth which was to welcome us, and the gentle service of his bringing the fuel in himself reminds me still of the spirit of "Snow Bound," that much-loved description of New England farm life when he was a boy.

What a sweet season we spent on that gray March day with the dear old poet would be as hard to describe as to picture.

#### "The soul of the rose!"

The influence was as calm, sweet and gentle as the spirit of the Hebrew psalm, which brings the sight of green pastures and gently gliding waters which restore the soul.

We had not expected to pass an hour there, not being acquainted with the trains, but were courteously constrained to stay to dinner. We sat down soon to the table of his hospitable cousins, whose home is open to the poet at Oak Knoll in Denver, Mass. If I could turn to an old letter which I wrote after this visit, I could tell you much of the conversation that day in the poet's home, which made us free as among friends. He even said that it rested and pleased him to see us there. He soon alluded to his life in Haverhill, as our Groveland home is only across the Merrimack river from that now busy city. He spoke of the old brick academy where he went to school in 1827. That building is now in fine repair, and stands on a commanding place in Winter street. The pupils who tread those shaded walks of the now called "Whittier School" are younger than he was when he studied so zealously for half a year there to prepare to teach the boys and girls in the district school of the region now called West Amesbury. He spoke of that part of his editorial career when he was connected with the Haverhill Gazette, and we remembered together some of the persons of his acquaintance who still dwell in the Merrimack Valley.

After dinner, when the fire was renewed, the conversation drifted gently to books and poetry. It did not seem to weary him when I spoke of some of his own works, and especially

of one called "Memories," a charming lyric of tender pictures of a youthful friend—

"A beautiful and happy girl,  
With step as soft as summer air."

His kind eyes brightened when I declared that I loved that best of all, and that I had learned it from "Russell's Reader" when I was a young girl at Bradford Academy. He said, "I love it, too; but I hardly knew whether to publish it, it was so personal and near to my heart."

While I sat thus listening to his gentle voice the words of the sweet poem came back, and the vision that he loves so well of the pathways around the Merrimack, and the forest-shaded brooks and mossy hill. Then the harmony of the scene was blended with the spirit of his sylvan songs, till the last verse of that poem called "Memories" came back to me thus, entire—

"Thus while at times before our eye  
The clouds around the present part,  
And smiling through them round us lie  
Soft hues of memory's morning sky,  
The Indian Summer of the heart—  
In secret sympathies of mind,  
In founts of feeling, which retain  
Their pure, fresh glow, we yet may find  
Our early dreams not wholly vain."

Before the afternoon waned we asked the privilege to go out to the grounds of this fine mansion, although the gentle snow was still falling, flake by flake, in soft crystals.

The atmosphere which was the precursor of coming spring, was as serene as the poet's life which we had seen through his pure personality here in these sequestered shades. The silver sky and the misty air blended in tone with the leaves of the larch-trees, which still remained on the trees to tell of the summer which was passed. As we gathered some of these types of nature to send to other shores, the whole picture of the home at Oak Knoll was stamped upon our souls, with the serene poet as the living spirit, never to be forgotten.

We entered the house again and the fire once more sent up its "ruddy glow," as when in that old farmhouse, the birthplace of this loved one—

"Shut in from all the world without  
[They] sat the clean-winged hearth about."

We bent over the bright flames together again and talked of some of the mysteries of life, and its many changes and compensations. He was just ready to give some thought on the central truth of spiritualism, when our carriage came to take us away from Oak Knoll. After kindest farewells, we did not need to look back to the mansion and the trees, for we carried in memory the sweet scenes and the serene thoughts of beauty and truth personified there.

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

8 Pembroke Street.

Boston Traveller, Dec. 7, 1891.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The hearts of thousands of his countrymen throughout the length and breadth of the land, will turn to-day, with love and grateful remembrance, to John Greenleaf Whittier, New England's best-loved poet, as he passes another milestone in his long life-journey, and enters on his eighty-fifth year. There may have been greater poets than he; very likely he will never have in the world's judgment, a place among the few great immortals, but the world will not forget that for half a century his songs have been for the





hope and the help of his fellowmen. His verse abounds with the great immortal truths which stimulate faith, hope and courage; he has been the poet of peace, of religion; he has awakened the deepest, tenderest, holiest emotions. He has made men love him. "Snow Bound," is worthy a place beside the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Between the Gates," "Among the Hills," the "Centennial Ode," "Maud Muller," and those matchless lyrics, in "Voices of Freedom," and "In War Time," will not be forgotten by humanity. In the late hour of his afternoon of life, as the shadows fall, he is naturally lonely. Dr. Holmes, in writing to him pays him this tribute, though there is a pathos in his words: "I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past. Happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon. It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with you now. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years." John G. Whittier is secure in the affection and respect of his countrymen. He has never failed in his duty.

## WHITTIER'S NEWBURYPORT POSTER

Now and then the item reappears in the papers that the poet Whittier is staying this winter at Cartland's Garden, Newburyport. This must amuse the Newburyport people, since there is no place of that name except the garden attached to Mr. Cartland's house, and it is not to be supposed that the poet spends much time there at this season.

Mr. Whittier is with his friends, Joseph Gertrude Whittier Cartland, the latter a cousin. The house is one of the large square houses so common in Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, very attractive for their ample room, simplicity, and hospitalities of construction. It fronts the south—a very desirable thing wherever, as in our climate, the wants of the winter linger longer and are more imperative than those of summer; and on every side can be taken, on a drive or a walk, while the view is of open glades, fruitful trees, and pleasant homes, and the landscape is broad and unobscured, and the sunsets in all their glory. The family is very influential in character and religious faith—in a double sense he is staying and, as free as

Mr. Garland is brother of the friend, "M. A. M." to whom the touching memorial poem was addressed by Mr. Whittier:

One in our faith, and one in our longing  
To make the world within our reach  
Somewhat the better for our living,  
And gladder for our human speech

The task was thine to mould and fashion  
Life's plastic softness into stone,  
To make the boyish heart heroic,  
And fight with thought for maiden's love.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cartland were known for many years as admirable teachers. Mrs. Cartland has a serene and charming presence, rich brown eyes, a gentle voice, and her words are timely and aptly chosen. She often leads the prayers of the Friends, and always with acceptance. She has compiled a book containing a passage of Scripture and a quotation from Whittier for every day in the year, and has written several valuable articles in the interest of education and spiritual progress.

Mr. Whittier is within a few miles of  
Amherst, an hour in the day to reach the  
steam-boat. He is greatly beloved in his town  
and in the many years his home, and the  
people are glad to give his name to a memorial  
steamer, and to erect other enterprises; while he,  
in turn, has deeply at heart his best work.  
Thus his years pass on, full of sympathy with  
man and fervent love to God, his life like his  
gender, a benediction to humanity.—Boston  
Chronicle.

# POET WHITMAN AT REST

Men of Note at the Funeral of the  
Aged Bard.

## ROBERT J. INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE

Record Mar. 31, 1892.  
Simple Ceremonies at the Tomb in

Herleight—Touching Scenes at

**The Little Camden Cottage.**

### MANY Floral Tributes.

That William lies in his tomb, at last at Harington cemetery, Camden. Rugged yet picturesque the Etruscan-like vault nestles within the eastern hillside, a spot of undisturbed natural beauty which appealed to his own heart, and there in one of his crypts, under the bright sun-shine yesterday afternoon, the child-like magnificence of nature and immortality in beauty was laid away in his dreamless sleep.

Yesterday morning the humble little church on Middle street, wherein so many years of patient suffering were passed, became a shrine. From the moment the doors were opened to the throng at 10 o'clock to the evening until after 1 in the afternoon, and the stream of the dead went in and out of a shrine, made their last adieu to the world and bid farewell upon the placid face of the mute slinger, almost frozen in its agony from long pain. There were many the simple few folk, but very few his vigorous but strange looking familiar with his swarthy face and eyes and bushy black locks of gray and his strong, kindly sympathetic ways. In the 18000 people crowded the little cot- tage, and no real homage.

TO MARK TWAIN

on his 101<sup>st</sup> birthday, which occurs Nov. 22, 1906.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Castle*,

▲ Ah! Children, when I saw thee last—  
We both of us were younger—  
How fondly musing o'er the past  
Is Memory's toothless finger!

And fifty years have fled, they say,  
 Since "H" at you took to drinking—  
 And Nature's milky way—  
 Of course he'd be I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road  
Your track you've been pursuing,  
What fortuitous from your wit have flowed—  
What drinks you have been brewing!

I know whence all your magic came—  
Your secret I've discovered—  
The source that fed your inward flame—  
The dreams that round you hovered;

Before you learned to bite or munch  
Still kicking in your cradle,  
The Nurses mixed a bowl of punch  
And Huggo seized the ladle.

And thus he seized the prize,  
 From babe, whose fiftieth year to-day  
 Your age half century rounded,  
 That took the precious draught betray  
 The laughing Nine compounded.

To mix the sweet, the sharp, the strong,  
 Each finds its faults amended,  
 The virtues that to each belong  
 In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass  
Of lemon, spirit, lemon?  
So while one health fills every glass  
Mark Twain for Baby Clement!

**MEN OF NOTE IN THE THRONE.**

Among the multitude was jostled several men of illustrious note, so plainly mannered themselves as to be in perfect accord with the atmosphere of common fellowship which pervaded that sanctuary of the dead. There was unpretentious John Burroughs, the great lover of the book, Whitman's old comrade, and at his elbow a companionable Moncure D. Conway, deep thinker, whose honor it was to be the first author to greet Whitman, having saluted him as Emerson's ambassador just after the publication of "Leaves of Grass." Conway it was, too, who wrote in the *Fortnightly* the first article upon Whitman to appear abroad. Also were present Dr. Horace Furness, Arthur Steadman, in lieu of his father, Edmund Clarence Steadman; W. Sloan Kennedy and Hamlin Garland, of Boston; H. H. Gilchrist, the artist who painted Whitman's portrait two years ago; Dr. E. W. Bueks, of London, Whitman's biographer, and many other locally well-known representatives of science and letters.

Colonel George W. Whitman, a brother, had come on with his wife from Arlington, and Whitman's friends, Thomas B. Harned, William Ingram and Horace Traubel, were there. The pall-bearers were: John Burroughs, H. H. Wilchrist, Arthur Steadman, W. Sloan Kennedy, Franklin Garland, Senator A. G. Catell, Judge C. G. Garrison, William Ingram, Talcott Williams, J. H. Johnston, of New York; J. H. Clifford, H. S. Morris, H. L. Benson, Thomas Donaldson and Thomas Waring the artist. Colonel Robert G. Ingram and his wife arrived shortly after noon.

## A DEEP SYMPATHY.

"What a wonderful sympathy Whitman  
 displayed," Margaret Conway remarked.  
 "He seemed to himself men of the  
 noblest character." His tolerance was  
 broad and free.

the parlor hung the portrait of W. H. Hick's father and mother. The portrait of Elias Hicks, which he had just bought. From the mantel sat a copy of the biography of Walt Whitman, and there, mathematically upon his





in the familiar garb of gray, with wide collar and cuffs of white, he looked remarkably life-like, the face composed in the calm of death.

#### SOME OF THE FLORAL TRIBUTES.

At the head of the casket stood an ivy wreath with a cluster of beautiful Easter lilies, the tribute of Professor Geoffrey Bridgewater, of Camden. Edmund Clarence Steadman had sent a large wreath of joy, with a touching poem to breathe: "Good By, Old Walt!" Post Thomas Palmer Aldrich remembered the dead bard with ivy and violets, and Editor Richard Watson Gilder and wife crowned the casket with splendid laurels and palms. Numerous other floral tributes surrounded the coffin, among them some purple gossamers by Edgar McKimsey, one of Whitman's "boys" of old, from the grave of Francis Scott Key in Frederick, Md.

#### THE FIRST FAREWELL KISS.

When the lid of the coffin was about to shut the dear face out from his sight forever, Colonel George Whitman broke down and sobbingly leaned over printed three reverent kisses upon the glass above the silent lips. With tears in his eyes Walt Whitman's old friend, John Burroughs, bent forward and pressed there also a farewell kiss.

Over the dusty pike and the winding, brown paths of the cemetery, twenty hacks followed the hearse to the rugged hillside vault. Ten carloads of people had preceded it there, and many had journeyed on foot. Three thousand spectators saw the poet entombed.

Close by the tomb a large tent had been pitched, and under its white roof the last rites were said, the addresses being interspersed with spiritual lessons from Confucius, Buddha, the Zend-Avesta and the Koran, Plato, Isaiah and Jesus. The ceremony was solemnly inaugurated by Francis Howard Williams, who read Whitman's sublime "Death Carol," with its under-rhythm of beauty and hope.

#### COUNSELLOR HARNED'S TESTIMONY.

Lawyer Thomas B. Harned bore simple testimony to Whitman's seventeen years' sojourn in Camden, his gentleness, charity, wisdom and simplicity. "He cared for the companionship of the common people," he said, "Every moment of his life tallied with the teachings of his books. It is because of his personal request to me, that I speak to-day to return his thanks to the people, especially of Camden, for their many acts of kindness, while he has been one of its humble citizens. Don't forget, he said, to say: Thanks, thanks, thanks."

Dr. Bucke, remarkably, like his dead friend in appearance, spoke feelingly of the great spirit he had come to recognize in Whitman. He said that Whitman still lived, as he had sung:

"The best of me then when no longer visible,  
As towards that I have been incessantly  
Preparing."

"We thought we were to lose him in midwinter," said Dr. E. S. Brinton, "but he was spared until the springing of the leaves of grass, typical to him of the mysterious soul of nature. Undisputable, infinitely loving, he preached the gospel of man, that the individual is autocrat of the world. He taught robust love among men, tender sympathy among women. 'Know thyself,' said the Greek sage; 'Deny thyself,' said Jesus; 'Be' thyself," said Whitman. They are all evolutions of the same belief."

#### INGERSOLL'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

Colonel Ingersoll was visibly affected with grief for his long-time friend and as he proceeded with his address spoke with quivering lips. When the coffin was afterwards being placed in the tomb his eyes

filled with tears. "I cannot help it," he said, "although I feel that, like an escaped prisoner, he has quitted life." Ingersoll's inspiring address was as follows:

Again, we, in the mystery of Life, are brought face to face with the mystery of Death. A great man—a great American—the most eminent citizen of this Republic—is dead before us. And we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and to his worth. I know that he needs no words of mine. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the Poet of Humanity, of Sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest; that he met without arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of men. He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick, he sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is his. Speaking of an outcast—and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived—he said:

"Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

A charity as wide as the sky. And wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above the earth.

#### THE GREAT AMERICAN VOICE.

He was built on a broad and splendid plan—ample, without appearing to have limitations—passing easily for a brother of mountains and seas and constellations—caring nothing for the little maps and charts that timid pilots hug the shore with, and giving himself freely, with the recklessness of genius, to winds and waves and tides; caring for nothing as long as the stars were above him. And he walked among men, among writers, among verbal varnishers and veneers, among literary milliners and tailors with the unconscious dignity of an antique god. He was the poet, also, of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice, uttered a song worthy of the great Republic. No man has ever said more for the rights of humanity—more in favor of real democracy or real justice. He neither scorned nor cringed—was neither tyrant nor slave. He asked only to stand beneath the great flag of nature, the blue and the stars.

#### THE POET OF LIFE AND LOVE.

He was the poet of life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and waves burst into the white caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills; he was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. He not only saw those objects but understood their meaning, and he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow men.

He was also the poet of love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world, that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art, that divine passion that has made the world worth living in and gives some value to human life.

#### THE POET OF THE HUMAN RACE.

He was the poet of the natural and

taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural. He was not only the poet of love, not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the great Republic, he was the poet of the human race, everywhere. He was not confined to the limits of this country, but his sympathy went out over the seas to all the nations of the earth. He stretched his hand and he felt himself the equal of all kings and of all princes and the brother of all men, no matter how high, no matter how low.

He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other. He was above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all art, rises the true man greater than all. He was a true man, and he walked amongst his fellow men as such.

He was also, as has been said, the poet of death. He accepted all—life and death, and he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody.

#### HIS PHILOSOPHY WAS A SKY.

You know better than I what his life has been. But let me say one thing. Knowing, as he did, what others can know and what they cannot, he accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. His philosophy was a sky that embraced all clouds and accounted for all clouds. He had a philosophy and a religion of his own, broader, as he believed—and as I believe—than others. He accepted all, he absorbed all, and he was above all. He was true absolutely to himself. He had frankness, courage, and he was as candid as light. He was willing that all the sons of men should be absolutely acquainted with his heart and brain. He had nothing to conceal. Frank, candid, pure, serene, noble. And for years and years he was maligned and slandered simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned—his frankness, his candor—will add to the glory and the greatness of his fame. He wrote a liturgy for humanity, he wrote a great and splendid psalm of life, and he gave to us the gospel of humanity—the greatest gospel that can be preached—the gospel of humanity.

#### SANG OF THE DUSK AND DAWN.

He was not afraid to live, not afraid to speak his thought; neither was he afraid to die. For many years he and Death lived near neighbors. He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this thing called Death. And for many months, he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for the night. In his brain were the blessed memories of the day; and in his heart were mingled the dawn and dusk of life. He was not afraid, but cheerful every moment. The laughing nymphs of day did not desert him. They remained that day might clasp the hand of the veiled and silent sisters of the night when they should come. And when they did come, Walt Whitman stretched his hands to both—on one side nymphs of day, on the other the silent sisters of the night. And so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end. From the frontier of life; from the western, wave-kissed shore, he sent us messages of content and hope, and those messages seem now like strains of music blown by the mystic Trumpeter from Death's pale realm.

#### HIS DEAR WORDS IMMORTAL.

To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. Charitable as the air and generous





as nature, negligent of all except to do and say what he believed he should do and should say. And I, to-day, thank him not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him to-day for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children, and I thank him for the brave words he has said on the subject of death. Since he has lived death is less fearful than it was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark valley of the shadow holding Walt Whitman by the hand. Long after we are dead, the brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying.

And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living and I love him still.

## THE EVENING POST

### WALT WHITMAN.

#### His Death on Saturday Evening—His Life and His Literary Place.

Walt Whitman, the poet, died at a quarter before seven o'clock last Saturday evening, at his home in Camden, N. J. He began to sink at 4:30 o'clock, and grew gradually weaker until the end, which was peaceful. Mr. Whitman's death came unexpectedly at last, although he had been very low for several months. His funeral will take place on Wednesday at two o'clock.

Walt, or Walter, Whitman was born in West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819, and was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and New York city. He afterwards learned printing, and worked at that trade in summer, teaching in winter. Later on he acquired a good deal of skill as a carpenter. For brief periods of his career he edited newspapers in New Orleans and on Long Island, and in 1847-'48 he made long pedestrian tours through the United States, generally following the courses of the great Western rivers. He also made pedestrian explorations in Canada. His 'Leaves of Grass' was published first in 1855. During the war his brother was wounded on the battlefield, and he hastened to visit him in camp, becoming a volunteer army nurse, in which capacity he served for three years in Washington and in Virginia. His experiences are recorded in 'Drum-Taps' and other poems. Want of rest and nervous strain brought on a severe illness in 1864, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. In 1870 he published his 'Democratic Vistas.' From 1865 to 1874 he held a Government clerkship in Washington. In the latter year he was stricken by paralysis and retired to Camden, where he was gradually recovering when the sudden death of his mother in his presence caused a relapse, and he has remained in a crippled condition ever since, although until lately his general health was fair. His intellectual powers remained unaffected. In his prime Mr. Whitman had a magnificent physique, and to the last his presence was imposing, his white hair giving him a most venerable appearance in his later years. At times he felt the pinch of poverty, but his wants were few and simple, and he had friends who were always ready to contribute to the relief of his necessities. Among his published works may be mentioned 'Leaves of Grass,' 'Passage to India,' 'After All, Not to Create Only,' 'Two Rivulets,' 'Specimen Days and Collect,' 'November Boughs,' and 'Sands at Seventy.'

It has been the curious experience of Walt Whitman to find his inspiration almost wholly in his own country, and his admirers almost wholly in another. The rhythmic apostle of democracy, he has had, in the word of one of his staunch admirers, "absolutely no popular following" at home; and the gradual increase of his circle of special readers, even here, has been largely recruited from the class he least approves—those who desire to be English, even in their fads. The same thing was true, years ago, of "Joaquin" Miller; but while he has gradually faded from view, the robust personality of Whitman has held its own, aided greatly by his superb and now blighted physique, by the persistent and somewhat exaggerated panegyrics on his services as an army nurse, and by that rise in pecuniary value which awaits all books classed by the book-venders as "facets" or "curiosa." All this constitutes a combination quite unique. To many the mere fact of foreign admiration is a sufficient proof of the greatness of an American; they have never outgrown that pithy proverb, the result of the ripe experience of a young Philadelphian of twenty-one, that "a foreign country is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." But when we remember that the scene of this particular fame was England, and that it was divided with authors now practically forgotten—with "Artemus Ward" and "Joah Billings" and the author of 'Sam Slick'; when we remember how readily the same recognition is still given in England to any American who mispells or makes fritters of English, or who enters literature as Lady Morgan's Irish hero entered a drawing-room, by throwing a back somersault in at the door; the judicious American will by no means regard this experience as final. It must be remembered, too, that all the malodorous portions of Whitman's earlier poems were avowedly omitted from the first English edition of his works; he was expurgated and fumigated in a way that might have excited the utmost contempt from M. Guy de Maupassant, or indeed from himself, and so the first presentation of this poet to his English admirers was, as it were, clothed and in his right mind. Again, it is to be remembered that much of the vague sentiment of democracy in his works, while wholly picturesque and novel to an Englishman—provided he can tolerate it at all—is to us comparatively trite and almost conventional; it is the rhythmic or semi-rhythmic reproduction of a thousand Fourth of July orations, and as we are less and less inclined to hear this oft-told tale in plain prose, we are least of all tempted to read it in what is not even plain verse. There is, therefore, nothing remarkable in the sort of parallax which exhibits the light of Whitman's fame at so different an angle in his own country and in England.

But while an English fame does not of itself prove an American to be great—else were we all suing for Buffalo Bill's social favor as if we were members of the British aristocracy—it certainly does not prove that he is not great; and it is for us to view Whitman as passionately as if he were an author all our own, like Whittier or Parkman, of whom an English visitor will tell you, with labored politeness, that he has a vague impression of having heard of him. The most distinct canonization ever afforded to Whitman on our own shores was when Mr. Stedman placed him among the *Di Majores* of our literature by giving him a separate chapter in his 'Poets of America'; and though it is true that this critic had already cheapened that honor by extending it to Bayard Taylor, yet this was obviously explained in part by personal friendship and partly by the wish not to give New England too plainly the lion's share of fame. Possibly this last consideration may have had influence in the case of Whitman also; but it is impossible not to see in this chapter a slightly defensive and apologetic tone, such as appears nowhere else in the book. Mr. Stedman's own sense of form is so strong, his instinct of taste so trust-

worthy, and his love-poetry in particular of so high and refined a quality, that he could not possibly approach Whitman with the sort of predetermined sympathy that we might expect, for instance, from Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Amélie Rives.

There seems to be a provision in nature for a class of poets who appear at long intervals, and who resolutely confine themselves to a few very simple stage properties, and substitute mere cadence for form. There is, or was, an Ossian period, when simple enthusiasts sat up at night and read until they were sleepy about the waving of the long grass on the blasted heath, and the passing of the armed warrior and the white-bosomed maiden. Ossian is not much read now, but Napoleon Bonaparte admired him and Goethe studied him. Neither is Tupper now much cultivated, but men not very old assure us that his long, rambling lines were once copied by the page into extract-books, and that he was welcomed as relieving mankind from the tiresome restraints of verse. It would be a great mistake, doubtless, to class Whitman with Ossian on the one side, or Tupper on the other; but it would be a still greater error to overlook the fact that the mere revolt against the tyranny of form has been made again and again, before him, and that without securing immortal fame to the author of the experiment.

It is no uncommon thing, moreover, for the fiercest innovating poets to revert to the ranks of order before they die; as Wordsworth gradually became conventional and Swinburne decent. Whitman has abstained, through all his later publications, from those proclamations of utter nudity which Emerson called "priapism," in connection with "Leaves of Grass"; and is far more compressed and less simply enumerative than when he began. True poetry is not merely the putting of thoughts into words, but the putting of the best thoughts into the best words; it gives us, as in painting, the *o* of Glotter; it secures for us what Ruskin calls "the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line." It fires a rifle-bullet instead of a shower of bird-shot; it culls the very best phrase out of language instead of throwing a dozen epithets to see if one may chance to stick. For example, Emerson centres his "Problem" in "a cowed churchman"; Browning singles out an individual bishop or rabbi, as the case may be; but Whitman enumerates "priests on the earth, oracles, sacrificers, brahmins, sabbians, llamas, monks, muftis, exhorters." In "The Song of the Broad-Axe" there are nineteen successive lines beginning with the word "Where"; in "Salut au Monde" eighteen beginning with "I see." In "I sing the body electric" he specifies in detail "Wrists and wrist-joints, hand, palm, knuckles, thumb, forefinger, finger-joints, finger-nails," with thirteen more lines of just such minutiae. In the same poem he explains that he wishes his verses to be regarded as "Man's, woman's, child's, youth's, wife's, husband's, mother's, father's, young man's, young woman's poems." It is like bringing home a sackful of pebbles from the beach and asking you to admire the collected heap as a fine sea view. But it is to be noticed that these follies diminish in his later works; the lines grow shorter; and though he does not acquiesce in rhyme, he occasionally accepts a rhythm so well defined that it may be called conventional, as in the fine verses entitled "Darest thou now, O Soul?" And it is a fact which absolutely overthrows the whole theory of poetic structure or structurelessness implied in Whitman's volumes, that his warmest admirers usually place first among his works the poem on Lincoln's death, "My Captain," which comes so near to recognized poetic methods that it actually falls into rhyme.

Whitman can never be classed, like the German Schlegelmacher, among "God-intoxicated" men; but he was early intoxicated with two potent draughts—himself and his country:

One's self I sing, a simple separate person  
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En Masse.





With these words his collected poems open, and to these he has always been true. They have brought with them a certain access of power; and they have also implied weakness; on the personal side leading to prurency and on the rational side to rant. For some reason or other our sexual nature is so ordained that it is very hard for a person to dwell much upon it, even for noble and generous purposes, without developing a tendency to morbidity; the lives of philanthropists and reformers have sometimes shown this, and when one insists on it for purposes of self-glorification, the danger is greater. Whitman has not escaped the danger; it is something that he has outgrown it; and it is possible that if let entirely alone, which could hardly be expected, he might even now have dropped "Children of Adam" and some of the more nauseous passages in other effusions from his published works. One thing which has always accentuated the seeming grossness of the sensual side of his works has been the entire absence of that personal and ideal side of passion which can alone elevate and dignify it. Probably no poet of equal pretensions was ever so entirely wanting in the sentiment of individual love; he not only has given us no love-poem, in the ordinary use of that term, but it is as difficult to conceive of his writing one as of his chanting a serenade beneath the window of his mistress. His love is the blunt, undisguised attraction of sex to sex, the physical appetite that Fielding attributes to Tom Jones for the requisite quantity of white flesh; and whether this flesh belongs to a goddess or a street-walker, a Queensberry or a handmaid, is to him absolutely unimportant. This not only separates him from the poets of thoroughly ideal emotion, like Poe, but from those, like Rossetti, whose passion, though it may incarnate itself in the body, is inseparable from the very profoundest and most subtle yearnings of the spirit.

In preaching this gospel of unbounded self-indulgence—or, as his admirers would prefer to call it, self-expression—he has constantly made his own personality, and especially his own fine physical manhood, a factor. It is therefore fair to introduce this factor into criticism, in a way that would be wholly unfair if we were dealing with an objective poet like Browning. Thus, in his poem of "Native Moments," Whitman says:

Native moments—when you come upon me—ah, you are here now.  
Give me now libidinous joys only,  
Give me the drench of my passions, give me life coarse and rank.  
To-day I go consort with Nature's darlings, to-night, too.  
I am for those who believe in those delights, I share the midnight orgies of young men.

Much more has Whitman written to the same purpose, and with a bad influence—we speak from personal observation—on the lives of many young men; an influence that can scarcely be estimated. This passage is probably not among those extracts from Whitman which are now read for charitable purposes at Congregational rooms or in the parlors of Episcopal churches; but it represents what the poet would once have recognized as the vital principle of his muse. And he constantly represents himself as the living example of what he sings:

I now thirty-seven years old in perfect health, begin,  
Hoping not to cease till death.

This is his theory, this his invited test. No matter, for the present, what the moralist would say of the theory; what the physiologist would say of it is that a man who undertakes to act upon it will end in bankruptcy, will not live out his life: that those who thus claim to be Nature's darlings end as Nature's warnings; that paralysis, insanity, premature old age are the retribution for "the drench of the passions" in youth. Was there ever a sadder personal commentary on all this than when we find this same poet, who at thirty-seven exulted in his manly strength, addressing school-children at fifty-five from the point of view of extreme age

("An Old Man's Thoughts of School"); and having constant appeals made for him, when hardly past the prime of life, as for one broken down by years and infirmities. Compare this premature senility of the poet of "life coarse and rank," with the old age of the chaster poets—with Bryant's eighty-four clean and wholesome years, with Whittier's, almost a life-long invalid and yet busy and useful when eighty-four years are told. It is the easy device of admirers to attribute this want of physical staying power to Whitman's army services, but the land is full of men who encountered during the civil war, and without boasting, an ordeal of bodily exposures to which those of Whitman were as nothing, in that comparatively sheltered position which he chose for himself; and who are still in health and vigor. We have no wish to dwell on the bodily calamities of any one, but where a man deliberately invites the personal test, and where the application of that test points a moral for coming generations, it would be cowardly to shrink from its recognition.

On purely poetic grounds it must be said of Whitman that he has in a high degree that measure of the ideal faculty which Emerson conceded to Margaret Fuller; he has "lyric glimpses." Rarely constructing anything, he is yet gifted in phrases, in single cadences, in single wayward strains as from an Æolian harp. It constantly happens that the titles or catch-words of his poems are better than the poems themselves; as we sometimes hear it said in praise of a clergyman that he has beautiful texts. "Proud Music of the Storm," "When lilacs last in door-yard bloomed," and others, will readily occur; and if they were sometimes borrowed or duplicated, as "The Sobbing of the Bells" from Poe, it is no matter. Often, on the other hand, they are inflated, as "Chanting the Square Deific," or affected and feeble, as "Eldolons." One of the most curiously un-American traits in a poet professedly so national is his curious way of interlarding foreign, and especially French phrases, to a degree that recalls the fashionable novels of the last generation, and gives an incongruous effect comparable only to Theodore Parker's description of an African chief seen by some one at Sierra Leone—"With the exception of a dress-coat, his Majesty was as naked as a pestle." In the opening lines, already quoted from his collected volume (ed. 1881), Whitman defines "the word Democratic, the word En-Masse"; and everywhere French phrases present themselves. The vast sublimity of night on the prairies only suggests to him "how plenteous! how spiritual! how résumé," whatever that may mean; he talks of "Mélange mine own, the seen and the unseen"; writes poems "with reference to ensemble"; says "the future of the States I harbinge glad and sublime," and elsewhere, "I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them." He is "the extolled of amies," meaning apparently mistresses; and says that neither youth pertains to him "nor delicatessen." Phrases like these might be multiplied indefinitely, and when he says, "No dainty dolce affettuoso I," he seems vainly to disclaim being exactly what he is. He cannot even introduce himself to the audience without borrowing a foreign word—"I, Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, a koemos"—and really stands in this respect on a plane no higher than that of those young girls at boarding-school who commit French phrases to memory in order to use them in conversation and give a fancied tone of good society.

But after all, the offence, which is a trivial affectation in a young girl, has a deeper foundation in a man who begins his literary career at thirty-seven. The essential fault of Whitman's poetry was well pointed out by a man of more heroic nature and higher genius, Lanier, who defined him as a dandy. Of all our poets, he is really the least simple, the most meretricious; and this is the reason why the honest consciousness of the classes whom he most

celebrates, the drover, the teamster, the soldier, has never been reached by his songs. He talks of labor as one who has never really labored; his "Drum-Taps" proceed from one who has never personally responded to the tap of the drum. This is his fatal and insurmountable defect; and it is because his own countrymen instinctively recognise this, and foreigners do not, that his following is mainly abroad, not at home. But it is also true that he has, in a fragmentary and disappointing way, some of the high ingredients of a poet's nature: a keen eye, a ready sympathy, a strong touch, a vivid but not shaping imagination. In his cyclopædia of epithets, in his accumulated directory of details, in his sandy wastes of iteration, there are many scattered particles of gold; never sifted out by him, never abundant enough to pay for the sifting, yet unmistakable gold. He has something of the turgid wealth, the self-conscious and moustached amplitude of Victor Hugo, and much of his broad, vague, indolent desire for the welfare of the whole human race; but he has none of Hugo's, structural power, his dramatic or melodramatic instinct, and his occasionally terse and brilliant condensation. It is not likely that he will ever have that place in the future which is claimed for him by his English admirers or even by the more cautious endorsement of Mr. Steadman, for, setting aside all other grounds of criticism, he has phrase, but not form, and without form there is no immortality.

LONDON, March 28.—Referring to the late Walt Whitman, the *Standard* says: "If obliged to judge Whitman by conventional standards, it might be necessary to declare that he failed as a poet. If instead we look at the residuum of pure gold his works contain, it is impossible to deny him the honor due a great and original genius."

The *Times* says that whatever defects his poems may reveal, they at least testify that Whitman was a man of power and fertility of resource, and that his work is bound to exercise considerable effect upon the future of American literature.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Walt Whitman the "Poet of Democracy," adding: "It is a fitting tribute to turn from American politicians' treatment of the trumpery squabble of years regarding the catching of seals to the better expression of the genius of the United States by the author of 'Leaves of Grass' and 'Democratic Vistas.'"

Phila. Record, Mar. 9, 1919

WALT WHITMAN, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth comes on the last day of May in the present year, is almost the sole American man of letters belonging to his period whose reputation has steadily widened throughout the whole generation, born and grown to maturity since the close of his creative activity.

Whitman's life falls naturally enough into four periods—that of his apprenticeship, that of his journeymanhood, that of his productive activity, that of his old age. He was an apprentice to life and letters from earliest boyhood up to the first publication of "Leaves of Grass," in 1855. He was journeyman, in two senses, at intervals almost all his life, though his wide and free wanderings covered part of the later period before the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared and the time there-





after to the close of the civil war and up to his disabling stroke of paralysis in the early seventies of the last century.

His productive period overlapped both his apprenticeship and his life as journeyman, but was mainly concentrated in the time between 1850 and 1882, at which latter date he issued the complete edition of "Leaves of Grass." During this period he wrote also much of the best prose contained in the volume originally called "Specimen Days and Collect."

His old age may be called the last 10 years between the publication of the complete "Leaves of Grass" and his death at Camden, N. J., in 1892.

Whitman's residences were Long Island and Manhattan Island, the United States and Canada at large and Camden. He had something like 25 years' residence on Long Island, with almost daily excursions to Manhattan and periodic returns to both, and something like 10 years of roving in many parts of the United States and Canada, with shorter or longer excursions in after life, and about 19 years of residence at Camden, interrupted by these longer or shorter flights to New England, the West and Canada. He never visited Europe.

Shortly before Whitman became a resident of Camden, he began his curious relations with Anne Gilchrist. She, an English woman, a year his junior, wrote to him in May, 1869, saying that in "Leaves of Grass" she had found no book, but a man, and asking a letter. Whitman answered somewhat coldly that his book was his truest letter. She came to Philadelphia and Whitman for a while saw her often, but declined her offer to marry him. His excuse was an affection for a woman in the South whom he could not marry, because she already had a husband. Whitman wrote of Mrs. Gilchrist after her death, speaking of her as "My science-friend, my noblest woman friend, now buried in an English grave." The correspondence between Whitman and Mrs. Gilchrist has recently been published. Perhaps the experiment of marrying Whitman might have been a perilous one at any time; certainly it would have been when he was past 50, and on the edge of a permanent invalidism and premature physical old age.

While Whitman was a neighbor across the Delaware, intellectual Philadelphia annexed Camden. Whitman came to the trans-Delaware suburb a physically broken man in 1873, still an object of criticism and of more than suspicion to most persons because of his "Leaves of Grass," and there he lived, for the most part, until his death. In 1892, during which period he largely recovered his health and grew into a figure venerated and beloved.

It was in the early years of Whitman's residence in Camden that two very young men had the presumption to call on him, at his simple, little, wooden house in a quiet street. They found him seated in his shirt-sleeves near the front window, through which the

sunshine fell upon his figure, that to the young visitors' eyes, of a venerable old man, though Whitman was then only in his middle '50's. His head was gray, but his eyes were clear and his complexion was good. As ever, his plain garments were scrupulously neat and clean.

The poet sat amid a confused pile of his own books, in copies of which he was pasting a photograph of himself. The visitors understood that these copies were to be sent as compliments to friends on both sides of the Atlantic, some of them, doubtless, the men who had contributed to a fund raised in aid of Whitman after he had been stricken with paralysis. Tennyson was, possibly, one of the intended recipients. The names of some to whom the books were to go brought on a mild literary discussion, and one of the young visitors was rash enough to speak of Thackeray as "wholesome," to which Whitman replied, peering over his spectacles at the visitor, and speaking almost sharply: "You call him wholesome?" Naturally, the offender had no answer to this query. It would have been better for him had he held his peace thereafter, but he was fatuous enough to ask Whitman whether some literary celebrity from abroad, recently in Philadelphia, had visited the poet, to which the answer was a protest that he had no distinguished visitors. Perhaps there was a touch of querulousness in the poet's answer to his tactless young visitor: there was certainly a trace of discontent in the tone with which Whitman spoke some years later of his exclusion from the magazines. By that time he had become a sort of institution, a suburban Philadelphian, honored with veneration in the literary circles of the city, though still rejected by the scrupulous. He was for some years a not unfamiliar figure on the streets, and he wrote charmingly of Chestnut street as a great and distinctive thoroughfare.

Whitman of the years between his partial recovery from the effects of his stroke and the oncoming of genuine old age, say from 1876 or 1877 to 1888 or 1889, was a delightful person to encounter upon the street. His tall, rather full figure, his serene, large-featured face, framed in its abundant, fine white beard; his deliberate pace, interrupted frequently that he might look at the crowd or gaze in at shop windows, made him an object of curiosity to strangers, of kindly interest to those who recognized him. He looked as if he were somebody, as any but the dullest or least observant must have felt. Many saluted him. Now and then a young admirer joined him for half a block. He had an effective, but not unkindly, way of disembarassing himself of those who interfered with his quiet enjoyment of the scene. It was a beautiful old age, mellow and mellow as the end approached, as one could read in the face of the poet, and in the few things he wrote, in prose or verse. He acknowledged without shame the material aid he received from friends and admirers, properly believing that he had given the world far more than an equivalent for the moderate necessities and comforts

that he accepted. When death came, March 27, 1892, he was honored not only by the little group of admirers who had not too judiciously made a cult of the man and his work, but by thousands of others on both sides of the Atlantic, though, even as he lay dead and unburied, the note of criticism in some quarters was almost brutally cruel. He was laid in Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, where the simple, but fitting, tomb was of his own designing.

Although Whitman was intensely democratic in his attitude toward life, and sympathetic with the mass of his fellow-Americans, rural and urban, he did not come of the same stock from which the crowded masses of many American cities are now in large measure sprung. Upon this side of the Atlantic, at least, his forebears back to early Colonial times, though hard-working folk, seem never to have known poverty, to have had essentially what we should call today a common school education, to have been recognized among their neighbors as persons of substance and consideration.

Whitman himself seems to have felt that he drew much that was best in him from the mother's side of the family, the Van Velsors, prosperous farmers of Long Island, descended from early Dutch immigrants. The Van Velsor farm lay on the edge of Queen's county, about a mile from a little harbor on Long Island Sound, while the Whitmans lived on a farm of 500 acres at West Hills, somewhat less than three miles away, and a little east of Huntington, perhaps 30 miles from New York city. These Long Island Whitmans were of a family transplanted from New England. John Whitman, born in England in 1602 and his brother, the Rev. Zechariah Whitman, a Puritan minister, came to New England in 1640. John settled at Weymouth, Mass., but Zechariah was soon after living at Milford, Connecticut. John and his eldest son returned permanently to England, but Zechariah's son Joseph removed about 1664 to Huntington, L. I., and from him Walt Whitman was descended.

Whitman felt that he owed much to his mother's Quaker upbringing. Her mother was Amy Williams, by birth of English stock, the child of a sailor lost at sea. The Van Velsors were breeders and trainers of blooded stock, and Louisa Van Velsor, Whitman's mother was a daring and skillful horse-woman. Whitman's grandfather, Van Velsor, known as "the Major," was a jovial and red-stout old man of striking countenance. His grandmother Whitman, whose maiden name had been Brush, a corruption of Bruce, was a woman of strong, noble character and great natural refinement. She had been a schoolmistress in youth.

As a boy Whitman wandered much afield and along the shores of Long Island Sound and the Atlantic. He caught fish through the ice of Great South Bay and sailed Long Island





Sound in small boats. He knew also the pilots of New York Harbor and made many a short voyage with them down the bay.

At 12 or 13 Whitman became office boy in a law office in Brooklyn and Edmund Clarke, a member of the firm, helped him to learn to express himself in writing, and gave him an annual subscription to a circulating library.

Soon after this time Whitman began to learn printing in the office of The Long Island Patriot, a weekly newspaper published in Brooklyn. At 15 or 16 he was full man size. It was about this time that the family returned to the country and the boy went with the rest of the brood, eight children in all. By this time he had belonged to several debating societies and had seen something of the theatre in New York. In 1836-7 he worked at "the case" in several printing offices of New York city, and a little later, when just past 18, he taught country schools in Suffolk and Queens counties, Long Island, "boarding round." He found this life, which showed him the inside of many simple American homes, an important part of his education in democracy.

At about 20 Whitman began publishing a weekly newspaper in his native region of Huntington, but he soon returned to New York and worked there and in Brooklyn as printer, and as writer of prose and verse. For the next few years he took joy in the ferries between New York and Brooklyn, and rode much on the Broadway stages, coming to know and enjoy their drivers, and sometimes, it is said, to take the place of one or another on his route, when the driver needed a holiday.

At 29 and 30 he was editing the Brooklyn Eagle, and then he resumed his journeyman life, that which had begun in boyhood with his wanderings over Long Island afoot, and in whatever vehicle of sea or shore offered itself. This time he and his brother, Thomas Jefferson, commonly called Jeff, started off together to see the world of the United States. They passed through the "Middle States" of that day, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and possibly Delaware, went down the Ohio and Mississippi, lingered in New Orleans, where Whitman worked on the staff of the Daily Crescent. The two at last fared northward together, touching at St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, several places in Wisconsin, and going up into Canada. They returned by the Great Lakes and the Hudson to New York, having been gone about two years and traveled 8000 miles.

From 1851 to 1853 Whitman tried housebuilding in Brooklyn. In the earlier part of this period also he printed The Freeman, a daily and weekly newspaper. His father died in 1855, and in that year Whitman published "Leaves of Grass," having the presswork done at the job printing house of his friends, the Brothers Rome. The volume had but 94 pages.

Whitman, like Shakespeare, was not an infant prodigy, not a precocious genius. Most of his early writings he was glad to leave where they fell unregarded in the columns of one periodical or another, mostly obscure. Later

in life, when unauthorized persons were making ready to collect and republish some of these early uncopyrighted things he published a few of them as it were in self-defense. Some of his prose tales, written to enforce the lesson of temperance in the use of strong drink, show dramatic power and close observation, but an unformed prose style a little reminiscent of early nineteenth century models before second-rate English and American prose fiction had shaken off the influence of the eighteenth century. The verse of that period, 1834 to 1842, hardly gives promise of "Leaves of Grass," though the poem entitled "Blood Money," dated 1843, suggests in form and matter the work of his maturity. He says he had found it hard work to rid the earliest "Leaves of Grass," the thin volume published in 1855, of conventional "poetic" phrases.

Cold critics take it for granted that Whitman's roughest and most careless lines came of mere laziness, an unwillingness to give time to polishing his verse, and he was perhaps often too indolent to do his best. So large a personage as Whitman, however, is not to be explained by mere laziness. He usually knew what he was about. He had a perfectly definite intention and theory, and his oft ridiculed "catalogues" most of the time have a powerful cumulative effect. As to his happiest lyric movements, they are unsurpassed by even the greatest lyric poets, and a few passages stand alone as supreme examples of sound fitted to sense, which is the final and authentic mark of lyrical perfection. The poem, "Dirge for Two Veterans," which has some very rough stanzas, and closes rather ineffectively, has also this majestically musical stanza:

"I see the sad procession,  
And I hear the sound of coming full-  
keyed bugles,  
All the channels of the city streets  
they're flooding,  
As with voices and with tears."

Perhaps nowhere in Whitman are there seven lines in which sound and sense are so aptly fitted as in these from the poem beginning "In Cabined Ships at Sea," and bearing that line for title:

"Here not the land, firm land, alone  
appears," may then by them be  
said,  
"The sky o'erarches here, we feel the  
undulating deck beneath our feet,  
We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow  
of endless motion,  
The tones of unseen mystery, the vague  
and vast suggestions of the briny  
world, the liquid-flowing syllables.  
The perfume, the faint creaking of the  
cordage, the melancholy rhythm,  
The boundless vista and the horizon far  
and dim are all here,  
And this is ocean's poem."

Whitman's feeling for music, or to speak more broadly, for beauty of sound, finds apt expression in many passages of his verse. Sometimes it is the music of waters, as this from "Sea-Drift":

"Soothe! Soothe! Soothe!  
Close on its wave soothes the wave be-

hind,

And again another behind embracing  
and lapping, every one close,  
But my love soothes not me, not me."

Another poem opens thus:

"Proud music of the storm,  
Blast that careers so free, whistling

across the prairies,

Strong hum of forest-tops—wind of the  
mountains,

Personified dim shapes—you hidden or-  
chestras,

You serenades of phantoms with instru-  
ments alert,

Blending with nature's rhythms all the  
tongues of nations."

"The Mystic Trumpeter" has passages that approach the perfect fitting of sound to sense found in the seven lines quoted from "In Cabined Ships at Sea." The poem is one of Whitman's most delicious, and significant, nobly expressive of his highest philosophy. Here is the third stanza:

"Blow trumpeter free and clear, I fol-  
low thee,

While at thy liquid prelude, glad, se-  
rene,

The fretting world, the streets, the  
noisy hours of day withdraw,

A holy calm descends like dew upon me,  
I walk in cool refreshing night the walks  
of paradise,

I scent the grass, the moist air and the  
roses;

Thy song expands my numbed, inboned  
spirit, thou freest, launchest me,

Floating and basking upon heaven's  
lake."

Whitman's philosophy was a sort of idealistic democracy, which led him not only to a belief in democratic government, which belief he had directly inherited from his father, who seems to have been a disciple of Thomas Jefferson for whom he named one of his sons but to a belief in social democracy, in literary and spiritual democracy. His democratic generalization was so broad that he seems to have cared little for any particular sect claiming for itself exclusively the title democratic. In his personal relations he was thoroughly democratic.

In his wanderings he found it easy, interesting and not uncomfortable to live in daily contact with all sorts of rough men. He seems to have believed that his poetry would be popular, would be read by the mass of his fellow-citizens, but it never has been popular, and the first to recognize it were men of letters, and others of broad literary view and strong intellectual curiosity.

Whitman put into his verse not only his social and political democracy, but his democratic interest in all things human. He not only celebrated the common man, but all sorts of men, the vicious and criminal as well as the kindly and well-ordered, and more, he felt bound to express in his poetry all the human passions, and especially the master passion of sex. He tells how he walked up and down Boston Common with Emerson for hours, while his fellow-poet, one of the first to hail him as of the true poetic brotherhood, argued against the inclusion in "Leaves of Grass" of the poetry dealing nakedly and, as it were, brutally, with sex. He





found Emerson's argument unanswerable, but it left Whitman all the more determined to publish the poems that Emerson would have had him suppress.

There was a tremendous hue and cry against these poems, and even today a few critics not only think they should not have been published, but deny Whitman's purity of intent. They earned him dismissal from his desk in the Treasury Department. It is hard to see how anyone who knows Whitman's work as a whole can doubt that every line he published was written with thoroughly good intent. Harder for Americans of British ancestry and temperament to understand and accept than the sexual poems are some of those in which Whitman celebrates the love of comrades, for he seems not to have had that shrinking from physical contact with friends of his own sex which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. The Latin and German fashion of exchanging kisses with male friends did not offend Whitman, if one may trust the language of his verses in the division of his poetry called "Calamus."

Whitman's rejection of Emerson's irresistible argument for the sake of his own inner light was the direct fruit of his Quaker inheritance and upbringing, for he was a mystic, and this mysticism, which led him to trust intuition rather than formal logic, determined him to publish the most controverted part of his verse, while it inspired also his noblest utterances, those that express his faith in man as essentially a spiritual being, a child of God destined to eternal life. These conceptions of man's spiritual being and destiny appear in almost every stage of Whitman's poetic development, but are especially frequent in his later verse. "Chanting the Square Deific" is perhaps the noblest of his mystical poems, though "The Mystic Trumpeter" comes near it in elevation and surpasses it in technical beauty. These and other poems of like subject make up the division entitled "Whispers of Heavenly Death." One of the best in this division is the poem of 10 lines entitled "A Noiseless Patient Spider." Nobly beautiful is "The Last Invocation," and another strongly expressive of his spiritual faith is "Assurance."

All but perhaps the few thick-and-thin admirers of Whitman admit his limitations, his defects, his errors of taste. When all these things have been acknowledged he seems to remain the one powerfully original element in American poetry, perhaps the sole American poet destined to be a long and world-wide influence. In the perspective of the quarter-century since his death he looms large and clear of all his native contemporaries, he measures well up with the greatest poets that Europe produced in his period. Meanwhile his foibles, faults, deficiencies, which seem trifling as set against his sum, are worth a glance.

Whitman resented somewhat the charge that he lacked humor, but his writings offer little or nothing to refute it, and perhaps if he had had humor along with the genuine modesty for

which some persons did not give him credit, he could hardly have endured the sort of cult that a small group made of him in his later years. His fondness for a few foreign words grates on most readers of discrimination, such words as "libertad" and "camerades," such phrases as "en masse." The native word "eligible" he also uses too frequently, and in a sense that he seeks to impress upon it, a sense not quite justified by origin or common use. His catalogues, picturesquely and cumulatively effective as they often are, he sometimes overdoes. His deliberate dropping into the baldest prose, although a studied effect, is seldom happy. Perhaps the best test of his greatness lies in this, that he bears frequent rereading, that new beauty and fresh significance await those who return to his poems, especially to several of the longer and less popular.

Whitman's best prose is almost flawless, though his prose, even more than his verse, suffers from his frequent negligence and his annoying use of long parentheses. Some of the impressionist prose descriptions of nature equal the very best things of the kind in the whole range of English prose, and in the long

essay, "Democratic Vistas," somewhat carelessly written, there are beautiful passages of noble eloquence that just skillfully avoid poetic rhythm. His critical prose shows temperate yet firm judgment, although more good nature leads him to overrate some of his contemporaries, as Longfellow. Lowell, by the way, criticized Whitman in a letter to Elliot Norton, and left forever a measure of his own limitations, when he wrote, in 1855, touching "Leaves of Grass": "No, no, the kind of thing you describe won't do," which recalls the publication, "This will never do," addressed by a reviewer to an immortal name.

To be truly popular Whitman must wait for the time that he hoped would come, when all men have leisure and the chance for intellectual and spiritual self-development. Meanwhile, a century after his birth, a quarter century after his death, his work gives promise of outliving a vast deal of that produced by his contemporaries in whatever language. He has definitely taken his place with the comparatively small group of world-writers added to permanent literature by the nineteenth century.

A. W. VALLANCEY.

Among the papers of a deceased Bostonian who was fond of collecting odd compositions this interesting specimen was discovered:

Here into the dust  
The mouldering crust  
Of Eleanor Batchelder's shoven,  
Well versed in the arts  
Of pies, pastry and tarts,  
And the lucrative skill of the oven.  
When she'd lived long enough  
She made her last puff—  
A puff by her husband much scalded,  
And here she doth lie  
And makes a dirt pie,  
In hopes that her crust will be raised.

**WHITMAN'S PROPHECY OF TO-DAY**—American readers have found prophets of to-day's world situation in Shakespeare, in Victor Hugo, and in various other foreign writers, but an Englishman calls attention to Walt Whitman. Dr. C. W. Saleeby, writing to the London Times, makes an extract from Walt's "Years of the Modern," first published in "Drum Taps" in 1865, and asks, "Is not this indeed prophecy—the human utterance of the Divine?"

I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing;  
I see tremendous entrances and exits—I see new combinations—I see the solidarity of races;  
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage: (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are the acts suitable to them closed?)  
I see Freedom, completely armed, and victorious, and very laughing, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,  
A stupendous Trio, all issuing forth against the idea of caste;  
—What historic documents are these we so rapidly approach?  
I see men marching and counter-marching by swift millions;  
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken;  
I see the landmarks of European kings removed;  
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all others give way):  
—What whistles are these, O lords, running ahead of you, passing under the ears?  
Are all nations commencing? Is there going to be but one habit to the globe?  
Is humanity turning, en masse?—for let tyrants tremble, nations grow dim;  
The earth, restless, confronts a new era.  
The perfunctory America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,  
The unperfunctory, more gleaming than ever, advances, advances upon me.





*The Wanderer* Whitman's Self-Reliance Nov. 1894

It is over sixty years since Goethe said that to be a German author was to be a German martyr. I presume things have changed in Germany since those times, and that the Goethe of to-day does not encounter the jealousy and hatred the great poet and critic of Weimar seemed to have called forth. But we in America have known an American author who was an American martyr in a more literal sense than any of the men named by the great German. More than Heine, or Rousseau, or Moliere, or Byron, was Walt Whitman a victim of the literary Philistinism of his country and times; but, fortunately for himself, his was a nature so large, tolerant and self-sufficing that his martyrdom sat lightly upon him. His unpopularity was rather a tonic to him than otherwise. He said he was more resolute because all had denied him than he ever could have been had all accepted him, and he added:

"I heed not and have never heeded cautions, majorities or ridicule."

There are no more precious and tonic pages in history than the records of men who have faced unpopularity, odium, hatred, ridicule, detraction, in obedience to an inward voice, and never lost courage or good nature. Whitman's is the most striking case in our literary annals—probably the most striking one in our century outside of politics and religion. The inward voice alone was the oracle he obeyed: "My commission obeying, to question it never daring."

The bitter-sweet cup of unpopularity he drained to its dregs, and drained it cheerfully, as one knowing beforehand that it is preparing for him and cannot be avoided.

"Have you learn'd lessons only of those who admired you and were tender with you and stood aside for you?"

Have you not learn'd great lessons from those who reject you, and brace themselves against you? or who treat you with contempt, or dispute the passage with you?"

Every man is a partaker in the triumph of him who is always true to himself and makes no compromises with customs, schools or opinions. Whitman's life, underneath its easy tolerance and cheerful good-will, was heroic. He fought his battle against great odds and he conquered; he had his own way, he yielded not a hair to the enemy.

The pressure brought to bear upon him by the press, by many of his friends, or by such a man as Emerson, whom he deeply revered, to change or omit certain passages from his poems, seems only to have served as the opposing hammer that clinches the nail. The louder the outcry the more deeply he felt it his duty to stand by his first convictions. The fierce and scornful opposition to his sex poems, and to his methods and aims generally, was probably more confirmatory than any approval could have been. It went to the quick. During a dark period of his life, when no publisher would touch his book, and when its exclusion from the mails was threatened, and poverty and paralysis were upon him, a wealthy Philadelphian offered to furnish means for its publication if he would omit certain poems; but the poet does not seem to have been tempted for one moment by the offer. He cheerfully chose the heroic part, as he always did.

Emerson reasoned and remonstrated with him for hours, walking up and down Boston Common, and after he had finished his argument, says Whitman, which was unanswerable, "I felt down in my soul the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own way." He told Emerson so; whereupon they went and dined together. The independence of the poet probably impressed Emerson more than his yielding would have done, for, had not he preached the adamant doctrine

of self-trust? "To believe your own thought," he says, "to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true of all men—that is genius."

In many ways was Whitman, quite unconsciously to himself, the man Emerson invoked and prayed for—the absolutely self-reliant man; the man who should find his own day and land sufficient; who had no desire to be Greek, or Italian, or French, or English, but only himself; who should not whine, or apologize, or go abroad; who should not duck, or deprecate, or borrow, and who could see through the many disguises or debasements of our times the lineaments of the same gods that so ravished the bards of old.

The moment a man "acts for himself," says Emerson, "tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more, but thank and revere him."

Whitman took the philosopher at his word. "Greatness once and forever has done with opinion," even the opinion of the good Emerson. "Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good." "Every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good"—popularity, for instance. "The characteristic of heroism is persistency." "When you have chosen your part abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world." "Adhere to your act and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age." Heroism "is the avowal of the unschooled man that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists." "A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he." "Great works of art," he again says, "teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-natured inflexibility, the more when the whole cry of voices is on the other side." These brave sayings of Emerson were all illustrated and confirmed by Whitman's course. The spectacle of this man sitting there by the window of his little house in Camden, poor and partially paralyzed, and looking out upon the trite and commonplace scenes and people, or looking athwart the years and seeing only detraction and denial, yet always serene, cheerful, charitable, his wisdom and tolerance ripening and mellowing with time, is something to treasure and profit by. He was a man who needed no assurances. He had the patience and the leisure of nature. He welcomed your friendly and sympathetic word, or with equal composure he did without it.

I remember calling upon him shortly after Swinburne's fierce onslaught upon him had been published, some time in the latter part of the eighties. I was curious to see how Whitman took it, but I could not discover either in word or look that he was disturbed a particle by it. He spoke as kindly of Swinburne as ever. If he was pained at all it was on Swinburne's account and not on his own. It was a sad sight to see a man retreat upon himself as Swinburne had done. In fact, I think hostile criticism, fiercely hostile, gave Whitman nearly as much comfort as any other. Did it not attest reality? Men do not brace themselves against shadows. Swinburne's polysyllabic rage showed the force of the current he was trying to stem. As for Swinburne's hydrocephalous muse, I do not think Whitman took any interest in it from the first.

Self-reliance, or self-trust, is one of the principles Whitman announces in his "Laws for Creations." He saw that no first-class work is possible except it issue from a man's deepest, most radical self.

ment of these things is very pretty, and we all love it and admire it, but the flesh and blood reality puts us to flight. I think it probable that Whitman anticipated a long period of comparative oblivion for himself and his works. He knew from the first that the public would not be with him; he knew that the censors of taste, the critics and literary professors, would not be with him; he knew the vast army of Philistia, the respectable, orthodox church-going crowd, would be against him, and that, in the case of nearly all original, first-class men, he would have to wait to be understood for the growth of the taste of himself. None knew more clearly than he

man in himself, and in his essential purity and divinity inside and out. And this man's faith in himself is his faith in all men. What he claims for one he claims for all. "What I assume you shall assume, for every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." In celebrating himself he celebrated humanity, and in identifying himself with criminals and offenders of all sorts he but declares his universal brotherhood with all men. He does not give us charity, and liberty, and fraternity, and equality, as sentiments; he gives us the reality, and the reality is more than most people can stand. The senti-

"What do you suppose creation is? What do you suppose will satisfy the free and own no superior?"

What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?

And that there is no God any more divine than yourself?

And that that is what the oldest and newest myths finally mean?

And that you or any one must approach creations through such laws?"

"Leaves of Grass" is a monument to the faith of one





did how completely our people were under the illusion of the genteel and the conventional, and that even among the emancipated few the possession of anything like robust æsthetic perception was rare enough. America, so bold and original and independent in the world of practical politics and material endeavor, is, in spiritual and imaginative regions, timid, conforming, imitative. There is, perhaps, no civilized country in the world wherein the native, original man, the real critter, as Whitman loved to say, that underlies all our culture and conventions, crops out so little in manners, in literature and in social usages. The fear of being unconventional is greater with us than the fear of death. A certain evasiveness, polish, distrust of ourselves, amounting to insipidity and insincerity, is spoken of by observant foreigners. In other words, we are perhaps the least like children of any people in the world. In due time youth and manhood meet; the greatest men are the most frank and simple; but, as a people, we have a long way yet to travel to reach this blessed state. All these things were against Whitman, and will continue to be against him for a long time. With the first stroke he broke through the conventional and took his stand upon the natural. With rude hands he tore away the veils and concealments from the body and from the soul. He ignored entirely all social and conventional usages and hypocrisies, not by revolt against them, but by choosing a point of view from which they disappeared. He embraced the unrefined and the savage as well as the tender and human. The illusions of the past, of the models and standards, he freed himself of at once, and declared for the beauty and the divinity of the now and the here. He did not hesitate to say that "what is nearest, cheapest, easiest is me." Such an example of self-assertion, not only in behalf of himself but in behalf of his fellows and of his country, was never before seen in any recent literature. The arrogance and the assumptions of the work were astounding. But its boundless humanitarian spirit, its tremendous practical democracy, its grasp of the great spiritual forces and its pristine splendor and freshness, like the sea and the orbs, won for it a tardy recognition here and there; yet to say that the public taste was shocked, is not saying much: appreciative readers were often bewildered. Even Emerson's admiration, so strongly and eloquently expressed in his now famous letter to the poet, though never taken back, was apparently held in abeyance for years before his death.

Out of Whitman's absolute self-trust arose his prophetic egotism—the divine fervor and audacity of the simple ego. He shared the conviction of the old prophets that man is a part of God, and that there is nothing in the universe any more divine than the individual soul. "I, too," he says, and this line is the key to much there is in his work—

"I, too, have felt the resistless call of myself."

With the old Biblical writers the motions of their own spirits, their thoughts, dreams, etc., was the voice of God. There is something of the same sort in Whitman. The voice of that inner self was final and author-

itative with him. It was the voice of God. He could drive through and over all the conventions of the world in obedience to that voice. This call to him was as a voice from Sinai. One of his mastering thoughts was the thought of identity—that you are you, and I am I. This was the final meaning of things, and the meaning of immortality. "Yourself, *yourself*, YOURSELF," he says, with swelling vehemence, "forever and ever." To be compacted and riveted and fortified in yourself, so as to be a law unto yourself, is the final word of the past and of the present.

Whitman's egotism, colossal as it was, was not personal and ignoble. It was vicarious and all-embracing of humanity. He thought better of every man than that man thought of himself. Selfishness in any unworthy sense he had none. Vanity, arrogance, self-assertion in his life there was none. Fondness for praise, as such, which has been so often charged, I fail to detect.

A craving for sympathy and personal affection he certainly had; to be valued as a human being was more to him than to be valued as a poet. His strongest attachments were probably for persons who had no opinion, good or bad, of his poetry at all.

His egotism, if there is no better word, united him to his fellows rather than separated him from them. It was not that of a man who sets himself up above others, or who claims some special advantage or privilege, but that god-like quality that would make others share its great good fortune. Hence we are not at all shocked when the poet, in the fervor of his love for mankind, determinedly imputes to himself all the sins and vices and follies of his fellow-men. We rather glory in it. This self-abasement is the seal of the authenticity of his egotism. Without those things there might be some ground for the complaint of a Boston critic of Whitman that his work was not noble, because it celebrated pride, and did not inculcate the virtues of humility and self-denial, etc. The great lesson of the "Leaves," flowing curiously out of its pride and egotism, is the lesson of charity, of self-surrender: and the free bestowal of yourself upon all hands.

The law of life of great art is the law of life in ethics, and was long ago announced.

He that would lose his life shall find it; he that gives himself the most freely shall the most freely receive. Whitman made himself the brother and equal of all, not in word, but in very deed; he was in himself a compend of the people for which he spoke, and this breadth of sympathy and free giving of himself has resulted in an unexpected accession of power.

John Burroughs.

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#### A COLLEGE POEM BY BRYANT.

June 25,  
1891

BY THE REV. J. L. JENKINS.

BRYANT'S college life was short—two terms only. He entered the Sophomore Class at Williams in the fall of October, 1810, and left in the spring. During this time he wrote at least one poem. Mr. Bigelow, in his *Life of Bryant*, says it was delivered before one of the college societies. He quotes





ten lines from it, prefacing the quotation with these words: "They show that he was satisfied neither with the climate, town, college, nor its authorities."

A copy of the entire poem is in my possession. It is in the handwriting of my father. To the poem is attached this statement: "Written by W. C. Bryant, late a member of the Sophomore Class in Williams College." My father was in the same class with Bryant. They knew each other well, I infer from the fact that in a letter of Bryant, written in 1859, my father is mentioned by name, with three others, as the men he remembered most distinctly as college acquaintances. The many Williams men scattered over the land and world will, I judge, be interested in the poem, which I give as I have it.

It needs hardly be said that those of us familiar in recent years with the fair Berkshire college town, with its clean streets and well-kept college and private grounds, its noble buildings and world-famous instructors, do not recognize it in the poet's description. If it was ever true, immense credit belongs to those who from the veriest desert have made a matchless garden.

Lover of Berkshire as I am, it must be confessed that Bryant's description of soil and climate comes nearer to the truth in February and March than in any other of the twelve months of the year.

#### DESCRIPTIO GULIELMOPOLIS.

No more the brumal tempest sheds  
Its gathered stores in sleety showers,  
Nor yet the vernal season spreads  
Her verdant mantle gemmed with flowers;  
But fettered stands the naked year  
And shivers to the chilling air,  
And lingers dubious on the wing;  
And often struggles to unclasp  
Reluctant Winter's icy grasp  
And greet the arms of Spring.

Hemmed in with hills, whose heads aspire,  
Abrupt and rude, and hung with woods;  
Amidst these vales I touch the lyre,  
Where devious Hoosack rolls his floods.  
Dear vales, where every pleasure meets,  
Fain would I paint thy slimy streets,  
Extensive views and wholesome air,  
Thy soil with churlish guardians blest  
And horrors of the bleak Northwest  
Poured through the chasm afar.

Safe from the morning's golden eye  
And sheltered from the western breeze,  
These happy regions bosomed lie—  
The seats of bliss and towers of ease,  
Far-famed spot whose fertile breast  
Now droughts with lengthened blaze infest,  
Now tempests drench with copious flood.  
Alternate heat and cold surprise,  
A frozen desert now it lies,  
And now a sea of mud!

While rising on the tainted gale,  
The morbid exhalations ride,  
And hover o'er the unconscious vale,  
Or steep upon the mountain side.  
Then on her misty car reclined,  
Her aching brows with nightshade twined,  
Disease unseen directs her way,  
Wields the black scepter of her reign  
And bars her shafts with keener pain,  
And singles out her prey.

Why should I sing its turbid springs  
That trickle through its rocks of lime,  
And why those domes where science flings  
Her far-diffusing rays sublime,  
When through the horror-breathing halls  
The pale-faced, moping students crawl  
Like spectered monuments of woe,  
Or studious seek the unwholesome cell,  
Where dust and gloom and cobwebs dwell,  
Dark, dirty, dank, and low.

Yet on the picture dark with shade  
Let not the eye forever gaze  
Where lawless power her nest has laid,  
And stern suspicion treads her maze.  
The storm that o'er the wintry waste  
Rides howling on the northern blast,  
In time will curb its furious way;  
But that o'er Hoosack's vales which looks  
Will never hail serenest hours,  
Nor open to the day.

#### LONGFELLOW'S COMMENCEMENT ORATION. June 25,

*The Christian Union*  
By GEORGE T. PACKARD. 1891

THE Commencement parts which aspiring youths have lately given to the world did not, as a rule, clearly foreshadow the future occupations of the speakers. More than one hard-headed and un-rhythmical student, for instance, has treated the shade of Shelley to its annual surprise by presenting an unsolicited tribute to the worth of the poet's verse. This Commencement effort will be followed, it may be, by the undoubted prose of a farmer's life. In fact, there is a certain pathos in the feeling that these compositions are often tender farewells to the poetical side of life, and not even suggestive of a "might have been." Perhaps the most striking instance of this somewhat violent estrangement between the graduating theme and the chosen calling was that of a student I knew of, who discoursed upon the physical sciences (borrowing his words, as he gleefully confessed, from a famous man of science) and then betook himself to sawing logs.

Not so, however, was it with Longfellow, the subject of whose Commencement oration, when he graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, was "Our Native Writers." The whole drift of the composition, not less than the subject itself, was in keeping with the predestined work which was to enrich and gladden so many hearts.

A number of years ago, this composition of Longfellow was reproduced in the columns of an attractive periodical in Boston, "Every Other Saturday," whose rather brief but dignified career was followed by the friendly interest of a fit if restricted circle of readers. Its editor described the text of the composition as in the "same beautiful chirography that the poet always used." Even Longfellow's finished handwriting seems to have been born with him. Probably few readers of The Christian Union ever saw the periodical to which I refer, and the college essay will be, there-

fore, an unexpected token of the early maturity of the poet.

The composition consists of about 1,200 words, equal to a column and a third of The Christian Union. The style is clear and rhythmical, and, apart from some touches which tell of youthfulness, the treatment of the subject is far more sustained and properly proportioned than that of the majority of graduating parts. Longfellow was but eighteen years old when he graduated. In the class, numbering thirty-eight, only three were younger than himself. One of these, the Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, was his junior by less than two months. Hawthorne—born on the 4th of July, by the way—was nearly three years his senior.

These are the opening sentences of the oration: "To an American there is something endearing in the very sounds—Our Native Writers. Like the music of our native tongue, when heard in a foreign land, they have power to kindle up within him the tender memory of his home and fireside; and, more than this, they foretell that whatever is noble and attractive in our national character will one day be associated with the sweet magic of Poetry." He asks if our land is to be the "land of song," and answers, "Yes; and palms are to be won by our native writers." A "first beginning of a national literature" has been made, but "we cannot yet throw off our literary allegiance to Old England, we cannot yet remove from our shelves every book which is not strictly and truly American." "English literature is a great and glorious monument . . . rising bright and beautiful till its summit is hid in the mists of antiquity."

He discusses the hindrances to the progress of a distinctively American literature, and says: "Poetry with us has never yet been anything but a pastime. The fault, however, is not so much that of our writers as of the prevalent modes of thinking

which characterize our country and our times. We are a plain people, that have had nothing to do with the mere pleasures and luxuries of life; and hence there has sprung up within us a quick-sightedness to the failings of literary men, and an aversion to everything that is not practical, operative, and thoroughgoing. But if we would ever have a national literature, our native writers must be patronized. . . . Putting off, then, what Shakespeare calls 'the visage of the times,' we must become hearty well-wishers to our native authors; and with them there





must be a deep and thorough conviction of the glory of their calling—an utter abandonment of everything else—and a noble self-devotion to the cause of literature. . . . In the vanity of scholarship, England has reproached us that we have no finished scholars. . . . Our very poverty in this respect will have a tendency to give a national character to our literature. . . . We are thus thrown upon ourselves; and thus shall our native hills become renowned in song, like those of Greece and Italy. Every rock shall become a chronicle of storied allusions; and the tomb of the Indian prophet be as hallowed as the sepulchers of ancient kings or the damp vault and perpetual lamp of the Saracen monarch."

The "influence of natural scenery in forming the poetical character" is the special thought developed in the latter part of the oration. Here are sentences that the man Longfellow might have been willing to own as his offspring: "Genius, to be sure, must be born with a man; and it is its high prerogative to be free, limitless, irrepressible. Yet how is it molded by the plastic hand of Nature! how are its attributes shaped and modulated, when a genius like Canova's failed in the bust of the Corsican, and amid the splendor of the French metropolis languished for the sunny skies and vine-clad hills of Italy! Men may talk of sitting down in the calm and quiet of their libraries, and of forgetting, in the eloquent companionship of books, all the vain cares that beset them in the crowded thoroughfares of life; but, after all, there is nothing which so frees us from the turbulent ambition and bustle of the world, nothing which so fills the mind with great and glowing conceptions, and at the same time so warms the heart with love and tenderness, as a frequent and close communion with natural scenery."

"We may rejoice, then," concludes the youthful orator, "in the hope of beauty and sublimity in our national literature, for no people are richer than we are in the treasures of nature. And well may each of us feel a glorious and high-minded pride in saying, as he looks on the hills and vales, on the woods and waters, of New England, 'This is my own, my native land!'"

Already Longfellow had written poems not unworthy of his later fame. The charms of the scenery—of the river, the sea, and of the woods, whose voice greets each in impartial fondness—had made Brunswick more to him than the seat of a college. He was even then a "native writer," and American literature was soon to feel the impulse which his Commencement oration predicted, though he was too modest to dream that the prophet was to make his own foretelling true.

## INGERSOLL AND WHITMAN.

BY SCOTT F. HERSHEY, PH.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The advocate for the unrestrained circulation of impure literature has posed in his self-conceit at the bier of Walt Whitman, where, as is his custom, he indulges in religious ridicule. Were not the entire proceedings an exhibit of low material-

ism, characteristic of both the orator and the poet? It was proper, I suppose, that Ingersoll should have been there. Like Whitman, he is a low sceptic and hazy agnostic. Like Whitman, he is an apostle of animalism, and has no apparent conception of the spiritualism. As Whitman, he is erratic and indefinite. It was a proper place for Ingersoll.

I have been waiting for time—which I only had yesterday—to critically examine the writings of Whitman. My impression is much like that of Swinburne, that "Whitman had flashes of something occasionally like genius, expressed in something occasionally like English." I note the generally low poetic marks of his writings. He had little of the fire, and less of the genius of the poet. Only now and then, mostly a line at a time, he seems to reach up to something poetic in feeling, thought and language. Prevailing everywhere there is a bewildering indefiniteness, and a tiresome jingle of parallelisms. I know of no poet whose lines are so hard to understand. I defy any man to have a clear understanding, page after page, of his longest poem. His thought is a muddle, and his style is woefully inconsecutive. I have a serious opinion that his popularity was owing to his moral looseness of thought rather than to any ability he had as a poet. In American literature, his name will be dropped in less than a score of years. He has never touched the hearts of men, without which no man can be a poet. The only honor which attaches to his memory is that which belongs to him for his helpful services in the hospitals during the war.

It is to be remembered that Whitman is the sceptical poet of America. And in this sense he properly belongs to the French school of the eighteenth century. He has not expressed one clear religious sentiment in all his writings. It is not even certain what he means by religion in the few instances he uses the word. As to whether he believed in a future life he did not even know himself. In one instance he says that there

"Never will be any more perfection than there is now,  
Any more heaven or hell, than there is now."

He seems to hint at Pantheism:

"Was somebody asking to see the soul?  
See! Your own shape and countenance—persons,  
Substances, beasts, the trees, running rivers, the rocks  
and sands."

He slurs the Christ, while he glorifies the lowest habits of life.

Whitman agrees with all sceptical writers in supreme self-conceit, and an exaltation of self. He says that

"Nothing, not God, is greater than one's self."

Egotism is almost made in him. As

"I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;  
Now, O that the great masters might return and





study me!"

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He draws this crazy picture of self-praise:

"Walt Whitman am I, of mighty Manhattan the  
son,  
Turbulent, fleshy and sensual, eating and drinking,  
and breeding,  
I dote on myself."

It is worth while to remark that this is typical of sceptical thinkers. I am not able to name a single sceptical writer that was graced with the least discoverable trait of humility. All of them are disgustingly self-adored.

Must it not be written that Whitman is the poet of the animal and the sensual? He was an advocate of immorality, as all infidels are. He had no sense of shame and rather boasted of it. He is

the poet of the back-yard, and the refuse heap. His poems have the seal of the sensual upon them. Not a line did he write in defence of the chaste and virtuous. He says:

"I believe in the flesh and the appetites,  
I think I could turn and live with the animals, they  
are so placid and self-contained,  
They do not lie down in the dark and weep for their  
sins;  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to  
God."

I know of nothing so low and indecorous. I could make quotations no paper in the land would print. In an honest moment he determined his own low level: "I bequeath myself to the dirt." Let him remain there.

## WHITMAN AT REST.

FUNERAL OF THE DEAD POET IN  
CAMDEN CITY YESTERDAY.

*Phila. Ledger*  
PROMINENT PEOPLE PRESENT  
Mar. 31, 1892

THE ADDRESSES AT THE TOMB IN HAR-  
LEIGH CEMETERY.

MANY TRIBUTES OF RESPECT OFFERED

THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE VIEW THE  
REMAINS IN TWO HOURS.

*Phila. Ledger Mar 31 1892*

Probably never before has there been such a gathering of distinguished men in the world of letters in Camden as assembled yesterday to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead poet, Walt Whitman, whose remains were placed in the tomb planned by himself, in Harleigh Cemetery, in the afternoon. Soon after 10 o'clock in the morning people began to gather in the vicinity of the humble home of the old poet, No. 32 Mickie Street, waiting for the doors to be thrown open, that they might take a last look of one whose face and form had been for many years so familiar to the citizens of Camden. It was not until 10.45 that Fithian B. Simmons, the funeral director in charge, gave the order to open the doors, and from that hour until 1.30 there was a continual stream of men, women and children passing through the little parlors around the casket containing the remains of the old bard.

The casket was of heavy English quartered oak, with oxidized trimmings, with the inscription "Walt-Whitman," in English text, on the lid.

The casket was placed in the back parlor and was literally covered with floral emblems of various designs, sent by admiring friends from all parts of the country. A number of designs were deposited on tables, while others were arranged at the head and also at the foot of the casket. The body was dressed in his familiar suit of gray, and, while the features were greatly emaciated, yet to those who knew him in life, the face in death presented a natural appearance, as though he had sunk into a deep sleep.

Among the floral emblems were pieces from Richard Watson Glider, Mrs. Richard Watson Glider, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John H. Johnson, John Whitman

Wilder, I. D. Hylton, F. S. Simmons, Prof. Geoffrey Buckwalter; wreath of roses from the Whitman Circle, Bolton, England (ordered by cable); wreath of ivy from Mrs. Fairchild, of Boston; wreath of white and pink roses from friends in California (ordered by telegraph); wreath of ivy and violets from T. B. Aldrich, of Boston; bouquet from Folger McKinsey, of Maryland, with the following note:

"HORACE TRAUBEL, Esq.; Dear Sir— I have taken the liberty to address to you this little box of flowers for Walt Whitman's coffin. The fern and sprigs of myrtle are from the grave of Franklin Scott, in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, in this city—the poet of American patriotism—for the grave of the poet of American Democracy.

"The tribute is a modest one, but it comes from one of Mr. Whitman's 'boys'—one who was a few years ago as close to him as anybody, and who holds very dear the memory of his friendship with the great-hearted man. Please be kind enough to give the little bunch of flowers an humble place among the many richer and more elaborate tributes that will no doubt be seen."

Accompanying the wreath of ivy, from Edmund Clarence Stedman, was the following farewell:

GOOD BYE, WALT!

Good-bye, you loved from all you loved of earth—

Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman—

To you their comradeship human.

The last assault

Ends now, and now in some great world has birth

A minstrel, whose strong soul finds broader wings,

More brave imaginings.

Stars crown the hill-top where your dust shall be,

Even as we say good-bye.

Good-bye, old Walt!

At 1.30 o'clock over 3000 people had passed through the house and viewed the remains, and the doors were then closed to the general public.

At the Tomb.

At 2.30 the funeral cortege started for the cemetery, arriving at the tomb at about 3 o'clock. A tent had been erected just south of the tomb, where the services were held, and around this tent and on the hillside, above and below the tomb, were gathered about 3000 people. The tent poles were

topped with the national colors, and his and ferns lined either side of the pass-way and the speakers' platform. Arriving at the tomb the casket was carried to the centre of the tent, facing the platform, followed by the relatives and friends of the dead poet.

The list of honorary pall-bearers selected, most of whom were present, included the following: Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Mr. J. H. Johnson, Mr. Lincoln L. Eyre, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. George W. Childs, Judge O. G. Garrison, ex-Senator A. G. Cattell, Mr. Thomas Donaldson, Mr. Francis Howard Williams, Mr. J. H. Stoddard, Mr. H. Talbot Williams, Mr. H. L. Bonnell, Mr. T. A. Harned, Mr. Horace L. Traubel, Dr. Bucke, Rev. J. H. Clifford, Dr. Daniel G. Britton, Mr. Harrison B. Morris, Mr. Julius Chambers, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman and Mr. Thomas Watkins.

The Services.

The services were commenced by Mr. Francis Howard Williams, who read Scriptural selections and extracts from Whitman's poems.

Mr. Harned's Address.

The opening address was made by Thomas A. Harned, Esq., of Camden, Whitman's friend and legal adviser. He said:

"We have come here to-day to entomb the body of Walt Whitman. We do not come in sadness. The great singer of death and immortality would have us utter only words of life. We who have been the personal witnesses of his daily life have no right to be silent. In the presence of death it becomes a duty to give testimony to the consistency of his life."

"I am charged with the special duty to speak for this city, in which he had lived for many years. He came to Camden in 1878 poor, paralyzed and sick. He had no thought then that his life would be prolonged. He had given his best years to the nursing of soldiers. No tongue can tell the extent of that ministry. With untiring fidelity he served his country. The history of the war presents no instance of nobler fulfillment of duty or sublimer sacrifice. The stalwart physique broke under the terrible strain, and this man came among us to spend his last days. For more than 17 years he has been a familiar figure. During those long years of suffering no one has ever heard him utter a word of complaint. We know of his gentleness, his charity, his wisdom, simplicity, his inspiring and cheery voice, his majestic and venerable figure, his strong and classic face, cast in an antique mould. We have seen him on our streets, or frequenting the ferry boats, or driving over the neighboring roads. His companions have been from every walk of life, more especially among the poor and humble. He has taken a personal interest in the welfare of mechanics, deck-hands, car-drivers and other sons of toil. He was the friend of children, and they all loved him. Although possess of eminence in literary and public life paid him homage, he cared more for the companionship of the common people.





"A predominant trait of his character was gratitude, and it is because of his personal gratitude to me that I speak to-day to return his thanks to the people, especially of Camden, for their many acts of kindness while he has been one of its humble citizens. 'Don't forget,' he said, 'to say thanks, thanks, thanks.'"

"Year by year he grew feeblar, and his ability to walk lessened, until at last he could not leave the house; but his ability to work, his serene faith, his joyous courage never altered or lessened. His tenacity of purpose never weakened. No one could detect any intellectual sluggishness or the timidity of age. His keen insight and clear vision never failed him."

"I deem it my duty to mention two important facts: one, his *positive belief in immortality*, and the other his *fearlessness of death*."

"With him immortality was not a hope or a beautiful dream. He believed that he lived in an eternal universe, and that man was as indestructible as his Creator. His views of religion have been misunderstood. He was tolerant of the opinions of others, and recognized the good in all religious systems. His philosophy was without the limitation of a creed, and included the best thought of every age and clime."

#### Address of Dr. Briston.

Dr. Daniel G. Briston, of Philadelphia, said: "Friends of the dead, comrades and lovers of him who has left us. We meet to bid farewell to him whose life and thoughts have forged the bonds between us. We feared that in midwinter he would have been taken from us, but he abided until the flowers of spring have come to deck his sepulchre, and until the leaves of grass typical to his soul of the mystic energy of nature stretch out toward his tomb."

"No soldier was he; no sailor with the golden hours; but arduous, contentions and infinitely loving. He came bearing the burden of a Gospel, the Gospel of the Individual Man. He came teaching that the soul is not more than the body, and that the body is not more than the soul; and that nothing, not God himself, is greater to one than one's self is. He asked no man to accept his teachings or become his disciple, or to call him Master. His strong voice resounded above the heads of all high men and over the roofs of the world. It challenged alike wealth and power, and want and death, proclaiming that man, the one man, the individual, every individual, has all rights and all powers, is the autocrat of the world, sole ruler of the universe—let him only enforce his claims and make good his titles. His words are perpetual warnings to all sects and syndicates, to all leagues and orders which bind men's minds or muscles to the bidding of another, which make them slaves in thought or in action, and a warning against that worse and commoner bondage to one's own self, to imbibed traditions, to cultivated fears, to accepted and self-forged shackles."

#### Eulogized by Dr. Bucke.

Dr. Bucke, of Canada, the biographer of Whitman, next spoke. He said:

"My friends:—This hour and place will be memorable forever, for here now we consign to its rest all that was mortal of a great man—a man who has graven a deep mark on his age and who will cut a yet deeper furrow across the face of the future."

"There is this difficulty in speaking about Walt Whitman: He was so great, he stood so far apart from, so far above other men,

that when one who knew him attempts to depict him to those who did not, the reporter inevitably makes such claims as cause him to be charged with extravagant exaggeration. Not only so, but, on account of the greatness and especially of the universality of our friend, even those who lived close about him, though conscious of remarkable qualities in the man, were almost never able to realize in any adequate degree the man himself."

"Over and above all ordinary greatness—

greatness of perception, of intellect, of will, of moral qualities, of spiritual exaltation and illumination, and of the power of keen and accurate expression—and all these great-nesses and many more he had—over and above all these he had in an eminent degree that crowning endowment, faculty, quality, or whatever it may be called, the possession of which causes a man to be picked out from the rest and set apart as an object of affection. In his own vivid language: 'He has the pass key of hearts, to him the response of the prying of hands on the knobs.'"

#### Address of Colonel Ingersoll.

The closing address was made by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in the course of which he said: "Again, we, in the mystery of Life, are brought face to face with the mystery of Death. A great man—a great American—the most eminent citizen of this Republic—is dead before us. And we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and to his worth. I know that he needs no words of mine. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the Poet of Humanity, of Sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance; and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of men. He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised. And even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. ~~One of the greatest lines in our literature is his.~~ Speaking of an outcast—and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that ever lived—he said:

"Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

"A charity as wide as the sky. And wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above this earth."

"And he walked among men, among writers, among verbal varnishers and veneerers, among literary milliners and tailors with the unconscious dignity of an antique god. He was the poet, also, of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice, uttered a song worthy of the great Republic. No man has ever said more for the rights of humanity—more in favor of real democracy or real justice. He neither scorned nor cringed—was neither tyrant nor slave. He asked only to stand beneath the great flag of nature, the blue and the stars."

"He was a Poet of Life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and waves burst into the whitecaps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills. He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects, but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow-men."

"He was also the Poet of Love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world—that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art; that divine passion that has made the world worth living in and gives some value to human life."

"He was the Poet of the Natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural."

"He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man—greater than all, he was a true man. And he

walked amongst his fellow men as such."

"Life was also, as has been said, the Poet of Death. He accepted all—Life and Death. And he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody."

"You know better than I what his life has been. But let me say one thing. Knowing, as he did, what others can know and what they cannot, he accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. His philosophy was a sky that embraced all clouds and accounted for all clouds. He had a philosophy and a religion of his own, broader, as he believed—and as I believe—than others. He accepted all. He absorbed all. And he was above all. He was true absolutely to himself. He had frankness, courage, and he was as candid as light. He was willing that all the sons of men should be absolutely acquainted with his heart, and brain. He had nothing to conceal. Frank, candid, pure, serene, noble. And for years and years he was maligned and slandered simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned—that is, his frankness, his candor—will add to the glory and greatness of his fame. He wrote a liturgy for humanity. He wrote a great and splendid psalm of life. And he gave to us the gospel of humanity—the greatest gospel that can be preached—the gospel of humanity."

"He was not afraid to live; not afraid to speak his thought. Neither was he afraid to die. For many years he and Death lived near neighbors. He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this thing called Death. And for many months he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for the night—waiting for the light. In his brain were the blessed memories of the day; and in his heart were mingled the dawn and dusk of life. He was not afraid—cheerful every moment, the laughing nymphs of the day did not desert him. They remained that they might clasp the hand of the veiled and silent sisters of the night when they should come. And when they did come, Walt Whitman stretched his hands to both—one on one side the nymphs of day, on the other the silent sisters of the night. And so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end. From the frontier of life; from the western wave-kissed shore, he sent us messages of content and hope. And those messages seem now like strains of music blown by the mystic Trumpeter from Death's pale realm."

To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay, charitable as the air and generous as nature—negligent of all except to do and say what he believed he should do and should say. And I to-day thank him, not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him to-day for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children. And I thank him for the brave words he has said on the subject of Death. Since he has lived Death is less fearful than he was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark Valley of the Shadow holding Walt Whitman by the hand, long after we are dead. The brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying."

"And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living and I love him still."

#### Some of Those Present.

Among those present at the funeral were: Professor Felix Schelling, William Walsh, Horace Howard Furness, Professor J. L. Capen, Mr. Calder Johnston and Miss May Johnston, of New York; Miss Helen Price and Mrs. Young, of New York; Dr. Emily Ingram, William Ingram, Herbert A. Drake, Melville Phillips, H. C. Walsb, Mayor J. L. Westcott, Hon. Joseph M. Engard, Judge Charles





G. Garrison, John Burroughs, Dr. R. M. Bucke, Herbert H. Gilchrist, Percival Chubb, Thomas B. Harned, J. M. Stoddard, Wm. Sloan Kennedy, Hamlin Garland, Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Horace L. Traubel, Samuel Long, H. L. Bonsall, Arthur Steadman, Judge William Haydon, Talcott Williams, Julius Chambers, John H. Johnston and daughter, of New York; Moncure D. Conway, of New York; Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll, George DeB. Keim, Rev. S. H. Haun, Rev. G. C. Stanger, Alexander McAllister, M. D., William A. Hunt, etc.

WHATEVER place posterity may give to Walt Whitman in the realm of poetry, the tributes paid to his memory at his open grave yesterday are evidence that he had enshrined himself in many hearts. It is good to leave the world thus loved and honored.

### THE WAYSIDE INN.

*Boston Transcript, Aug. 6, 1886*

Does the world contain more than one Wayside Inn? Surely not for that large number of its English readers who have listened with the poet Longfellow to the tales of the student, the Sicilian, the Spanish Jew and the musician. For us the Wayside Inn is in Sudbury town, Massachusetts, upon the old road from Boston to Worcester, and we know that it is a veritable old tavern of rafters and clapboards, and not a habitation built merely by the poet's fancy.

"As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be;  
Built in the old colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and creaky doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled, and tall."

Not only was it a hostelry for man and beast many years before our poet saw his earthly life, but also it is still a place where persons are hospitably welcomed when they come to examine its quaint relics of a time gone by. It stands beside its neighbor oak trees as an embodiment of the customs of New England colonial life, such as is rarely to be seen in modern telephonic days, and within its walls one seems to breathe the atmosphere of an earlier civilisation.

"A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds."

In these days of coaching parties a romantic mind would wish to approach it at least with the borrowed associations of "a coach and four," although the practical visitor may find it quite an advantage to know that the Massachusetts Central Railroad passes not too inconveniently near its region. It is almost daily sought by curious parties, and ought to be made a history lesson for happy children under the improved methods of object teaching.

Those who make a pilgrimage to it during this present year may consider themselves as helping to celebrate its second centennial, for it was built and opened to the public as an inn during the year 1686, by one Howe, whose coat-of-arms still hangs over the fireplace in the great reception room at the left of the front door.

—"In the parlor, full in view,  
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glassed,  
Upon the wall in colors blazed;

He beareth gules upon his shield,  
A chevron argent in the field,  
With three wolfs' heads, and for the crest  
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred; below  
The scroll reads, 'By the name of Howe.'"

For one hundred and seventy-five years the Wayside Inn was kept as a public house by the descendants of this old Howe of ancient and honorable ancestry, the last landlord being the one whom Longfellow describes as—

"Grave in his aspect and attire,  
A man of ancient pedigree,  
A justice of the peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as 'the Squire.'"

Even now the house is owned by members of the Howe family, two ladies, and its present occupants, their tenants, keep it open to the public in so far that they cordially welcome visitors, whom they allow to see the whole of its great extent, and whom they provide with facilities for heating and eating, any lunches which they may choose to bring. The reception room contains long tables and benches for the accommodation of such picnicking guests.

This used to be the inn parlor, and has an antique wall paper whose lilac-tinted groups of figures represent scenes from the story of Diana. It is pleasant to imagine how many poets—either makers of verse or poets by mood alone—may have been fascinated by those purple Dianæ gazing down enraptured upon those purple Endymions, and may have woven them into dreams of sylvan beauty or ethereal bliss after coming in from woods and meadows worthy to be the hunting fields of the athletic goddess, while they sat before warm flames in that generous fireplace; although, by the way, we cannot well conceive of Dianæ as hunting in a land and season where fires were necessary.

Near the visitors' book in this room are to be seen, carefully framed, the two panes of glass with

"The jovial rhymes that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago  
By the great Major Molineux,  
When Hawthorne has immortal made."

His diamond commemorated the good cheer of the inn, long before a greater poet sang its fame. "Wm. Molineux, Jr., Esq., June 24th, 1774," is neatly inscribed upon one of the small panes of glass in a running, albeit somewhat scratchy, hand; and, upon the other, his verse not only expresses his satisfaction with the wine of the house, but also gives us the assurance that the tavern, whose name in full helps out his rhymes, never needed the fostering of new titles to win its regard, but was then, as now, the Wayside Inn.

The large front room on the right of the main entrance was the ordinary reception room, and from it stairs ascended directly for the accommodation of the travellers, who slept together in a common apartment overhead. It has even an older aspect than the parlor opposite, all the rafters being left exposed, and showing not only the great cross beams, but also the smaller transverse ones of the ceiling. Here is the "new bar," so called, to which with its high swinging gate over the counter the qualifying adjective would seem very strangely applied if adjoining it were not the "old bar" connected with the dining-room at the back of the house, from which it is separated by queerly constructed doors

that divide and redivide, swinging partly across and partly up to the ceiling in what is termed old English style. This "old bar" would make a grand text for a temperance lecture, as in its dim corner the orator might point to those two feet of wooden wall all honeycombed and broken away by thrusts of the awl with which corks were removed from bottles before the days of the imbibers' great friend—a cork-screw. What hurried orders must have made those old bar-tenders dash their awl into the panel above their heads, to await a next demand! And what an innumerable number of corks must have been drawn from innumerable bottles before those pits and seams were stabbed into this section of woodwork! We can at least be thankful that the custom of drinking does not now enter into every home and almost every occasion of life, as it did in those old days; and so we can give an optimistic turn to our temperance lecture.

The Wayside Inn preserves for us signs of many other customs besides the questionable one of drinking. In the rear of the house, and shut off from the rest of it by a gate across the chief hall, is the old family sitting-room, with its high mantle-piece, and some quaint old wall paper again. There one may see a china plate—one of those "best" ones saved for company in the days when the family ate from pewter. The old kitchen shows its crane and brick oven, and great iron pot for a constant supply of hot water; and all the outside doors of the house still have the wooden bars and iron sockets with which they were braced at night. In the attic is a reminder of the old warfare with the Indians, although without an explanation one would not comprehend that the strips of wood over the beams of the floor in one room were put there to keep grain from falling through into the room below, and that the grain was brought there in order to be safe from Indians. Another attic room contains a queer little high bunk to be reached by a ladder, in which a dwarf negro used to sleep—one of the last slaves held in Massachusetts.

But the pride of the Wayside Inn is the room in which once slept Lafayette—that friend of our country who, like its Father, seems to have had more nights in a year than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. When the sceptic inquires as to the history of this particular night's slumber, he is told about an old man now living in Marlborough whose father was a blacksmith in that town and shod Lafayette's horse when he was on his way from Boston to Worcester, and after he had spent that night in the Wayside Inn, which gave special honor to its best guest chamber at the head of its chief stairway. As far as possible in those times, the room must have been considered worthy of its guest; it had an open fireplace—a painted wooden floor, upon which the remains of a set pattern, in shades of brown, are still visible, and a very curious wall-paper, whose delicate arabesque suggests some of our modern æsthetic designs, but which was printed upon sheets about two feet square, also joined together, the art of printing upon rolls not having been invented at the time it was made.

If a history of civilization were to be based





## An Old Burying Ground.

BY REV. J. W. CRICKET, D. D.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops, closely followed by the heroes of Lexington and Concord, passed by the foot of a long ridge in the latter village, on which, even then, was an ancient burial place.

It still remains, seldom used, but not neglected, with well-worn paths leading to some noted graves. It is essentially unchanged for the last generation, during the growth and improvement of the pleasant old town, many of whose honored dead it holds.

I will not moralize, though it is a suggestive place to stand in and look down on the busy streets which memory repeoples with the venerated ancestors—one of them a hero of the "Concord fight," who, "sixty years since," so often kindly welcomed the little grandchild.

But, in the character of Scott's "Old Mortality," I will bring to light a few of the old inscriptions.

One is on white marble, as follows:

This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory, and by its color to represent the moral character of

**A BIGAIL DUDLEY;**  
who died April, 1744,  
aged 73.

Another commemorates a little girl of 14:

"Excellent for her reading and soberness."

What a pea picture, at a single stroke, of a prize and proper little maiden. Few such now-a-days.

The most remarkable inscription, deserving to be reprinted every few years, is that over the grave of a slave who died just a century ago. It is as follows:

God wills us free.  
Man wills us slaves.  
I will as God wills.  
God's will be done.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF  
**JOHN JACK,**

a native of Africa, who died in March, 1774,  
aged about 60.

Though born in a land of slavery,

He was born free.

Though he lived in a land of liberty,

He lived a slave.

Till by his honest toil's golden labors

He acquired the source of slavery;

Which gave him his freedom;

Tho' not long before Death, the grand tyrant,

Gave him his final emancipation.

And set him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice  
He practised those virtues  
Without which kings are but slaves.

The author of this unique specimen of antithesis is unknown. But it certainly displays no little talent, and proves that the writer had thought deeply upon the anomalous system whose entire overthrow within a century he could hardly have anticipated.

Would that all the ancient graveyards in our unancient country were as carefully kept, and the most noticeable epitaphs renewed, as this last has evidently been, on fresh stones, before becoming illegible.

## ALCOTT'S DISCIPLES.

Origin and Progress of the Concord  
School of Philosophy.

## A Little Congress of Thinkers and Scholars.

Topics Discussed at the Session of  
1884—The Programme for  
Next Year.

*Phila.* 1884

## Special Correspondence of THE PAXTON.

CONCORD, Aug. 2.—The sixth year's sessions of the "Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature"—for that is the full title of this little university—closed this morning with one of Professor Harris' most inspiring lectures, followed with a lively conversation upon "Immortality," which has been the topic considered for the last three days. The course of the school this Summer has been so successful, and has attracted so much attention, that a review of its history, aim and methods may be interesting. Its real founder was Mr. Alcott, who, for the past two years, has been unable even to attend its sessions, though they are held in the little chapel which he planned, and which was built among the trees and vines he planted many years ago, on the hillside where his "little women" spent so much of their childhood and youth. This hillside, which gives its name to the chapel, has passed into the ownership of Professor Harris, who has lived in Mr. Alcott's "Orchard House" for the last four years, and has now purchased it.

Mr. Alcott had lived there for more than twenty years, and previously at the Hawthorne Cottage, near by, which Hawthorne bought of Mr. Alcott in 1847, and to which he returned from Europe in 1860, and occupied it till his death, in 1864. Mr. Alcott, upon leaving his "Orchard House," in 1877, moved into the house where Thoreau lived and died, and it is there that he now lives, an invalid, with his two daughters and his grandson, at the age of 85.

## FORMATION OF THE SCHOOL.

More than forty years ago, when Mr. Alcott was in England, he formed the plan of a school, or university, in which philosophy should be taught to a few selected Pythagorean disciples; and to this use he devoted the volumes of the Greaves Library (which came into his possession in 1842 upon the death of Pestalozzi's English friend, Mr. J. P. Greaves) and the other books of philosophy, hygiene and education published by him in England. This library was, in part, scattered during the years of Mr. Alcott's migrations from Concord to Fruitlands, to Boston and New Hampshire; but after he settled at the Orchard House, in 1857, he placed the volumes that remained in his study there, and it was in this pleasant old room, among his books, that the "School of Philosophy" was opened in 1879 for a session of six weeks.

It soon outgrew the limits of the Orchard House, and in 1880 the present "Hillside Chapel" was built, with a small fund presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York. In 1881 this chapel was enlarged, but still affords room for no more than 180 persons, the wish of Mr. Alcott and his friends being to keep the school so small that conversation can easily be carried on, which is not possible in a large hall. Occasionally the Town Hall of Concord is used for addresses, where conversation is not expected, and it was there that Mr. Emerson gave before the school his last lecture in 1881. He had taken an interest in the school from the first, as he did in all Mr. Alcott's plans, and was a frequent listener in 1879-'80-'81, dying in 1882 before the session opened. In that year the school devoted one day to memorial discourses

upon the development of window-lighting, the Wayside Inn would show two stages about half-way in the succession, beginning with no windows, and followed by open holes, to be closed only by shutters; round windows, with clumsy bull's-eyes; small windows, with sheets of isinglass, such as are still preserved from some of our early houses; and, as coming down to the single plates of heavy glass in our city palaces. The first windows of the Wayside Inn had broad, hand-made sashes, whose size bore large proportion to that of the tiny, dull panes of glass which they held. In the lower halves of the windows these sashes were replaced many years ago by others of a lighter make, although still containing the numerous small panes which we affect in our modern old-fashioned houses; and thus work of the two periods can be seen together. That the Wayside Inn had means enough of lighting according to its time became evident to one observer, who made a journey all around the outside of its main building and two large wings, to find by actual count that it has eighty-one windows between the ground line and the ridge of its gambrel roof.

The second floor of one of the wings is entirely a dancing-hall, which is spoken of almost with contempt as quite "new," having been built only sixty-eight years. Its smooth floor is even now often trod by whirling feet, and a "kid glove" party was among its recent festivities, though unusual there in its elegance. The old dancing hall adjoining it in the main building, and now used as an ante-room, must have witnessed many scenes of colonial mirth and picturesque attire, even if it could not boast of a kid-gloved assemblage. It warms the heart even now to think of those gatherings of young people from all the country round, coming on their winter sleighing parties, or their summer moonlight drives.

So, too, it quickens the human sympathies to stand

"Under the great oaks that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below,  
On roofs and floors and window-sills,"

and imagine how many vehicles of many kinds have come to rest under their shade in all the days of two centuries, bringing such varied emotions and experiences of life to that one spot, and receiving a welcome which often must have been heartfelt as well as professional, from a hospitality which must have grown into an hereditary impulse.

The old sign with the prancing red horse no longer swings at the bend in the road, and the old oak which so long upheld it to the view of eager wayfarers is now only known by a crumbling stump. But other ancestral oaks—one of them a patriarch with such an immense hollow trunk that eight persons have been known to stand within it at the same time—still surround the house with a protection which has outlived human generations. In leaving their shadow, one sends back a wish that generations to come may visit the spot and learn there something of the simplicity, sturdiness and heartiness which helped to form the foundation of our country's life in the olden, palmy days of the Wayside Inn.

H. A. T.





and poems in honor of Emerson, and this year completed its tribute to its master by the fourteen discourses of the "Emerson Week," which will soon be published in a volume.

#### THE FOUNDERS' OBJECTS.

The design and method of the Concord Summer School, as formed and arranged by Mr. Alcott, Mr. Emerson, the late Professor Peirce, of Harvard; Professor Harris and Mr. Sanborn, were in brief, as follows: To bring together for a few weeks, in the Summer vacation, those students of philosophy, poetry and science who had a common interest in spiritual truth, and something to say to each other; that these should give written or oral discourses in some methodical arrangement—each discourse to be followed immediately by a conversation—and that such persons, young or old, as wished to pursue the study of philosophy or literature in this way, should come into the school upon the payment of a small fee. It was hoped by Mr. Alcott that this would lead to the residence in Concord of a number of young persons who should pursue their studies there, with special instructors, throughout the year; but this part of the plan was never carried out.

The professors do give lectures and hold conversations, however, during the year at private houses in Concord, chiefly before the "Saturday Club," which was founded by Miss May Alcott in 1877, and of which Mr. Alcott, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Sanborn, Professor Harris, Mr. Emery, Dr. Emerson, Mr. French, the sculptor, and many others are or have been members. Mr. Emerson's last public appearance was before this club in 1882, and he often gave readings there—the last ones being his paper on Carlyle and some reminiscences of Thoreau.

The topics treated by the School of Philosophy have been various, and there have been many lectures, but those most prominent in the lectures and conversations have been Mr. Alcott, Professor Harris, Dr. Jones, of Illinois; Rev. Dr. Holland, of Louisiana; Mr. John Albee, of New Hampshire; Mr. Denton G. Snider, of Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston; Dr. Bartol and Dr. Andrew Peabody, of the Unitarian pulpit; and Messrs. F. B. Sanborn and S. H. Emery, of Concord. Dr. McCosh has once lectured before the school, Colonel Higginson twice, Dr. James, the Harvard professor, thrice, and this year Mr. John Fiske, the American representative of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, spoke for the first time. President Porter, of Yale, has twice sent lectures to be read here, and Mr. R. G. Hazard, of Rhode Island, has twice lectured. Mr. Stedman, the poet, read a poem here in 1881, and his family have been at the school this Summer for a few days.

The audience has come from almost every state in the Union, and each year Pennsylvania, Missouri and Illinois have been represented, as well as Massachusetts and the New England States. This year the session was shortened to less than half its usual length, and the result was to make the daily audiences much larger, so that three or four times the desired maximum of 100 was exceeded, and on one day the chapel was crowded. Of those present from one-third to one-half were always invited persons, but the paying audience has been large enough, with the exception of 1883, to meet the modest expenses of the school, and this year a considerable surplus has accrued towards the expenses of 1885. The lecturers receive a small honorarium, at first \$10 for each lecture, but now \$15, and the other expenses amount to less than \$100 a year. The plan is a very simple one, and could be carried out in almost any community where there is an interest in such topics.

Concord has the advantage of being a place well known and attractive for other reasons than the presence of this school. The secret of success has been, however, that those who took part in it had something to say, and were far more interested in saying it to each other than they were in being reported in the newspapers or making money out of their wisdom, so that the celebrity they have received has surprised them as much as anybody. They have paid no attention to the jokes, good, bad or indifferent, that have been made about them, have not defended themselves when attacked or bespattered with injudicious compliment, but have gone on with what they had to do in their own quiet way. The consequence is that the foolish have got weary of jesting, blaming and praising, and the school has become an institution as firmly established as anything could be in so short a time as six years. It does not court the crowds or the machinery of such institutions as the Chautauque assembly, good as that is, but prefers its own simple method and result.

#### DISCUSSING EMERSON.

The fourteen essays on "The Genius and Character of Emerson," did not cover by any means the whole variety of aspect under which that subject could be considered, for the Orientalism of Emerson was left out of view, from the failure of the Hindoo reformer Mozoomdar's essay to arrive, and no lecturer was found to treat of "Emerson as an orator," or of his friendship, which, however, were touched upon in the session where Mr. Alcott's diary was read, and in that where the Poet Channing's tribute to his friends, Emerson and Thoreau, was recalled to the recollection of the audience. Chapters in the Emerson volume are still expected from Mr. Channing, from Mozoomdar and from Walt Whitman, and the French essay of M. de Poyen will be printed in the volume.

This was the most general and inclusive statement of Emerson's genius made during the week, and may serve to correct some of the absurdities of Matthew Arnold's and John Morley's estimate of the Concord poet-philosopher. Most of the lecturers had some word of dissent from Arnold's criticism, and Mr. Albee pointed out very well what is the true standard for measuring style in literature. Mr. Cooke, the biographer of Emerson, dwelt much on American literature and Emerson's relation thereto; but the innate, intuitive Americanism of the Concord sage was best set forth by Julian Hawthorne, who has developed a fine talent for criticism and for public reading. His essay in the "Manhattan" is by no means identical with the lecture read at Concord. Mrs. Cheney's lecture on "Emerson in Boston," gave more facts of the poet's life than any other; but many such facts were brought out in the dozen conversations that followed the Emerson lecture.

#### TALKS ON IMMORTALITY.

On the 31st of July, and for the two next days, the theme was "Immortality;" and it is scarcely possible to conceive five able lectures on the same subject more unlike each other than those of Rev. Dr. Peabody, John Fiske, Rev. Dr. Holland, Thomas Davidson and Professor Harris, who closed the debate to-day with a lecture which will appear one of these days in the "North American Review." Dr. Peabody spoke to the popular heart and the religious sentiment. Mr. Fiske opened the evolution hypothesis upon a new plane, with an escape from materialistic evolution through psychical development and personal immortality. Dr. Holland gave the profound Hegelian and theologic view, Mr. Davidson arrayed in logical form, according to the terminology of the schoolmen and of Rosmini, the Italian philosopher, the argument for an immortality of the thinking and spiritual

faculty, while Professor Harris showed the relation of the doctrine and belief of immortality to the history and future possibilities of mankind; thus supplementing Mr. Fiske and the other lecturers.

#### THE COURSE FOR 1885.

The next year's course of lectures was announced by the Faculty yesterday as twenty in number, running through two weeks and having for its general subject; "Goethe and Modern Science." The plan is to present the great works of Goethe, particularly his "Meister," "Faust," "Farbenlehre" and "Poetry and Truth," for study by the professors and pupils during the intervening years, and then, in July, 1885, to open a discussion here under fifteen or twenty different heads on the philosophic, scientific, poetic and practical activity of Goethe, and on the great development of science that has followed the poetic philosophy of nature announced by him.

At the same time, his principles of art and literature will be considered, and comparisons will be made between him and Dante, Plato and Homer, on one side, and Victor Hugo, Emerson and Darwin, on the other. The plan is very acceptable to the members of the school and promises a session next year even more brilliant than this year's has been. It is hoped that Dr. Jones, who has been absent two years, may return in 1885, and that Mr. Alcott, in spite of his great age and his illness, may be present then.

## HOME OF THE ALCOTTS.

The Pleasant Residence in Concord of a Gifted Family.

Something of the Everyday Life of the Authors of "Little Women" and "Little Men"—A Philosopher, but Certainly Not a Farmer.

84

#### Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

CONCORD, Mass., Nov. 28.—The history of little town of Concord, Mass., can undoubtedly claim the distinction of having been, at one time or another in its history, the home of a greater number of our foremost literary celebrities than any other of its size in the United States, and among these homes the Old Manse and Wayside, from their association with Hawthorne, and the house in which Mr. Emerson passed the last forty-seven years of his life, will, as long as they remain, be invested with a peculiar charm alike for the casual visitor and the literary pilgrim. And there are still other homes here which, from similar associations, will always possess a like interest.

Next to Wayside, and standing back some little distance from the road, surrounded by lofty oaks and elms, is an old and quaint, looking mansion with tall, peaked roof, gable ends and high, old-fashioned porches, which attracts the eye of the passer-by, and is apt to impress him with the idea, from its rather dilapidated and decayed appearance, that it may take a sudden notion to tumble down one of these days. In this house—their old orchard home—the Alcott family lived for many years, and here it was that Miss Louisa Alcott wrote her charming story of "Little Women" and other tales, and where she used to delight in gathering her young friends





about her in the old parlor, with the bright light of a soft summer's moon stealing in through the open windows, and regaling them with ghost stories. A not inappropriate place for the purpose, for seen upon a chill winter's night, with the clump of tall, funeral-looking pines shadowing one side of it, and the outspreading branches of the old oaks and elms casting weird and fantastic shapes upon the ground's mantle of spotless white, and tossing wildly about and uttering mysterious groans in the keen blasts that assailed them, one might well imagine the place to be haunted.

Not from fear of any ghostly intruders, however, but from dread of that far grimmer reality, rheumatism, whose visits were sufficiently frequent and afflictive, the family were finally compelled to abandon the old place. But as one of the literary homes of Concord—as associated with the Alcott family—it still possesses more than ordinary interest.

Upon the parlor walls are yet to be seen many of the paintings of Mrs. May Alcott Nericker, a younger sister of the authoress, who died in Paris a few years ago, and who was by no means the least talented of this gifted family. Indeed, as an artist, Miss May Alcott took a distinguished rank. On the door panels throughout their old home, and on the window frames of her own room still remain the delicate tracings and pictures which were the work of her earlier years. Over the parlor fire-place are some lines of William Ellery Channing, painted by her, while her finely executed bust of Mercury still stands in the hall near the door. This, however, is now the home of Professor Harris, of the Concord School of Philosophy.

The same air of simple but elegant refinement and exquisite taste that pervaded their old home here characterizes their present one. It stands upon the main street of the town, a plain, two-story frame dwelling, having nothing in its outward aspect that would suggest to a casual observer any idea of the perfect little paragon of artistic and esthetic beauty that it is within.

In the front parlor to the right of the hall the eye is particularly attracted by the numerous copies of Turner's pictures that adorn the walls. These are the works of Mrs. Nericker, who received from competent authorities abroad the highest encomiums upon the artistic fidelity and accuracy that characterize them. Her own portrait by a well-known lady artist of London, hangs over the mantel-piece. In the next room is the most finished and best known of her still-life subjects, an earthen jug containing flowers and apple-blossoms, so natural looking that one might imagine a close approach must reveal the delicate odors that he can scarcely conceive their perfectly simulated bloom and beauty to be without. Tastefully arranged in different parts of the parlor are many objects of rare worth and beauty, and among these are disposed, singly or in groups, sweet-scented flowers, which charm the eye with their bright colors and dainty forms. The room is never without them, for when the natives of the soil have paled their hues and exhausted their perfume they are replaced by delicate exotics, so that one might dwell here in an atmosphere of perennial bloom and fragrance.

The soft, warm carpet, comfortable furniture and bright, rich window curtains impart an air of charming home comfort, while in one corner an open piano shows that music is one of the fine arts that has here its devotees. These consist of two Pratt boys—children of Mr. Alcott's eldest daughter—the "Little Men" of Miss Louisa Alcott's story, and who, with their mother and little Louisa Alcott Nericker, form part of the household.

Across the hall, in the front room, was the study and library of Mr. Alcott before the

erection of his new library, which he has had constructed since attaining his eightieth birthday, and here he used to hold his Sunday night talks upon subjects philosophic, scientific, moral and religious with the literate of Concord and such other privileged guests who used to assemble here on these occasions. He is said to have been of one of the best talkers of his time, and in the sense that when he talked he let fall from his lips verbal gems of matured knowledge and profound wisdom. His mental activity for one of his age was remarkable, but scarcely more so than his physical prowess, for up to the time of his present illness he was to be seen every day walking with quick and elastic step along the main street of the village, and driving about in a little pony phaeton two grandchildren, the Daisy and named in story.

#### MISS ALCOTT'S STUDY.

The study of Miss Louisa Alcott is over the new library, extended out from the back parlor, and in this apartment, as in all the other throughout the house, there is the like refined taste displayed in its furniture and adornments, the same harmonious blending together of the useful and ornamental that is a charming characteristic of the lower rooms. As a literary home it may claim an additional interest from having been at different times the abode of Thoreau and Mr. F. J. Sanborn.

Upon the death of Miss Sophia Thoreau the house was purchased by Miss Louisa Alcott and presented by her as a gift to her sister Mrs. Pratt. Another instance of the generous and kindly promptings of the warm-hearted authoress is afforded by the motherly care and affection she has always lavished upon her little niece and namesake, Louisa Alcott Nericker, and also by her assuming at expense of the education of the Pratt boys, to which purpose her story of "Little Men" was written.

Before occupying their old orchard home the family resided in a small frame house, little way out of the town, and while living here it was that Mr. Alcott essayed the experiment of combining the toils of literature with the labors of agriculture. The secret of his failure to achieve any very great success in this latter pursuit may, perhaps, be found in the advice once given him by an old farmer, who remarked to him with a tone of sly humor, illustrating a truth which would no doubt, be applicable in more instances than the present one, "Mr. Alcott, if you would give less attention to books and more to beans you would have better success." That he did not profit by the old fellow's advice would seem to be evidenced by the fact that he soon after abandoned his agricultural labors. That the devotees of literature cannot take the commanding position as farmers we have probably one of the best examples in the disastrous experiment at Brook Farm. But that Mr. Alcott, the profound scholar and philosopher, was actually guilty of setting out plants in the ground with their roots in the air, and of committing sad havoc among his vegetable beds from a constitutional inability to discern the difference between weeds and esculents we never believed, whatever some would have us do of the Brook Farm fraternity.

In his home Mr. Alcott is the most charming of hosts. Although—to use an expression once made to the writer in regard to him—"he will soar off into the infinitude upon all occasions," he possesses that happy faculty which was so characteristic of Mr. Emerson, of being able to place himself upon the intellectual level of his guest or companion, thus putting him entirely at his ease. Of the "Sage of Concord" it was said that he would converse as fluently with his farm friend about potatoes and cabbages as upon the higher principles of transcendental philosophy with the servant. So of Mr. Alcott it may be said, he could at times condescend

to the commonplace things of our low world in graceful and erudite discourse and even enjoy his joke with any one. While the Old Manse, apart from its interesting historical associations, and Wayside suggest many pleasant thoughts of him who was, perhaps, among writers of fiction, the most highly gifted of American authors, of the house on the Lexington road, typical with its plain, white frame walls, green shutters and low roof, of the old-time New England country homestead, will bring to the mind pleasant memories of him who was one of the profoundest thinkers of his time so will the "Old Orchard" home in the meadow, and the little house on Main street, the latter, happily, still the home of the sole surviving member of that brilliant literary coterie of a passed away day, which was splendid with some of the brightest light of American literature, possess a like charm to the honored friend and visitor and the literary pilgrim who may in the time to come in time past chance to turn their steps towards.

"The sun shone on some reared meadow where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on the cities and percolance, as it has never set before, where there is not a solitary marsh hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a muskquash looks out from his cabin, and there is only some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly around a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur in it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of alysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening. So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till, one day, the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bankside in autumn.—Thoreau.

When a young lady asked Miss Louisa Alcott for advice as to earning a living by literary work, she replied: "I can only reply to yours as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. 'One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell. If people won't take the stories, try something else. For a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be. Nurse, teacher, companion, housekeeper, seamstress or servant are all honest trades and worth trying while waiting for the more agreeable work."

"I tried them, and after grubbing for twenty years made a bit, seemingly by accident, but I could see how very hard experience had helped, every sacrifice enriched, and so believe heartily in that sort of training for us all. I do not know anyone in Washington, and I think anything better than the places women hold in public offices there. If your stories are good they will find a market; if they are not, stop writing and try something else. The gift is born with us, and cannot be learned, as some think."





# THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF A BOOK CATALOGUE.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE American visitor enters Westminster Abbey prepared to be hushed in awe before the multitude of great names. To his amazement he finds himself vexed and bored with the vast multiplicity of small ones. He must approach the Poets' Corner itself through avenues of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons. It seems that even Westminster Abbey affords no test of greatness, nor do any of the efforts to ascertain it by any other test succeed much better. The balloting in various newspapers for "the best hundred authors" or "the forty immortals" has always turned out to be limited by the constituency of the particular publication which attempted the experiment; or sometimes even by the action of jocose cliques, combining to force up the vote of pet candidates. As regards our authors, the great "Library of American Literature" of Stedman and Hutchinson aims to furnish a sort of Westminster Abbey or Valhalla, where the relative value of different writers may be roughly gauged by the number of pages assigned to each candidate for fame. But this again is determined by the taste of the compilers, and their judgment, however catholic, is not infallible. Still another test, and one coming nearer to a general popular consensus, may be sought in the excellent catalogues which are now prepared for our public libraries—catalogues in which the list of each author's works is supplemented by appending the titles of all books or parts of books written about him; not usually including, however, magazine or newspaper articles. By simply counting the entries of this subsidiary literature which has already grown up around each eminent man, we can obtain a certain rough estimate of the extent and variety of interest inspired by him in the public mind.

Let us take, for instance, one of the best and most recent of these catalogues—the large quarto volume which enumerates the English books in the Cleveland (Ohio) public library. This selection is made partly because of the thoroughness and excellence of the work itself, and partly because, as Emerson once said, "Europe stretches to the Alleghanies," and, by going west of them, we at least rid ourselves of any possible prejudices of the Atlantic border. I have carefully counted the list of entries in this catalogue under the names of many prominent Americans not now living; and the results have been such as to surprise not merely the compiler, but all with whom he has compared notes. No person to whom he has put the question has yet succeeded in hitting, at a guess, the first four names upon the list presently to be given; the list, that is, of those under whose names the entry of biographical and critical literature is largest. The actual table, arranged in order of pre-eminence, is as follows, the number following each name representing the number of books, or parts of books, referring to the person named, and enumerated in the Cleveland catalogue. The actual works of the author himself are not included. The list is as follows:

|                                 |    |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Washington.....                 | 48 |
| Emerson, Lincoln (each).....    | 41 |
| Franklin.....                   | 37 |
| Webster.....                    | 34 |
| Longfellow.....                 | 33 |
| Hawthorne.....                  | 25 |
| Jefferson.....                  | 23 |
| Grant.....                      | 22 |
| Irving.....                     | 21 |
| Clay.....                       | 19 |
| Beecher, Poe, M. F. Ossoli..... | 16 |
| Theodore Parker.....            | 15 |
| John Adams, Sumner.....         | 14 |
| Cooper, Greeley, Sheridan.....  | 12 |
| Everett.....                    | 11 |

|                                                   |    |
|---------------------------------------------------|----|
| John Brown, Channing, Farragut.....               | 10 |
| Garrison, Hamilton, Prescott, Seward, Taylor..... | 9  |
| Thoreau.....                                      | 7  |
| Alleton.....                                      | 5  |
| Edwards, Motley.....                              | 5  |

This list certainly offers to the reader some surprises in its details, but it must impress every one, after serious study, as giving a demonstration of real intelligence and catholicity of taste in the nation whose literature it represents. When, for instance, we consider the vast number of log cabins or small farmhouses where the name of Lincoln

is a household word, while that of Emerson is as unknown as that of *Æschylus* or *Catullus*, one cannot help wondering that there should have been as many books written—so far as this catalogue indicates—about the recluse scholar as about the martyr-President. The prominence of Washington and Franklin was to be expected, but that Longfellow should come so near Webster, and that both he and Hawthorne should distinctly precede Jefferson and Grant, affords surely some sensations of surprise. Again, there is something curious in the fact that Poe should stand "bracketed," as they say of examination papers, with the Margaret Fuller whom he detested; that the classic Everett should fall so far below the radical Parker; and that Dr. Channing and John Brown, the antipodes of each other as to temperament, should rank together on the returns. But all must agree that these figures reflect, to a greater degree than one would have expected, the actual prominence of these various personages in the public mind; and could the table include a number of printed catalogues instead of one, it really would afford as fair an approximation as we are likely to obtain to a National gallery of eminent persons.

It is easily to be seen that no similar gallery of living persons would have much value. It is not, ordinarily, until after a man's death that serious criticism or biography begins. Comparing a few living names, we find that there are already, in the Cleveland catalogue, subsidiary references to living persons, as follows:

|                                        |    |
|----------------------------------------|----|
| Lowell.....                            | 15 |
| Holmes, Whittier, General Sherman..... | 12 |
| Mrs. Stowe.....                        | 8  |
| Bancroft.....                          | 6  |
| Whitman.....                           | 5  |
| President Cleveland.....               | 4  |
| Harte.....                             | 3  |
| Blaine, Howells, James.....            | 2  |
| Hale, Parkman.....                     | 1  |

These figures, so far as they go, exhibit the same combination of public and literary service with those previously given. Like those, they effectually dispose of the foolish tradition that republican government tends to a dull mediocrity. Here we see a people honoring by silent suffrages their National leaders, and recording the votes in the catalogue of every town library. There is no narrow rivalry between literature and statesmanship, or between either of these and military qualities, but all leaders are recognized for what they have given. The result is a tribute to that natural inequality of men which is as fully recognized, in a true republic, as their natural equality; that is, they are equal in the sense of being equally men, but not equal in their gifts as men. It is curious to see how the social futilities of English society tell on educated Englishmen, so surely as they grow old enough to shed the generous impulses of youth. It was in vain that Tennyson wrote "*Clara Vere de Vere*," and Froude "*The Nemesis of Faith*," and Ruskin "*Modern Painters*," and Swinburne the "*Song in Time of Order*;" let them once reach middle life and they are all stanch Tories and "accept dukes;" and now Huxley follows in their train. But here in America we find no difficulty in select-

ing, for instance, has changed a good deal within fifty years, and so has that of Henry Clay; but in the end the scale settles itself and remains tolerably permanent. And there is this advantage in a hierarchy of intellect and public service, thus established, that it does not awaken the antagonism which follows an hereditary aristocracy; and that if the sons of these eminent persons do not distinguish themselves, they are simply ignored and passed by, whereas under a hereditary aristocracy their high position may be a curse to the community. This Westminster Abbey of the newspapers excites no such feelings as Heine confesses himself to have experienced among the graves of the crowned

ing our natural leaders, sooner or later, and owing them; they do not have to fight for recognition, in most cases; it comes by a process like the law of gravitation.

In our colonial town records the object of the meeting was often stated as being "to know the Town's Mind" on certain questions; the Town's Mind being always written with capitals and "mentioned with reverence, as if it were a distinguished person, hard to move." The result of this unconscious selection is to give us the Nation's Mind in regard to our foremost men. As time goes on, the decision varies; some reputations hold out better, some less well; the relative position of Dr. Chan-

heads at Westminster Abbey in London. He tells us that he did not grudge the eightpence he had paid to see them; but told the vergers that he was delighted with his exhibition, and would willingly have paid as much more to see the collection complete.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.





## DEAN STANLEY ON AMERICA.

The following is the address of Dean Stanley before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, at Birmingham, England, on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the Institute, on December 19th:

On this occasion I have thought that, instead of enlarging on the commonplace topics of education or literature, which would be equally advantageous at any time or in any place, it might be useful to say a few words, suggested by a recent journey to the United States, which will not be unsuitable to the general questions involved in institutions like this. It is not my purpose to give you what are called "Impressions of America." Even if the circumstances of my journey did not render such an undertaking impossible, I should have felt that, before an audience at Birmingham, the ground had already been preoccupied by a distinguished Pastor, well known to all of you, whose activity and zeal must be admired even by those who most widely differ from him, and whose controversial vigor of style few can imitate or emulate. I propose to confine myself to that side of American life which perhaps was of more interest to me than to most travellers—its purely historical aspect, that aspect presented by the original Eastern States to which my journey was confined. It is a part of history of which, for whatever reason, Englishmen are strangely ignorant—at least I speak for myself—until their imagination has been touched by the actual sight of that vast continent, with its inspiring suggestions and recollections.

There are two remarks which an Englishman constantly hears from the lips of Americans, uttered with a kind of plaintive apology: "We are a young people," and "We have no antiquities." The truth of the first of these remarks every one must admit; the truth of the second I venture to question. There is a saying of Lord Bacon, part of which has been made familiar from its having become the title of an interesting work by an eloquent and multifarious writer of our own time, "*Antiquitas seculi juvenus mundi*," "The age of the world is also its youth." But there is the reverse of this saying, which is equally true: "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity." It was a fundamental maxim of the historical philosophy of a great teacher once well known in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and I trust not yet forgotten, Thomas Arnold, of Rugby; that every nation has its ancient and modern history, irrespectively of the chronological place which such nation may hold in the general succession of events. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of America. Its youth brings it within the category of a period of history which may truly be called ancient, because it still breathes something of the freshness of its first beginnings, because it still exhibits society not in the ~~stage of absolute achievement~~, but of gradual formation. No doubt the scientific and material appliances of the nineteenth century, in some respects carried out to a further extent in the New World than in the Old, give an appearance of novelty, and, in a certain sense, of perfection, which is altogether alien to the first origin of a people; but when we penetrate below this we find that there are abundant traces of a youthful, childlike, and therefore youthful aspect of American history. The ~~aspect of America~~ corresponds to the antiquity of Europe. It is this peculiarity of American history in its past, its present and its future, which constitutes its peculiar interest, often its best apology, always its powerful incentive. It is a characteristic which, in a large measure, it shares with Russia, but which in America is brought to a nearer focus from the shortness of the career it has hitherto run.

## THE EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The history of the United States may be said to class itself into four different epochs, which emerge from the level to which the larger part of its annals are confined. The first epoch is what we may call the Era of the Founders. It is rarely that we are able so nearly to place ourselves within the reach of the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of a powerful people. What most resembles this epoch is, perhaps, the accounts, historical or legendary, of the foundation of the Grecian States, whether in the mother country or its dependencies. But the Greek founders are, for the most part, more or less involved in a cloud of fable, whilst those of the American Commonwealth stand out in all the dis-

tinctions of living and actual personalities. It was an extraordinary sensation which I experienced when, two days after landing in America, I found myself assisting at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the town of Salem, in Massachusetts. Around me were guests and speakers who derived their lineage and name from those who had first set foot on what was then a desolate wilderness. On one side was a distinguished judge, the representative of Endicott, the first Governor; on the other side the venerable and accomplished descendant of Winthrop, if not the first actual, the first undisputed Governor of the Colony. The office itself was well represented by the honored citizen who, in direct succession, filled it at that moment. On the right hand and the left were the Saltons, the Bowditches, and the Higginsons—names obscure here, but household words there. Their progenitors are not shadowy phantoms—like the heroes of Ossian's poems—with the stars shining through them, but stout and stalwart yeomen, or merchants, or clergy, like ourselves; each home in the place claimed some connection with one or other of these ancestral patriarchs; their portraits, their letters, the trees they had planted, the churches they had built, were still amongst us. It was as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great-grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or Clovis and Pepin. It was that sense of near proximity to the beginnings of the State which is so marvelously reproduced in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe," where, with perhaps a too close foreshortening of his picture, he makes us feel that Cedric and Athelstan, Front de Bœuf and the Templars, still breathed the spirit of the Saxon monarchy and of the Norman Conquest.

Look for a moment at some of the separate groups into which the founders of the American States arrange themselves. In the brilliant pages of the venerable historian of the United States, George Bancroft, you see them one by one, from Florida to Quebec, emerging, as if from the ocean, under the guidance of those ancient heroes. Take first that which is still in common parlance called the Mother State, or the Old Dominion of Virginia. What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventures, who in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent?

Look at the first projector of the scheme, statesman, poet, historian, discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh! He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure, well-known in America, dimly, I fear, recognized in England, of him, though bearing the homely name of John Smyth, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career, both before and afterward, was chequered with a series of marvellous risks, which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. With a scientific and nautical ardor, which has descended to his lineage in this country, including the late renowned hydrographer, Admiral Smyth, was combined an impetuous passion for adventure which had previously led him through the wars of Hungary, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Turkish corsairs; and which, in America, won the affections of the Indian tribes, against whom he none was able to guard the infant colony. Twice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards—Calaneca, the lady of Hungary; Trabegonzada, the lady of the Turkish harem; and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian Chief Powhatan, who throw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smyth, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the City of London. "Here," such was his epitaph, "he lies conquered who conquered all."

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Turn to another group. Can any one stand on the hill above the Bay of Plymouth, in New England, and see without a yearning as toward the cradle of a sacred State, the Mayflower winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, from island to island, till at last the little crew

descend upon the one solitary rock on that level shore—the rock of which the remains are still visited by hundreds of pilgrims from every part of North America? Is it not truly a record of the heroic age when we read the narrative of the wasting away, in that cold December season, of one-half of the little colony, the other hiding their dead under nameless graves, lest the neighboring Indians should perceive the diminishing strength of these peaceful invaders; and then the stern determination, with which they watched the vessel, after five months, return on its homeward voyage, without one single colonist of the remnant that was left abandoning the cause for which they came, and retracing their steps to comfort and plenty? What a dramatic circle is that which contains the stern General Bradford, the Yorkshire soldier of fortune; doubtful Puritan and doubtful Catholic Miles Standish; the first child born on the Atlantic, Oceanus Hopkins; the first child born in New England, Peregrine White! Or again, look at that singular eccentric enthusiast, Roger Williams, who found the bonds which the new colony endeavored to lay upon him not less odious than those which caused those colonists themselves to leave their native country, and himself wandering over wooded hill and valley, or threading his way in solitary canoe till he reached a point where he could at peace unfurl the banner of religious toleration, and to which, in grateful acknowledgment of the grace of God which had smiled on him thus far, he gave the name still immortalized in the State that sprang from his exertions, "Providence." Or, again, look to the banks of the Delaware, where William Penn founded what he well called the "holy experiment" of a State which should appeal, not to war, but to peace for protection, and which should improve, to use his own words, "an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." There rose the City of Brotherly Love, whose streets still bear the names of the ash, the chestnut, the spruce and the walnut of the forest, in which it was planted. There reigned that dynasty of princes who acknowledged their allegiance to the English Crown by the simple homage of a beaver's skin, and whose principle, derived from the patriarch of the Quakers, George Fox, was, "Let your light shine among the Indians, the blacks and the whites." Or in Georgia, look at the fine old churchman, Oglethorpe, the unwavering friend of Wesley, the model soldier of Samuel Johnson, the synonym in the mouth of Pope for "strong benevolence of soul." He and those I have named may surely be reckoned amongst those to whom Lord Bacon gives the first place amongst the benefactors of mankind—the founders of States and Empires. They are examples of the heroic sacred antiquity which may still be found in America.

## THE CONTEST FOR A CONTINENT.

I pass to the next epoch—it is that in which the great French and English nations contended for the possession of the American continent, as they had once in the middle ages contended for the possession of the ancient kingdom of France. This also, although chronologically it appears in the midst of the prosaic eighteenth century, is fraught with all the romance which belongs to the mediæval struggles of European races. It is that long contest so graphically described in the elaborate narrative of Francis Parkman, and it is intertwined with some of the most impressive scenes of American nature. Look at that line of waters, Lake George and Lake Champlain, which formed at that time the central thoroughfare—the only thoroughfare—through what was then a trackless wilderness of mountain and forest. See the English armies, drawn alike from the mother country and the still obedient colonists, fighting in one common cause, coming down in their vast flotilla through those huge overhanging woods, the fortress, of which the ruins still remain—almost the only ruins that can be seen, perhaps, throughout the length and breadth of the United States—the fortress of

Ticonderoga, or as the French called it, Carillon, or Chimes, from the melodious murmur of the waters which dashed along from one inland sea to the other. Listen to the legendary lore which hangs over the mysterious death of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, whose gravestone is still to be seen amongst the descendants of his famous clan; or gaze on the historic splendor which surrounds the name of Lord Howe, commemorated by the grateful





Americans, alike in a monument on the spot where he fell, by the shores of Lake George, and within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Or again, look more northward still, to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his no less chivalrous adversary the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and Americans of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapt in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred. Those scenes of battles between the high-born courtiers of France on the one hand, and the Jacobite highlanders of Scotland, and the sturdy colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts intermingled with the war whoops and the tomahawk, the feathers and the colors of those Indian tribes who were the terror and the attraction alternately of both the contending parties, carry us back to times which assure us that the American novelist, Fenimore Cooper, rightly chose them as a theme of his picturesque and heart-stirring tales, and which make even an Englishman or a Scotchman feel that in traversing those regions he is, as it were, on the Loch Katrine or the Loch Lomond of his own kindred isles. And when in the hills of the American Berkshire we see the huge boulder which, with its simple inscription marks the "grave of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers," we feel that we stand on the boundary of those days when the civilized man and the savage were not yet parted asunder, when there was still a sense of mutual gratitude between the two races such as carries us back to the times when Goth and Roman, Celt and Saxon met in their varied vicissitudes of war and peace.

#### THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

We pass to the third epoch—that of the War of Independence. We now approach a region which compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savor of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renowned characters who for the first, perhaps we may say the only, time in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies. When, in the public place at Richmond, we see the statue of George Washington surrounded by the group of the famous Virginians of his time, the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the judicious sagacity of Marshall, the eccentric energy of Jefferson—when to these we add the stern vigor of John Adams, and Samuel, his namesake, from Boston, and last, not least, the homely and penetrating genius of Benjamin Franklin, from Philadelphia, and the brilliant philosophic friend and equal of Talleyrand, the gifted and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those intellectual constellations which mark only those great creative epochs in the history of nations, such as may indeed appear in their later history, but usually belong to those moments when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when mankind is going through one of its decisive trials. Old Martin Routh, of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression, answered: "The separation of the American States;" and when, in his 100th year, he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former years, his last words murmured something of "the war with America." Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed, on the 19th of April, 1775. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried; on the other side is a monument

erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with his musket by his side, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living poets, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village, who was present at the time of the conflict:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of an almost regal majesty; looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has given to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American Commonwealth.

A CAREFUL ALLUSION TO THE CIVIL WAR. There lay yet one fourth group of events which makes us feel that even now in the time in which we live America belongs to those old days of European nations when society was not yet wedded together, when the wars of York and Lancaster, or the wars of Cromwell and Charles the First, were still possible. I refer to the only civil war of recent times—perhaps the greatest civil war of all times—the war between the Northern and the Southern States ten years ago. But this is too close to our days for us to safely touch upon; the smouldering ashes of that fierce volcano are too near the surface. I do but glance at it and move onwards.

#### EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

What I have said of the history, so to speak, of America at once illustrates and is illustrated by some of the chief characteristics of the present condition of the United States, and also of our expectations of its future. Look, for example, at the extraordinary munificence shown in multiplication of institutions emanating in a large degree from the piety and liberality of individual founders and benefactors. The very phrase which I use recalls the medieval beneficence out of which sprang some of the chief educational institutions of our own country. I do not say that this munificence had died out of the nineteenth century at home or in the older countries. In one branch—that of public libraries for general use, which is the chief glory of the modern institutions of the United States, as its almost total abstinence is the chief reproach to the metropolis of London—in these public libraries I understand that at least in Birmingham a near approach has been made to the generosity, whether of corporations or of individuals, in the United States. Still the freedom, almost the recklessness, with which these benefactions are lavished beyond the Atlantic bears upon its face the characteristic of an older age reappearing amidst our modern civilization as the granite boulder of some earlier formation. For the likenesses in our English history to John Harvard, to the ten worthy fathers of Yale, to John Hopkins, and Astor and George Peabody, and Peter Cooper, we must look to our Wykehams, our Waynfletes, our Wolseys, at Oxford, and those whose names are immortalized in Gray's splendid Ode, on the Benefactors of Cambridge.

#### POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

Again, the distinct character, the independent government, the separate legislation of the various States which compose the Republic of North America represent a condition of political society to which modern Europe offers no parallel except perhaps in the small Federation of Switzerland, and for which, on so large a scale, we must for an example go back to the not yet developed States of Europe just emerging from the old Roman Empire into the new Christian Empire of Charlemagne, each marked indeed by the separate nationalities which were already beginning to show themselves, but even in the sixth or the ninth century, speaking, as in the vast continent of North America at the present day, at least amongst the educated classes, one language, and subject, at least in name, to one central Government. You will not suppose that, in thus referring to the independence and diversity of the different States of America I

am presuming to enter on that most vexed of all vexed questions of American politics—the exact point where the rights of the separate States terminate and the rights of the Central Government begin. I treat of it only in its general feature as an unquestionable phenomenon which indicates that the American Commonwealth is yet in the beginning of political society, and that the end may be something far different from that which we now behold.

#### CLASSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Again, in the relations of the laboring classes to the educated and upper classes of America, without entrenching on the thorny questions of capital and labor, of socialism and of political economy, which are now beginning to agitate the New World as they agitate the Old, there is a peculiarity which exists in no European country at the present time, and which is a problem kindred to the first arrangements of the States of the ancient classical world. It is the peculiarity by which mechanical and manual labor is performed, for the most part, not by natives, but by foreigners. What the Pelasgians were in Attica, what the Helots were in Sparta, what the Israelites were in Egypt, what the Canaanites were in Palestine, what the Greeks generally call by the varying names *Paraceti* or *Periceti*—that is to say, the aboriginal or foreign elements which the ruling class appropriated to itself for these inferior purposes—that, in some measure, the Irish, the Negroes and the Chinese are to the Anglo-Saxon race of the United States. It has often been observed how widely this diversity of the Grecian commonwealths from those of modern Europe influences any judgment which we may draw from them and their condition to ours; it is not less true that a like precaution is rendered necessary by the appearance of this singular phenomenon in the United States of America. I might multiply indefinitely the instances of this divergence in the relative stages of social and political and ecclesiastical existence in America and Europe. Whether we condemn or approve the institutions of the United States or of our own country, the main practical condition under which we must start on any comparison is, that to a very large extent the two spheres of the Old World and the New World are almost as incommensurable as the period of Theseus or Lycurgus with the age of Alexander, or the period of Egbert or Charles Martel with the period of Henry VIII. or Charles V.

#### EXPECTATIONS FOR THE FUTURE.

But besides the light which this view of American history throws on the past and the present, there is also the further question of the light which it throws upon the future. It does not follow that because a nation like ours has flourished for centuries it is near its end. Far from us be any such desponding fatalism. Yet still it cannot be denied that the longer the retrospect is, there is produced a sense of satiety or of incompleteness which, to a certain degree, contracts the vision of the future. It is the reverse of this feeling that is produced by what I have called the near, and, as it were, closely present antiquity of the American States. They insensibly look forward in the possibility of a vaster development than we do in the older nations. And this expectation is no new thing. Amidst all the evil forebodings, and all the failures of American existence, it has always been present. Whether from the remarkable circumstance of its first beginnings, certain it is, that even from very early times a sense of a vast and mysterious destiny unfolding in a distant future had taken possession of the minds both of Americans and of Englishmen. Shakspeare (or it may be Ben Jonson) had but just seen the first dawn of the earliest settlement in Virginia, and yet he was able to place in the mouth of Cranmer the prediction that in the foundation of the town, and the river which bore the name of King James, there should be:

"Tha honor and the greatness of his name  
Shall make new nations."

"Let it not be grievous to you," was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrim Fathers, "that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end, for the memory of the adventures to this plantation shall never die." Bishop Berkeley, who by a strange fate was diverted from his projects for Bermuda to settle on the pleasant shores of Rhode Island, and there within the humble mansion which is still existing, and in the jaws of an overhanging rock, which may still be visited, com-





posed one of the finest of his philosophical treatises, was inspired, as he looked on the scenes around him, with a sudden enthusiasm, and uttered those famous words which have only within the last year been inscribed on the portals of the University on the shores of the Pacific—

"Westward the course of empire holds its way."

Burke, in his magnificent speech on the American colonies, whilst describing them as "a fierce people who were still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not hardened into the bone of manhood," could not look at their growth without marvel, and when he spoke of them was constrained to say, "Let us anticipate all our proceedings on America with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda*." We may freely grant that these predictions, impressive as they are, do not of necessity carry with them their own fulfilment. There have been predictions even of a more sacred character with regard to the fortunes of a far more sacred people, which have hitherto failed of their full accomplishment, because the nation of which they were spoken knew not the time of her visitation, and heard the Divine call with closed ears and hardened heart. But the peculiarities of American history on which I have dwelt give at least some substance to these lofty dreams. When we see how young, how new, how primitive is the form of American history and American society, it reveals to us the possibility—may the probability—that there is still a long course to be run, that the foundation of these States is, as Penn said of Pennsylvania, a noble experiment which it depends upon themselves, under God, to accomplish or to ruin. The very defects and shortcomings of the present are, if not a pledge, an incentive to what may yet be in store. Of these defects I do not speak. They are sufficiently set forth in the leering columns of the American journals. Many of them belong to what I have ventured to call the medieval, the infantile state of American life—some of them have already faded away before the touch of superior civilization from their own Eastern States—some before the criticism of foreigners—some of them are sagacious still. But whether recently extinct or yet unsubdued they are elements of a social condition, not toward which the civilized world is advancing, but from which it has escaped, or is escaping century by century.

#### NIAGARA.

And in thus comparing the growing history of the present with the possible history of the future, may I be allowed to use a figure which I employed in one of my farewell speeches to my kind American hosts? In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one at the moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the Cataracts of Niagara, it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full, and I saw from the vast bridge which spans the river the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl and chaos which burst forth in clouds of foam from that central chasm which divides the American from the British dominions, and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves—silent, majestic, impervious. That silver column, glittering in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present. Let me explain in a few words wherein that pillar of light has an historical substance in fact, which may lead us to hope that it will not vanish away with the morning light, but may continue to guide the coming times of the United States.

#### THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

And for this purpose I select three points, drawn from the history of the past, which conduce to confidence, which, if not without "trembling," still "rejoice"—always, and on which I venture to insist because they bear practically on an educational institution like this. First, there is the marked peculiarity apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual character. It may be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating climate;

it may be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened by their boundless territory; it may be partly the youth of the Nation, on which I have so much enlarged in this address; but its existence is unquestionable. If at times there is something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes are thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the Nation is depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they have to encounter; yet, on the whole, this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable value in this working world, where the imagination still plays so large a part, and where so much is given to confidence of victory, even more than to victory itself. If perchance the United States have too much of it, we, it may be, have too little; and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical and social system, is a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often hear citizens and Churchmen, Christians of England, despair of our country, our Church and our religion. Secondly, there are the elements of that character which they possess in common with the English race, with which their past history shows it to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there is on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life. In spite of the lawlessness

which is, perhaps, the inevitable outburst of the untrammelled energy of a not yet fully organized, there is on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control and common sense, and love of freedom, and obedience to law on which we pride ourselves, and which we are glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the Mother Country and the Daughter States not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is, in the essential elements of character and social sympathy, yet unbroken. We no doubt may have much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneity of race is still maintained, they will always have something to learn from us, and will, we trust, be not unwilling to receive it. It is a solemn responsibility which this recollection of American history impresses upon us, that, as we were their fathers, so, in large measure, we are responsible for them—our children, responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produce a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic stratagems, frivolous luxury in English society, are a strong incentive to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and on the other hand, every attempt on our part to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion, simplicity and self-control in social life, and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. "It is the spirit of the British Constitution," says Burke, "which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, seeds, unites, invigorates every part, even down to the minutest." Our kinsmen beyond the sea may be flattered for the moment by being told that they are a nation stronger and greater than we. But they have too much sense, they know our joint history too well, to repudiate or disparage their English parentage and their ancient home.

#### THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

Thirdly.—With them, as with us, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, there is the chance that the voice of the reasonable few may more and more make itself heard. It is in literature (and for this reason I call the attention of this Institute to the fact) that this voice is chiefly to be heard and felt. The literature of America is still young; but that small but select band who are its leaders have exercised, and still may exercise, a controlling effect by their increasing identification with the better elements of the nation. It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his

own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, and Abbotsford were transfused in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book," and from that time has not in the pilgrimage of Americans to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which cannot but render any future dislocation of the two countries more difficult. Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes perhaps before hardly known in the natural objects and the historic splendor of their own country. Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame, not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attached themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the Northern Continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts, both of America with England, and of the Northern and Southern States. The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national sentiment, must have a share in raising the nation above the rustic murmur of parochial or municipal life into the great wave that echoes round the world. And yet further, it is not only in this more subtle and indirect manner that the writings and the voices of the few may guide the opinions and passions of the many. It is by those direct lessons of wisdom and moderation which now and then the few have the courage to utter, and the many have the good sense to welcome. In these latter days it has been sometimes implied that the uneducated classes are always right and the educated classes always wrong.

#### THE NEED OF A HIGHER INSPIRATION.

But in every neighbourhood, and not less in this great centre of popular life, from time to time we meet with instances which reveal to us, as with a lightning flash, the need of higher inspirations. The most widely spread and deeply rooted of popular illusions in our time received, if I mistake not, its first mortal wound when an eloquent voice from Birmingham, beloved also in America, had the boldness to denounce it as a roundness and miserable imposture. And in the close of the eighteenth century it is never to be forgotten that the last of the Pilgrim Fathers, as we may call him, who was forced to migrate for conscience's sake from England to America, took refuge in the solitudes of Pennsylvania, driven hence, not by king or bishop, but by the illiterate mob of Birmingham—the illustrious martyr of freedom and science, Joseph Priestley. We all now acknowledge that the mob was wrong, and that the few who would have

tolerated Priestley were right. This ultimate deference to mature knowledge and generous sentiments is as useful to cultivate in the institutes of our great English towns as in the United States of America. It was only this year that the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature ventured in a lecture on the "Fortunes of the Republic" to point out one by one the salient faults of his countrymen, to express his certainty that their civilization is yet incomplete, that it has not yet ended or given signs of ending in a hero. It is this modesty, this sense of incompleteness, that entitles him to close with the expression of the calm trust in their future. "Our helm," he says, "is given up to a better hand than our own. Our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows its way, and has the force to draw men, and States, and planets to their goal. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence veils the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that we shall not by perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."





In like manner it was one of the most striking features of that banquet at Salem, of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, to hear the impassioned recitation of a vigorous ode by a gifted sculptor and poet, a native of that American village, but well-known in this country and in Europe, who spoke to his countrymen words of terrible remonstrance, which were received, not with reprobation and aversion, but with significant and universal applause. He evidently had in his mind that abstraction of the higher order of characters from public affairs which, though happily not yet seen amongst ourselves, is said to prevail at least in the Northern States of America. He blamed

"The careless trust, that happy luck

"Will save us, come what may—

The apathy with which we see

Our country's dearest interest struck,

Dreaming that things will right themselves,

That brings dismay.

"Not things will never right themselves,

"Tis we must put them right."

He rebuked those who

"Apart in selfish silence stand,

Hating the danger and the wrong,

And yet too busy to uplift their hand:

And do the duties that belong

To those who would be free."

He called on the

"Noble men and true

High, low, young, old, wherever you

may be,

Awake! arise! cast off this lethargy,

Your ancient faith renew,

And set your hands to do the task

That freemen have to do."

He bade them

"Cleanse the Augean stall of politics

Of its foul muck of crania, and wiles, and

tricks;

Drive the base riuks where commerce reeks

and rots,

Purge speculation of its canker-spots."

He bade his sleeping country rise

"And forward go upon the path

Of its high destinies."

Words like these, so uttered and so received, cannot but beget a hope that the country for which they were written, and in which they were spoken, has yet within it the instruments of regeneration, and the germs of future greatness. And as they give a forcible—perhaps too forcible—representation of the dangers and hopes which lie wrapt up in the history of America, so also, conscious of that affinity of which I have before spoken which unites the two countries together, I venture to quote them here in the feeling that by analogy they are applicable also to England. Not only they in their youth and freshness, but we in our green old age need to be reminded that we also, in spite of our long ancestral traditions, and "the ancient inbred integrity" of the English nation, have kindred dangers threatening us on the right hand and on the left. Our safety, like theirs, lies in listening to the voice of those few noble souls and high intelligences who rise above the passions of party and the sordid interests of the moment, who have the wisdom not merely to denounce but to discriminate; and the desire not merely to preserve or destroy, but to improve and bring to perfection the inheritance committed to our trust.

#### SYMPATHY IN THE QUEEN'S AFFLICTION.

When speaking of the common sentiment which animates a nation in the presence of the deeper and higher characters and deeper thoughts I should not be doing justice to your feeling, nor I may add, to the feelings of the great Republic which we have been considering, if I did not touch on the mingled grief and respect which will have pervaded all true English hearts on either side of the ocean when they bear of the stroke of sorrow with which the Royal family of this country has been visited on a day already signalized as the most mournful in the annals of their house. She who is gone from us first became known to the public of England through her noble conduct by the deathbed of her father, once so well known in this city, and she has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother in this assembly will feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow-creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not

be grudged to her in any home or in any institution, whether of the Old or of the New World. Her life will not have been spent in vain if it has shown what an English woman can do by the unselfish discharge of the duties of her station—her death will not have been in vain if it has caused many hearts to beat in closer sympathy with the solitude of a desolate home, and with the sorrows of a family which the whole Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world claims as its own peculiar property. In that banquet at Salem, to which I have already referred, there was one moment, and one only, when the whole assembly rose to their feet and stood in respectful reverence. It was when, after proposing "Our old homes," there was sung the English national anthem, "God save the Queen." That same sentiment will, I am sure, inspire thousands of American hearts to respond at this season in a yet deeper and more solemn sense to the prayer in which we all joined—"God save and bless the Queen."

BRONSON ALCOTT.



## THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

aim to quicken the germs of innate spiritual consciousness, to penetrate through conventional forms and terms to those realities "forever old, forever new," which exist at the heart of all expressions of true religion. They recognize the Divinity within all souls, the fraternity of humanity, and seek to find the relation between the spirit of man and the Deity.

The subjects of their lectures and discussions, therefore, are not facts, but impersonal principles. Nor are they dry with abstruse lore; they have generally that vitality which comes from belief founded on revelations of innate, immutable and eternal ideas. The faculty of the school, while seemingly reluctant to put forth any scheme of theology, have, evidently, a strong bias toward Christian theism in its broadest sense.

The visitor to the Hillside Chapel, in Concord, wends his way from the station through an avenue of stately elms, whose roots striking deep and branches soaring high, seem fit types of the slow, substantial, permanent race which resists the extremes of climate as it resisted British oppression. Less than a mile to the left is that battle-ground where was "fired the shot heard round the world," which sounded the glad note of American freedom.

Soon we reach the plain house of which Emerson was

Four years ago a few metaphysicians resolved to establish in this country a school of philosophy, to be conducted upon the academic method. The first year's sessions were held in the house of A. Bronson Alcott, in Concord, Mass. Since then Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York, has given sufficient means to erect a plain but tasteful structure upon ground immediately adjoining the old homestead, where two daily sessions are held during four consecutive weeks in the heart of the summer.

Naturally attractive only to those inclined to abstract and ethical studies, the attendance is always limited to a few score earnest, thoughtful persons. Greeted by the neglect or sneers of the many, it meets the strenuous needs of the few.

The object of the school seems to be, primarily, the interchange of thought among its originators. They seek truth by questioning the attractions and intuitions of the soul, as well as by experience and revelation among all races. These thinkers endeavor to reach fundamental ideas, and find the bases of a universal religious philosophy. They desire to help their fellows from losing themselves upon the barren deserts of agnosticism, from falling into the slough of materialism or from starving upon the husks of formal theology. They





recently an inmate. Here, for half a century, away from the fret and clangor of the restless world, he enunciated truths in such forms as his genius has already made classical. Through those pellucid depths which reveal his thoughts, he is so little subject to distortion or passion, so pure and flawless, that he seems distant as Plato. Already we see the harmony of his proportions as though ages had evolved that atmosphere which tones the sage into a symmetry as statuesque as the grandest of the Greeks. To the busy littleness of common minds he is as lofty and unapproachable as Mont Blanc to the loiterer in the streets of Geneva. And yet such was the charm of his simple manliness that to his fellow-townpeople all things connected with him are set apart as something sacred.

Up the village street a mile or so, where the elms grow still more stately, we come to the brown cottage at the left, where the veteran Alcott, the dean of the faculty, the most transcendent of all transcendentalists, has lived for thirty years. The philosophy of this brooding mystic is eminently Pythagorean. One looks vainly in three volumes from his pen for the secret of his leadership among his circle of admirers. That is to be found in the perfect sincerity of a life which seeks to find and obey spiritual laws, and to make practical ideal truth. He is eminently a teacher, but his instructions have been given through parlor conversations in East-

the green peninsula on which his cottage stands, rise dark, dark highlands, where evergreens ever murmur of mystery and shadow. His shy, gentle genius, shunning the vulgar noonday blaze of curiosity, loved to dwell within this twilight land.

Through all these paths about us Thoreau zigzagged his way, like the animals he studied, to keep his tryst with some wood-bird, or celebrate the opening of the first April bloom; all equally secretive, capricious and elusive of human companionship.

At nine o'clock we go back to the Hillside Chapel, to hear the morning lesson. Like a growth out of the ground or a nest burrowed in the hill, it invites to reposeful quiet. The sunshine sifts through the vine-draped windows with a mellow radiance, as if indulgent toward these later incarnations of the brooding spirit of philosophy, which, flowing from the shadowy Orient, lingered long about the groves of Greece, and bathed them in its subtle splendor.

Within nothing disturbs the eye or the mind. Severely plain, the only decorations are plaster busts of older and later lovers of wisdom, with that of John Brown in the place of honor.

In the centre of the platform sits the lecturer, reading from notes or speaking in conversational tones. At the right of the teacher sits Miss Peabody, ever ready to say a pertinent or suggestive word, and F. B. Sanborn, re-



THE HILLSIDE CHAPEL.

ern and Western towns. He aims to unite noble simplicity and true culture. Mr. Alcott's majestic mien and benignant features indicate an easily-working and harmonious nature, rather than one varied and profound.

In the corner room of the quaint old house, which for a year has been occupied by Professor Harris, his daughter Louisa wrote her "Little Women" and many another delightful book, and behind it is the studio of her sister May, "Our Madonna," with her girlish sketches still on the walls. As we follow along the road we soon come to the old home of Hawthorne, who dwelt on the border-land separating shadow from substance. About

former, editor and author, or Dr. Bartol, the gentle preacher. At the left is always seen the Dean of the Faculty, Mr. Alcott, upon whose brow the blossoms of eighty-three years have lightly faded into autumn wreaths. Beyond him may be Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, who has given one lecture on Scottish philosophy, or Dr. Irenæus Prime, of the New York *Observer*, or some other interested visitor. In front sits Alexander Wilder, Professor of Psychological Science in the United States Medical College of New York, an encyclopedic mystic, translator of Iamblichus, and author of many abstruse essays. Dr. Wilder has given a lecture upon







DR. BARTOL.

"Dear old  
Moth eaten Angel"

Alexandrian Platonism, beside contributing many conversations.

All these are from the East. Still, we may be sure that nothing important can arise, but the broad, free, generous genius of the West will voice itself most unmistakably. Two of the faculty, seldom absent—Professor W. T. Harris, of Missouri, and Dr. H. K. Jones, of Illinois—may be said to embody much of the "sweetness and light" of the Concord School.

Professor Harris, fourteen years ago, founded the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which was for a long time the only magazine of the kind in the English language: the *Platonist*, also published in St. Louis, has been established since by Thomas M. Johnson. But Mr. Harris is more popularly known for his work in forming the admirable school system of the Western States, while Superintendent of Public Schools in Mis-

souri. Many of his essays have been translated and republished abroad.

Professor Harris, who may be called a devoted student of Hegel, while ranging with freedom over the field of metaphysics, gave last summer five lectures on the History of Philosophy and three on Fichte. Besides, he contributed an address at the Emerson Memorial, on the 22d of July, upon the Dialectical Unity of Emerson's Prose. Clear as a mathematical proposition, his mind works with extraordinary celerity. Inclusive and versatile, he darts from philosophy to history, art or science with an *elan* which is American in method, and German in subtlety. He corruscates light, not heat. Sharp and clear as a crystal with many facets, he represents the intellectual, the knowing side of man. It is remarkable to see how he analyzes and condenses the chief thoughts in a lecture, in the discus-





sion which follows, presupposing a wide and quick intelligence in the hearer. To follow his lectures is to be conversant with the sum of metaphysical thought.

Dr. Jones, the Platonist, leads the audience gently on, step by step, toward that "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." He is surcharged with that intense feeling which comes from consecration to the highest, best and truest which can be attained through effort and discipline. His may be called that intellectual affection which glows and burns with the "light that never was on sea or land," the warm refulgence of which must irradiate the royal spirit through its progressive and deathless career. In his reverential nature, Philosophy is "allied to the love of the soul for the true, the good and the beautiful." It is not divorced from life; it lives in the heart of things, a Divine essence, shaping the external, plastic form. His teachings are eminently and practically ethical. He has grasped the wondrous thread of unity, which binds together all

found insight exhibited, but great eloquence, power and poesy found expression.

As the head of the Plato Club of Jacksonville, Dr. Jones has been for nearly a score of years a teacher of ethics. But his lectures during the last season have reached such a height of eloquence, poesy and power in their bearing upon personal conduct as will serve to make him more widely known. For it is generally conceded that there are significant evidences from many quarters of a new pulsation in the stagnant ocean of life, which, in its dykes of immovable dogma, was fast losing its power of quenching the spiritual thirst of the immortal nature. Alive to the need that those waters should be stirred to their very depths, Dr. Jones' fervid but restrained temperament inclines him to point out the universal sweep of Divine laws, which must override the narrow bounds of mere dogmatic theology and purify the very fountains of human aspiration.

It will be seen that out of the forty-four sessions—one



BRONSON ALCOTT'S HOME.

peoples in all ages, and never forgets that it is a golden cord running upward to the very heart of Divine life.

Dr. Jones' eight lectures this summer ranged through an extended course of Christian philosophy, showing not only its premises, but its relations to common sense, science and experience. In his second course on the "Old and New," on the "Philosophy of Religion and the Law of the Supernatural," and the "Community of Faiths and Worships in Mankind," not only was pro-

held every evening, except Saturday—Professor Harris and Dr. Jones occupied more than one-third.

Woman was most worthily represented upon this ethical platform by Julia Ward Howe, brilliant leader of society, preacher, reformer, essayist, poet, the tocsin of whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" resounded above the din of war; by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the venerable pioneer of American kindergartens, the friend and biographer of Channing, who, with Mrs. Horace Mann





and Mrs. Hawthorne, formed a triune sisterhood of conspicuous ability; and Ednah D. Cheney, art-critic, author and philanthropist, as well as by many who followed the discourses with unflagging interest. Some of these acute listeners and questioners were from the West, and have traveled a thousand miles to be here summer after summer.

Mrs. Howe's two lectures were on "Idols and Iconoclasts" and on "Sociology;" Miss Peabody's on "Childhood," and Mrs. Cheney's on "Nature." Two very interesting ones were by F. B. Sanborn upon "Oracular Poetry," with illustrative extracts; and one evening was devoted by Mr. Blake to readings from unpublished manuscripts by Thoreau.

There was also a discussion on "The Nature of Knowledge—Emerson's Way," by Dr. Bartol; on "Color," by G. P. Lathrop; on "Poetry," by John Albee, one each by Professor C. E. Garman and Dr. R. A. Holland, of Chicago. There were three on "Schelling," by Professor Watson, of Kingston, two by Professor G. H. Howison, two by Rowland G. Hazard, and one by President Porter, of Yale, on "Kantian Ethics." Mr. Alcott delivered three lectures, marked by his own peculiar scope of thought and felicity of language, in which "Human and Divine Personality" were presented for consideration.

The first Saturday of the school session was commemorative of Emerson, whose face looked in serene approval of this symposia in preceding years. Many of those who have been mentioned participated in the exercises, which were held in the Town Hall, and were less laudatory than affectionately appreciative of the seer and his mission. There was loving recognition of the debt due him from the entire world of ethics which was incomparably generous and pathetic.

The lectures close and the little band separates. Each takes with him all he has been able to appropriate. Time only can record the influence upon thinkers at large of these who here have congregated. Laymen may question the wisdom of all the weary weight of abstruse learning which they seek to formulate; but none can doubt their refined and hospitable courtesy, their devotion to intrinsic truth, their rejection of extrinsic gaud and greed, their fraternal and unworldly motives, their devotion to true goodness, and their desire for the revival of those genuine primitive virtues which constitute the heart of ideal religion. In that grand philosophical religion of the future, which must circumscribe all essential and indestructible principles, the Concord School of Philosophy will certainly fill a worthy place.

HESTER M. POOLE.

## CONCORD PHILOSOPHY

### The Transcendentalists Investigating the Spirit of Goethe.

Relations of the German Poet to English Literature a Topic of Discussion—Unpublished Papers of Thoreau Read by His Literary Executor.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESS.

CONCORD, July 23.—The second week of the lectures on Goethe has closed with a remarkable essay by Professor Thomas Davidson on the "Titanic Sin" of Goethe—that is, his revolt in youth against established authority, and his mode of viewing the heavenly powers, against whom the Titans of old rose in rebellion. He debated freely the other lectures, and has a store of the Scottish love of disputation, so that he compared himself the other day to the "spirit that denies," in "Faust." He does not take the same view of that work which Dr. Harris and Mr. Snider do, and last night he dissented a little from Dr. L. F. Soldan's exposition of the relation between Descartes and Spinoza, and between Spinoza and Goethe—the latter being Dr. Soldan's special topic, which he treated very fully.

The early part of the week was given to literary subjects, the lecture on Monday morning being the first of Dr. Harris' on "Faust," in which he gave a critical analysis of the first part of "Faust," and also an historical sketch of the tragedy and the conception of the idea by Goethe.

In the evening Mr. Sanborn lectured on "The Relation of Goethe to English Literature," and began by saying that it is difficult to find in the fifty volumes of Goethe any serious traces of English literature, although he had read and admired the best of English authors. It is impossible to say that English literature formed or influenced his own works, as did the classical literature, the Oriental or even the French and Italian. Christopher Marlowe, said Mr. Sanborn, who, if he had lived, might have disputed Shak-

spears's pre-eminence in dramatic poetry, seems to have caught at the "Faust" myth almost as soon as it appeared anywhere in Europe in a printed form, i. e. in 1587, when there appeared at Frankfurt the "History of Dr. Johann Faust, the far-famed Sorcerer and Black Artist." From an English translation of this made in 1592, Marlowe is supposed to have taken his play, the "Tragic History of Dr. Faustus," which was probably written in 1592-3.

After mentioning the slight connection between Goethe and his English contemporaries, Goldsmith, Sterne, Walter Scott, etc., and quoting from Crabb Robinson about Byron and Goethe, Mr. Sanborn said:

The finest aroma of English literature, that which proceeds from a magnanimous and adventurous character, displayed now in love, now in war, now in the heroism of private life or in the sanctities of religion, is perpetually wanting in Goethe. I do not speak of Shakespeare, in whom this magnanimity had its widest and highest reach, but of lesser poets and prose writers, who, sometimes in very humble spheres of literature, display this same winning quality. It is this which gives immortality to Sidney's youthful essays in prose and verse; which makes Herbert memorable, Marvell more than a wit; this gleams in Donne and Jeremy Taylor, in Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron; in Burns and Carlisle among the Scotch, and among Americans in Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman and others of less note. It is by virtue of an untamable energy that English literature is capable of rising so high and sinking so low, and is incapable of that measured and deliberate excellence of which the books of Plato and of Goethe are perhaps the best examples. In the life of Goethe, not less than in his writings, we see the limitations which egotism imposes and which not even his great genius could remove.

#### THOREAU'S UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.

The literary flavor of the week was increased by yesterday's readings from Thoreau by his literary executor, Mr. Blake. These extracts from the unpublished papers of the Concord poet-naturalist had little in common with Goethe, except their love of nature and the beauty of their style, which was remarked on by those who took part in the discussion. Mrs. Emerson was present at these readings, as she has been at many sessions of the school this year.

In August, 1856, when Thoreau was in high health, and, at the top of his bent, he thus declines (in his diary) the offer of a more intru-

sive and cultivated acquaintance to go with him on one of his excursions on the Concord River, where, at that time, Thoreau used to spend so much time in his boat—a kind of "punt," as Matthew Arnold would call it, but with a "shoulder-of-mutton" sail, which used to push it along, up or down the stream, as the wind served. Thoreau writes:

There sits one by the shore who wishes to go with me, but I cannot think of it. I must be fancy free. There is no such mote in the sky as a man who is not perfectly transparent to you, who has any opacity. I would rather attend to him for half an hour or more on shore or elsewhere and then dismiss him. He thinks I could merely take him into my boat, and then not mind. He does not realize that I should, by the same act, take him into my mind, where there is no room for him, for my bark would surely founder in such a voyage as I was contemplating. I know very well I should never reach that expansion of the river I have in my mind with him aboard, with his broad, terrene qualities. He would sink my bark, not to another sea, and never know it. I could better carry a heaped load of meadow mud and sit on the tholepins. There would be more room for me and I should reach that expansion of the river, nevertheless. I could better afford to take him into bed with me, for then I might, perhaps, abandon him in my dreams. Ah! you are a heavy fellow. But I am well disposed. If you could go without going, then you might go. There is the captain's stateroom empty, to be sure, and you say you could go in the steerage. I know very well that only your baggage would be dropped in the steerage, while you would settle right down into that other snug recess. Why, I am going, not staying. I have come on purpose to sail, to paddle away from such as you, and you have waylaid me on the shore. \* \* If I thought you were steadily gazing after me a mile off, I could not endure it. It is because I trust that I shall ere long depart from your thoughts, and so you from mine, that I am encouraged to set sail at all. \* \* This company is obliged to make a distinction between freight and passengers. I will take almost any amount of freight for you cheerfully, anything, my dear sir, but yourself. If I remember aright, it was only on condition that you were asked that you were to go with a man one mile or twain.

The two Cornell professors, Hewett and White, lectured this week, and their two essays (of which Professor Hewett's is soon to be published in "Harper") covered much of Goethe's life from childhood to his death at Weimar in 1832. Professor White quoted freely from his youthful essays and his letters, while Professor Hewett gave many anecdotes of the great man. Dr. Soldan, who spoke of Goethe's early religious views and of the effect which the Amer-





dam Jew, Spinoza, had on him in youth, is himself a native of Frankfurt and was born not far from Goethe's home. He has the true German reverence for Goethe, as do some of the American lecturers also; while others, as well as Professor Davidson, criticize him more freely. Next week "Wilhelm Meister" will be considered and Goethe's relation to modern science will be discussed.

## AN AUTHOR'S HARDSHIPS.

### INTERESTING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HAWTHORNE.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

More than a half century has elapsed since the leading English authors, petitioning the American Congress for international copyright, declared that such a law would have saved Sir Walter Scott from the pecuniary difficulties which overshadowed the closing years of his life. At that time a young American was publishing tales which promised his country also a "Wizard of the North;" but it will be seen by the following letters now in the possession of Dr. John S. H. Fogg, of Boston, that his early life was overshadowed like that of Sir Walter at its close. It is not doubtful, to one who reads the Note-Books of Hawthorne, and remarks the many rich blossoms that bore no fruit, that the world lost much through his struggle. He indulged a morbid fancy that he was under a retributive curse because his Salem ancestors had persecuted "witches"; but his real doom was a competition, for which his delicate genius was unfit, with the unpaid novelists of Europe. It is strange that a proud and educated people like the Americans do not feel it as a scandal that among all their brilliant writers hardly one is able to live by authorship alone, or without alliance with some publishing enterprise.

From the right understanding of the letters the following dates may be helpful. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804. His earliest literary productions were published in the "Democratic Review," edited by J. L. O'Sullivan, who paid him five dollars per page. These were collected in 1837 under the title "Twice-told Tales." Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, being Collector of Boston under the Presidency of Van Buren, gave him a place in the Custom House of that city (1836). He was turned out of office in 1841; sojourne'd for a time with the Brook Farm Community (described in "The Blithedale Romance"); married in 1842 (Sophia Peabody), and went to reside at Concord, Mass. In 1846 he was appointed surveyor of the Custom House, Salem, from which he was removed in 1849. The letters, with one exception (that to his wife's sister, Miss Elizabeth Peabody), were written to his friend, George Stillman Hillard, author of "Six Months in Italy" and other works.

CONCORD, Nov. 23, 1843.—I wish at some leisure moment you would give yourself the trouble to call into Munroe's book-store and inquire about the state of my "Twice-told Tales." At the last accounts (now about a year since) the sales had not been sufficient to pay the expenses; but it may be otherwise now—else I shall be forced to consider myself a writer for posterity; or at all events not for the present generation. Surely the book was pulled enough to meet with a sale. What the devil is the matter?

We are very well here, and, as usual, posterously happy.

CONCORD, March 24, 1844.—I thank you for your kind and warm congratulations on the advent of our little Una—a name which I wish you were entirely pleased with, as I think you will be by and by. Perhaps the first impression may not be altogether agree-

able, for the name has never before been warmed with human life, and therefore may not seem appropriate to real flesh and blood. But for us, our child has already given it a natural warmth; and when she has worn it through her lifetime, and perhaps transmitted it to descendants of her own, the beautiful name will have become naturalized on earth; whereby we shall have done a good deed in bringing it out of the realm of Faery. I do not agree with you that poetry ought not to be brought into common life. If flowers of Eden can be made to grow among my cabbages and squashes, it will please me so much the better; those excellent vegetables will be just as good to eat, and the flowers no less delightful to see and smell. After all, I like the name, not so much from any association with Spenser's heroine, as for its simple self—it is as simple as a name can be—as simple as a breath—it is merely inhaling a breath into one's heart, and emitting it again, and the name is spoken.

I find it a very sober and serious kind of happiness that springs from the birth of a child. It ought not to come too early in a man's life—not till he has fully enjoyed his youth—for methinks the spirit can never be thoroughly gay and careless again, after this great event. We gain infinitely by the exchange; but we do give up something nevertheless. As for myself, who have been a trifier preposterously long, I find it necessary to come out of my cloud-region, and allow myself to be woven into the sombre texture of humanity. There is no escaping it any longer. I have business on earth now, and must look about me for the means of doing it.

It will never do for me to continue merely a writer of stories for the magazines—the most unprofitable business in the world—and, moreover, even if there were ever so great a demand for my productions I could not spend more than a third of my time in this sort of composition. It requires a continual freshness of mind, else a deterioration in the article will quickly be perceptible. If I am to support myself by literature, it must be by what is called drudgery, but which is incomparably less irksome, as a business, than imaginative writing—by translation, concocting of school books, newspaper scribbling, etc. If we have a Democratic Administration next year, I shall again favor Uncle Sam with my services, though, I hope, in some less disagreeable shape than formerly.

I sent an article to Graham some months ago, and he wrote me, accepting it with a "great deal of pleasure, etc." but it does not yet appear. Unless he publishes it next month I shall reclaim it, having occasion for it elsewhere. God keep me from ever being really a writer for bread. If I alone was concerned I had rather starve; but in that case poor little Una would have to take refuge in the almshouse, which, here in Concord, is a most gloomy old mansion. Her "angel face" would hardly make sunshine there. You must come and see little Una and the rest of us as soon as the railroad is opened. People of experience in babies say she is going to be very pretty, which I devoutly believe, though the tokens are as yet hidden from my eyes. At all events she is a remarkably strong and healthy child, free from all troubles and torments such as nature generally provides for poor little babies. She seldom cries except for hunger—her alimentiveness being enormously developed. She has already smiled once, on the sixteenth morning of her existence. I was inclined to attribute it to wind, which sometimes produces a sardonic grin; but her mother, who was the sole witness of the phenomenon, persists that it was a veritable smile out of the child's mouth and eyes. I hope to see you in Boston early in next month. Give our regards to Mrs. Hillard. We long to show her our baby. I am glad of Longfellow's anticipated happiness. It is a pity

that any mortal should go out of life without experiencing what gives life its reality; and, next to a child on earth, it is good to have a child in Heaven.\*

*Your friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

### Old Time Civil Service Abuses.

SALEM, March 5, 1849.—I am informed that there is to be a strong effort among the politicians here to remove me from office, and that my successor is already marked out. I do not think that this ought to be done, for I was not appointed to office as a reward for political services, nor have I acted as a politician since. A large portion of the local Democratic party look coldly on me for not having used the influence of my position to obtain the removal of Whigs—which I might have done, but which I in no case did. Neither was my appointment made at the expense of a Whig, for my predecessor was appointed by Tyler in his latter days, and called himself a Democrat. Nor can any charge of inattention to duty, or other official misconduct, be brought against me, or, if so, I could easily refute it. There is, therefore, no ground for disturbing me, except on the most truculent party system. All this, however, will be of little avail with the Slang-whangers—the vote disturbers—the Jack Cades who assume to decide upon these matters after a political triumph; and as to any literary claim of mine, they would not weigh a feather, nor be thought worth weighing at all.

But it seems to me that an inoffensive man of letters, having obtained a pitiful little office on no other plea than his pitiful little literature, ought not to be left to the mercy of these thick-skulled and no-hearted ruffians. It is for this that I now write to you. There are men in Boston—Mr. Rufus Choate, for instance—whose favorable influence with the administration would make it impossible to remove me, and whose support and sympathy might fairly be claimed in my behalf—not on the ground that I am a very good writer, but because I gained my position, such as it is, by my literary character, and have done nothing to forfeit that tenure. . . . I do not let myself be disturbed by these things, but employ my leisure hours in writing, and go on as quietly as ever. I see that Longfellow has written a prose tale. How indefatigable he is! and how adventurous! Well he may be, for he never fails.

SALEM, June 8, 1849.—I am turned out of office! There is no use in lamentation. It now remains to consider what I shall do next. The emoluments of the office have been so moderate that I have not been able to do anything more than support my family and pay some few debts that I have contracted. If you could do anything in the way of procuring me some stated literary employment in connection with a newspaper, or as corrector of the press to some printing establishment, etc., it could not come at a better time. Perhaps Epes Sargent, who is a friend of mine, would know something. I shall not stand upon my dignity; that must take care of itself. Perhaps there may be some subordinate office connected with the Boston Athenaeum. Do not think anything too humble to be mentioned to me.

I wrote to Longfellow, the other day, that I would dine with him on his next invitation, and that you would come too. I should like soon to meet you and him.

The intelligents have just reached me, and Sophia has not yet heard it. She will bear it like a woman—that is to say, better than a man.

\* Mr. Hillard had just lost his only child.





## THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

### The Summer School Closed—Plans for Next Season.

[Correspondence of The Boston Journal.]

CONCORD, Mass., Aug. 12. The School of Philosophy closed its summer sessions to-day. Dr. Harris read his last paper on Fichte's Doctrine of Religion.

#### The School to Remain in Concord.

A short discussion followed the lecture, after which Mr. S. F. Emery, Jr., gave an announcement of the proposed course for next year. Although there has been serious talk of the removal of the school to the West, they have finally decided to hold the sessions of next year in the Hillside Chapel at Concord, the same as in previous years. The sessions will continue from July 26 to Aug. 12, 1883. There will be no sessions on Saturdays. An entirely new departure will be taken in the way of elementary courses for the study of philosophic method which will be given in the afternoon. Besides these there will be 36 regular lectures, including four each by Mr. Alcott, Dr. Jones, Prof. Harris, Rev. Mr. Holland and Prof. Howison. The rest of the regular lectures will be divided in the main among those who have lectured in the past, though no definite announcement can as yet be given.

#### Mr. Alcott's Valedictory.

After this prospectus had been given, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott delivered the valedictory. He said that, on taking a review of their four annual sessions, they had reason for every encouragement, for there has been a continuous improvement in the nature of the lectures. During the first year of the School it was an entirely new departure, and might be said to be a novelty in this country, though not a novelty in all respects in other times. There was curiosity, of course, when our prospectus was announced, and each one had a different idea of what philosophy was. Then there was a question on the part of those who had let others do their thinking whether the study was of any use and had any practical bearing. The next question was to learn a new dialect, as they would be compelled to do if they were commencing the study of algebra. Then, as to numbers, during the first year we had a very good attendance, much more than we expected, though to be sure, numbers are not of much account with us. During the second and third years there was a still greater success in numbers. Meanwhile a generous woman gave us the means to erect our chapel, which we built as plainly as we could, with few ornaments. Our numbers this year have not been as large as in previous years, but we do not take this as discouraging. In all we now have a list of 700 or 800 different persons who have attended the school, so that we may say that there is a large enough number of persons in this country who really care to devote themselves to philosophy, and so we feel encouraged. We did entertain the question whether the "Concord School" should go for one year to a Western town, but we decided that, though it might advertise us, we did not wish to go peddling for support. If the human soul loves light and truth, the Concord School must have longevity. We do really believe that there is a seed spread on this hillside which is going to spring into everlasting life. The School has the power to make itself known and loved. The speaker thought everything hopeful for the future, and that it is safe for young people to go to the Concord School without imbibing any heresies. Although they to a large extent presented German views, which a few years ago were considered dangerous to investigate, they had an American interpreter who could sift the truth. Thus endeth the fourth year of the Concord School of Philosophy.

## PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD.

Possibly the Last Programme of the School—Emerson and Immortality.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

Boston, July 21

On Wednesday of this week the Concord Summer School of Philosophy will open for the sixth time and perhaps the last. Only two subjects will be considered—Emerson and immortality. The venerable A. Bronson Alcott, the Dean of

the faculty, who has been so enfeebled for a long time, will probably be present on the opening day, and there will be read extracts from his diary of 1835, 1837, 1838, and 1842. In the latter year he went to England, and just before leaving for home he received a letter from Thomas Carlyle, and this letter will be one of the matters read on Wednesday morning. In Mr. Alcott's diary are criticisms and estimates of Emerson, who at the time had published only one work, "Nature." These comments are said to be very interesting reading now and to be in a bright style.

It is wholly uncertain what the future of the school will be. The attendance for this year, crowded into two weeks as it must be, promises to average larger per day than last year. Possibly after this year the hillside chapel will remain closed; possibly it may be opened after a year or two of vacation; possibly reopened next year, if the attendance and encouragement this year warrant it. But Emerson is gone, and Mr. Alcott is unable to attend regularly. The Faculty are widely scattered and the prospect is not favorable for a continuance of the school.

The programme of subjects and lectures is as follows: "Emerson's View of Nature," by Dr. W. T. Harris; "Emerson's Religion," by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol; "Emerson's Ethics," by Mr. Edwin D. Mead; "Emerson's Manners and Relation to Society," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; "Emerson as Seen from India," by Protap Chunder Mozumdar, of Calcutta; "Emerson as an American," by Julian Hawthorne; "Emerson in the Pulpit," by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody; "A French View of Emerson," by M. René de Payen Belleisle, of Paris; "Emerson in Boston," by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney; "Emerson as an Essayist," by Mr. John Albee; "Emerson and Thoreau," by Mr. Walt Whitman (or in its place readings by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, Emerson's biographer); "Emerson's View of Nationality," by the Rev. G. W. Cooke; "Emerson Among the Poets," by Mr. F. B. Sanborn; "Emerson's Relations to Goethe and Carlyle," by Dr. Harris; "The Genius of Emerson," by Mr. W. E. Channing, of Concord. The discussion on immortality will be shared by the venerable Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Holland, of New Orleans; Mr. John Fiske, Dr. Harris, and others. The latter's topic will be "The Origin and Destiny of Man." The lecturer from Paris will speak in his native tongue, which will be the first time that any other language than English has been employed at the school. Nine in the morning and half-past seven in the evening are the hours for lectures, with only one on Saturdays. Julian Hawthorne is put down for the evening of the first day.

## CONCORD.

### WRITTEN BY GEO. TOLMAN FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRIZE.

An Accurate Analysis of Schools and Society—Land, Taxes, Library and Water—The People Good Neighbors.

Today The Record continues the publication of its series of articles on the best town to live in. The list, so far as made up, is given below, and due notice will be given

of the other towns which are to follow. Remember, that the vote is to be sent in when the list is completed, by cutting out the title of the article from the paper, enclosing it to The Record, directed "The Record, Boston, Mass., The Best Town to Live In." See to it that your own town is voted for and makes a good showing in this competition, which has attracted attention everywhere.

Dec. 12. Malrea.  
Dec. 13. Lincoln.  
Dec. 14. Winthrop.  
Dec. 15. W. Newton.  
Dec. 16. Old Medford.

Dec. 17. Hyde Park.  
Dec. 18. Arlington.  
Dec. 20. Quincy.  
Dec. 21. Waverley Hills.  
Dec. 22. Jamaica Plain.

CONCORD, Nov. 11.—I suppose that every Concord reader of The Record, when he came across your proposition in last Friday evening's issue, at once exclaimed, "He must mean Concord," for surely there is no other town in the whole Commonwealth that so fully answers the demands of the writer.

Trus we are almost at the extreme limit of 20 miles from Boston, but with 14 daily trains each way over the Fitchburg road and four over the Lowell, we are brought as near to the city as is desirable. In point of time, Grove Hall is as far from the Old State House as Concord is; while, as far as the comfort of the daily journey goes, the 40 minutes trip in the easy, roomy and comfortable cars of the Fitchburg road is immeasurably to be preferred to the three-quarters of an hour's ride in the dusty, crowded and draughty horse-cars which the dweller in the nearer suburbs of the city must undergo daily. Nor is the difference in car fare greatly to be regarded, for the price of a season ticket over the railroad (\$98 a year from Boston to Concord) is more than offset by the difference in house-rent.

Rents in Concord are low, or at any rate moderate, the only difficulty being that there are very few rented houses, and tenements are hardly to be found; but bearing in mind the fact that your inquiry is for the benefit of those who "either own or intend to own their homes," this difficulty becomes one of very little importance. Indeed, it is a serious drawback to many

of the newer towns nearer Boston that there are in them so many rented houses, inducing a transient, shifting population of people who have not the interest of proprietors in the town, and for that reason are not so solicitous to maintain its credit or its reputation.

#### A STRONG LOCAL FEELING.

The ownership of real property creates a feeling of conservatism, and leads a man to take an active interest in matters of local importance, the schools, the highways, the taxes, the administration of town affairs and the like. So it will be found that, in Concord and towns of its class, partisan politics find no place in town affairs, but the town officers are chosen simply on the ground of fitness and ability, and the business of the town is managed carefully and economically. Land within easy distance of the railroad station is held at reasonable prices, and some of the best building spots in the town have within a few years been brought into the market by the opening of new streets and bridges.

#### AIR—BY THE CUBIC TON.

As to the air of Concord there is certainly enough of it. The village is somewhat loosely built, with houses far enough apart to give a free circulation to the breezes which find their way over or through the barrier of low hills which surround it on every side. Nor is the air contaminated by smoke or smell from manufacturing or slaughter-houses or tanneries or any of the similar ill-smelling establishments which pollute the air of so many of the otherwise attractive suburbs of Boston. From all these things we are entirely free, and in the





very nature of the case we must always remain so, our quiet river affording no power for manufacturing except at Westvale, three miles away, and there being no inducement whatever to any one to set up a factory to run by steam.

Perhaps the town's bills of mortality might better than anything else show the healthfulness of the place. The average age of the 62 persons who died here last year was 40 years; of those 62 exactly one fourth had more than lived out their "allotted span" of three score years and ten, and five of these had attained to 85 years of age and over. The annual death rate of the town for the past 10 years has averaged less than that of any other town within your circle of 20 miles from Boston.

#### SCHOOLS AND SYSTEM.

The schools of Concord have for more than 200 years ranked very high, according to the fashion of the time. Personally I have very little faith in the modern methods and aims of public school instruction. The system seems to me to attempt to do altogether too much, and to succeed in doing altogether too little. I confess I would like to see a return to simpler courses of study, a more thorough training in the elementary branches, and a more liberal idea of what is called "discipline." But the quackery which has taken possession of the public schools is now a "system." Concord is not responsible for it; she has simply tumbled into it, along with pretty nearly all the rest of the towns in the Commonwealth. But, judged by the standards now in vogue, the schools of this town are among the best in the State, and are liberally and ungrudgingly supported by the people, who never baffle in town meeting over any appropriation, however large, for school purposes.

#### THE STREETS.

As to streets and sidewalks, every town has them, and one will hardly find a mile of really bad street in any village in this part of the Commonwealth. I do not think Concord falls behind in this particular. The streets in the village are broad and level, well made and well kept, lighted at night, and bordered with well-grown trees, mostly elms and maples. The highways running out of the town wind through the woods and over the hills, past well-tilled fields and prosperous farms, and offer a succession of charming drives or walks, leading in many cases to scenes of great natural beauty.

#### THE SOCIETY IS DEMOCRATIC.

Society in Concord is, in its way, democratic. As an old town, where many of the first settlers of two centuries and a half ago are still represented by their descendants of the eighth or ninth generation, and where the old family names have continued perhaps more persistently than in most of the other old towns even, it is not without a strong feeling of local and family pride, which, it is to be hoped, may never be outgrown or forgotten. But this is not the pride of wealth or of exclusiveness. It is the honest feeling of a people who know that they have a history and traditions of their own as old and as honorable as that of New England itself.

The newer villages, which have been built up around some great manufacturing establishment, or have sprung into existence at the bidding of land speculators, have none of this local pride; they are merely aggregations of individuals, bound together by no common ties except those of a purely material character, dependent oftentimes upon some one rich family or corporation, or upon some single manufacturing industry, which give to such places all the distinctive municipal and social character that they have. No one will ever seek Concord as a place of residences because of its mechanical or manufacturing industries, or will be allured here by the showy promises of speculators or building associations.

#### ITS LITERARY REPUTATION.

Those, however, who come hither on account of the attractions which the old town really possesses, its quiet, peaceful character, its literary, social and educational advantages, its excellent society, its charming scenery, are cordially welcomed, and quickly and easily find their place in its social life. Concord is a

wealthy town, with no wealthy people; that is, there is no one here who, as riches are counted nowadays, can be accounted rich. So there is no vulgar ostentation, no pretentious houses, no little great man, whose wealth gives him a commanding influence in local affairs. Nor are there any very poor. Three or four superannuated old men and women doze out the few remaining years of their lives in a sort of comfortable retirement at the town farm, without being made to feel that they are in any sense a public burden, and are, indeed, not without a certain dignity of their own, as those who have done their part in life in their years of activity, and are now reaping their deserved reward, of having their material wants supplied by their fellow townsmen.

#### THE GREAT QUESTION FOR HOUSE-OWNERS.

Taxes in Concord are not high. On a very moderate assessed valuation, the rate last year was \$10 on a \$300; this year it is \$12, the increase being on account of a new schoolhouse. It is Concord's way to pay as it goes, and there is absolutely no town debt to pay interest upon, except the water loan, which is provided for by a sinking fund derived from the revenue of the water works.

#### A PARAPHRASE ON THE SNAKES.

As to "rum shops," the celebrated chapter on The Snakes of Ireland may be paraphrased: "There are no rum shops in Concord," and so far as I can judge, there is nobody who wants one. The saloon has gone, and probably has gone to stay, and our vigilant police force of one finds time hang heavy on his hands for want of occupation.

#### WHAT ELSE?

But, apart from all these things, air, streets, schools, society, low taxes and lack of rum-shops, what else has Concord? First, let us put the library, an institution of which we are justly proud, containing nearly 25,000 volumes, open for seven hours daily for six days in every week, beautifully housed in the very centre of the town, intelligently directed, well endowed for its maintenance, and, for its annual additions, enthusiastically supported by the town, which regularly and without question appropriates to its support the very last dollar that the law permits towns to raise by taxation for library purposes.

Then the water supply, a matter of no little importance, in quantity ample for five times our present population, even at the extravagant rate at which we use it. Drawn from a forest lake which receives no drainage or sewage from farms, village or manufactory, and never can receive such it comes to our houses pure, healthful and life-giving, entirely unpoluted by the nameless horrors which we read of as contaminating the water of almost every public aqueduct in the neighborhood of Boston. Indeed an actual analysis of the water, officially made at the time our water works were first put in, shows it to be absolutely the purest water furnished by any municipal water works in the whole world. The supply for all domestic purposes and for extinguishing fires (if we ever had any fires) is unlimited, so that even the lawnsprinklers, which are nominally restricted to an hour a day, run along without intermission, day and night, for half the year.

#### THE PEOPLE ARE "GOOD NEIGHBORS."

A great attraction of Concord, especially to those who have children to bring up, is to be found in its rural situation and surroundings. The village, situated in a level plain of limited extent, is compact enough for neighborliness and sociability, while a walk of but a few moments brings one to the open fields, the woods, the ponds or the river, the last by no means the least of our domestic institutions. A narrow, shallow, sluggish stream, it winds lazily around three sides of the village, flowing for the most part through low and somewhat monotonous meadows, but sometimes widening out into little lakes or flowing under the boughs of overhanging trees, or at the feet of low hills. It is almost one of the highways of the town; everybody rows or paddles over its surface, the boys swim and fish in it in summer or skate over it in winter, picnic parties bivouac on its shady shores, nobody is afraid of it, and even the most anxious of mammae feels confident

that this most gentle and placid of streams is as safe and harmless a playground as her children can find.

Of our woods and ponds, and scenery, our societies, the school of philosophy and the state reformatory, it hardly needs to say anything. The last two of these institutions, it is true, are peculiar to Concord, but of these the school is already more famous abroad than it is at home, and the reformatory, being more than two miles away from the village, is quietly ignored by all Concordians, who look upon it as entirely a foreign affair.

CHARLES TOLMAN.

## THE CONCORD LYCEUM.

### CELEBRATION OF ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Address by the Hon. E. R. Hoar.

REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Concord Lyceum was celebrated last evening in the Town Hall in Concord. The attendance was very large, and the exercises possessed that great interest which must always attach to a literary institution whose years of usefulness have extended over so long a period. After music,

The Hon. E. R. Hoar

called the company to order and spoke as follows:

Neighbors and Friends: Fifty years ago to-night, at a meeting of citizens of Concord, after three or four previous meetings in which they had been engaged in perfecting an elaborate constitution, the Concord Lyceum was formed with a list of fifty-seven members, first of whom was the minister of Concord from Revolutionary times, Dr. Ripley, and as the constitution kindly permitted persons under eighteen years old to become members on paying half the fee required of others, Rockwood Hoar is the fifty-seventh on the list, then of the age of twelve. There are living in the town but three of the original fifty-seven, and that I am one of the survivors accounts for my being requested to preside over this meeting this evening. The other two now living in Concord are Mr. Thomas F. Hunt and Mr. Joshua Lawrence. The Lyceum began as most things do, that is, by the gratuitous labors of an enthusiast, Mr. Joseph Hild, a book of Boston, a man who was interested in geology and mineralogy, and went about the State delivering gratuitous lectures upon those subjects, and urging the people of the cities and towns to form lyceums for popular education. His scheme met with a good deal of success. He persuaded the people of various towns and cities, Boston, and Charlestown, and Salem and Worcester, and a great many of the smaller towns of the Commonwealth to start lyceums. Thereafter began but one, however, that has grown up into anything like the reputation of the institution which has contemplated and recommended, and that is the Concord Lyceum of Concord. It has, as he proposed such lyceums should have, a large library, an extensive collection of objects in natural history, cabinets of mineralogy, and having courses of lectures, and the members dividing themselves into sections for the prosecution of the study of history, science and art.

The Concord Lyceum began with lectures, the first by the Rev. Bernard Whitman of Whitman as "Popular Superstitions." It absorbed into itself the old debating society, and had debates as well as lectures, in which I remember the participants, most of whom to the majority probably of this audience are only a tradition. Dr. Ripley was the first President of the society, and Joshua Davis and Deacon Thomas Brown the Vice Presidents, Lemuel Shattuck, the historian of the town, the Recording Secretary, and the debates were participated in by Samuel Hoar and Moses Pritchard and Ephraim Howe and Daniel Shattuck and Timothy Prescott and Ephraim Merriam and Cyrus Homer. It brings back to the boy of that day and the old man of to-day memories that are very touching and impressive. We must celebrate the creation of institutions once in fifty years; at least, for if we wait for the expiration of the century, there is some one who will remember the founders. Most of the friends who were established were short lived. That in Boston, of which Daniel Webster was President, lasted, I believe, some eight or ten years. They fell off almost everywhere, but with that persistence, which we foster ourselves is somewhat a characteristic of Concord, we have steadily maintained our courses of lectures and kept up the Lyceum, until now it has rounded its period of fifty years. It seems to the younger people a matter of course, but I ask you to pause with me a moment and think what this simple institution has done for this town. What an improvement it has made upon this community, what an instrument of education, of culture, of social acquaintance it has been. For fifty years, through these successive winters, the











present aspect and tendency of the times. A day of controversy is coming over our heads. Renovating influences are at work in the very heart of society; old forms are about to be cast off. The souls shuddering at slough and renewing itself. The timid, the hesitating are looking on with fear. Views with which our name are associated are to be assailed as the prolific cause of this overturn of things. We are to be made the butt of sectarian scandal. Persecutions, fierce and unrelenting, are to be waged against us. Our tempers are to be tried. I shall like to learn the mood of this, my brother, as he looks out from the seclusion of his rural retreat. Brother—that is a kindling name! I feel the sentiment of kindred quicken within me as I write it. He is a brother of mine, and an only one. All other men seem strange to me when I think of him, for no other knows me so well, and I value none so dearly. I may confide in him. Bravest among my contemporaries, he walks the earth magnanimously, and I behold his front and despair not of men. A spirit like his shall not be cowed. An insult like his shall gain its meed of honor. My brother, we shall do and dare. God is on our side. We believe in the real, and shall come off victorious in our warfare against the seeming.

#### EMERSONIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, Rev. Dr. Bartol and Mr. E. D. Mead (the champion of Mr. Blaine against the Boston bolsters), read lectures on Emerson's religion and ethics; Dr. Harris on his view of nature; Mr. John Albee, a charming paper on his matter and manner as an essay-

ist, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on "Emerson's Relations to Society."

To-day Miss Elizabeth Peabody has lectured on his preaching from the Unitarian pulpits of Boston, New Bedford and Lexington, where she frequently heard him between 1828 and 1837, and Mrs. Cheney told of his reception in Boston after he left the pulpit and made the lecturer's desk his place of instruction for many years in that city. Miss Peabody, in the absence of Mr. Alcott, is the oldest member of the faculty of the school, and participates every day in the conversations, as Mrs. Howe did on Saturday, but Mrs. Cheney made her first appearance to-day.

Among other lecturers present are Rev. Dr. Holland, of New Orleans; M. de Poyen, a French student of Emerson, who addresses the audience in French; and Professor Davidson, the translator of Aristotle, who talks indifferently in Scotch, French, Italian, Latin, Greek or German, and is an agreeable speaker in any language.

#### PERPETUAL FORCES.

Some Truths Expressed in Emerson's Forebode Way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson thus concludes an article on "Perpetual Forces" in the current number of the North American Review:

All our political disasters grow as logically out of our attempts in the past to do without justice, as the sinking of some part of your house comes of defect in the foundation. One thing is plain; a certain personal virtue is essential to freedom, and it begins to be doubtful whether our corruption in this country has not gone a little over the mark of safety; so that when canvassed we shall be found to be made up of a majority of reckless self-seekers.

I hope better of the State. Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage. A boy who knows that a bully lives around the corner which he must pass on his daily way to school is apt to take a sinister view of streets and of school education. And a sensitive politician suffers his ideas of the part New York or Pennsylvania or Ohio are to play in the future of the Union to be fashioned by the election of rogues in some counties. But we must not gratify the rogues

so deeply. There is a speedy limit to profligate politics.

Fear disenchanting life and the world. If I have not my own respect, I am an impostor, not entitled to other men's, and had better creep into my grave. I admire the sentiment of Thoreau, who said, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear; God himself likes atheism better." For the world is a battle-ground; every principle is a war note, and the most quiet and protected life is at any moment exposed to incidents which test your firmness. The illusion that strikes me as the masterpiece in that ring of illusions which our life is, is the timidity with which we assert our moral sentiment. We are made of it, the world is built by it, things endure as they shape it; all beauty, all health, all intelligence exist by it; yet we shrink to speak it or to range ourselves by its side. Nay, we presume strength of him or them who deny it. Cities go against it; the college goes against it; the courts snatch at any precedent, at any vicious form of law to rule it out; legislatures listen to the appetite to declamations against it and vote it down. Every new asserter of the right surprises us, like a man joining the church, and we hardly believe he is in earnest.

But what we do and suffer is in moments; the cause of right for which we labor never dies, works in long periods, can afford many checks, gains by our defeats, and will know how to compensate our extremest sacrifice. Wrath and petulance may have their short success, but they quickly reach their brief date and decompose, whilst the massive might of ideas is irresistible at last. Whence does this knowledge come? Where is the source of power? The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. The world stands on ideas and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements is moral force.

As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird on the air, and the planet rests on space in its flight, so do the nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### From M. D. Conway's "Life of Emerson."

A wise friend of mine used to say that "in marriage one should seek a soul that came into the world about the same time as himself." So Emerson once said to me. Lidian Jackson, whom he married in 1836, exceeded him a little in age, and the spiritual breath of the same era was upon her. Born beside Plymouth Rock, she had become of such marked devotedness in the church there founded by the Pilgrims—dedicated by her ancestors to the God of Calvin, and ascended to the God of Channing—and so unwearied in her charities that she was known as "the Saint of Plymouth." Yet, whenever the "last supper" was to be celebrated in this church, its saint arose, and from the old family pew near the pulpit, walked down the aisle and out of the church. This was not because she did not honor the rite, but because she held its maintenance as a condition of church membership to be its perversion and dishonor. Mrs. Emerson brought some pecuniary addition to his means, and the house, with its pleasant garden, in which he loved to work, and several acres were purchased. Emerson now regarded himself as a rich man, with his homestead, about \$20,000 in money, and an increasing demand for his lectures. Then, as always, he and his wife knew the art of spending. Simplicity, good taste, comfort, hospitality, sincerity, were the furniture of this Concord home. There were business men in Boston who revered the scholar and philosopher, and perhaps then as

later, if they had a good chance for an investment, were glad to get Emerson's surplus into it and forward him good dividends. His mother may have been a little distressed at first by the strange opinions that had separated him from the church, but she soon found that he had chosen the better part. Surrounded thus by all the resources of happiness, Emerson sorrowed most for his friend Carlyle in his lonely home on the bleak moors, and again urged him to come. He offered Carlyle his home and even his own destiny. He prophesied and pictured for him a career in America singularly resembling the career afterward fulfilled by himself. "He used to

write," said Carlyle to me, "of solid and honest farmers, and said, 'Horace Greeley does their thinking for them at a dollar a head.'" Whereat Carlyle was mirthful; but one can now see a sad contrast in the environments which the old world and new had severally assigned to these representatives of the same era. Carlyle praises poverty, while every posthumous page bears witness to its miserable effect upon himself and his miserable life. Emerson never knew real poverty; even while he drove his mother's cow to pasture there were prospects of plenty around him in every direction, and no room for fear or misgiving about the future. To a healthy and intelligent youth America was already a fortune. Carlyle's "Blessed be poverty" is not so wise as Solomon's "Give me neither poverty nor riches." After all it is a mean thing, the struggle for existence, to a thinker whose mind should be free to detach the poetic dream of its youth from the local mould, and sound a melody for the young world. "Concordia" lost nothing from its notes having passed through that furnace smoke.

Much more will have to be said about Emerson's home as the birthplace of many souls, but I insert here reminiscences written by Louisa Alcott, whose tales have carried far the morning breath of Concord.

"My first remembrance is of the morning when I was sent to inquire for little Waldo, then lying very ill. His father came to me so worn with watching and changed by sorrow, that I was startled, and could only stammer out my message. 'Child, he is dead!' was his answer. Then the door closed, and I ran home to tell the sad tidings. I was only eight years old and that was my first glimpse of a great grief, but I never have forgotten the anguish that made a familiar face so tragical, and gave those few words more pathos than the sweet lamentation of the 'Threnody.'

"Later, when we went to school with the little Emersons in their father's barn, I remember many happy times when the illustrious papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay-cart, he took us to berry, bathe or picnic at Walden, making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved, the wood-people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wild-flowers whose hidden homes he had discovered. So that when years afterward we read of 'the sweet rhodora in the woods' and 'the burly, dozing bumble-bee,' or laughed over 'The Mountain and the Squirrel,' we recognized old friends, and thanked him for the delicate truth and beauty which made them immortal for us and others.

"When the book maids fell upon me at fifteen I used to venture into Mr. Emerson's library and ask what I should read, never conscious of the audacity of my demand, so genial was my welcome. His kind hand opened to me the riches of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and Carlyle; and I gratefully recall the sweet patience with which he led me round the book-lined room till the new and very interesting book was found, or the indulgent look he wore when I proposed something far above my comprehension. 'Wait a little for that,' he said. 'Meantime try this, and if you like it come again.' For many of these wise books I am waiting still,

















four of his early poems—the first ever printed. Next I think of the group which always collected at his lectures, ever the same persons; those who came to be fed, and never went away hungry. After that were the days of the Transcendental Club, which we called the "Like-minded."—I suppose because no two of us were quite alike. One summer afternoon we came to Concord and had one meeting in his parlor. There was George Ripley, admirable talker, most genial of men, and Orestes A. Brownson, full of intelligence, courage and industry, who soon went over into the Roman Catholic Church, and James Walker, of whom Mr. Emerson once said to me, "I have come to Boston to hear Dr. Walker thunder this evening." Theodore Parker and many others. Days

of enthusiasm and youthful hope, when the world seemed so new and fair, life so precious, when new revelations were close at hand as we thought, and some new Plato or Shakespeare was about to appear. We dwelt in what Halleck calls "the dear charm of life's illusive dream," and the man who had the largest hope of all, yet joined with the keenest eyes to detect every fallover. Ralph Waldo Emerson. We looked to him as our master. And now the world calls him its master—in insight, judgment, charm of speech, in self-reliance, courage, endless aspirations. We say of Goethe of Schiller, "Lo, firm, firm, were ever onward for all these years," then, and he has not gone far enough for this earth. For here is taken that trees shall not grow up to heaven." His work, like that of the apostle, was accomplished by the quantity of soul that was in him—not by mere power of intellect—but, "by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the anointing of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

Let us then, ponder his words:

What permanent peace and satisfaction  
Is there for earth to mortals?—  
Prayers of saints that truly burned—  
Spring—What is excellent—  
A soul here, is permanent;  
Eyes that are dark, heart's love remains;  
That's love will meet thee again.  
Hearts and tongues go to ground,  
Laid in God, in Godhead found."

#### The Epitaph.

Reverend Edward D. Brown of Brookline (Clerk of this church) O God! most holy and most merciful, Thou who art the giver of our life and who makest the angels of death a messenger of Thy will, who dost help us, Thy children, when Thy decree takes from us the dearest of our treasures, the life that has grown to be a part of our being. "Wilt Thou add us to say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord who doth all things well?'" Here we humble our spirits before Thee, confessing that in the presence of Thine infinite wisdom, by which all things have been made and are sustained, our sorrow should be dumb, acknowledging that it is not for us, the creatures of a day, to enter Thy judgment with Thine Almighty will. But Thou, God, hast made Thyself known unto us as a loving Father, and to Thy mercy do we appeal for comfort and help when the waters of sorrow come in upon our souls. Help us, we pray Thee, to lift up our hearts to Thee that we may be faithful to all we can see and know of Thy greatness, and may trust with unwavering constancy when Thy purpose is hidden from our sight. We do thank Thee out of an infinite gratitude for the hope of endless life which Thou hast set before us—the hope of a world where we shall be free from the losses and pains that burden our spirits here, and where we shall rejoin the loved ones who have passed out of our sight in the valley of the shadow of death. The nearer and dearer the lies that have knit our souls to theirs, the purer their lives, the more blessed their presence has been to us, the more do we thank Thee that, through Christ Jesus, our eyes have been turned toward the new heaven and the new earth that are to be the home of the soul, and the more earnestly do we pray to Thee for increased confidence in the reality of that spiritual "house of many mansions," in which the Master has prepared a place for us. We thank Thee, O God, for all the grace and peace and beauty of the noble life that is now ended. Thou, O God, art the great life of which our human lives are feeble images and reflection, and to Thee our thanks are due for the kindness, the patience, the wisdom, the love, above all, for the nameless charm of person and of spirit, such as those which are treasured in the grateful memory of the inmates of the household to which he belonged, of the community in which he lived, of the friends near and dear throughout the world. For, O God, amid the scenes which were to him as the workshop of his genius; here, where a great soul has forged noble utterances of

truth to be the guide and the strength of men in all parts of the earth; where a clear-seeing and brave heart has held communion with Thee and received from Thee messages of sacred and lofty import; here do we thank Thee for the work he has done for truth and righteousness by which the life of all mankind has been enlarged and this whole people has been ennobled. We thank Thee for the words of wisdom which reach their way from his heart into a multitude of hearts and homes. We are grateful that we have been privileged to know face to face and in the intercourse of daily life a spirit so radiant with the beauty of holiness. O God, he who has gone from us was a wise teacher of Thy truth and of Thy laws. His life was a fresh revelation of the graces and virtues which shone unto the world through Jesus Christ, and we praise Thy love and Thy goodness which gave us this instructor and friend to make our pathway in life more peaceful and more sure. And now that the work of his hands is finished; since our hands can no more minister to his comfort and his needs, here we commit to Thine infinite love the spirit which Thou givest without ceasing, and trusting to reclaim what we have learned to call our own when Thou dost call us, too, to the home which Thou hast prepared for the soul. We pray for Thy blessing upon the household in which this life has now been quenched, and we ask that the light of Thy spirit may make good the loss which has befallen so many sensitive and loving hearts. O God, to the widowed wife, to the fatherless children, to the intimate friends, whether distant or near this day to all our hearts is let that spirit bring that same serene joy and trust which beautified the noble life that has gone from us. Forgive us, O Lord, and under any stress of grief we ever doubted Thy wisdom and power to provide for the needs of Thy children, and ever questioned Thy love, we now with Thy spirit meet in the world of spirits and questionings. The work of his hands is finished, and now we turn inward to ourselves, and we ask that we may be made so perfect in our presence here as to know that we can never drift beyond Thy love and care, and that our portion in Thy spiritual universe shall be endless and unceasing love. Thus, O God, may the great words which these silent lips have spoken to us and which will live on in the pages of men's books and upon the tablets of their hearts, be a fragrant memory of this pure, complete and saintly life help to make all men better, through all time to come, and to keep their souls in the way of eternal life. We ask it as disciples of Christ and for Thine infinite mercy's sake, amen.

The congregation sang Mrs. Barbauld's hymn:  
"How blest the righteous when he dies,"  
And then Mr. Alcott stepped quietly forward, standing near the head of his dead friend he read this sonnet:

His harp is silent: shall successors rise,  
Touching with venturous hand the trembling string,  
Kiss glad rapture, visions of surprise,  
And wake to ecstasy each slumbering thing?  
Shall life and thought dash new in wondering eyes,  
As when the seraph transcendent, great and wise,  
World-wide his native incandescent fire,  
Flushed with fair hopes and ancient memories?  
Ah, no! that hunchless lyre shall silent be;  
None hath the vanished minstrel's condoning skill  
To touch that instrument with art and will.  
With him winged poet; doth droop and die—  
While our dull age, left voiceless, must lament  
The bard high heaven had for its service sent.

#### The Benediction.

Dr. Furness said: If the congregation will rise I will dismiss it. Every one stood in reverent silence and with bowed heads as he pronounced these words: And now may the God of peace, He who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good word and work, working in you that which is most pleasing in His sight. May grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ be with us all forever.

Judge Brooks invited all who wished to look once more on the gentle, venerated face, so peaceful in its last, long sleep. There was a general response to this call; for more than half an hour townsmen and those from afar, the college professor and the farm laborer, the merchant and the mechanic, filed by the casket containing the beloved form. When all these friends had secured the glimpse, so much desired and long to be cherished, the relatives took their last, fond farewell; the casket was

closed, not to be reopened; the services in the church were at an end.

At the close of the church service the funeral procession again moved, the members of the Social Circle going before the hearse, and as the long and picturesque lines passed, the tolling of bells was heard and manifestations of popular love and sorrow were visible on every side. The procession moved slowly past the drooping flag and by the Town Hall, and, turning up Bradford street, reached the peaceful and beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow. Moving up the path that leads to Ridge Hill, it paused at last at the highest point, here a beautiful picture was presented. The sun, which was about to set, shone over the hill and vale, gleaming on white headstones and glancing through groves of pine; birds twittered in the boughs overhead, and beyond the eminence were viewed the winding stream and the expanding meadows that environ Concord with beauty. From this spot could be seen the last resting place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and not far off that of Henry Thoreau. The grave was made in the Emerson lot, the first of the spreading granite slabs were lined with boughs of hemlock and the neighboring earth carpeted with pine spruce. Here were to be noted also the last resting place of the wife of his youth, of a son, a daughter and others who died many years ago. The service of the church to be held was read after the Eulogy by Rev. Dr. Haskins of Brookline. A hymn written by the dead, and as the hymn was sung, the relatives of the deceased, and the friends of Emerson were standing forever in the spot to which his ancestors belong and to which his genius had added fame.

#### An Attack on Walt Whitman.

In the American edition of "The Macmillan Portrait Gallery" one finds the following foot note, entitled "The Walt Whitman Hoax," says a correspondent of the New York Sun:

"An eminent litterateur, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, laid a cunning plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American 'poet' who had never written poetry in his life, and in all he had written was bombastic, coarse, conceited, and irreverent, or generally meaningless.

"He reprinted him in England, wrote a eulogistic preface, and engaged some really clever fellows—Prof. Dowden, A. C. Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, &c.—to aid the scheme by unatoned and indiscriminate laudation. The bait took. Men who had never read Washington Irving or Whittier echoed the cuckoo cry, and 'Walt Whitman' was the noblest transatlantic 'tone' yet heard.

"Prof. Bayne in an able article in the Contemporary Review (December, 1875), pretty well shook the bean out of the puppet 'poet,' but the impetus he got at starting still carries him on, and, like a spent ball, he may yet roll on languidly for a time."





## THE CHRISTIAN UNION

## A MAY DAY IN CONCORD.

ONE who sees Walden Pond for the first time on a clear spring afternoon, its translucent depths full of color and light, feels at a glance the charm which drew Thoreau so often to its wooded margins, and understands with hardly a tithe of his marvelous natural perception, how he found so much of the overshadowing world of forest and sky in its quiet waters. In the old adage, truth lies at the bottom of a well; and here surely Thoreau found it, in the depths of this little lake hidden among the trees. Unlike most ponds, it separates itself sharply from its surroundings by its clear, clean shores, free from undergrowth, and defined everywhere by a line of white sand; one gets an impression of distinct individuality from this little sheet of water, which holds itself apart from the wooded heights that encircle it, and rises and falls by some mysterious law of its own; as if it needed no feeding from the skies, but, like the men who once haunted its shores, had found the source of inner life. Looking upon Walden Pond, one understands, too, what Margaret Fuller had in her thought when she wrote of a pond near Groton, "breaking into exquisite wavelets" at her feet, that in such pools one sees the most subtle force combined with the most winning gentleness. Translucent water has that finest quality of matter, the power of receiving into itself and blending with its own being the forms of life that surround and overhang it. The light that suffuses Walden Pond and the stars that shine in its depths on cloudless nights have made it a veritable pool of mystery. It is the sharp individuality of Walden Pond, surrounded by woods and overhung by the sky, so clear that the most delicate forms of either are reproduced in it, and yet apparently detached from both, that continually suggests Thoreau, whose presence seems to haunt the place even now.

This thought of marvelously keen receptivity united to a certain isolation and power of self-support brings one near to the source and secret of the intellectual movement which long ago made Concord a place of world-wide fame; more significant in the true history of man's life on earth than many a great city, with miles of shipping at its wharves. There are few readers of American books who have not at some period felt the attraction of this quiet town, and accepted, in imagination at least, its gentle hospitality. One should see Concord when the tender flush of spring is deepening in the woods, and the softness that overspreads the landscape is like a mist of memories; as if the incoming tide of life had revived the spiritual no less than the material Concord.

In the Celtic legend good St. Brendan, journeying westward, touched one of those islands of immortal peace with which the elder imagination broke here the sweep and waste of the seas. Such a place of calm and repose has this charming village been in our busy and eager life. The benignant spirit which looks out from Mr. French's bust of Emerson may well be the genius of a place so tranquil, so full of unspoken invitations to repose, so gently emphatic in its protest against the fret and fever of modern life. The Concord River is the very embodiment of quiet motion, its current hardly perceptible as it lingers reluctant at every turn, as if to mirror Concord days and nights were greater joy than the plash of mill-wheels and the rush to the sea. Thoreau repeats a local tradition to the effect that the only bridge ever carried away on the main branch within the limits of the town was driven up-stream by the wind. "Without a murmur or pulse-beat, with the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior," it flows with gentle sweep onward through the historic landscape, carrying its unspoken message of peace to the wild-flowers and meadow grasses which mark its course.

It is the constant appeal to some of the richest associations of one's intellectual history that makes a first visit to Concord memorable. Certain names are continually on the lips, certain books speak once more with the puissant inspiration of those golden hours when they

first lighted the fires of aspiration and set all life to a celestial harmony, certain forms vanish and reappear along the highways. Reverence for those who have served us greatly when we most needed help will not die while men keep any spark of soul alive in them, and he is greatly to be pitied who can sit in homes where great men have worked or stand by the places where they rest from their labors and not feel moved out of the moods of common life. Concord has seen so much, however, of the vulgar sort of hero-worship that one finds a certain satisfaction in postponing his acquaintance with it until it has become mainly a place of memories. There was something fine and delicate in the man who came twice from the far West to seek an interview with Mr. Emerson, and when he found himself at the great man's door paused each time and turned back. Even the "Old Manse," upon which history and literature alike lay claims to ownership, stands so secluded that its very aspect rebukes vulgar curiosity. The house in which Emerson wrote "Nature," and Hawthorne the "Mosses from an Old Manse," must always keep its door ajar to the imagination of the world; but it must not be forgotten that this venerable house still shelters an unbroken family life that has always been a history of the highest public and private virtue, the truest and most genuine culture. Such homes are rare among us, and he is not to be envied who could come within the walls of the "Old Manse" and not feel something of the sacredness which attaches to unbroken traditions of sweet and pure living under one roof through successive generations.

The pine tree, "the giver of honor" stands by the windows of the study in which Mr. Emerson worked, and overshadows the place where he sleeps; it was his subtle interpretation of its place and meaning in the vast economy of nature which has made it sacred to a certain sweet but solitary mood. Standing on the hill where Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau lie buried, one feels how appropriate is the fellowship of the pines that crown the height, and through whose delicate needles the winds make a quiet threnody. Through these branches nature whispered some wonderful secrets to Emerson, for

... "The countless leaves of the pine are strings  
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings."

The wide outlook, the seclusion that comes not from retirement but from breadth of view, the silence which only nature ventures to break, are not alien to those whose genius combined something of all these elements. They all fled from cities to the companionship of the woods and the hills, from men to winds and stars and the still voices of rivers and forests; and these have taken them into everlasting communion. There was something of isolation and solitude in each, as there always has been and always must be in men of the highest genius.

Emerson found in solitude that quietness of mood to which his own nature was keyed. "It was good," says Hawthorne, "to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart." He saw the dangers of isolation as clearly as he saw the perils of too close a contact with the world; nature may be as fatal to the most complete development as society. It was his wise perception of the best conditions of growth which prompted Emerson to say that "solitude is impracticable, and society fatal," and that at times made him feel about the charm of woods and fields that "a brave scholar should shun it like gambling, and take refuge in cities and hotels from these pernicious enchantments." A certain isolation from the mass of men, a certain remoteness from great cities, from commerce and mechanical industry, was the necessary condition of the work done at Concord. Margaret Fuller more than once expressed her impatience with the seclusion in which Emerson lived, but his larger wisdom and ampler nature found the truer point of view, and established the most healthful relations with practical life. It was his great work

erving itself with daylight stars," walked sure-footed among all the pitfalls of a crude radicalism, and held resolutely to the interior liberation as against every recommendation of local or individual abuses. It has been the fashion of late to hint at a certain provincialism in Emerson, as if his social position were to be determined by a certain rustic cut of his clothes, and not by those exquisite manners of his which made him the finest gentleman in whatever society he happened to be. If to be provincial is to have the accent of a locality, the stamp of a distinctive social condition, the limitation of a particular intellectual environment, we shall find none of these characteristics in Mr. Emerson. Emerson had certain sharply defined limitations of intellect and of experience, but of all modern writers

lightly changed by time into a quiet beauty that wins one to unconscious recognition; for Concord is a lovely village, not by reason of the architecture of its houses, but because it is placed in the heart of a landscape full of a gentle loveliness. One who has felt its potent spell, and who has seen the evil spirits of ambition, self-seeking, and selfishness, will understand the wonderful sanity of Emerson, who held so resolutely to the fact when his fifty idealism brought a continual stream of fanatics to his door, full of all manner of schemes for the regeneration of society, and possessed of infallible specifics for all social diseases. He whose perilous path of speculation led him along heights whence he saw "nothing under him but the everlasting snows of Himalaya, the earth shrinking to a Planet, and the indigo Firmament

to turn away from what men had done to that which was still possible to them; to leave for a time the great streams of intellectual influence which were fertilizing the world, and find his way back to the original fountains from which they flow. The transcendental movement created an American literature because it led us back of institutions and history to the primary instincts, the first affections, the deep, unconscious life of humanity, out of which arts, governments, and society arise. Clough found the Concord of 1852 "very bare," "a small sort of village, almost entirely of wood houses, painted white, with Venetian blinds, green outside, with two white wooden churches." The bareness of thirty years ago, if the English poet was not tricked by his eyes as so many of his countrymen have been, has been

\* *Wisteria* signifies, "Welcome, fair stranger."





his thought is most impersonal, most completely detached from local surroundings, from social conditions, from any special intellectual environment.

If one wanted to test the healthfulness and essential soundness of the intellectual influences which once radiated from Concord, he would find in the atmosphere which abides there, and in the tone and habit still dominant there, conclusive evidence. The repose and quietness of spirit, which even the most hurried visitor cannot fail to feel, are the fruits of a true conception of a dignified, cultured living. From the beginning of its history the community has been singularly free from that vulgar display which has invaded even our quietest towns elsewhere. Elegant equipages, with rattling harness, conveying to ostentatious homes gentlemen who will shortly figure in the bankruptcy lists, are conspicuously absent, and success gets little credit unless it is founded on honest methods and dignified by some intellectual quality. If the transcendental movement had nothing more than made Concord what it has been and is, it would have rendered no small service to a people whose occupations require such enormous idealization. The spirit which gave Emerson's life an elevation so commanding long ago escaped the limitations of a purely literary expression; it is spiritualizing the immense material civilization of America as the thought of a sculptor slowly masters the stone on which he works.

HAMILTON W. MARIE.

Boston, May, 1884.

Philo. Ledger

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson,  
HIS LECTURE ON MEMORY BEFORE THE  
CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The interest in the Concord School of Philosophy culminated yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Emerson gave his lecture on "Memory." The interest in the famous Concord author was so great that the audience would not be contained within the "Orchard House," and the vestry of the Congregational Church, a room that seats comfortably 200 persons, was obtained for this purpose. Mr. Emerson is a prophet not without honor even in his own country and among his own kith and kin. The vestry was so crowded that many had to be turned away. There was neither seating nor standing room for any more. The thermometer had the misfortune to rise to about ninety degrees, and the state of the audience can be better imagined than described. Yet they had come to see and hear Mr. Emerson, and would have been present had the weather been even hotter than it was. The fact that he has now greatly lost his memory, and, though in tolerably good health, is really an old man, drew many people to hear him, beside the persons who are attending the philosophical school. Among them was one of Mr. Emerson's classmates at Harvard, Mr. J. B. Hill, of Mason, N. Y., a vigorous old gentleman, rather short for his size, who sat next to his illustrious friend during the reading of the lecture, and seemed to take in every word with great enjoyment.

Other strangers were the Hon. George S. Boutwell and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Boutwell; Mrs. A. J. Ryckoff, of Cleveland; Senator Hoar, the Rev. Dr. H. N. Powers, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the Rev. E. F. Howe, of Newtonville. Miss Emerson attended her father and acted as his assistant, but Mr. Emerson got through remarkably well. His voice was the clear, distinct voice of other days; he did not lose his interest in what he was saying, either from badness of memory or physical weariness; the peculiar Emersonian emphasis was there as of yore; you knew when he struck an idea he liked by the smile that played upon his features, as he uttered the words, and by a certain tenderness of tone; and the large audience sat in the most perfect silence, save when it humor made one laugh, from the beginning to the end of the reading. It was one

## THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

[The correspondent sending the following poem to the *New York Observer*, remarks: "I have never seen it in print, but obtained it through a manuscript copy of a friend of the author, Mr. Francis S. Key, and feel sure I can vouch for its authenticity."]

Oh, where can the soul find relief from its woes,  
A refuge of safety, a home of repose?  
Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid vale  
Give a refuge no sorrow nor sin can assail?  
No, no, there's no home!  
There's no home on earth, the soul has no home.  
Can it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,  
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?  
In the bright realms of bliss a home shall be given,  
And the soul find a rest in its Home of the Heaven.  
Yes, yes, there's a home!  
There's a home in high heaven, the soul has a home.  
Oh, holy and happy its home shall be there,  
Free forever from sorrow, from sin and from care,  
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise  
To welcome the soul to its home of the skies.  
Home, home, home of the soul!  
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

of the most intelligent and select companies that could have been gathered. Though largely composed of ladies, every fact showed the intelligence that Emerson brought to his lecture. Mr. Emerson held out wonderfully. Though he had to ask his daughter's assistance occasionally, it was not with a moment, and his enthusiasm went with what he said to the very end. If Emerson more as he was to speak, fewer than most persons have been known to forget, yet the occasional words thus blurted out, interest for all who heard him. The lecture itself had been so much talked about and reported that a sketch which Mr. Emerson expressly requested should be made, need not be given. He regarded memory without which no other mental faculty without which no other brilliant work, clear thought, or noble sentiment, clear imagination, or noble method in his own peculiar way—the method of the poet rather than that of the logician—the power and peculiarities of his memory as they had struck him. But the most significant thing in his whole lecture was Mr. Emerson's own difficulty in making the very faculty he was discussing about obedient to his own will. The audience seemed thoroughly well satisfied with what they received. The chief enjoyment was of course the hearing of Mr. Emerson once more, and of seeing him engaged in this very work to which he was the first to give emphasis and importance in this country—the delivering of literary lectures. Another rare treat is promised for the Concord people and for the members of the School of Philosophy next Wednesday evening, August 8th, when Mr. H. G. O. Blake, of Worcester, the editor of *Thoreau's* writings, will read extracts from his unpublished manuscripts. The Concord School has yet nearly two weeks to continue.—  
*Boston Herald, August 8.*

## THE HOME OF EMERSON.

*A Golden October Day in Classic Concord.*

*Sleepy Hollow Burying-Ground.*

*The Marriage Gift of Carlyle to Mrs. Emerson.*

"Happy places have grown holy; if we go where  
once we went  
Only tears will fall down slowly, as at solemn sacrament."

These lines repeat themselves to one as he pauses under the tall chestnut trees that stand at the gateway to Emerson's home and listens for an imperceptible moment to the wind in the pine trees above. The gate is hospitably open, and a stone-flagged path leads to the door. As it opens one steps into a hall running the depth of the house, and notes hanging above a table an old picture of Gauguin. At the right a door opens into a study—his study—and one steps across the threshold reverently. The apartment is in all respects as Mr. Emerson left it. For all token of absence he might well have stepped into the adjoining room. In the centre of the room is a large table. It is piled with books. On one side lies the little blotting pad with sheets of paper, and by it a pen and an ink bottle. This is all the paraphernalia of Emerson's writing materials. No desk with its pigeon holes and litter; no array of "reference" books; nothing of the usual machinery of the professional litterateur, and this

absence of all literary mechanism impresses the visitor. Mrs. Annie Fields, in a paper in *Harper's Magazine* a year or two since, described Emerson's method of writing on half sheets of paper, letting them fall on the floor when written. It was in this manner that the "Voluntaries" was written, one morning before breakfast, when he was a guest at their house, and on

his asking Mr. and Mrs. Fields to come to his room and hear it, the poem was found on these scattered sheets all over the carpet. Mr. Emerson asked Mr. Fields for a name for the poem, and he gave it the perfect title, "Voluntaries." It is in this poem that the immortal lines occur:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near to God is man,  
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*

The absence of all literary mechanism impress one with the peculiar spirituality of Emerson's message. Direct from heaven it seemed to fall on the white paper. No material medium interposed. He kept himself unencumbered by detail and free to receive spiritual impressions. The quality of his life permitted him to transmit and transcribe them. "My whole philosophy, which is very real," he once wrote, "teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his discourse on Emerson, Matthew Arnold said: "Happiness in labor, righteousness and veracity; in all the life of the spirit, happiness and eternal hope;—that was Emerson's gospel. . . . But by his conviction that the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail and to work for happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was





great." Nowhere could one be more profoundly impressed with the dignity, the serenity and the elevation of Emerson's character than in lingering in his study. Over the low mantel hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates." There is a curious old Egyptian idol, choice engravings on the walls, and busts of celebrated men stand here and there about the room. On either side the fireplace two doors open into the sunny south parlor, where a crimson carpet glows like a warm welcome, and window draperies of the same rich, warm color are swept back revealing the view of low hills crowned with pine trees, far across the quiet meadows. All the landscape is in a minor key, still, unaccentuated, full of a peace that is not yet stagnation. In this room hangs the picture—an old Italian engraving of a sun-god—which was Carlyle's marriage-gift to Mrs. Emerson. It bears on the back a slip of paper pasted on the boards, on which is written, in Carlyle's own handwriting, a little inscription, something to the effect that this picture is for the lady of the Concord home, from one whose household will ever have cause to remember hers, and signed T. Carlyle. The visitor looks long and lingeringly at this choice token, and perchance in memory he finds some stray echoes of a letter which in 1841 Carlyle wrote to Mrs. Emerson, saying to her: "You are an enthusiast; you make Arabian Nights out of dull, foggy London days; with your beautiful female imagination shape burnished copper castles out of London fog. It is very beautiful of you,—nay, it is not foolish either, it is wise. . . . Your message shall reach Miss Martineau; my Dame will send it in her first letter. The good Harriet is not well, but keeps a very courageous heart. She lives by the shore of the beautiful blue Northumbrian sea." It was out of this home that Emerson wrote to Carlyle, "Your rooms in America are waiting for you, and my wife is making ready a closet for Mrs. Carlyle." It was out of this home, too, that Miss Martineau wrote to Carlyle that Emerson was "the only man in America who had quietly sat himself down on a competency to follow his own path and do the work his own will prescribed for him." Carlyle tells this to Emerson, and says: "Pity that you were the only one! but be one, nevertheless; be the first and there will come a second and a third. It is a poor country where all men are sold to Mammon, and can make nothing but rail ways and bursts of parliamentary eloquence."

A lovely portrait of a daughter of the house hangs in this sunny parlor, and here have gathered social groups including almost every noted person who has ever visited America. Here were the famous conversations, when Bronson Alcott and Margaret Fuller joined in them. Here Fredericka Bremer sat and chatted. Thoreau came daily for the comprehension and sympathy he found, and old John Brown was often found here, silent and absorbed, until, as Mr. Bartlett said, "some allusion or chance remark would fire his soul and light up his rugged features."

It was from Emerson's home, on this perfect golden day of last October, that the little party found their way to Sleepy Hollow cemetery, that place of consecrated history. Here, under the pine trees that he loved, in the ground consecrated by the hymn he wrote, sleeps all that was mortal of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Within a step are the graves of the Thoreau family, and the Hawthorne lot, where the great master of American romance lies buried, and near him the two little grandchildren,—Gladys, daughter of Julian Hawthorne, and Franklin Hawthorne, son of George P. and of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. The burial of Hawthorne, related one of his

near friends, was one of the most touching and pathetic scenes. He was brought from New Hampshire, where he died, to the little Concord church. The Saturday Club came to pay the last tribute of respect, and here sat Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, Whipple, Lowell. As the simple services closed they all, moved by simultaneous accord, rose and bent a last look above their dead friend. The friends all walked to Sleepy Hollow. Only one carriage—that bearing Mrs. Hawthorne—was in the procession. As Agassiz entered the cemetery he stopped and gathered a little bunch of violets, which he dropped on the casket as it was lowered into the ground. The graves of the Thoreau family are curiously suggestive of the isolation of temperament that marked their lives. Here lie the father and the mother, and the three unmarried sons and daughter, Henry, William, and Sophia, all long past middle age, dying a solitary death out of a solitary life. The Emerson lot is historic. Here lies the little Waldo, whom Margaret Fuller loved, and for whom Emerson's "Threnody" was written. Here is that strange, weird genius, Mary Moody Emerson, the aunt to whom he always felt he owed so much of intellectual energy and thought. An extraordinary mental life was hers. After the custom of her day, when life was not so active but that there was an abundance of time to analyze and record it, she kept copious journal records, and we read how she baked bread, read Shakespeare, dipped into Cicero, finished the family washing, and made notes from Fenelon—all in one day. This curious mixture was fairly typical of her eccentric life. So one thought of her with mingled pathos and amusement, and above the golden sunshine sifted through golden leaves, and the breeze sounded its faint, wind-barp music through the pine trees, and the sunshine of the October day fell silently over the grave of Emerson.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD ON EMERSON.

**Emerson and Franklin Writers Who Sustain Human Courage and Hope.**

BOSTON, Dec. 2.—Matthew Arnold delivered his lecture on "Emerson," Saturday afternoon, the first time in America, in the presence of a representative audience. Mr. Arnold, while professing profound love and veneration for Emerson, declared that he was not a great poet, nor a great man of letters, nor a philosophy maker—facts which, he said, no one knew better than Emerson himself. Emerson's essays, however, were, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, the most fruitful in prose writings of the age, and he pronounced Emerson and Franklin two of the most distinctively American of our writers and said they could not be prized too highly, nor be heeded too diligently. Their writings tended to keep up human courage and hope.

#### Reminiscences of Thoreau. N. Y. Evening Post

More than forty years ago half a dozen boys were on the east bank of the Assabet river taking a sun bath after their swim in the stream. They were talking about the conical heaps of stones in the river, and wishing that that they knew what built them. There were about as many theories as there were boys, and no conclusion had been arrived at, when one of the boys said "here comes Henry Thoreau, let us ask him." So when he came near, one of the boys asked him "what made

those heaps of stones in the river." "I asked a Penobscot Indian that question" said Thoreau "and he said 'the musquash did,' but I told him that I was a better Indian than he, for I knew and he did not," and with that reply he walked off. John—said, "that is just like him, he never will tell a fellow anything unless it is in his lectures, darn his old lectures about chipmunks and Injuns, I wont go to hear him," and the unanimous conclusion of the boys was, that when they got left again, another man would do it. The boys could not understand Thoreau, and he did not understand boys, and both were losers by it.

While looking over Thoreau's "Autumn" lately, the writer was reminded of the time when Thoreau and the writer's father spent some two or three weeks running anew the boundary lines in Sudbury woods. I think it was in 1851, and there were grave disputes, and law suits seemed probable but after a while these two men were selected to fix the bounds. The real trouble was owing to the variation of the compass, the old lines having been run some 200 years before; but Thoreau understood his business thoroughly and settled the boundary question so that peace was declared. Thoreau's companion was an old lumberman and woodchopper and a close observer of natural objects: but he said that Thoreau was the best man he had ever known in the woods. He would climb a tree like a squirrel, knew every plant and shrub and really seemed to have been born in the forest. Thoreau asked many questions; one of them was, "Do you know where there is a white grape, which grows on high land, which bears every year and is of superior quality?" "Yes," was the reply. "It is a little north of Deacon Dakins' rye field and when the grapes are ripe if you are not on the windward side your nose will tell you where they are." Thoreau laughed and appeared satisfied.

About this time Thoreau went to a party in Concord, and he says in his journal or diary, that he would rather eat crackers and cheese with his old companion in the woods.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Thoreau was a solitary student of natural history in Concord and vicinity at that time. He was better equipped for his work, and could record his observations and discoveries better than his fellow students and this was enough to make him famous in later years.

There was a young man who worked on a farm one year, and saved his money like a miser, to spend it the next year in travel and the study of natural history. This was done for several years or so long as the writer knew him. Another deliberately chose a hunter's and trapper's





life in the wild, northwestern section of our great country, and he had the nerve and determination to stick to his wild, dangerous pursuit. There was a man in Burlington, Mass., 70 years old who would be in the woods and fields as early as 3 o'clock during the summer months, and as soon as he could see in the winter, returning in time to do a full day's work at the shoe bench.

He was a most enthusiastic student, but he was a good business man as well. He supplied the city stables with skunk's oil at \$2.00 per quart, sold woodcocks and partridges in their season, and by his skillful administration of strychnine cleared the country of foxes and other pests, and put many dollars in his pocket. On Sundays he would let his birds and squirrels out of their cages, call in the dog and cat, and a pet lamb, and then, the boys said, "father was in heaven." This man's sons solved the problem which had never been solved before; namely, "where is the other end of a squirrel's hole?" and the name of Skelton is forever more associated with that problem which had vexed the rustic minds for centuries. I was much pleased with the reply which a Lynn shoemaker made me when I asked him if he read Thoreau's books? He replied that he only read them during the winter months, when he could not go out and look for himself, and that they were a good substitute for his out door rambles.

These unknown men are, and have been the branch lines, the feeders of the Grand Trunk naturalists, and they have not lived in vain.

There was a great intermediate class between Emerson and the Canadian wood-chopper who would have gladly aided Thoreau if he had been a little more human in his dealings with them. The modest, unpretending Concord farmers who cultivated their fields, educated their children, paid their taxes for the support of schools, churches, and their chosen form of government, whose sons gave their lives for their country in its years of peril, are not to be sneered at and despised by men whose occupations and opinions differed from theirs. In the language of Ruskin "let us think less of peculiarity of employment and more of excellence of achievement." CRAYON.

## DIXIE LAND.

*Phila Ledger - 11/23/98*  
THE AUTHOR QUIETLY RESIDES NEAR  
MT. VERNON, OHIO.

Emmett's Musical Work—How Dixie Land Came to be Written—An Immediate Success—Pike's Dixie.

[WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR PUBLIC LEDGER.]

How many of the thousands—nay, millions—whose hearts, the last six months, have throbbled with indescribable pulsations of patriotic excitement whenever band or soloist or street musician struck up "Dixie," have paused to wonder how the stirring tune came to be, or who gave it to the nation?

Probably very few, indeed, are aware that the author of "Dixie" is still living, reaping but little honor for the composition now so famous, and which is more endeared probably to Americans than any other air, except the "Star Spangled Banner." Daniel D. Emmett, once known throughout this country and England as a minstrel, and the founder of minstrelsy in the United States, resides now, at the advanced age of 83 years, entirely alone on a small farm in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, Ohio, his birthplace. Since the conclusion of a tour with Al G. Fields's minstrels through the South some two years ago, at which time, as the composer of "Dixie," he everywhere received ovations, he has settled down to the life of a hermit, say friends. Strange close to a life passed before the public, spent in catering to its pleasure, cheered by its applause! A photograph taken two years ago shows that, although Emmett's hair and moustache are now snow white, he is still upright, and the years have left but slight trace upon his genial features.

Biographers state an interesting variety of "facts" concerning Emmett's antecedents, some claiming his descent to be German, some Irish. The latter is actually the case. His grandfather emigrated here from Ireland shortly before the Revolutionary War, and served in the army as chaplain and surgeon. He settled in Virginia, and had a son, Abraham Emmett, who later removed to Ohio and fought in the War of 1812 under General Hull. At another period he served as a spy upon the Indians in the northern districts of Ohio. He married and had a family of four children, of whom Daniel D. Emmett, born October 29, 1815, was the eldest.

It is said that during Emmett's boyhood days it was fashionable among the young people of Mount Vernon to attempt the composition of verses and their adaptation to popular tunes; and that in this manner Emmett formed a liking for minstrelsy. Shortly after 1828, about which time he taught himself to play the fiddle by ear, this boy of 13 went to Cincinnati under an engagement to play the second violin in the orchestra attached to Stickney's Circus, which "orchestra," it may be observed, consisted of two violins, a bugle and bass drum.

### Emmett's Musical Work.

Emmett then added to his accomplishments the mastery of the piccolo, flute and fife, and became in time well known as a fifer and drummer.

His work in composition consisted principally of "hoedowns," "walkarounds" and darky melodies. To those unfamiliar with the traditions of minstrelsy, the explanation is due that at that time shows usually wound up with a "walkaround," the minstrels, in their darky make-up, pacing fantastically in a circle, while singing some catchy ditty, to which the clap, clap of their feet kept time. "Hoedowns" were negro dances, similarly accompanied.

At various times Emmett travelled all over this country, meeting with good receptions everywhere, and some writers call attention to the fact that minstrelsy then took the form of a close imitation of quaint negro manners and customs, whereas now it not unfrequently becomes mere clownish buffoonery.

In 1843 Emmett organized the first perfect minstrel troupe of the United States. He was its leader, and associated with

him were Richard Pelham, "Billy" Whitlock and Frank Brower. They played numerous engagements here as the "Virginia Minstrels," and then travelled over England, reaping a goodly harvest, and finally wandering over the borders into Scotland, where they separated. Emmett is the only one of the four still living, and in a letter, under date of March 30, 1896, to Mr. Frank H. Dumont, who courteously permitted the writer to extract from it, Emmett gives these interesting details:

"In the old times each circus company had one or more performers, who were called 'Ethiopian Delineators;' in other words, singing of negro songs in character. In the summer of 1842 I located in New York and played the violin and also banjo, and thus became acquainted with others, who, like myself, performed here and there throughout the city. In the spring of 1843 I was residing at 87 Catharine street, and one day while playing upon my violin and accompanied by Billy Whitlock on the banjo, the door opened and Frank Brower entered. For awhile he listened, and then joined in with the bones. We were delighted with the idea and the music, and were again going through our performance, when Dick Pelham entered, and, with his tambourine, the fourth man joined in this impromptu rehearsal. Struck by this idea, we four began a series of rehearsals, which ended in forming a partnership. We performed in several places, but the first appearance in public was made at the Chatham Theatre and for the benefit of Dick Pelham. We gave concerts in the Tremont Temple, Boston, for six weeks, the new amusement, 'Minstrels,' going like wildfire. We then sailed for England, giving concerts in Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester to immense business. We opened in the Adelphi Theatre, London, in connection with Professor Anderson, the wizard. \* \* \* Upon our first appearance in London, and just as we came upon the stage, a person rose in the audience and shouted to us: 'Go home! Go home and pay your honest debts!' Let me explain that Pennsylvania had repudiated some debt, and we, as Americans, were being held to account for it. The person was put out of the theatre and the minstrels proceeded."

### How Dixie Came to be Written.

And now we come to how "Dixie" was written. Like many another successful

it was the result of urgent necessity. Beldom, indeed, do the idlers of this old contribute to its treasures. It is the busy people out of whom the friction of everyday life strikes the spark of genius.

In 1859 Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York. One Saturday evening, as he was departing for home at the close of the entertainment, he was hailed by "Jerry" Bryant, who asked him to compose a "walk-around," with a "hooray chorus," ready for the Monday morning rehearsal. The terms of Emmett's engagement with Bryant bound him to compose such things whenever new ones became requisite. Emmett replied that the time allotted him was short, but he would do his best. The next day our beloved "Dixie Land" came into existence. The words have been transcribed inaccurately from time to time, but the original version is identical with that which we have grown familiar with:

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton;  
Old times dar am not soon forgotten.  
Look away! look away! look away, Dixie land!

In Dixie land, whar I was born in,  
So early one frosty mornin',  
Look away! look away! look away, Dixie





land!"

## An Immediate Success.

The song delighted the other members of the troupe when produced at the Monday rehearsal, and it met with a warm reception from the audience that evening. It is said that half the number of those present went home humming "Dixie land."

The New York Clipper, devoted to the theatrical profession, printed the words of Dixie on the front page of its issue, January 26, 1861, duly crediting their authorship to Emmett. This is important, because the honor of said authorship has been disputed with him by more than one claimant. By one authority it is solemnly stated as being actually true that the original words of the song were written by General Albert Pike, who was born in Boston, December 23, 1809, fought in the Mexican War and on the Confederate side through the Civil War, and in 1863 settled down to law in Washington. It is probable, to judge from the fiery language of General Pike's poem, as in the stanzas given below, that the Southern soldier sung his words to the tune of "Dixie," thus confusing biographers:

"Southrons, hear your country call you,  
Up! lest worse than death befall you!

To arms, to arms, to arms, in Dixie!

Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted!

Let all our hearts be now united;

To arms, etc.

"Hear the Northern thunders mutter;

Northern flags in South winds flutter;

To arms, etc.

Send them back your fierce defiance,

Stamp upon the cursed alliance.

To arms," etc.

A variety of picturesque ditties such as the one about "We'll Hang Abe Lincoln to a Sour Apple Tree," "Hooray, Hooray for Dixie," were adapted to the irresistible swing of the tune and converted into war songs by the Southerners.

Emmett himself explains his choice of a theme in this way: Frequently members of minstrel troupes, travelling in the North, would exclaim, when feeling the pinch of Northern frosts: "I wish I was in Dixie." Dixie, of course, being the name used to typify the States south of Mason and Dixon's line. This expression, which became quite a saying among minstrel troupes, suggested the words of this song, and the first bar or two of the air gave the key to the rest.

Another ingenious but incorrect explanation of the theme is given by some writers, who affirm that "Dixie" refers to a slave owner, who spelt his name "Dixy," and that it is the song of a slave yearning for his old home, the first line of which should run:

"I wish I was with Dixy."

The same authority peeks to deprive Emmett of the honor due him by claiming that the tune is an old Northern negro air, whose origin is as vague as most traditions of the race. But Emmett's friends at various times have staunchly defended his rights, and, fortunately, there are now persons living who remember well the circumstances under which the song was written.

At the time of the breaking out of the Civil War a new march and war song were needed to introduce in a spectacular performance given in New Orleans. This is said to have been the occasion when Mr. John Wood played in "Pocahontas," by John Brougham, Carlo, the brother of Adeline Patti, leading the orchestra. At all events, "Dixie" was seized upon as the thing required. Its martial beat echoed the spirit of the times and its title endeared it to Southern hearts. It rang in music halls, it was hummed on the streets, it resounded in the home circle, it was

wafted to the battle fields, caught up by the Confederacy, and, ringing through the Rebel ranks, "made many a battle harder for the Northern men," as one writer puts it.

At the time of the war it was considered almost treasonable to sing it this side of Mason and Dixon's line, and it is even said, though not sufficiently corroborated to be accepted without question, that Emmett's loyalty to the Union was criticized, although the song was written two years before the war, and that one truculent Maine editor fished out of the depths of his ink well the epithet, "Secesh," and hurled it at the composer, recommending him to summary and condign punishment. Whether Emmett reaped blame of this sort or not, it is certain that he reaped no other reward. The public appropriated "Dixie," withholding from him much of praise and all pecuniary benefit.

With the reunion of North and South the song was restored to its place in the affections of the nation. Lincoln is reported to have considered it "captured"—surely the best capture made in the war.

And now an old man sits, neglected and alone, by his hearthstone in Ohio; and wherever patriotic assemblages gather the song he created echoes and re-echoes, as it will do through generations yet to come, stirring the hearts of the people with a strange fervor and stimulating to a passion devotion to the Stars and Stripes.

BEATRICE CLAYTON.

## Mr. Emerson's Death.

The death of Mr. Emerson, following only a few weeks after that of Mr. Longfellow, is a painful reminder of the rapidity with which the older school of American authors, the men who began to write when American literature was beginning to take shape, and who have exerted a formative influence not only upon literature, but upon the life and thought of the people, are passing away. Whitier, Holmes and Lowell among the poets, Bancroft among prose writers, and Winthrop and Phillips among the great orators of the platform, are left to us, but Lowell is the only one of these who has not passed the boundary of three score years and ten; and the departure of Emerson not only recalls old sorrows, but suggests other losses which are to

The death of Emerson does not touch with grief so wide a circle as did that of Longfellow. His influence was not directly felt by the masses of people. There was something deterrent about the thought-compelling quality of his books, to many minds: there was a subtlety about his methods of thought, and an absence of sequence and arrangement in his manner of grouping ideas, which made it by no means easy for an untrained and impatient reader to follow him. He was an excellent author to read by detached passages; all over his writings there are sentences that sparkle with brilliancy, and there are seed-thoughts which are wondrously fruitful if they do but find congenial soil. But it requires a pretty robust mind to read page after page, essay after essay, of his writings, without any sense of weariness. As Alcott aptly expressed it, his logic was the logic of a galaxy of stars. There was brilliancy there—a flashing and dazzling brilliancy often, like that of the stars, as seen through a rarer and clearer atmosphere than that through which we ordinarily view them, but it was a brilliancy which defied analysis and arrangement. Nor was it only his subtle qualities of thought and style which kept his writings from finding a place among the familiar books of average readers; the subjects with which he dealt were often lofty and abstruse, and removed

from the ordinary thought of men.

When the final estimate comes to be made up upon Mr. Emerson's work and the results of it, we are quite confident it will be found that the indirect influence which it has exerted has been not only vastly wider but more potent than the direct. It is an influence which has been felt by many minds who were quite unaware from what source it came; and this because it was a reflex influence, reaching them by radiation, as it were, from other minds which were directly touched by Mr. Emerson's thought. Mr. Emerson's work has been the fructifying of some of the noblest minds of his generation, and through the operations of these minds, and others touched by these in turn, he has made an impress upon many people to whom he himself was hardly more than a name. He died anxiously and painlessly, as a child might fall asleep; and he has passed to a more intimate knowledge of the mysteries which, during his lifetime, engaged his deepest thought.

## WRITING IN THE MIND.

The Art of Composing a Work Before Putting it on Paper.

Dickens lived so thoroughly with his characters that he could not sleep at night, and to escape them was obliged to get up and go out for a walk. His daughter relates that as he wrote he acted many of the scenes of his novels, rising occasionally and pacing the room, talking to himself. There can hardly be a doubt that the most successful dramatists witness their plays in imagination before they are put on the boards. Here is probably the secret of Boucicault's success. He has described in a magazine how he "makes" a play before he writes it. He gets the story and the plot and then the scenes. The work of construction occurs before he has put a line on paper. The last thing of all is to supply the dialogue, which he considers of the least importance. Alexandre Dumas even went further. He built the whole play in his mind, even to the language, before touching his pen and ink. He relates that on one occasion he had a drama to write, and, as it was necessary to be quiet, he took passage on a yacht, and for 24 hours lay in a kind of stupor on the deck. His mind was absorbed in the piece. When he got up and took a meal the work was finished. He amused himself for a few days and then returned to Paris, where he wrote out what he had so concentratedly labored upon. Other plays he composed in this way, carrying them about in his head for years, and this is the explanation of some of those miracles of composition with which he loved to amaze his friends. Jules Janin tells a story. He was at a country house with Dumas where there was a crowd of pleasure seekers. All day they were hunting and amusing themselves. About 12 o'clock at night, in the smoking room when everybody was comfortably fagged out and half asleep, Dumas, accidentally turning over some papers in his pocket, came upon a letter which he had received some days before. Heavens! he had, forgotten. He had promised to write a piece for a friend's benefit, which was to come off immediately. The manuscript must be in Paris next day. Dumas shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it must be done," and he took up his light and started for the library. When the others came to breakfast in the morning there was a piece lying on the library table, completed, and Dumas, who had been up till dawn over it, was sleeping late. Here appeared something miraculous—to invent the plot, scenes and characters of a play and write out the whole in these few hours, and Paris rang with the feat. But it was a trick. The drama had been in his mind for months, and there was nothing to do but to place it on paper.





ENCE. Nov 19th '88

Christian Union

OF the portion of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence just published for the first time, the Boston "Herald" says:

The mutilation of the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson" is a literary misfortune. There were important gaps in the letters which could not be filled up at the time the correspondence was first published, and the hope that the letters missing from it might be recovered has been fulfilled by the restoration of thirteen letters written by Carlyle and four by Emerson. There are other letters still to turn up, but comparatively few spaces in the correspondence now remain to be filled. A few extracts from these letters are here appended, which express the opinions of the two distinguished correspondents and reveal still further their friendly relations with each other. The first of these recovered letters is from Carlyle to Emerson, and is concerned with what Carlyle calls "the book business." It is dated April 13, 1839. He says of himself: "I am again upon the threshold of extempore lecturing on 'The Revolutions of Modern Europe'; Protestantism, two lectures; Puritanism, two; French Revolution, two. I almost regret that I had undertaken this thing this year at all, for I am no longer driven by poverty as heretofore. Nay, I am richer than I have been for ten years, and have a kind of prospect, for the first time this great while, of being allowed to subsist in this world for the future; a great blessing—perhaps the greatest, when it comes as a novelty. However, I thought it right to keep this lecturing business open, come what might. I care less about it than I did. It is not agony and wretched trembling to the marrow of the bone, as it was the last two times. I believe, in spite of all my perpetual indigestions and nervous woes, I am actually getting into better health; the weary heart of me is quieter; I wait in silence for the new chapter—feeling truly that we are at the end of one period here. I count it two in my autobiography. We shall see what the third is, if there be a third. But I am in small haste for a third." A little later, in a second letter, Carlyle recurs to the lectures in the following strain: "There was but one moderately good lecture, the last, on 'Sansculottism,' to an audience mostly Tory, and rustling with the beautifullest quality silks! Two things I find: First, that I ought to have a horse. I had only three incidental rides or gallops, hired rides. My Yankee horse is never yet purchased, but it shall be, for I cannot live, except in great pain, without a horse. . . . But the second thing I found was the extempore speaking, especially in the way of lecture, is an art or craft that requires an apprenticeship, which I have never served." In the same letter, he begins to think that he must begin a book. He says: "Books are the lasting thing; lectures are like corn ground into flour; there are loaves to-day, but no wheat harvests for next year. Rudiments of a new book (thank Heaven!) do sometimes disclose themselves in me. *Pestina lente*. It ought to be better than the French Revolution; I mean better written. The greater part of that book, as I read proof-sheets of it in these weeks, does nothing but disgust me. And yet it was, as nearly as was good, the utmost that lay in me. I should not like to be nearly killed by any other book. Books, too, are a triviality. Life alone is great, with its infinite spaces, its everlasting times, with its death, with its heaven, and its hell! Ah me!" In the same letter there is an opinion of Wordsworth that is more favorable than Carlyle was wont to speak of him at other times: "Wordsworth is here at present; a garrulous, rather watery, not wearisome old man. There

is a freshness as of brooks and mountain breezes in him; one says of him: Thou art not great, but thou art genuine; well speed thou."

In a letter dated December 8, 1839, Carlyle speaks plainly of one of his frequent visitors: "Poor Miss Martineau is in Newcastle-on-Tyne this winter; sick, painfully, not dangerously; with a surgical brother-in-law. Her meager dialecticalities afflict me no more; but also her blithe friendly presence cheers me no more. We wish she were back. This silence, I calculate—forced silence—will do her much good. If I were a legislator, I would order every man, once a week or so, to lock his lips together, and utter no vocable at all for four-and-twenty hours; it would do him immense benefit, poor fellow! Such racket and cackle of mere hearsay and sincere cant grows at last entirely deafening, enough to drive one mad, like the voice of mere infinite rookeries answering your voice! Silence, silence!"

Emerson writes from Concord in the summer of 1845: "I creep along the roads and fields of this town as I have done from year to year. When my garden is shamefully overgrown with weeds, I pull up some of them. I prune my apples and pears. I have a few friends who gild many hours of the year. I sometimes write verses." Emerson was then preparing his lecture on "Representative Men," and says of his work: "I wrote a deal about Napoleon after reading a library of memoirs. Now I have Plato, Montaigne, and Swedenborg, and more in the clouds behind. What news of Naseby and Worcester?" Carlyle in the same year replied, with a mass of new Cromwell letters before him, that he was "sunk deep into the dust-abysms again."

During the next year, 1846, Carlyle made a visit to Scotland, and thus records his impressions: "Thirty years move away a generation of men. The old hills, the old brooks and houses are still there; but the population has marched away, almost all; it is not there any more. I cannot enter into light talk with the survivors and successors; I withdraw into silence and converse with the dumb old crags rather in a melancholy and abstruse manner. Thank God, my good old mother is still there; old and frail, but still young of heart; as young and strong there, I think, as ever. It is beautiful to see affection survive where all else is submitting to decay; the altar with its sacred fire still burning, when the outer walls are all slowly crumbling, material Fate saying, 'they are mine' I read some insignificant books, smoked a great deal of tobacco, and went moping about among the hills and hollow water-courses, somewhat like a shade in hades." In another letter of the same year, the Chelsea sage says to Emerson: "If you see Mr. Everett, will you thank him for his kind remembrance of me, till I find leisure (as I have vainly hoped to do) to thank him more in form? A dignified, compact kind of man, whom I remember with real pleasure."

Again he says: "Alas! the speech of men, especially the witty speech of men, is often afflictive to me; 'in the wide earth,' I say sometimes with a sigh, 'there is none but Emerson that responds to me with a voice wholly human!' All literature, too, is become, I cannot tell you how, contemptible to me. On the whole, one's blessedness is to do as Oliver: work while the sun is up; work well, as if eternities depended on it; then sleep—as if under the guano mountains of human stupor, if handsomely forgotten all at once, that latter is the handsome thing. I have often thought what W. Shakespeare would say were he to sit one night in a 'Shakespeare society' and listen to the empty twaddle and other long-eared melody about him there."











dance, and so on. Probably cheap novels of murder and mystery are written by devising a strange situation, and working back from that, to invent ways in which it might have happened. You introduce a gentleman who finds the fire smoking dreadfully at breakfast. He examines the chimney, and finds in it the body, head downwards, of a lovely girl of 18. How in the world did she get there? You work back till you have invented a plausible theory of the whimsical circumstance, and that theory is your novel. Gaboriau often worked back as far as the revolution, or the edict of Nantes, if not the crusades, before he could get room to turn round in. And no wonder, for, if you will introduce a duke shooting all the company in a suburban pot house, his motives, if honorable, must be as "remote" as the intentions of the young lover in the story. Any novelist can tell us things like this about his art, just as Theophile Gautier told some one that he wrote in red, black and green inks, to divert and cheer his labors. "When you reach the sixth step, you shall try the red ink," he would say to himself, and found it a great comfort—yes, indeed, it is. But Theophile did not get his style from his colored inks, nor Shakespeare his Hamlet from "The History of Hamblet." Probably "the common steadfast dunce," as Milton says, of the period, screamed that Shakespeare was a thief, and that any one could plagiarize the "History of Hamblet." But the dunce never did so himself, nor did his friends, and only learned people like Dr. Furness know even the names of these moral and virulent obscenities.

### WHITTIER.

The death of Whittier takes away one who had been for more than sixty years in close companionship with the American people. This companionship existed in spite of the fact that in early life he differed sharply with most of his countrymen. But nevertheless he was always with them, though often not of them. Unrecognized by them at first, he voiced their deep moral sense when partisanship so obscured it that their own utterance of it was harsh and distorted. His muse then spoke the words of indignant remonstrance. To many readers, of the present generation, these angry polemics, expressive as they are of a noble scorn of the meanness and injustice of slavery, have their chief value as political records in verse, as rhythmical history. Had Whittier never essayed any other strain, these verses might have become only a part of the literature of the great anti-slavery struggle. Strong as Whittier was in denunciation of wrong, he was yet stronger, and infinitely more sweet, in the expression of an overflowing love of his fellow men, of a kindness that comprehended all things, both great and small, in its wishes, and of a pathos that had in it nothing of pessimism. Whittier the moral teacher spoke in his political poems; it is in his ballads of New England life and legends that Whittier the poet finds the truest expression of his kindly genius. His buoyant, hopeful nature breathed through all his writings and made them the most inspiring and helpful of popular poetry, for he was essentially a popular poet. His popularity was honorable both to his readers and himself, as it conclusively proved that a poet can be lofty in his ideals, chaste in his language, artistic in verse, and yet win to himself not merely those who read in a spirit of critical appreciation, but all who yearn for a bettering of the lot of mankind on earth. No American poet has had a wider public than Whittier, for the reason that no American poet has written verse that entered so much into the

every day life of the American people. Whittier understood the American people better than any of his contemporaries and addressed himself directly to them.

To the public there have always been two Whittiers, Whittier the poet and Whittier the man. There has been no contradiction between them and both have been loved by the people who learned to know the man through the poet. To the whole people, not merely to the student in his study, but to the workers in the shop and factory as well, Whittier came to be an old and very dear friend, to be loved and cherished as one who had been prophet, apostle, and pastor.

The death of Whittier leaves Dr. Holmes the last survivor of the American poets who have achieved renown. The stars of the poetical firmament have now been reduced to one, and there are no signs of the rising of a new constellation. There are perhaps dimly seen, faintly glittering nebulae, but of the coming of a star of the first magnitude, no token. Apparently America is entering into a period of twilight in poetry, which, let us hope, will come before the awakening of a yet brighter day.

### WHITTIER AS A MORAL INFLUENCE.

#### An Analysis of the Poet's Character and Work.

At the meeting of the Society for Ethical Culture, held at the New Century Hall yesterday, W. M. Salter delivered a lecture on Whittier, of which the following is a synopsis:

A literary estimate of Whittier is out of place here. It may be questioned, indeed, whether in his case the man did not overshadow the poet. He himself said that he set a higher value on his name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book. It is hard for us to realize the excitement caused by the Anti-Slavery agitation. We may perhaps be helped to, if we think of the sensitiveness to any attacks on property now. For the slave was as much property as a piece of land or a share of railway stock is at present—and those who attacked slavery became enemies of the law, of the public peace and of social order. Hence, Garrison, Phillips and Whittier were almost as badly hated and maligned in those days as Socialists, or even Anarchists, are now. Yet Whittier took his stand; and the peace-loving Quaker became a man of war in all but the disposition to use his arms. His weapons were not only love and pity, but indignation, wrath, satire, ridicule and cutting sarcasm. His poems are not mere poems—they are the heart-throbs of a man indignant at a wrong and fearless of consequences. He was mobbed in New Hampshire, and his editorial office here in Philadelphia was burned along with Pennsylvania Hall, the city authorities offering feeble, if any, resistance to the lawless crowd. Whittier's verses are almost a history of the time, or rather, they give us the great events of the time viewed from the standpoint of conscience. He was an incalculable moral influence in this critical period, nursing the sentiment and the moral ardor by the help of which slavery was at last overthrown.

In the realm of religion Whittier has also exercised a moralizing influence. The divorce between religion and the common law of human brotherhood stirred the poet's soul. God was to his mind inseparable from those higher thoughts that make the higher law felt within. The service of God he held consisted in obedience to these thoughts. Religion was to him no longer rites, sacrifices, incense,

music and prayer, but loving one's neighbor and doing one's whole duty as a man. Whittier's religion is a religion of morality, a religion for reformers. "The love of God," he said, "is the love of good."

Whittier's influence will go on; he is for liberty, for right everywhere; he is with those who would give to woman "the rights and duties pledged to all," with those who would spare "the tax upon a poor man's food;" with those who would "to labor full requital make."

### WHITTIER AS A MARTIAL POET.

Although Whittier was born a Quaker and clung to the faith of his fathers all his life, there are in his poetry passages as full of martial ardor as any to be found in the verses of the cavalier poets. The Quaker rule, Charles Lamb to the contrary, does not "the human feeling cool," and the partisanship of truth, the honest hatred of wrong and injustice as easily enter the militant mood with Quakers as with followers of other creeds. General Greene was born a Quaker, and is a familiar instance of political convictions carrying a man beyond the restrictions of creed. We doubt if Whittier ever thought of Greene's conduct as meriting very severe censure. At all events, there are lines in Whittier that are decidedly those of a "bard of marshal lay." In "The Angels of Buena Vista" occurs stirring battle pictures:

"Hark! that sudden blast of bugles there the troop of Minon wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels."

Here are in two lines the rush and swing of contending hosts. Again, take these noble stanzas from that noble poem, "The Watchers":

"Two angels, each with drooping head  
And folded wings and noiseless tread,  
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland  
And lips of blessing, not command,  
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brow was scarred and knit  
His restless eyes were watch-fire lit,  
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun  
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,  
When human rights are staked and won.

I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,  
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
I walked with Sidney to the block;

The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
Through Jersey snows the march I led,  
My voice Magenta's charges sped."

These are the lines, not of one who glorified war, but of a poet whose imagination kindled at its scenic aspect, and who, we feel, would not have shunned strife or pang when human rights were at stake.





# AT REST.

**John G. Whittier  
Passes Away.**

**Miss Gove's Home a House  
of Mourning.**

**Members of the Poet's Family  
at His Bedside.**

**The Curtain Falls on a  
Life Well Spent.**

may be very briefly and simply told. He was born in Haverhill, on the 17th of December, 1807, and his father was a farmer, who came of a tall, long-lived race. His mother, whose maiden name was Abigail Huzzey, was of French descent; and with a mother's quick intuition, she saw the poet in her boy and encouraged his aspirations, while his father, a man of practical mind, looked to him only to follow his own career at the plow. Mr. Whittier had always the tenderest recollections of his mother, and he wrote of her once in the *Friends' Review*. "All that the sacred word 'mother' means in its broadest, fullest significance, our mother was to us; a friend, helper, counsellor, companion, ever-loving, gentle and unselfish." It was a typical New England home into which Whittier was born, and the picture which he gave of it in his poem "Snowbound" was painted in vivid and natural colors from the poet's memory of the fireside in the Haverhill farm house and of the loved forms that gathered about it. It was a Quaker household, and its influences were of the gentlest. Through life, the poet retained allegiance to his parents' faith, and his verse and his character alike show the impress of his early training. The lad Whittier, a shy and sensitive youth, enjoyed the ordinary district school privileges of New England boys, and at the age of 19 he went to the academy at Haverhill, where he had the benefit of a year's instruction, broken by an interval of six months, spent in teaching a district school at "Birch Meadow"—a place with an ominously suggestive name, for the site of a school house. These, with a few months spent in desultory study afterward in a clergyman's family in Boston, constituted the only educational opportunities he ever had. Few men have won literary distinction, the circumstance of whose youth gave less promise than did Whittier's. He had not even access to books, his father's library comprising not more than fifteen or twenty volumes, and those mostly theological. As the love of poetry grew upon him, he would sometimes walk a dozen miles to borrow a book of poems. Burns was the first poet whose writings he read, and he never lost his enthusiasm for them. Late in life, he declared that his wonder and delight over Burns's poems were as fresh as ever, and he gave a delightful account of the Quaker preacher, who, stopping at the Whittier homestead over night, first read from Burns's writings to the eager boy, and then lent him the volume for his own reading. Whittier found, as he expressed it, "that the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in a world and life lying outside the edge of our New Hampshire sky; they were right here about my feet, and among the people I knew. The common things of our common life I found were full of poetry. It was a new and a perfect revelation." To this revelation, very likely, we owe in part the simplicity of his own verse and the beauty with which he invested common things.

The farmer lad was about 18 when he wrote his first poem. The family were taking William Lloyd Garrison's paper, the *Free Press*, and Whittier's sister, unknown to him, gave his poem to the carrier, who slipped it under Garrison's door. Garrison liked it and printed it; and one day, when the boy was in the field with his uncle, mending fences, the carrier came with the paper, and the lad, turning first as usual to the poets' corner, saw there to his great surprise his own name and his own lines. The lines were in blank verse, a paraphrase of the vision of the prophet Elijah, wherein the demonstration of

God's power came in the fire and the earthquake and the tempest, but God Himself spoke in the still, small voice. As Mr. Whittier's first production, these lines are interesting:

THE SEER.

The Prophet stood  
On the high mount, and saw the tempest-cloud  
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its reservoir  
Of congregated gloom. The mountains o'ert,  
Torn from the earth, heaved high its roots where once  
Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely form,  
Smote by the tempest, leaped the mountain's side.  
Yet, calm in conscious purity, the Seer  
Beheld the awful desolation, for  
The Eternal Spirit moved not in the storm.

The tempest ceased. The caverned earthquake burst  
Forth from its prison, and the mountain rocked  
Even to its base. The topmost crags were thrown,  
With fearful crashing, down its shuddering sides.  
Unawed, the Prophet saw and heard; he felt  
Not in the earthquake moved the God of Heaven.

The murmur died away; and from the height,  
Torn by the storm and shattered by the shock,  
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame  
Mighty and vast; the startled mountain deer  
Shrank from its glare and covered within the shade;  
The wild fowl shrieked—but even then the Seer  
Untrembling stood and marked the fearful glow,  
For Israel's God came not within the flame.

The fiery beacon sank. A still, small voice  
Now caught the Prophet's ear. Its awful tone,  
Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed  
Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart.  
Then bowed the holy man; his face he veiled  
Within his mantle, and in silence turned  
The presence of his God, discerned not in  
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame.

## Writing for the Papers.

After this, Mr. Whittier contributed poems occasionally to the *Free Press*, the *Boston Statesman*, edited by Nathaniel Greene, and the *Haverhill Gazette*, then edited by the father of Professor Thayer of Harvard University. While in Boston, he wrote general editorial articles for the *American Manufacturer*, which was published by Mr. Collyer, the clergyman in whose family he boarded. At the same time he wrote several articles for the *Hartford Review*, edited by George D. Prentice, and in 1829, Mr. Prentice having to go to Kentucky to collect materials for his life of Henry Clay, he wrote to Mr. Whittier, who was then on the farm at Haverhill, inviting him to manage the paper in his absence. Mr. Whittier went to Hartford and remained there two years, receiving \$8 a week for his editorial work on the *Review*. He then went back to the farm, his father being sick and in need of him. He took a lively interest in politics, and was warmly in sympathy with the Abolitionists. He exerted himself to aid in the election of Caleb Cushing to Congress: Mr. Cushing, though not an Abolitionist, having promised to defend the Abolitionists' right of petition and to see that their appeals were received—a promise which he kept. In December, 1833, Mr. Whittier went to Philadelphia as a delegate to an anti-slavery convention, and he and Lewis Tappan served as secretaries of the convention. In 1835 he was elected from Haverhill to the General Court as the candidate of the national Republicans. In August, 1835, he went, with George Thompson of England, to Concord, N. H., to attend an anti-slavery meeting, and they were mobbed and pelted with stones, being rescued by Col. Kent, who, though not an Abolitionist, gave them refuge in his house. Three years later Mr. Whittier went to Philadelphia, where for two years he edited an outspoken advocate of liberty called the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. The mob finally broke into the office of the paper, carried off Mr. Whittier's books and papers and burned the building. Mr. Whittier, encased in a long white overcoat, standing

## Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Sept. 7. Quietly and without a struggle with exhausted nature the spirit of John G. Whittier, at the home of Miss Gove, Hampton Falls, passed into the hands of Him who gave it at half-past 4 o'clock this morning. Just as the light of heaven was breaking upon earth he opened his eyes to the full light of the brightness of that God in whom he trusted and who had cared so tenderly for him more than forty years. Dr. Douglass, with some of Mr. Whittier's family, were at his bedside. About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon unfavorable symptoms became apparent and unconsciousness followed. The patient continued in this condition through the night, gradually sinking, until the last chapter of the book of his life was ended and "Finis" was written in the circle which beams so brightly around the name of John G. Whittier. The funeral of the poet will occur Saturday afternoon from the residence of Judge Cates, Friend street. The interment will take place in the Amesbury Cemetery, on Haverhill Road. The church bells this morning are tolling the age of the dead poet and announcing the death of Amesbury's beloved citizen.

## MR. WHITTIER'S LIFE.

A Noble Career of Great Interest and Great Good.

One of the truest of men and sweetest and purest of poets has been taken from us by the death of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The facts in Mr. Whittier's personal history





in the crowd and watching the office burn. Next morning the anti-slavery people held a meeting near the ruins, but were not molested by the mob.

In 1840 Mr. Whittier came to live in a plain, white, old-fashioned house, which he had purchased in the outskirts of Amesbury, and here he lived for nearly 40 years, having as his sole companion, until her death in 1864, his last surviving sister, Elizabeth. His study here was a cozy room of medium dimensions: a cheery, open fireplace, with the old-fashioned brass andirons, was a prominent feature of it; near a window stood his writing table, usually strewn with manuscripts and writing materials; there were a few chairs, some simple pictures of anti-slavery acquaintances on the walls, with here and there a photograph of some literary or personal friend. His bookcases were roomy and well filled, and the number of autograph books sent him by authors very large. From this quiet home Mr. Whittier went but rarely into publicity, though he continued to attend anti-slavery meetings, and like others in that movement was more than once in peril from mobs. In 1843 he edited the *Middlesex Standard*, an anti-slavery paper at Lowell, and he wrote anti-slavery articles for any paper that had the courage to publish them. In 1845 he became an associate editor of the *Washington National Era*, the leading anti-slavery paper of the country, edited by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey of Connecticut. This connection he continued until 1851 or 1852, when failing health compelled him to relinquish it. In 1848 the Whigs of his district wanted to make him their candidate for Congress, but, as he said, he "was terribly afraid he might be elected," and so he declined the candidacy. He was chosen Presidential Elector in 1860 and again in 1864, and was, it is believed, the only man who voted for Lincoln both times. To the Lincoln campaign he contributed a rallying song, "The Quakers Are Out," which was hailed with great delight at the *Wide Awake* rally at Georgetown, where it was first recited. We give the song below, as it is probably remembered by very few:

Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,  
The buds of our hope have burst out into flowers.  
No room for misgiving—no loophole of doubt—  
We've heard from the Keystone! The Quakers are out!

The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick;  
The bribe goes a-begging; the fusion won't stick.  
When the *Wide Awake* lanterns are shining abroad,  
The rogues stay at home, and the true men come out!

The good State has broken the cords for her eyes;  
Her oil springs and water won't fuse into one;  
The Dutchman has reasoned with freedom his kinsman,  
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out.  
Give the flags to the winds!—set the hills all ablaze;  
Make way for the man with the patriarch's name!  
Away with misgiving—away with all doubt,  
For Lincoln goes in when the Quakers come out!

#### His Relations With the Friends.

He always retained his interest in political affairs, wherever principle or liberty was at stake, and occasional brief letters from his pen in various journals, in recent years, have attested his watchfulness and his lively sympathy with all liberal and progressive movements. During the days of the anti-slavery agitation his position compelled him to take issue with his brethren in the faith of the friends, and concerning the breach thus made he wrote characteristically in 1867:

From my youth up, whenever my health permitted, I have been a constant attendant of our meetings for religious worship. This is true, however, that after our meeting houses were denied by the Yearly Meeting, for Anti-Slavery purposes, I did not feel it in my way, for some years, to attend the Annual Meeting at Newport. From a feeling of duty I protested against that decision when it was made; but was given to understand pretty distinctly that there was no "weight" in my words. It was a hard day for reformers; some sulked their convictions; others, not adding patience to their faith, allowed themselves to be worried out of the Society. Abolitionists holding office were very generally "dropped out," and the Ark of the Church staggered on with no profane anti-slavery hands upon it. For myself, having no taste for controversy which must necessarily become personal, I left the Society to its course and took none, feeling quite sure that the work would go on, whether friends went with it or not. I never despaired of a great change in the views of the Society, but I knew that I

could do little to promote it; the pleas of youth and enthusiasm were not likely to be heeded by my elders, who, in common with the great majority of all sects, failed to comprehend the breadth and scope of a great Providential movement—God's controversy with oppression. How many of those dear old friends, so active on that occasion, have since fallen asleep in the Lord, trusting in his mercy alone, and not in their church politics! Others, still living in honored age, have, in patient and steady labor for the slave, made beautiful atonement for the error of that day of darkness. I, too, mercifully spared to see the last letter fall—have learned many lessons of distrust of myself, and charity for others. In the great moral miracle of our age I find no place for self-exaltation. It is not of man but of God.

Mr. Whittier's career as an author began with the publication in 1831 of a slender volume entitled "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse," and bearing a Hartford imprint. His next volume, "Moll Pitcher," was a metrical tale, of which Mistress Mary Pitcher, the famous old witch of Nahant, was the heroine. The date of its publication is not known and it has not been included in the poet's writings. A poem entitled "Mogg Megone," printed at Boston in 1836, in a little volume of 69 pages, is the first which the author cared to recognize in later editions of his works, and slight as it was, it called forth friendly but discriminating notice from the *North American Review*. These earlier products of Whittier's pen are to be judged with the charity which may justly be claimed for first writings, reinforced, in this case, by consideration of the poet's lack of training and the absence at that time of all fixed standards in American literature. It is interesting to notice how early the poet was drawn to New England legends for his themes, and with what seriousness of mind he dealt with them. *Mogg Megone*, the hero of this poem, was a chief of the Saco Indians, and not a very pleasant person, so that the reader does not greatly regret his murder at the hands of Ruth, the outlaw's daughter. Two years later appeared a volume of Ballads, and in 1845 a volume entitled "Lays of My Home and Other Poems." Long before this the poet's soul had been kindled with righteous indignation against African slavery, and in the volumes just mentioned were included some of the thirty-eight poems which were published at Philadelphia in 1843 under the title "Voices of Freedom." Voices of freedom they were, indeed, and there was a vehemence and a martial ring in some of them which almost belied the peaceful tenets of the poet's faith. Mr. R. H. Stoddard has avowed his inability to admire Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery poetry, and his wish that the time spent in writing it had been devoted to more delightful tasks. But there was no more delightful task just then for the liberty-loving poet than to give his voice for human freedom, and to be counted among those who were hated and persecuted for their allegiance to the cause. Mrs. Wasson has well said of these poems that they were pieces of rhythmic oratory. "They are themselves battles and stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet. What a host in them of fiery pulses! What a heat, as of molten metal or coal mines burning under ground! What anger! What desire! And yet we have in vain searched these poems to find one trace of base wrath, or of any degenerate and selfish passion." Even at this distance of time, who does not thrill at lines like those, addressed as

by Massachusetts to Virginia, in the days of the hunting for fugitive slaves?

"We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;  
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike will of man!  
But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given  
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;  
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!  
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!"

And these from "The Crisis," written on learning the terms of the treaty with Mexico:

"The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,  
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!"

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;  
This day for all hereafter choose we boldness or sin;  
Even now from stony desertism, or East's cloudy grove,  
We call the dew of Wednesday or the bolts of evening down!

By all the ways which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;  
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;  
By the future which awaits us; by all the hopes which live;  
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past;

And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's free-

dom died,  
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose the righteous side!"

The encouragement which such poems as these gave to the champions of freedom can scarcely be estimated. William Lloyd Garrison, in a lecture at Newburyport in February, 1859, said: "Whittier in his most inspired moments rises as far above his contemporaries as the soul is above the body. In regard to the question of slavery he has fulfilled his early promise. In every emergency of the cause, in every insolent attempt of the slave power to override truth and justice, and poison with its pestiferous breath the fairest hopes of the free millions of our common country, he has never failed to raise his warning voice as a sweet singer in Israel."

#### About His Books.

The titles of Mr. Whittier's volumes of poems subsequent to *The Voices of Freedom* are: *Songs of Labor and Other Poems*, 1850; *The Panorama and Other Poems*, 1856; *Home Ballads and Poems*, 1860; *In War Time and Other Poems*, 1863; *National Lyrics*, 1865; *Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl*, 1866; *The Tent on the Beach and Other Poems*, 1867; *Among the Hills and Other Poems*, 1868; *Miriam and Other Poems*, 1870; *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and Other Poems*, 1872; *Hazel Blossoms*, 1874; *The Vision of Echard and Other Poems*, 1878, and *The King's Missive and Other Poems*, 1881; *Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems*, 1883; *Poems of Nature*, 1885; and *St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems*, 1886. A final edition of his poetical and prose works, supervised by himself and including his sister's poems, was published in seven volumes, in 1888-89.

Mr. Whittier had gathered the poems he had written since the publication of *St. Gregory's Guest*, and they are to appear this fall under the appropriate title "At Sundown." Some of these poems, if not all, appeared in a privately printed book under the same title a year or two ago. Mr. Whittier's last complete poem was his tribute to Dr. Holmes on his 83d birthday, in the September *Atlantic Monthly*, and his last bit of verse the four lines which he contributed to *The Journal's* group of tributes to the loved "Autocrat," Aug. 29.

Nearly all the poems contained in his volumes are brief, the longest being *Snow Bound* and *The Tent on the Beach*—and of these the latter is rather a series of poems, linked together like Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Of the friends who tell the several tales in *The Tent on the Beach*, it is easy to recognize Mr. Fields in the "lettered magnate" who could

"Well the market value tell  
Of poet and philosopher."

Mr. Whittier in the dreamer,

"Who, with a mission to fulfill,  
Had left the Muse's haunts to turn  
The crank of an opinion mill,"

and Mr. Bayard Taylor in the traveler, with Arab face tanned by tropic suns and boreal frosts, who

"In idling mood had from him buried  
The poor squeezed orange of the world."

The volume, "Hazel Blossoms" contains nine poems written by the poet's sister Elizabeth, which in form and spirit suggest a nature much like her brother's and help to explain the close sympathy which existed between them, and which is further indicated in the tender words with which Mr. Whittier introduced them. It is interesting to trace in these volumes the poet's growth—his genius constantly conquering for itself riches, sweeter and more graceful forms of expression, and his later poems evincing a more accurate sense of harmony, an ampler vocabulary, and a more assured command of versification than his earlier. His taste also has steadily broadened, and his hold upon the regard of his readers has become stronger. It was in 1847 that Mr. Muzzey, who combined the occupations of vill maker and publisher, meeting Mr. Whittier on Cornhill, suggested to him the idea of collecting his scattered writings into a single volume, and offered to pay him a copyright of \$500. As soon as the poet recovered from his astonishment—for it seemed to him, for the moment, as he afterward expressed it, that Mr. Muzzey had gone mad from eating his own silliness—he gladly closed with the offer, and the book was brought out in 1849, with illustrations. Its success astonished author and publisher alike, and years afterward, when the author bought back the copyright he had to pay \$2000 for what he had not gratefully sold for \$500. It was not until the publication of "Snow Bound," however, that the poet's popularity became an assured and to him an astounding fact. Some of the critics looked askance at it. One of the first critical





journals in the country declared that it was more likely to lessen than to increase his reputation, and apologized for its feebleness on the ground that, as it had been written to beguile the weariness of a sick chamber, it was hardly open to the usual criticism. But the obstinate public could not be made to understand that the simple beauty and naturalness of the poem, and the grace and sweetness with which it treated of common things called for any apology; and the book was demanded with an avidity which amazed the author and his publishers and unimpeachable critics most of all—the sale for the first twelve months running up to more than 30,000 copies. A friend who visited him not long after found his house painted and otherwise improved, and the morning after his arrival the poet, drawing on his boots, said: "There will have to excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the collector." And he added, with a humorous gleam in his eye, "Since 'Snow Bound' was published I have risen to the dignity of an income tax."

#### Seventieth Birthday Celebration.

Mr. Whittier contributed to the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has continued until the present time one of its most regular and valued contributors. With Emerson, Longfellow, Fields and twenty or more others of the *Atlantic* contributors, he was associated in the "Saturday Club," which, with ranks sadly thinned by death, still holds its monthly meetings. A very pleasant and fitting recognition of Mr. Whittier's association with the *Atlantic* was made by the publishers of that periodical, in a banquet which they gave in honor of his seventieth birthday, Dec. 17, 1877, to which the *Atlantic* contributors were invited. The banquet took place at the Hotel Brunswick, and was a most delightful occasion. It is a striking illustration of the poet's timidity and shrinking from publicity, that it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to be present at this banquet, given in his honor. He fortified himself against the contingency of absence by placing in Mr. Longfellow's hands the poem which he wrote for the occasion, and, though his shyness was so far overcome that he appeared at the banquet and spoke a few words of simple acknowledgment of the compliments paid him, he still had not the heart to read his own lines, and that service was rendered by Mr. Longfellow. At this banquet addresses were made by Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Howells, Mr. Warner, Col. Higginson and others, and poems were read by Dr. Holmes, Mr. Platt and Mr. Stoddard. Mr. Emerson, who was present, responded to the calls made upon him by reading Mr. Whittier's "Iola." Another very pleasant and gratifying recognition of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday was the publication of a "Whittier number" of the *Literary World*. To this number Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Steedman, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Paul H. Hayne, Dr. Holland, Mr. George P. Lathrop, Mrs. L. Maria Child, Mrs. Thaxter, Miss Phelps, Mr. Garrison and others contributed poetical tributes to the character and writings of Mr. Whittier, and there were cordial letters of friendship and high regard from the venerable Richard H. Dana, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Col. Higginson and many more. It is a painful reminder of the losses which American literature has sustained of late that of the fifteen names mentioned above as among those who joined in this tribute to Mr. Whittier, seven are those of persons who are already dead.

Mr. Longfellow's tribute to his brother bard at this time was the exquisite sonnet, "The Three Silences."

Three silences there are; the first of speech,  
The second of desire, the third of thought;  
This is the love a Spanish monk, distraught  
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.  
These silences, communicating each with each,  
Made up the perfect silence that he sought  
And prayed for; and wherein at times he caught  
My solemn sounds from realms beyond our reach.  
O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come, and in whose thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Aquebourn! thou too hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

#### His Modesty and Shyness.

The shyness which Mr. Whittier manifested in connection with such tributes as those to which reference has been made was only one phase of a modesty which led him to shrink and speak with singular humility of his work. In 1867, writing to correct a misapprehension which found place in the *Nation*, to the effect that he regarded that he had not given himself to purely literary pursuits, instead of devoting

so much of his strength to labor for the emancipation of the slave, he said:

"The simple fact is that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the living Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions

and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episcopal, something apart from the real object and aim of my life, and whatever of favor they have found with the public has come to me as a grateful surprise rather than an expected reward. As I have never staked all upon the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pain of disappointment and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, deservedly occupy a higher place in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to."

Writing, in 1874, in answer to a letter which informed him that his works were to be made a subject of special study by the Friends' Social Lyceum of Wilmington, Del., he said:

"I have not felt able to place a very high estimate on my writings. I know too well their deficiencies, but I have given the public the best I had to give, and the measure of favor with which they have been received has been a constant surprise to me. This at least I can say truly, too, I have been actuated by a higher motive than literary success, and it has been my desire that whatever influence my writings may exert should be found on the side of morality, freedom and Christian charity."

In regard to which Mr. Whittier is held among the Friends is indicated by the fact that they named the institution of learning which they established in 1866 at Salem, Iowa, Whittier College, in the hope that it might "furnish the highest intellectual and moral culture," and "reflect the life and character of the poet whose name it bears."

As regards personal appearance, Mr. Whittier, like his ancestors, was tall—measuring six feet or more—of slender build, but straight as an arrow. He had a high forehead, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair that was once black, but in his old age thinned and gray. He dressed in a suit of black, cut in Quaker fashion, and he retained some of the Quaker peculiarities of speech. He was given to long walks, and was a most pleasant and companionable neighbor; but he was not in the habit of driving, and he traveled but rarely and for short distances—never, it is said, having gone farther than to Washington. He often spent a portion of the winter in this city, usually at the house of his friend, ex-Governor Claflin. He wrote only when the mood was on him, and then very soon after the idea which he sought to express had taken possession of his mind. He wrote easily and with an absorbing interest in his subject, and although he was too conscientious to send out crude writings, his first drafts were not usually greatly altered by subsequent revision. For several years, his home has been in a comfortable, roomy house at "Oak Knoll" in Danvers, a place named for the beautiful oak trees which adorn it. He has retained ownership of the house in Amesbury where his mother and sister died, but has lived most of the time of late at the "Knoll," finding congenial employment and diversion in the active care of rural life. He has had always the same simple and cordial welcome for all comers, and there are many poor people who have reason to hold him in grateful remembrance.

It is a serene, winning, courageous and noble spirit which has gone from us. As some one has well said, his life was his best poem. Poet of New England life and legend, of the home and home affections, of freedom and charity and religious faith, his work and his character stand out in noble relief, and are an inspiration to pure living and high endeavor. From the stanzas of his life was shed something of the glory and beauty of which he sang in his sweet poem, "Sunset on the Bearcamp."

Slow fades the vision of the sky,

The golden water pale;

And over all the valley-land

A gray-winged vapour sails.

I go the common way of all;

The sunset fires will burn,

The flowers will blow, the river flow,

When I no more return.

No whisper from the mountain pine

Nor leaping stream shall tell

The stranger, breathing where I tread,

Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,

God's colors all are fast;

The glory of the sunset heaven

Into my soul has passed—

A sense of gladness unconfin'd

To mortal date or clime.

As the soul breath, it shall live  
Beyond the years of time,  
Beside the mystic asphodels  
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
And new horizons dash and glow  
With sunset hues of orange.

#### TRIBUTES AND ANECDOTES.

A Selection From the Numberless Good Things Said of Mr. Whittier.

The "poet of freedom" has passed away and numberless are the tributes and anecdotes which follow the demise. A few of the many loving things said about him yesterday have been collected by *The Journal*. The tribute by Edward Everett Hale is, perhaps, the fullest that has come to notice. From it are taken the following excerpts:

Edward Everett Hale.

"Dr. Holmes has taught us that the poet remembered by the most is he whose songs are sacred enough to be sung in men's churches, while they are simple enough for men and women of all sorts and conditions to remember them and want to sing them. He has shown that of the English poets of the last century it is not your grand quarto-printing Thomson or Somerville, dedicating their poems to forgotten noblemen, who is most widely quoted to-day. Not even Cowper or Alexander Pope, the king of them all. It is dear Doctor Watts, of whom a hundred lines come to memory and lip for one from the stately poems, who is familiarly remembered. Both Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier have achieved for themselves such success as is thus described. In each case the success is due to the writer's habit of personal and hearty intimacy with all sorts and conditions of men."

"Yet more than one of Whittier's hymns—of those best known—were written with no thought by the 'Quaker Poet' that they would be sung in 'meeting.' What, indeed, would George Fox have said had he been told that within two centuries after his journey through New England, the songs of a New England 'Friend' would be sung in every 'steeples house' in New England, not to say in every 'steeples house' in Old England? Whittier wrote, not that men might sing—not, indeed, that they might praise him—but because this thing ought to be said, and he would say it as well as he could say it there and then."

"In hundreds of churches thousands of worshippers sing and remember the hymn:

"O farthest born of love and light,"

and thank him for it. The fine verses thus known so widely were selected by his friend, Samuel Longfellow, from the ode to "Democracy," which Whittier wrote in 1843, on "election day." There are but few men who could tell us what the issues of that election were."

#### Song of the Kansas Emigrants.

We cross the prairie, as of old,  
Our fathers crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged northern pine.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause nor rest, save when the stream  
That feeds the Kansas ran;  
Save where our pilgrim confusion  
Shall front the setting sun!

Cel. T. W. Higginson.

"Going to reside at Newburyport, Mass. I was within a few miles of Whittier, and was often a guest at his peaceful and happy home at Amesbury. He and his mother and sister belonged to the Society of Friends in the most literal sense of that fine title; and the strength of that quality was not impaired by their living in a little white cottage in a factory village. The three members of the family formed a perfect combination of wholly varying temperaments. Mrs. Whittier was placid, strong and sensible, an exquisite housekeeper and 'provider'; it seems to me that I have since seen no whiter to be compared to the snow of her tablecloths and napkins. But her soul was of the





same hue; and all worldly conditions and all fame of her children—for Elizabeth Whittier then shared the fame—were to her wholly subordinate things, to be taken as the Lord gave.

"On one point only this blameless soul seemed to have a shadow of solicitude, this being the new wonder of Spiritualism, just dawning on the world. I never went to the house that there did not come from the gentle lady very soon a placid inquiry from behind her knitting needles, 'Has thee any further information to give in regard to the spiritual communication, as they call them?' But if I attempted to treat seriously a matter which then, as now, puzzled most inquirers by its perplexing details, there would come some keen thrust from Elizabeth Whittier which would throw all serious solution further off than ever."

#### James Russell Lowell's Tribute.

This was Mr. Lowell's verse for Mr. Whittier on his eightieth birthday:

How fair a pearl chain, eighty strong,  
Lustrous and hallowed every one  
With saintly thoughts and sacred song  
As 'twere the rosary of a saint!

Hon. H. O. Houghton of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers for Mr. Whittier, was seen yesterday and gave some personal reminiscences, as follows:

"When I went once to Danvers, at the invitation of Mrs. Woodman, I remember Mr. Whittier spoke to me cheerfully and pleasantly, about his approaching end. He expressed himself as ready for the change at any time. He thought it was all in the course of nature, and he spoke delightfully. Mr. Whittier was a delightful conversationalist, but he was shy and never cared to talk to more than one person at a time. During this visit I enjoyed myself very much. Mr. Whittier was in a charming mood and he was living in a lovely spot, and he was very happy. I don't think I ever enjoyed a visit more than I did this one."

"As an instance of his self-depreciation, I remember that Mr. Howells and myself attended a dinner complimentary to the poet on his 70th birthday, and Mr. Whittier in course of conversation said: 'I know the people of this country like my poems, because they tell me so, and they write to me how much they enjoy reading them, and I think they are truthful, but it's all humbug.'"

"And yet," said Mr. Houghton, "his poetry has a wonderful power. Many of his poems have the ring of musketry and rifles."

"One of his poems, which he was very late in acknowledging, was full of the military spirit. I speak of the 'Old Vermonters.' It is a remarkable poem, and one can hardly realize that it was written by the quiet, unassuming Quaker poet, who has just passed away from us."

"He very rarely, in conversation, referred to politics or religion, but he had very decided views as to his political duties, and was a deeply religious man."

#### An Old Acquaintance.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has known Mr. Whittier ever since he first began to attract attention as a poet. In an interview yesterday he said:

"As appears very clearly from his autobiography, published the other day, the domestic life of Whittier was from the beginning very simple and even rustic. As long as he remained on the farm at Haverhill he took part in all the farm labors without exception, mowing, reaping, threshing with an old-fashioned flail, and all those forms of manual labor which are now almost forgotten. Few persons visited him in Haverhill except the anti-slavery men, with whom he was then so closely connected."

"After he removed to Amesbury his cottage there was often visited by many of his friends. He received there Alcott, Emerson, Ellery Channing and the other early transcendentalists, toward whom he inclined, and some of whom were, like himself, very familiar with the Merrimac River and its neighborhood."

"A friend of mine, long since dead, Benjamin Griffin, who was well known as a Republican politician and friend of Charles Sumner, lived for years in West Newbury, a few miles across the river from Amesbury, and was in the habit of visiting Whittier informally, as most people did. The family then consisted—say in 1850—of the poet, his mother and a sister Elizabeth, who was herself a writer of excellent verse and the liveliest and most social member of the household."

"Whittier at that period, as in his youth, was shy in conversation, except with intimate friends, and fashionable visitors, or those who insisted on prying him too openly, could seldom draw much from him. His increasing knowledge of the world, and the fame which his verses brought him, removed much of this shy and rustic manner after years, but he was never

fond of a large company, and usually avoided those occasions where he might be lionized."

"I could never notice that, even in old age, Whittier wrote less easily than before he had acquired great skill by practice, and his verse is more free from those traits which lead some of his English critics to undervalue his high poetic merit. He belonged to the school of Burns and not to that of Pope, or Coleridge, or Tennyson—still less of Matthew Arnold."

"His home life was simple to the last. In conversation he was emphatic and evinced great independence of opinion, but he was by no means given to disquisition. He was particularly interested in religious matters, and in politics as connected with the anti-slavery cause. He kept in touch with the news of the day, was a somewhat close reader of the newspapers and was a much wider reader of books than was generally supposed."

"I think that the best example of his peculiar style is 'Snowbound,' which deals with such interesting phases of New England life. Whittier was emphatically a local poet and poet of scenery. The poems of his that have probably produced the most effect were some of his anti-slavery ballads and religious poems. The anti-slavery ballads were extremely good and introduced a form of verse into our literature that was not known before—a sort of combination of narrative and poetic eloquence that appears in some of the ballads, and shows forth even better than in Longfellow's writings. 'Barbara Freulich,' for instance, is one of his poems that will live long."

"Whittier was more like an apostle or ballad singer—a sort of Quaker minstrel, as it were—than a literary figure. He struck here and there, where he had a particular interest, but the broader view of life he did not take. He was a sort of George Fox in rhyme. He was a real poet, with as much enthusiasm and rapture as any of them, and was yet a Quaker and devoted himself to religious causes all the time. Whittier will be read by more people at different ages than most of our poets. He appeals to young and old alike."

#### Stories of the Poet.

When Mrs. Coria Thaxter was boarding at the little English-like inn on the sunny slope of Beacon Hill called Hotel Winthrop, Mr. Whittier went there one day to see her. Mrs. Thaxter liked the quiet place, with its ivied window and the glimpse of the strong, short, gray-haired tower of St. John the Evangelist, as she praised it to her old friend. That was some time in 1881, and in November of that year he joined his Oak Knoll cousins, Mrs. Woodman and her daughter and the Misses Johnson, at the Winthrop. The ladies of his family came in September, but Mr. Whittier did not join them until November. He said that he did not want to lose his vote in Amesbury."

A lady who was one of that "family" tells a story of seeing in the morning paper, one day, a paragraph to the effect that "a certain widow was likely by persevering efforts to succeed in becoming Mrs. Whittier. When she went down to dinner that day the poet was seated at table with a stranger from the country and her three handsome boys. He was all devotion to the party. He buttered the children's bread and ordered jam to top the butter. Everything on the bill of fare was provided for the boy, and their mother and "more nuts and raisins" called for. When they were gone and the family had assembled in the parlor where the evenings were spent, across the hall from the morning-room, the lady who had cut the paragraph read it merrily to the party, saying: 'From what we saw at dinner to-day, it seems as if this story of the widow may be true.' Mr. Whittier laughed with the rest, then said seriously and with that sincere modesty which was his life-long charm: 'That lady brought her boys

40 miles to see me. I don't know what time it is about me that would make anybody want to come forty miles to see me.' The stranger then arrived about dinner time on the piazza with her boys, and had been cordially invited to stay to dinner by the hospitable poet. She told the household that she had felt as though she "could not let Whittier get old and die without seeing him and having her boys see him."

Once a friend, a lady who had some property in Virginia, wrote Mr. Whittier of having named a street in a new town for him, and of having set aside a portion of ground in his name. He replied with thank, adding that he had that week received news of no less than three towns or streets being named for him, with a gift of town lots, adding: "If this sort of

thing goes on much longer I shall be land poor."

During the winters he was at the Winthrop. Mr. Whittier's favorite way of getting about was in a Nordic. They were "not pretty," but they "knew the way to places." Politicians used to go there to see him and try to get him to banquets. But his life-long avoidance of politics in the minor sense made him easily resist their wiles. "I have seen Mr. — (a well-known name) come here and just about, so down on his knees to get Mr. Whittier to speak or even to come to a banquet," says the landowner (who is, by the way, an old-time character worthy of a novel at's pen), "but Mr. Whittier would just sit there—right in that chair you're in—and kind of smile to himself as if to say, 'Oh, your talk don't amount to anything!' Well, once Mr. — came here and staved and stayed a-talking and persuading, and I gave Mr. Whittier an earache if ever a man had one. But he didn't make anything by it, although he finally had to take a bed and stay all night."

#### ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Sept. 7. It is understood that Mr. Whittier left a will, made about two years ago, in which are directions about his funeral and burial.

It is probable the body of Mr. Whittier will be brought to Amesbury from Hampton Falls tomorrow, and that the funeral services will be held at his home on Friend street on Saturday. They will be conducted according to the Friends' ritual, by whom is not determined. The burial will be in the Whittier family lot, located in the Friends' quarter of the old cemetery, near Bartlett's corner, in Amesbury. In the lot are Mr. Whittier's parents, sister and aunt. The lot is enclosed by an evergreen hedge.

#### THE QUAKER CUSTOM.

HAMPTON FALLS, N. H., Sept. 7. According to the Quaker custom there will be no sermon preached at the funeral services over the body of John G. Whittier. The services will be quite simple. The bells in Amesbury, Mr. Whittier's late home, were tolled this forenoon when the news of his death was received there.

#### HAVERHILL MOURNS.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 7. The news of the death of John G. Whittier has been received here with universal feelings of sadness and regret. The City Hall bell was struck 84 times at 8 o'clock, as in fitting the age of the deceased, and flags on the buildings and also on the school houses were hoisted at half-mast as a token of respect for the great poet.

## WHITTIER IS DEAD.

### The Quaker Poet Passes Peacefully Away.

### Eighty-Four Years of Useful Life Ended.

HAMPTON, N. H., Sept. 7. Mr. John G. Whittier, the poet, passed away at 4.30 this morning. He died peacefully and was conscious up to the moment of his death.

His nearest relatives were with him when he passed away. Dr. Douglass, who had relieved Dr. Howe, was present when death came.

The funeral will take place at Amesbury, Mass., at 2.30 Saturday.

According to the Quaker custom there will be no sermon preached at the services over the body. The ceremonies will be quite simple.

The bells in Amesbury, Mr. Whittier's late home, were tolled this forenoon when the news of his death was received there.

#### EXPRESSIONS OF SORROW.

Haverhill Deeply Grieved by the Sad News from Hampton Falls.





HAVERHILL, MASS., Sept. 7. The news of the death of John G. Whittier has been received here with universal feelings of sadness and regret. The City Hall bell was struck eighty-four times at eight o'clock as indicating the age of the deceased, and flags on the buildings and also on the schoolhouses were displayed at half-mast as a token of respect for the poet.

### THE POET'S LIFE.

"And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow o'ertlow,  
I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at hand the angels are;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand."  
(Snow-Bound.)

John Greenleaf Whittier, one of the sweetest and purest of the world's poets, died at 4.30 this morning, at the residence of his friend, Miss Sarah A. Cove, at Hampton Falls, N. H., where he has been passing the past two months.

The story of Mr. Whittier's life is a very brief and a very simple one. He was born in the beautiful Merrimac Valley, five miles out from the market-town of Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 7, 1807. At his primitive homestead all things were elementary and of the plainest cast. Both his parents were Quakers, and his ancestors on both sides had belonged to the Society of Friends for many generations. John Whittier, the father of the poet, is described by citizens of Haverhill as having been a rough, but upright, kind-hearted farmer. His neighbors gave him the nickname "Quaker Whycher." He seems to have been a sturdy, decided person, and deeply religious. There was no Friends' church in Haverhill, yet invariably on First Days "Quaker Whycher's" one-horse chaise could be seen winding towards the old brown meeting-house in Amesbury, six miles away. According to the poet, one of the reasons why his mother removed to Amesbury, in 1840, was that she might be near the little Friends' "meeting" in that town.

As regards his boyhood, we are told that Whittier, even when a little lad, was always writing verses instead of doing sums on his slate in school. The reading material that came into his father's house consisted of the almanac and the weekly village newspaper, with perhaps a score of books and pamphlets, among them Lindley Murray's "Reader" and Ellwood's "Davidels, or the Life of David, King of Israel." There was nothing to learn of the outer world except from the eccentric and often picturesque stroller, who in those days peddled, sang or fiddled from village to village. Yet the boy's poetic fancy and native sense of rhythm apparently were not inert. He listened eagerly to the provincial traditions and legends—a genuine folk-lore recounted by his elders at the fireside—and he began to put his thought in numbers at the earliest age.

Of his early literary aspirations and the events which moulded his thoughts and guided his pen in after years no better account can be given than the modest, simple story told by himself some years ago. "When I was fourteen years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, the able, eccentric historian of Newbury, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns' poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read—with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student—and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact, I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter of fact about me. My father

always had a weekly newspaper, and when young Garrison started his Free Press at Newburyport, he took it in the place of the Haverhill Gazette. My sister, who was two years older than myself, sent one of my poetical attempts to the editor. Some weeks afterward the news-carrier came along on horseback and threw the paper out from his saddlebags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet, and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "poet's corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself. Soon after Garrison came to our farmhouse, and I was called in from hoeing in the cornfield to see him. He encouraged me, and urged my father to send me to school. I longed for education, but the means to procure it were wanting. Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in summer eked out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter; and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. The next winter I ventured upon another expedient for raising money and kept a district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another academy term. The next winter I spent in Boston, writing for a paper. Returning in the spring, while at work on the farm, I was surprised by an invitation to take charge of the Hartford (Conn.) Review, in the place of the famous George D. Prentice, who had removed to Kentucky. I had sent him some of my school "compositions," which he had received favorably. I was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with my taste, and, though I felt my unfitness for the place, I accepted it, and remained nearly two years, when I was called home by the illness of my father, who died soon after. I then took charge of the farm and worked hard to "make both ends meet," and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

"As a member of the Society of Friends, I had been educated to regard slavery as a great and heinous evil, and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the oppressed slaves by my intimate acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison. When the latter started his paper in Vermont in 1828, I wrote him a letter commending his views upon slavery, intemperance and war, and assuring him that he was destined to do great things. In 1833 I was a delegate to the first national anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia. I was one of the secretaries of the convention and signed its declaration. In 1835 I was in the Massachusetts Legislature. I was mobbed in Concord, N. H., in company with George Thompson, afterward member of the British Parliament, and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was threatened for, concealed in our lonely farmhouse

for two weeks. I was in Boston during the great mob in Washington street, soon after, and was threatened with personal violence. In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with Henry B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The next year I took charge of the Pennsylvania Freeman, an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. My office was sacked and burned by a mob soon after, but I continued my paper until my health failed, when I returned to Massachusetts. The farm in Haverhill had in the meantime been sold, and my mother, aunt and youngest sister had moved to Amesbury, near the Friends' Meeting House, and I took up my residence with them. All this time I had been actively engaged in writing for the anti-slavery cause. In 1833 I printed at my own expense an edition of my first pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency." With the exception of a few dollars from the Democratic Review and Buckingham's Magazine, I received nothing for my poems and lit-

erary articles. Indeed, my pronounced views on slavery made my name too unpopular for a publisher's uses. I edited in 1844 the Middlesex Standard, and afterward became associate editor of the National Era at Washington. I early saw the necessity of separate political action on the part of abolitionists, and was one of the founders of the Liberty party—the germ of the present Republican party.

In 1857 an edition of my complete poems up to that time was published by Ticknor & Fields. "In War Time" followed in 1864, and in 1865 "Snow-Bound." In 1860 I was chosen a member of the electoral college of Massachusetts, and also in 1864. I have been a member of the board of overseers of Harvard College and a trustee of Brown University. But while feeling and willing to meet all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have as a rule declined overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

"I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birthright, and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while at the same time I have a kind feeling toward all those who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men. Neither of my sisters is living. My dear mother, to whom I owe much every way, died in 1858."

The above is the modest story of a man whom the country delighted to honor and whose birthday has for the past few years been celebrated on its annual recurrence not only by the school children throughout the land, with whom his melodious and simple verse has always been a favorite, but by the leading poets and writers. Indeed, but little remains to be added. His quiet and uneventful life at his home in Danvers has often been described. The occasional poems that came from his pen in later years have been eagerly read and widely copied, and although age and increasing infirmities had rendered letter writing a task, he still, almost up to the last, continued to send out loving greetings to old friends, and to write words of encouragement in aid of any cause in which he was interested. We believe that the last letter he ever indicated was the congratulatory note to Dr. Holmes on his eighty-third birthday anniversary.

The following is a list of his published works in the order of their appearance in print: "Legends of New England," 1831; "Justice and Expediency" (a pamphlet on the slave question), 1833; "Mog Megone," 1836; "Ballads," 1838; "Lays of My Home, and Other Poems," 1843; "The Stranger in Lowell," 1845; "Anniversary in New England," 1847; "The Bridal of Pennacook," 1848; "The Voices of Freedom" and "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," 1849; "Songs of Labor and Other Poems" and "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," 1850; "The Chapel of the Hermits," 1853; "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," 1854; "The Panorama and Other Poems," 1856; "Home Ballads and Other Poems," 1860; "In War Time, and Other Poems," "National Lyrics" and "Maud Muller," 1865; "Snow-Bound," 1866; "Tent on the Beach, and Other Poems," 1867; "Among the Hills, and Other Poems," 1868; "Miriam, and Other Poems," 1870; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and Other Poems," 1873; "Mabel Martin," 1874; "Hazel Blossoms," 1875; "The King's Missive, and Other Poems," 1881; "The Bay of Seven Islands," 1883; "Jack in the Pulpit," 1884; and St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems," 1886.

Since this time a number of single poems have been published in the magazines and newspapers.

A recent visitor thus describes the personal appearance of the poet: "In personal appearance Whittier is remarkable. Tall, and as





straight as one of the young pines in his favorite grove; it seems impossible that he is about at the end of four score years. The crown of his head is bald, and his hair is glossy silver, but his great black eyes are as clear, bright and piercing as if he were in the prime of life. He walks with the deliberation and dignity of age, but without a suggestion of physical feebleness, and while he remains standing his head is as finely poised as a soldier's. The straightness of his figure is the more noticeable on account of his Quaker dress, the coat of which fits him as neatly and closely as if it were the conventional "swallow tail." When seated and listening, his head drops slightly forward and aside—a pose which seems peculiar to poetic natures the world over. He is a most appreciative reader of other men's books and poems, and talks admirably of all good writings, except his own, of which he can scarcely be persuaded to speak, even to his dearest intimates.

His brother, Matthew Franklin, who died a few years ago left one son, who is the only immediate relative of the poet bearing the family name. On Oct. 24, 1884, a portrait of Mr. Whittier, painted by Edgar Parker of Boston, was presented to the Friends' School at Providence, R. I. The donor was Mr. Charles C. Coffin of Lynn, Mass., who was a pupil in the school fifty years ago and afterwards a teacher, now dead. The portrait, which now hangs in Alumni Hall, is life-size, and represents the poet as seated in an arm-chair in an attitude of peaceful thought. On the occasion of the presentation, an address was delivered by President Chase of Hartford College. A letter from Minister Lowell containing the following sonnet was read:

New England's poet, rich in love as years,  
Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her  
brooks  
Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks  
Thy feet allure us, which the woodthrush hears  
As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.  
Through thee her Merrimacs and Agio-  
chooks,  
And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,  
Sweetly familiar to both England's ears.

Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,  
The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold,  
Save those of stars yet for thy brothers' sake,  
That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as bold  
As that wherewith the heart of Roland broke,  
Far heard through Pyrenean valleys cold.

Slow fades the vision of the sky.

The golden water pales,  
And over all the valley land  
A gray-winked vapor sails.  
I go the common way of all;  
The sunset fires will burn  
The flowers will blow, the roses blow,  
When I no more return.  
No whisper from the moor  
Nor lapping stream shall  
The stranger, treading where  
Of him who loved them,  
But beauty seen is never  
God's colors all are fast.  
The glory of this sunset he  
Into my soul has passed—  
A sense of gladness unconfined  
To mortal date or elime:  
As the soul liveth, it shall live  
Beyond the years of time.  
Beside the mystic asphodels  
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
And new horizons flush and glow  
With sunset hues of ours.

(Whittier)

## STORIES OF WHITTIER.

His Winters in Boston—Quaker Comments on City Life—A Last Word.

When Mrs. Celia Thaxter was boarding at the little English-like inn on the sunny slope of Beacon Hill called Hotel Winthrop, Mr. Whittier went there one day to see her. Mrs. Thaxter liked the quiet place, with its ivied window and its glimpse of the strong, short, green-draped tower of St. John the Evangelist's, and

she praised it to her old friend. That was some time in 1881, and in November of that year he joined his Oak Knoll cousins, Mrs. Woodman and her daughter and the Misses Johnson, at the Winthrop. The ladies of his family came in September, but Mr. Whittier did not join them until November. He said that he did not want to lose his vote in Amesbury.

It was a winter full of pleasure to the poet. He was not then too feeble to go out evenings and he spent many pleasant hours with friends like the Claffins and others. But the hours in the parlor of the hotel make the place historic and give it a special interest and meaning for his future biographer. Mr. Whittier had room 14 (the number of a sonnet's lines, twice seven, with luck for a poet!) and the fire escape made a little balcony for him on a corner towards St. John's. The landlord had a door cut through the thick old wall to the rooms adjoining and these were the rooms of Mrs. Woodman and the rest. It is old Boston, decidedly in that quarter. The brick of the houses is mellow old red and there is nothing very new-fangled anywhere about Mr. Whittier said he preferred coming here rather than to one of the big hotels because there he was "overwhelmed with the service" and here it seemed "more like Amesbury" where people "are neighborly and drop in without knocking." He had "always been used to waiting upon himself" and he "liked being in a place where they would let him."

It was his custom mornings to come down into the little reception room on the street floor and "sitting right in that chair where you're sitting" as the writer was told, he "used to read his letters and throw all the papers in a pile on the floor and go off and leave them." That little room was a great place of congregation for "the family" as the boarders who were there with Mr. Whittier like to call themselves.

The poet would sit on the sofa with a favored one on each side of him and the rest in a group about, "often on footstools or on the floor, as like as not," while he "told stories of war times." General Stevens was there during one of the poet's long stays; he had been a classmate of General Lee and of Jefferson Davis at West Point, and he and the abolition poet discussed these men and their times from the broader view of later days.

A lady who was one of that "family" tells a story of seeing in the morning paper, one day, a paragraph to the effect that "a certain widow" was likely by persevering efforts to succeed in becoming Mrs. Whittier. When she went down to dinner that day the poet was seated at table with a stranger from the country and her three handsome boys. He was all devotion to the party. He busted the children's bread and ordered jam to top the butter. Everything on the bill of fare was provided for the boys and their mother and "more nuts and raisins" called for. When they were gone and the family had assembled in the parlor where the evenings were spent, across the hall from the morning-room the lady who had cut the paragraph read it merrily to the party, saying, "From what we saw at dinner today, it seems as if this story of the widow may be true." Mr. Whittier laughed with the rest, then said, seriously and with that sincere modesty which was his life-long charm, "That lady brought her boys forty miles to see me. I don't know what there is about me that would make anybody want to come forty miles to see me." The stranger had arrived about dinner time on the pilgrimage with her boys, and had been cordially invited to stay to dinner by the hospitable poet. She told the housekeeper that she had felt as though she "could not let Whittier get old and die without seeing him and having her boys see him."

Once a friend, a lady who had some property in Virginia, wrote Mr. Whittier of having named a street in a new town for him, and of

having set aside a portion of ground in his name. He replied with thanks, adding that he had that week received news of no less than three towns or streets being named for him with a gift of town lots, adding: "If this sort of thing goes on much longer I shall be land poor."

During the winters he was at the Winthrop Mr. Whittier's favorite way of getting about was in a herd. They were "not pretty," but they "knew the way to places." Politicians used to go there to see him and try to get him to banquets. But his life-long avoidance of politics in the minor sense made him easily resist their wiles. "I have seen Mr. — (a well-known name) come here and just about go down on his knees to get Mr. Whittier to speak or even to come to a banquet," says the landlord (who is, by the way, an old-timer character worthy of a novelist's pen), "but Mr. Whittier would just sit there—right in that chair you're in—and kind of smile to himself as if to say, 'Oh, your talk don't amount to anything!' Well, once Mr. — came here, and stayed and stayed a-talking and persuading, and gave Mr. Whittier an ear-ache if ever a man had one. But he didn't make anything by it, although he finally had to take a bed and stay all night."

"The poets used to send him their new books of poems," said another speaker. "Sometimes he would get several at a time in his mail. One morning he just wrote his name on all that came and gave them to my daughter." Right here must be given a most characteristic letter, written by the poet later to this lady when she was starting on a journey to California:

AMESBURY, 4-20-1884.

My dear Mrs. Cole—I trust thee will have a very pleasant journey to the Pacific Slope. It is the right season of the year and the scenery on the way is delightful. I am told, I wish the Pilgrim Fathers had drifted round Cape Horn and landed at Santa Barbara instead of Plymouth and I had, in consequence, been born in a land of flowers instead of ice. I have had times with colds the past winters and have been confined to the house a great part of the time, but am now feeling better. Thy daughter will be glad to see thee in her new home. Give my love to her. With all good wishes to thee,  
I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He had a birthday celebration while at The Winthrop and it is one of the treasured legends of the house that it was "filled with flowers for once." There are memories for every one who was ever associated with him of Mr. Whittier's kindness and consideration for those about him. He thought of himself last, and he loved human kind not only in the abstract, but in the associations of daily life. His almost apologetic letter to his landlord shows his thoughtfulness. No wonder the recipient treasures the following letter which he intends bequeathing to the Boston Museum when his own days on earth are done:

AMESBURY, 2nd Mo. 19.

Dear Mr. Keleher—I am sorry to have thee

stop coming to the Winthrop. I am tired of thee for reminding them. I miss the Winthrop a good deal. I found it a comfortable home and I have a very pleasant memory of landlord and guests. Please give my regards to such of the latter as remain, and assure them I am not likely to forget our pleasant evenings in the parlor. Winter holds on with a light grip here still. There is some snow, but more ice. Thine truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Here is an extract from a letter written after his last winter in Boston. He had hoped to come into town again, but gave it up. "This is written in November of 1884:

I hope Mr. Keleher does not keep my room for me, as I shall not be able to occupy it. My health is not as good as last year, and all the changes of our very changeable season affect me. I shall hope to look in upon you sometime, though I shall miss some of the last winter's guests,—the dear, good general especially, but I shall see all who remain. The social atmosphere of the hotel I greatly enjoyed.





But the letter which is of most recent date is most affecting, as it shows how he loved life to the last:

My Dear Mrs. Cole—I thank thee for so kindly remembering me New Year's Day. My health does not allow me to do much reading or writing, and I can only make brief return. I am nearing my 82nd year and I feel the burden of age, but I am thankful that I can love my friends and Nature as well as ever, and that *at four-score is worth loving*. With the good wishes of the season,  
I am thy friend,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Whittier's lack of self-consciousness was always marked. He was not the kind of man capable of asking, "Do you know who I am?" of any of God's creatures. He was greatly touched once to hear of a volume of his poetry in the hands of a Southern freedman, adding, "I hadn't realized they even got as far away from home as Virginia." He was never a traveller. Sometimes he got as far away from home as the White Mountains.

"Did I ever tell you my experience with Whittier?" says a Boston business man. "Well, I was at North Conway once and I fell in with an old fellow different from anybody I had ever seen out walking. I was around with him for an hour and he was talking all the time about the things he saw, the spray on the falls and such things. He would pick up a leaf and say how pretty it was, or a piece of stick and talk about that. I had never got hold of anybody like him. Don't let it get out, but I called it Nancyism to myself! Yea, I said to myself, 'I'll find out who this nice old Miss Nancy is, that keeps calling things pretty.' And when we got back to the office of the hotel I asked a man, 'Know that old fellow's name?' 'Yea,' said he, 'that's John G. Whittier.' Well, I was crushed completely."

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*Boston Eve. Transcript, Feb 7, 1892*

It is not easy, in our quiet times, to estimate as it deserves such service as Whittier has rendered to his country. It is a service such as he never dreamed of himself, even in those hopeful days of his youth which he has so well described. When to his delight he first saw his own verses in the "Poet's Corner" of Garrison's Free Press, he had no thought that it was as a poet that he was to be remembered and loved for generations. The young people of our own time value him and keep at heart verses of his which speak best for them their best emotions. But they cannot carry themselves back to days of storm, when the country needed men as brave as he to speak its best hope and give to it true courage, when the signs of the times were of the darkest. There is no holiday poet who stepped out from a bower when the fight was over with a prep copy of verses for the conqueror. He was ready to be in the thick of the fight, though he scorned the soldier's weapons of war. He was a child of the people, and he spoke and sang for the people to the people. He knew that the republic could not stand on any foundations which tried to rest on a bog of compromise; and, whether the sky were dark or clear, his clarion voice rang out in words of absolute truth and simplicity.

It is this readiness to serve at any and every moment which endears him to all men and women. Nor can anyone rightly rate his service to his time who cannot look back far enough to see how much such a voice was needed in times of doubt.

Such a life has been spared, thank God, for efficient service which covers more than seventy years—more than two generations of men. In all that time, wherever the pressure has been the hardest or the sky the darkest, some word has come from him of warning, of encouragement or of direction. Here is a good lesson, therefore, for those doubting Thomases, who at college commencements or after defeat at elections, tell us that in our fierce democracy

men of the finest mould and of the divine affinities find no fit place unless they attempt the duties of the men who administer Government. When we are told thus that poets and other seers ought to seek places in city councils or in senates, it is well that we can remember Whittier, and the positive and evident service which for seventy years he has rendered to the people and to the nation. The leaders lead, and he has been one of the leaders as truly as if he had worn the stars of a commander-in-chief on his shoulders.

Indeed, it is only a man who is in the thick of life who knows what life is, or can interpret its moods to others. And the young men who flatter themselves that by sitting at home and reading poetry and counting syllables and talking to each other about artistic form and cadence and the school of Thingumbob they will ever become the poets of a people, and live in men's hearts for generations, will do well if they read and inwardly consider a life like Whittier's. It is the working editor of a struggling newspaper who knows enough of the realities to write the ode to "Democracy." It is a man who has seen democracy behind and before, and from the inside. It is a man who has taken a half-cord of wood in payment for two years' subscription to his paper, adjusted the rhymes of his verses while he was guiding his plough, who has learned to make ladies' shoes so that he may pay for three months at the academy—it is such a man who writes an ode to democracy which gets itself repeated as men chop their wood and haul it to market, or as they fling their hooks and lines off the schooner in the fog.

Dr. Holmes has taught us that the poet remembered by the most is he whose songs are sacred enough to be sung in men's churches, while they are simple enough for men and women of all sorts and conditions to remember them and want to sing them. He has shown that of the English poets of the last century it is not your grand quarto-printing Thomson or Somerville, dedicating their poems to forgotten noblemen, who is most widely quoted today. Not even Cowper or Alexander Pope, the king of them all. It is dear Doctor Watts, of whom a hundred lines come to memory and lip for one from the stately poems, who is familiarly remembered. Both Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier have achieved for themselves such success as is thus described. In each case the success is due to the writer's habit of personal and hearty intimacy with all sorts and conditions of men.

Yet more than one of Whittier's hymns—most of those best known—were written with no thought by the "Quaker Poet" that they would be sung in "meeting." What, indeed, would George Fox have said had he been told that within two centuries after his journey through New England, the songs of a New England "Friend" would be sung in every "steeple house" in New England, not to say in every "steeple house" in Old England? Whittier wrote, not that men might sing—not, indeed, that they might praise him—but because this thing had to be said, and he would say it as well as he could say it there and then.

In hundreds of churches, thousands of worshippers sing and remember the hymn—

"O fairest born of love and light,"

and thank him for it. The five verses thus known so widely were selected by his friend, Samuel Longfellow, from the ode to "Democracy," which Whittier wrote in 1843, on "election day." There are but few men who could tell us what the issues of that election were.

What is certain is that what generally called itself democracy in that day was, something of a very indifferent pattern. It was a democracy linked in the closest bonds with the slave-driving propensities of a handful of Southern oligarchs. Mr. Longfellow selected five verses from the ode, and gave to them the fit name "Christianity." Whittier had given to them the motto of all true Christianity and all true democracy. "All things whatsoever ye would

that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and the hymn had the best possible right to its new name. Such is a good enough illustration, where it would be easy to give a hundred, of the penetration by a profound religious spirit, one might say of every line which Mr. Whittier has published. The ballads and songs suggested by hints from New England history are alive with this light, which shines on one who has seen the infinite vision. And so the world has the fortunate lesson that this man, trained in that school of absolute religion which looks most coldly upon written creeds or established forms, has, in the seventy years of his literary life, made himself the spokesman of men and women of every religious communion.

It is true that Mr. Whittier has written and has printed his poems with utter indifference to his own reputation, if only he thought the occasion demanded the poem, or thought the poem could serve the duty of the present hour. He has lived loyally up to the spirit of the highest eulogy ever pronounced in words, which says of the Saviour, "He made himself of no reputation." It is clear that Mr. Whittier never cared, in those days of darkness, whether the poem he printed had or had not been filed as it should be filed, whether its rhythm were rough, or its images could be improved.

"The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untought ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beats often labor's hurried time,  
Or duty's rugged march through storm and  
and strife, are here."

But, as he says again—

"Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown;  
A hate of tyranny intense  
And hearty in its vehemence  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my  
own."

Indeed, what he would have liked most would be the reputation, which he certainly has through America, of being the poet of freedom.

"O Freedom! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,  
Still, with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gift on thy  
shrine!"

But it would be to the last degree unjust to imply that, because Mr. Whittier began his public life when he was driving the plough and making slippers for women, he had not, as life went on, used the advantages of the "larger college of the world," upon whose most active courses he had entered. He had that divine lyric impulse to which, fortunately for us, a few men and women are born in every generation, and which no study nor painstaking supplies. To this his real passion for poetry led him, from his early life, to add whatever a careful study of the English poets, not only of the best schools, but of all schools, would give him. And there was no man in our circle whose conversation on literary subjects, particularly such as involved the course of English poetry, was more interesting. Modest to the last degree, he still knew what he knew, and had his definite and well formed opinions. He was most thoughtful and affectionate in his conversation with younger men and women, and gave up his time with reckless sacrifice if only he could inspire them. He showed himself thus to many young companions as one of the most unselfish and considerate of men and all young aspirants in literature who were called into activity by the great struggle for national existence and the destruction of slavery, knew that they would find in him a sympathetic advisor.

He had at one time a large class of pupils, well read and of sufficient maturity to know how to consult the best sources of English literature, and to quicken their habits of reading by turning them from time to time, as an exercise in selection, from the whole body of English poetry, of such poems as fitted in best with the





at anniversaries in our own history. Thus, I would bid them, bring me illustrations fit to be read or sung on Forefathers' Day, on Independence Day, on other anniversaries of great events; poems fit to be read on our great religious festivals, or on our annual fairs. I have by me now the collection which these readers—scouts, may I say, in the great open country of literature—brought in answer to such requests. It is most curious to see how often it proved that Whittier answered the demand for something at once strong, poetical and American,—something so hopeful that young people would like to read and remember it, something so alive with the best life of poetry as to be worthy of themes so noble as those which are suggested by our great anniversaries. Since that experience of a generation ago, I have ranked Whittier as most distinctly what he himself asked and wished to be, the poet of freedom. It is generally idle for us to forecast the estimate which the future is going to give to such men. But I cannot think we are wrong in supposing that, as the poet of freedom, Whittier and his verses are to be remembered as long as the people of this nation are true to the principles on which it is founded.

When, in 1854, the gods made mad the leaders of the Southern oligarchy of America, and in the practical business of the settlement of Kansas, there was at last opened something which the men and women of the North could do. A party of some forty New Englanders left Boston for what was then the wilderness of Kansas with the proud object of making a free State. They took their lives in their hands, and many of them paid with their lives for that noble rashness which sent them there, in defiance of the whole power of the national government as it was then administered. Some of the wisest men of the North regarded this adventure as madness. Forty people, with a capital of hardly twenty thousand dollars behind them, were to go fifteen hundred miles, to defy that organization of slaveholders which, from the necessity of the case, would act with absolute unity against them. At that moment Mr. Whittier printed the song of the "Kansas Emigrants":

"We cross the prairie, he of old  
Our fathers crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!"

"We go to rear a wall of men,  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged northern pine."

Unbearing, like the ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man."

No pause nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run;  
Save where our pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall float the setting sun!"

The words of that song were sung in railway cars and in cabins built of logs of wood. And where the song was not sung, the words were repeated, and remembered as the simple and convenient creed of the movement which, in fact, was the first wave of the flood which overwhelmed the system of slavery. To perceive at the instant the importance of the movement, to forecast its success, and to encourage those who personally engaged in its hardships—this was the contribution of what we call a seer or a poet in the great struggle of the time. It is literally by a thousand such contributions that Mr. Whittier made his mark in that great revolution which, for the first time, made the United States a nation.

Writing these hasty words at the moment when Whittier has just passed away, it is impossible to make any fit statement of the place which this great man occupies in the history of our time. It must be enough to call the attention of young men and women to the lesson which is learned when one sees that there is no

royal road needed for achieving the highest success. A farmer's boy, who was willing to work in the shoe shop, has made himself the poet of freedom. Nay, he has won his way to the hearts of the nation because he is one of the people, who knows their life and sympathizes with them in every trial. He has not despised his surroundings, he has not been indignant because they were what they were; rather, he has used his surroundings, and has made them the stepping-stones of his power and his fame. First and last, he has chosen intimacy with the Infinite Spirit who is in all life as the companionship and society which he has most enjoyed. Because of this intimacy with God, he has won the confidence and affection of all God's children who have seen him or have read his writing. And he dies honored and loved of this community, not because of his skill in rhyming, not because of his careful study of literature, but because in every exigency he said what he believed in the way in which he could best say it at the moment. With God's help he thought for himself, he has said exactly what he thought—no more and no less—and he did exactly what he said.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

*Boston Herald, Sept. 8, 1892*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Not unexpected at his 85th year, and yet universally beloved and lamented, the poet Whittier has been taken away. Only the other day he contributed a memorial poem on the occasion of the 80th birthday of Dr. Holmes, which in finish of touch and felicity of phrase is on a level with his best work, and though it has long been known that he was exceedingly feeble, there is no trace of failing mind or body in this overtone of one venerable poet to another. Holmes and Whittier were the only American poets left who belonged to the great coterie of the middle part of the century, and Dr. Holmes is today the patriarch of American letters, the only New England poet who enjoys a world-wide fame. The late Dr. Parsons won long ago an enviable fame as a minor poet, but he never claimed the position to which his abilities entitled him. Whittier for fully seventy years has been a writer of poetry. His first verses were contributed to the poet's corner of the journal edited by Garrison, who quickly saw that his young contributor had signs of promise, and gave him the praise and sympathy which encouraged him to go on. He had more to do with the making of Whittier than any other person in his early life, but it was the poems of Burns which he read in his 14th year that awakened in him the desire to become a poet.

Whittier has been so long before the American public that for fully two generations he has been perhaps more widely and universally known than any other American poet. He chose, from the first, American themes, the legends and pastoral tales of his native land, and having always lived in the country and possessing a quick instinct for natural beauty, he was able to fill out the meaning of whatever he wrote so that it kindled the imagination and touched the feelings of his readers. This gave

his early poems a wonderful popularity. When Longfellow was just beginning to be known, and long before Emerson had published anything beyond fugitive verses, he had obtained wide recognition as a poet who had written from the very heart of American life, and it is his special distinction that he never worked away from his choice of American subjects. Whether ballad or lyric or pastoral idyl was attempted, his heart was with the American people, and whatever he wrote had the spirit of the soil in it. His poetry was not so great as it was true and lifelike. It never moved on stilts. It was as if a neighbor had written it, and nothing is praised by him so much as the simplicity and purity and sincerity of the home virtues. Though brought up a Quaker and keeping close to the traditions of his sect, his religion, as it speaks in his poetry, is like that of the Quaker mystics in its spirit, and like that of his Puritan forefathers in its insistence upon the strict essentials of the Christian faith. He is almost ascetic in the strictness of his faith, and yet he is too cheerful and sweet in his temper, and too charitable to others, to let the Puritan spirit overshadow his genius.

Whittier was much more than the poet of nature or of religious devotion. He had the spirit and the heart of a great citizen, and it is in his position as a citizen poet that he gained his strongest hold upon the American people. He was the companion of Garrison in his anti-slavery reform, and it was Whittier's songs of labor, quite as much as Garrison's inclusive utterances, that roused the nation to its moral sensibility in regard to slavery. His heart was with the people, and his conscience was too quick and keen to allow a great wrong to exist without uttering his passionate protest against it. He did great and vallant work long before the organization of the Republican party, by his burning lyrics, in enkindling men's hearts and inducing them to take the lead in national reforms. His labor and freedom lyrics are as "true to the kindred points of heaven and home" as the magnet is to the pole. He was never a fanatic, but no man ever held firmer by his convictions. Even when they are simply part of a great history these songs of freedom and labor beat and glow with the passion that is in them. They reveal the power of Burns and the sincerity of Cowper; they are what the great mass of the people would say if they only knew how. During all the years of our great conflict Whittier was a power behind the throne. It was in his gift to speak the winged words that reached the whole country, and if he never actively engaged in politics he was one of the men whose word on public questions was universally respected. He was like an inspired leader. Whittier was distinctly an individual.





ist in his thought and spirit, and his strength as a poet was chiefly in his power to take up small subjects and pathetic incidents and present them in an artistic and poetical form; but when he was thoroughly aroused the moral spirit of the man came into play, and charged his words with such force that they had the volume of a national utterance. Then he spoke for the whole country, and the nation heard him as one of its representative citizens. It was known that he stood for conscience and for moral right, and that his word was that of a sincere and honest man. Though he has lived into advanced years, his interest in public matters showed no more signs of failure than did his poetical powers. No man in the country stood individually for more character and conscience, and he had kept himself so close to the hearts of the people in his writings, both prose and poetry, and he was so intensely and honestly American in his spirit, that his better work is already regarded as a permanent part of our literature. If Longfellow could be called the most popular of American poets, Whittier can be justly regarded as standing next to him, or as his only rival. He has been aptly called the Burns of America. He has lived into our pastoral and political life with such intensity, and has so thoroughly represented the life of the people in his work, that he is sure for many generations of a foremost place in the hearts of the American people, and from his abundant writings there could be selected a volume of religious and pastoral poems that must always have a place of honor in our literature.

N.Y. Sun, Sept. 8, 1892

John G. Whittier.

EMERSON and POE, BRYANT and LOWELL, LONGFELLOW and WHITTIER; these six are by general consent placed at the head of American poets. The death of JOHN G. WHITTIER in his eighty-fifth year has taken from us the last of our eminent national singers. They were all, with the exception of Poe, natives of New England, and three of them were ardent laureates of the anti-slavery cause. But the verse of WHITTIER owes least to alien impulses and models; it smacks most deeply of the New England soil, and he was *par excellence* the bard of the long discredited but at last triumphant Abolitionists. For the general appreciation of his artistic merits he had to wait for the success of his political co-laborers; it was not until 1867 that he was everywhere acclaimed as one of the chief literary representatives of his country.

There are certain facts relating to WHITTIER's earlier life which help us to understand the quality and trend of his poetical talent. He was born in Essex county, Mass., the stronghold of Puritanic traditions. The hard features, however, of the Puritan character he had not inherited,

for both his parents were of Quaker stock, and they were themselves members of the Society of Friends. His father was a poor, hard-working farmer; the farm which he tilled cost but six hundred dollars of borrowed money. If we except twelve months at the Haverhill Academy, the only tuition which the future poet ever had from others was obtained at a common school. Narrow also were his opportunities for self-education; too poor to buy books, he had to borrow them, and the libraries to which he had access were small and few. He was all his life a stranger to the influences of college culture and of foreign travel, which had much to do with shaping the minds of EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, and LOWELL. Two other circumstances are of capital significance. The poetic instinct was awakened in him by the poetry of ROBERT BURNS. As he lately told a friend: "BURNS was the first poet I read, and he will be the last." The second pregnant incident was this: that the first poem of WHITTIER's ever printed appeared in 1826, when the author was 19 years old, in WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON's newspaper, the *Free Press*. Five years later the farmer's son decided to cast in his lot with the despised Abolitionists, and became in a distinctive sense the poet of freedom. For thirty years WHITTIER's political lyrics appealed to a gradually widening audience, until his "Kansas Emigrants" was heard from Massachusetts Bay to the Missouri River, and his "Ein Feste Burg" and "Song of the Negro Boatmen" were sung in the Union armies. It cannot be said, however, that he ever deliberately wrote in praise of warfare; on the contrary, his poems are full of passages deploring it. In "Massachusetts to Virginia" he said, "We wage no war, we lift no arms" against the South. In "Stanzas for the Times" his bugle call was not to battle, but to the contest of truth and love with error. Even in "Brown of Ossawatimie" the same spirit was so conspicuous as to provoke the charge of lukewarmness from GARRISON. The keynote of "Disarmament" is that "peace unweaponed conquers every wrong," and the poet's own attitude toward the vanquished South was indicated in the lines to WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT:

"Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore,  
Thy beautiful and brave,  
Whose falling hand the olive bore,  
Whose dying lips forgave."

Although the heart and mind of WHITTIER were for the most part absorbed in the agitation against slavery, some of the strongest proofs of his purely artistic faculty were exhibited before the close of the civil war; among these may be named such ballads as "Maud Muller," "Skipper Ireson," and "The Pipes at Lucknow." It is, nevertheless, true that the national as distinguished from the sectional awakening to the charm of WHITTIER's verse dates from the publication in 1866-7 of "Snow-Bound" and "The Tent on the Beach." In these compositions it is evident that his aspirations and endeavors are tending to turn away from a homiletical or

didactic purpose to the embodiment of æsthetic beauty. But, although he no longer weakened the artistic effect of a composition by tacking to it a moral, it must not be inferred that WHITTIER was ever a conscious advocate of art for art. His whole nature was steeped in a sense of duty and responsibility, and it is doubtful if he could even comprehend beauty divorced from goodness. His conception of the poet was rather that of the *vates*, or bard, who elevates, than that of the *poeta*, or maker, whose exclusive purpose is to please. In his view the possession of artistic powers implied a divine commission to lift, invigorate, and purify mankind. If the artist in him was often tempted to forsake "themes of public wrong" for "the green and pleasant paths of song," his conscience interposed the query which COLERIDGE had uttered:

"Was it right,  
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,  
That I should dream away th' instructed hours  
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart  
With feelings all too delicate for use?"

It is with LONGFELLOW that WHITTIER is naturally associated in the minds of American readers, for the points of contrast which undoubtedly exist are less salient than the points of likeness. Both were essentially lyric poets; it was in songs and ballads that their finest talent was shown. The best verse of each is characterized by a sweet tunefulness, and by a grace which seems untutored, but is really the product of an exquisite art. If LONGFELLOW's intellect was more richly stored and more variously trained, it may be that WHITTIER's had more native vitality and robustness; it is certain that the Quaker had more fire in him than the college professor; his strokes upon the anvil drew more sparks. He is more truly at home and more unfeignedly happy in New England history and amid the somewhat bleak and commonplace surroundings of New England rural life; and yet there is nothing of WHITTIER's which equals the pathos of "Evangeline." To WHITTIER, as to BURNS, romance was no far-won exotic; to both of them the beautiful was no more lacking in the homely types of humanity around them than in the wayside flowers of their own lands. Poets of the common people, that is to say, of man in the great mass, they will never be outgrown by their audience. That is why BURNS and WHITTIER will probably survive, when the special stamp of culture and refinement accepted by a given generation may seem *rococo* and inadequate, amid wider intellectual horizons and divergent currents of taste.

Boston Advertiser, Sept. 8, 1892

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

To say that the world is the poorer that Mr. WHITTIER has left it is but to utter feeble words. Wherever the English tongue is spoken the news will be received with sadness. An expression of sorrow that is heartfelt will go forth, even though it is true that we have had him with us so long, and that the news that he is no more can





scarcely cause surprise. The truest world to say is not that the world is the poorer now, but that it is the richer because he has lived in it.

MR. WHITTIER was almost, if not altogether, the greatest of American poets. He was also a man among men. His was a sterling personality which made its impress upon those among whom he moved. While England's poet-laureate has hidden himself from view amid the trees at Farringford, the poet of America has been visible to the world, as he has walked beneath the spreading branches at Oak Knoll.

MR. WHITTIER has been called the poet of freedom. His service with his pen during the days of the anti-slavery agitation and, later, during the rebellion, can scarcely be estimated. He was to the very core, a patriot. Higher praise can scarcely be accorded to any man.

But it is chiefly in the hearts of his countrymen that Mr. WHITTIER's memory as a friend, a man, and a patriot will long remain green. It is upon his character as a poet that his fame, with future generations, must rest. As such the lustre of his name will not soon be dimmed. MR. WHITTIER will not be forgotten, because his verses, among all those of American poets, keep most closely to human life. GOLD-SMITH'S "Deserted Village" and GRAY'S "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" have become integral portions of our very language, while even in his lifetime, but few of the poems of TENNYSON are household words. So, too, "Maud Muller" will be read when the title only of many a more ambitious poem will be remembered. The poems of WHITTIER have appealed to the heart, and will live long after those, beautiful in themselves, which have addressed simply the intellect, are covered with dust. His verses will, many generations hence, rest within easy reach upon the library shelf.

The thought must have occurred to multitudes of people when the tidings of Mr. WHITTIER's serious illness reached them that, should their worst fears be realized, no words from any tongue or pen could more fittingly express sentiments appropriate to such an end of such a life as his than those contained in the closing lines of the Quaker poet's own tender and beautiful tribute offered but a few days ago to OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Read now, in the light that shines through our tears, how wonderfully prophetic they seem!

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone.

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.

*Boston Journal, Sept. 8, 1892*

#### THE POET WHITTIER.

The death of John Greenleaf Whittier was not wholly unexpected, for he was an old man. He had said good-by to the four-score years which Moses allowed to unusual strength. And yet his mental quickness, his interest in all things pertaining to humanity and his unflinching power of expression were so pronounced that it now seems as though he were taken away in the prime of

manhood. With one exception he was the last of the poets who sang so long together for the glory of New England, and in certain respects he was the one poet who was most fully possessed with the spirit of New England; the one who best portrayed in verse her landscapes and expressed most subtly as well as with the sharpest realism the temper of her people. For Longfellow was cosmopolitan; and it is easy to imagine the Lowell of later years dwelling in comfort on foreign soil. Bryant could have chanted his hymns to nature and to death under a different sky, and Emerson, in spite of his intense love of the New England soil, was a post-philosopher of the universe. But it is hard to think of Whittier without at once coupling with his name New England scenes and New England ideas.

His life prepared his poetry. First of all entered into his poetical equipment heredity. He came of persecuted stock, and he naturally sympathized deeply with the oppressed. Born on a farm, he knew the life of a farmer; but it was not only the routine work that he could so well describe, or the dress and the ways of life; he became the trusted friend of Nature, and to him she told her secrets. Eager for education, he made shoes, and he taught school that he himself might learn. His first published verses won the praise and the sympathy of Garrison, and his friendship with that zealous liberator, added to his natural inclinations, made him the poet of the anti-slavery party. The stern New England spirit that in his religious poetry was so strongly tempered by the optimism and the sweetness of his sect, blazed with the fiery indignation of a Hebrew prophet in denouncing the cruelty of the oppressor and in warning the nation of the wrath to come. He sang the promise of those early days when Fremont was leader; he aroused the Northern people to a lively sense of the arrogance of the slaveholders; he exulted in memorable verse when it was proclaimed throughout the land that those in bonds were set free forever.

It has been said by them whose talk is of art for art's sake that the poet was overshadowed by the reformer; that the sincerity of the latter made him despise the polishing of verse; that in becoming the bard of an epoch he forgot the requirements of Time, the final judge. It is true that Whittier was never a juggler with words. There are provincialisms of word and accent in his poems, whether they treat of pastoral scenes or of slavery, and he was occasionally careless in his rhymes. But the individuality of the poet, as well as the New England individuality, would have suffered from the Horatian labor of the file. The rugged honesty of his excited thought could not brook the delay necessary to the cutter of verbal gems. When a dull nation needed the prick of a zealous prophet it would have seemed treachery to him to have halted for the sake of a more felicitous expression. Poetry was to him in those dark days before the war the readiest tool to serve his purpose. A national disgrace or a national crime was never merely material for poetry.

As by his glowing lines he served his country, so by his poetic illustrations of homely New England life he glorified a homely people; so by his religious verses full of sweet charity and implicit trust he appeased many a doubting spirit and brought consolation to many a mourner. The New-Englander of

past years, stern to severity, a man of obstinate convictions, yet not inaccessible to the demands of justice; who in the routine of his hard life was apt to neglect the cultivation of things now thought necessary; who, absorbed in wrestling from the land or the sea a livelihood, paid little or no attention to the glories of autumnal woods or setting suns, waves dashing against rocks or laughing under a blue sky; whose grim humor was often displayed in tragic situations; this New-Englander finds his most kindly, sympathetic and at the same time realistic interpreter in Whittier. The poet may choose an episode in the history of New England, as in his version of the long-credited inhumanity of "Floyd Ireson." He may treat of a pathetic superstition as in "Telling the Bees;" or he may give a photographic representation of farm life in winter, as in "Snow-Bound;" and in each and every case the graphic touch or the faithful delineation never suggests merely the cold, accurate observer; but the lines glow with the warmth of human feeling and human appreciation. He sees Nature as the friend of man, even in her sterner moods; he does not use her as a subject for metaphysical speculation. Indeed, speculative as well as analytical poetry was foreign to him. Nature and man and woman as they were found in New England were his subjects. These subjects were closely bound together. He sang of the people and the scenes near and familiar to him. A man of the people, he wrote for the people. They listened to him gladly. They understood him. They loved him.

*Boston Herald, Sept. 9, 1892*

#### A COMPARATIVE SKETCH.

John G. Whittier combined the native meekness of the Quaker with the aggressive earnestness of the apostle of reform in a way that has been seldom illustrated in history. Those who have known Whittier in the later years of his life saw in him a gentle old man with a heart that looked out kindly and charitably to all the world. He could not be otherwise than this in his inherent nature; yet he had an earnest hatred of wrong, which found vent in as fiery utterance in his early life as that of the most impassioned partisan of a cause or of an idea. It was doubtless a sore trial to Whittier when so many of his old associates of the early abolitionist movement parted company with him in these latest years to which we have referred before. He held firmly to his party because it had been the anti-slavery party, and, doubtless, found it difficult to understand their leaving it; but he knew them too well and had too high an appreciation of their sincerity of character to deal with them as he had done with those who had earlier differed from him. This circumstance probably affected Whittier's attitude in later life toward opponents on political questions generally. He had learned a tolerance which had not previously been in his temperament.

Indignant denunciation of wrong has never been uttered with more vehemence of language than by this calm





Quaker. In the abstract it was met with a spirit of absolute intolerance on his part for wrong itself, according to his own standard. There are no such fiery words in the language in poetry as Whittier put into his anti-slavery verses. They indicate a mind in the extreme state of excitement, and giving way to the most unbounded freedom of utterance. There is not the slightest tendency to self-repression, such as we should have expected of the Quaker. Whittier never took his pen on such occasions without going into a white heat. His attention was mostly given to slavery, but he wrote a poem entitled "The Prisoner for Debt" at this early time, in which is the same quality. School boys selected these pieces for declamation because of their intense energy of expression. It was all natural enough if it had not come from a Quaker. The strange feature of it was the Quaker finding such unrestrained expression. There was the same vehement assault in his dealings with individuals, Mr. Louis A. Godey, a half-century ago, was publishing a periodical called "The Lady's Book," which circulated throughout the country, and of course largely in the South. Mr. Godey truckled to that section on the slavery question with a view to his subscription list. About that time he caused a portrait of himself to be printed. Whittier wrote the most biting severe lines addressed to this picture. They ate in like caustic. The verses have not been preserved among his writings. But that terrible arraignment in the poem "Ichabod" is perpetuated, and forms one of the most impressive pieces in our literature. These things which we have noted were incompatible with the idea of the Quaker in the ordinary mind.

The spirit of the aggressive moral reformer and the spirit of the Quaker were really incompatible, and the spirit of the former conquered in the case of Whittier. His poems were not at all the poems of the non-resistant. That quarter was the last one to which the reader would have attributed their authorship. The man was made much what he was by the anti-slavery controversy. He was in this as entirely as were any of its apostles. It carried him into active politics. He did not follow Garrison and the men of his school in holding his hand from this work. He engaged in it eagerly. It was not a part of the mission he felt to be his to attend caucuses, though we have little doubt that he would have done this had he felt it necessary to advance the cause he had at heart; but he was willing to be a candidate for office, and took nominations for Congress and for presidential electors. It would be difficult to imagine him at home in the former body; but his feelings of political fellowship were so strong that

they never left him, even in the many placid years of his latest life. His continuance as a Republican adherent, no doubt, came largely from the memory of battles on the part of that party in which he had participated, as well as of remembrance of encounters with the enemy whom it had opposed. He could not leave the one or go into alliance with the other, even when he saw many of his former associates taking this course. He was a natural fighter, though he was trained in other respects in the Quaker faith. He had the feeling of the old warhorse when the battle was on. Of course he fought primarily from principle. We would not question for a moment that this was his underlying and paramount motive; but, unlike those with whom he had acted in anti-slavery battles, he could not take his eye from the old standard. The call to this was answered without reservation, and he never recognized the possibility of being reasoned away from it.

#### *Boston Herald, Sept. 9, 1892*

##### THE END OF AN EPOCH.

The sudden, though not unexpected, death of two men, who were the last of their generation in the lines of activity which they followed, shows that we have really come to the end of an epoch, or rather of two epochs. Mr. Curtis was the last of the great Lyceum force which did much to prepare the way for the unattached schools, which are now universal, and Mr. Whittier was the last of our American poets who belonged to our literature for this century. He was the equal of his peers, and, though Dr. Holmes survives, he is not so exclusively a poet that we can rank him among the great American poets of this century. Both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Whittier represent the end of an epoch. They have been chiefs and leaders in the departments of literary and public effort which they cultivated, and they have passed away without leaving any person who takes their places. The lecture field has come to an end. Its legitimate function of agitation is better accomplished in another way, and in respect of poetry it cannot be said that any of our younger writers command the attention of the nation as Lowell or Longfellow or Whittier did. We look in vain for the man whose bugle notes are universally listened to. Half a dozen poets may be named, but they have not the clear and universal utterance which introduces them to national fame. It is in this sense that the departure of these two men is to be regarded as the end of an epoch. They are without successors, and we are compelled to look out upon the future from a different point of view. Who shall forecast what the leadership shall be in the spheres in which these men held sway?

#### *Boston Globe, Sept. 9, 1892*

##### THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS.

The "twilight of the poets" deepens with the death of WHITTIER. He was the last but one of that great group of writers who made American literature memorable. That one, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, still lives, the lonely survivor of a mighty epoch.

But because we are now passing through the twilight of the poets is no reason to apprehend that there will never be another sunrise. Literature, in any age or country, has never flowed on in one continuous and undiminished stream. Genius has its seed-time and harvest, and there is of necessity a barren winter between the sheaves of harvest and the blooms of spring.

When we remember that England, though she has the greatest literature in the world, has produced only eight or ten really great poets in eight or ten centuries, America should not be discouraged if there is a short intermission in her literary productivity.

Though the great era that produced EMERSON, BRYANT, HAWTHORNE, FOX, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, WHITMAN and WHITTIER is now over, it is probable that the golden age of American literature has not yet dawned. WALTER BESANT has prophesied that there is soon to be an outburst of literary genius in America such as the world has not seen since the age of Queen Elizabeth. Our "twilight of the poets" will, in due time, be succeeded by a sunburst of morning.

#### *Boston Transcript, Sept. 6, 1892*

##### THE FAITH OF WHITTIER.

To the younger generation of readers, men and women who have grown up since the stirring days when Whittier's most fiery songs were sung, his poetry has a significance different from its relation to elder minds. To these, as to boys and girls who are now reading Whittier, with the first glow of youthful interest, he represents a heroic age of our country, and is more historical than contemporaneous. He has translated for all who have not lived through half of the century with him the spirit of the days of the early sixties. He interprets the passion of the abolitionists to the young and gives them throbbing personal share with their elders who echoed Whittier's cry in "Voices of Freedom!"

Shall honor bleed?—shall truth succumb?  
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?  
Not by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where freedom weeps her children's fall,  
By Plymouth's rock and Bunker's mound,  
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,  
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade,  
By all the memories of our dead!

There is another and a larger freedom for which Whittier has always spoken, and in this utterance his influence upon his times is incalculable, even through his sometimes formal expression of it. It may militate against his rounded future fame. It is the hand to hand and heart to heart encouragement he has given faith, faith in its highest and broadest meaning which is meant now. He has shown not only his "earnest sense of human right and wrong,"

and  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence;





and he has not merely made all men his brothers in his sharing of their sorrow and their pain. But he has uttered over and over again his soul's certainty of immortality and his life's serenity of faith in words which are fruitful deep in the lives of his countrymen. It is scarcely possible to go into a remote village, an isolated hamlet, a sparsely populated region anywhere in the United States without coming upon a volume of Whittier's poems. More than any other of our poets he has spoken as common man to common man, and the unliterary love him with an affection never inspired by those whose form of expression is less simple, direct and sincere. Thousands of these people as well as those of the sort who read the latest Atlantic, Monthly and know how touching a thing it is that Whittier's last poem is there for Dr. Holmes—thousands of these revere his name for words which have strengthened the soul of the nation, as his war poems stiffened its backbone. And there are stanzas like these from "My Soul and I" which are parts of sacred experience to many men and women:

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest;  
Round him is calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,  
And the end he knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth."

Or this from "The Over-Heart:"

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest:  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon his breast!"

Or these from "The Eternal Goodness:"

"I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on  
And he can do no wrong.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove,  
I can but give the gifts he gave  
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea,  
I wait the muffled oar:  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore."

Or these from "Our Master:"

"Death comes, life goes; the asking eye  
And ear are answerless;  
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky  
Is sad with silentness.

The letter falls and systems fall,  
And every symbol wanes;  
The spirit overbrooding all,  
Eternal love remains.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone;  
He serves thee best who loveth most  
His brothers and thy own."

## IT WAS A BOY'S SUGGESTION

That Led Whittier to Write  
"Barbara Freitchie."

Mrs. Southworth Tells of Her Friendship for the Quaker Poet—She Recalls a Visit to His Plainly Furnished Home—Tribute of the Amesbury Selectman.

(SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE BOSTON HERALD.)  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8, 1892. Whittier had in Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the well-known novelist, a friend and great admirer. It was Mrs. Southworth

who sent Mr. Whittier the story of the famous incident at "Fredericktown," which suggested "Barbara Freitchie."

Last evening Mrs. Southworth, at her charming home in Georgetown, told to a reporter of the Star the story of her connection with the famous poem:

"In September, 1863," said Mrs. Southworth, "a Mr. C. S. Ramsburg, a neighbor of mine, related to my son Richmond and myself the story of Stonewall Jackson's raid through Maryland the previous year and his passage through Frederick, telling us how old Barbara Freitchie, a connection of Mr. Ramsburg, hung out from her window the stars and stripes, and how they were shot down. If I remember rightly," continued Mrs. Southworth, "Barbara was at the time more than 90 years old. The town was about equally divided between sympathizers with the southern cause and those who upheld the Union.

"Barbara was a staunch Unionist, and when, upon hearing of the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his army, the Unionists of the town hid their flags, the brave old lady nailed a small American flag to a staff, and placed it at her window. Jackson came riding in at the head of his men, and, seeing the flag, ordered them to shoot it down.

"They did so, and the flag fell. It was then that Barbara caught the flag up, and, leaning out of her window, waved it high above Jackson's head, crying to him: 'Shoot me if you dare, but spare the flag.' Jackson halted, looked up at the brave old lady, and, to the everlasting glory of the man and soldier, ordered his men to march on.

"That was about the way the incident was related to me by Mr. Ramsburg," said Mrs. Southworth, "and upon my son remarking, 'what a grand subject for a poem by Whittier, mother,' I at once sat down and

Wrote to Mr. Whittier,

telling him the story and acquainting him with my son's suggestion. I received an early reply, which was as follows:

AMESBURY, 9 Mo. 8, 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Southworth: I heartily thank thee for the very kind letter, and its enclosed "message." It ought to have fallen into letter hands, but I have just written out a little ballad of "Barbara Freitchie" which will appear in the next Atlantic. It is good for anything that deserves all the credit for it. I wish I could accept thy kind invitation to thy pleasant cottage home, but I am too much of an invalid to undertake the journey. I thank thee none the less, however, for asking me. I shall do so through imagination if I cannot otherwise. With best wishes for thy health and happiness, I am most truly thy friend,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"I must tell you," explained Mrs. Southworth, after she had shown the reporter the original of Whittier's letter, "that I had known Mr. Whittier many years previous to the late war. He was one of my earliest literary friends. I made his acquaintance at the home of Dr. Bailey, the editor of the National Era in 1847. At that time my first serial story, 'Retribution,' was running in that publication. Previous to our acquaintance Dr. Bailey handed me a letter written to him by Mr. Whittier, speaking very kindly of my story.

"Meeting Mr. Whittier shortly after that an acquaintance began which ended only at his death.

"We also corresponded for many years, and when I sent him the story of 'Barbara Freitchie,' I wrote him that I considered it a message from the spirit world. Barbara died, if I remember correctly, shortly after the incident related, and, therefore, I never had the pleasure of reading Mr. Whittier's beautiful lines, which first appeared, I think, in the Atlantic of October, 1863.

"I visited Mr. Whittier at his home in Amesbury in 1873," said Mrs. Southworth, "in company with my son and Mr. Ramsburg. I well remember that we had no little difficulty in discovering his residence. On the streets of the town, in answer to inquiries, we were told by several persons that they knew where a shoemaker by the name of Whittier lived, but did not know just

Where the Poet Resided.

"Mr. Whittier's residence, we found, to be a small two-story frame cottage, setting back in a yard well shaded by trees. In answer to our rap, Mr. Whittier himself appeared at the door, and, when I had introduced my party, cordially welcomed us into a very plainly furnished little parlor, the furniture being of the old-fashioned horsehair style. We talked of the late war among other things, and of the emancipation of the slaves, for which Mr. Whittier had labored so long. My son asked: 'Are you not proud of the result, Mr. Whittier?' And I shall never forget his answer as he bowed his head, and in a low voice filled with emotion replied, 'I am very thankful.'

"It was then about an hour after noon," continued Mrs. Southworth, "and Mr. Whittier suddenly asked: 'Did thee lunch before leaving Boston?' We answered no, when he remarked: 'Oh, then, thee must,' and excused himself for a few moments. Upon his return to the room, we resumed our conversation, until about half an hour later. A young lady opened the door between the little parlor and the dining room, and invited us to partake of a light lunch of tea, home made bread and butter cakes and preserves.

"The house was plainly furnished and neatly kept, and in every nook and corner, even on the landings of the stairs, books were scattered about. Returning to the parlor we talked of Barbara Freitchie, and Mr. Whittier showed us Barbara's cane, which a friend of his secured upon a visit to Frederick, to verify the incident which formed the subject of the poem.

"Mr. Whittier informed us that his friend had found the story to be substantially true about as I have related it, and the cane, he said, the old lady used to shake at the little boys of the town who would come about her house and harrass her old David."

## THE POET SLEEPS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER PASSED

AWAY YESTERDAY.

THE END CAME PEACEFULLY AT HAMPTON.

Boston, *Advertiser* TON FALLS, N. H. Sept. 8, 1892

WITH THE FIRST BREAKING OF THE DAWN HIS SOUL WINGED ITS FLIGHT.

He Was Conscious Until the Very Last Moment

—The Story of a Long and Useful Life—How

His Early Years Were Spent—The Friend-

ship of William Lloyd Garrison of Great As-

sistance to Him—He Early Imbibed a Love

For the Poems of Burns and His Early At-

tempts Were After the Style of the Scotch

Eard—Notable Celebration of His 70th Birth-

day—From That Time His Birthday Was

Marked by Celebrations Year by Year—Gen-

eral Sorrow Expressed at His Death.

HAMPTON, N. H., Sept. 7.—J. G. Whittier, the gentle poet, died at 4:30 this morning of heart failure. He died peacefully and was conscious to the last moment of his death. The funeral will occur at Amesbury, Mass., Saturday, at 2:30 p.m.

His nearest relatives were with him when he passed away.





According to the Quaker custom, there will be no sermon preached at the funeral services over the body. The services will be quite simple.

At Hampton Falls he has been the guest of old friends, his sojourn having been at the house of Miss Sarah A. Gove, in an ancient colonial mansion. Hampton seems to have been a place of unusual interest to Mr. Whittier. The town appears, first seen, perhaps, across the marshes; with their myriad haystacks seemingly dancing as the train flies past, but an ordinary seaside town. Nowhere else in New England is there such a prairie as this. At several points the marsh is divided by rocky partitions that reach seaward, forming in one place the bluffs of Boar's Head, and in another spot the three rivers converge and, joining their swift waters, flow together past the rocks of Rivermouth. This is made memorable by Whittier's legendary poem, "The Wreck of Rivermouth."

## HIS BUSY LIFE.

### His Earliest Effort Contributed to Garrison's Paper—Pays His Own Way Through School.

Thomas Whittier, the first of the family in this country, was born in the same year in which the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock, and sailed from Southampton, England, for Boston, in the ship Confidence of London in April, 1638. He settled upon a tract of land in the town of Salisbury, on the banks of the Powow River, a tributary of the Merrimac. A few years later he removed to Haverhill, where he erected a log house, which he inhabited a great many years. About the year 1688 he erected a large and substantial mansion, which has since been the home of his descendants and in which the poet was born, December 17, 1807.

John Greenleaf Whittier was the fourth in descent from the founder of the American branch of the family. It is regarded as not a little remarkable, by Mr. Whittier's biographer, that the lapse of nearly two centuries should see but four generations in the poet's line of descent, the more especially as the family has been prolific of sons and daughters. The seeming anomaly is explained in the fact that the poet's line is descended in every generation through the younger sons of the families.

The grandmother of the poet was Sarah Greenleaf of Newbury, who married Joseph Whittier, the son of Joseph, the son of Thomas. The elder Joseph was married in 1694 to Mary Peasley, whose father, Joseph Peasley, was well known in those early days in the history of our country as a prominent member of the society of Friends, then opprobriously called Quakers. It was through the family of his great-grandmother, then, that the poet received his Quaker birthright, and that the family became identified with the fortunes of that once despised and persecuted, but now warmly respected, sect. From the family of his grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf, he received his name, combined with that of his father John, who was born Nov. 23, 1760.

In Whittier's poem, "A Name," which he addressed to his grand-nephew, he thus alludes to the name of Greenleaf, and its origin:—

The name the Gallic exile bore,  
St. Malo, from thy ancient shore,  
Became, upon our Western shore,  
Greenleaf for Fenillevert.

The mother of the poet was Abigail, daughter of Joseph Hussey of Somersworth (now called Rollinsford), N. H. The two were married October 3, 1804, and lived in wedlock 28 years, when, in June, 1832, the connection was severed by the death of the husband.

"Abigail Hussey, the poet's mother," says Mr. Whittier's biographer, "was descended from Christopher Hussey, a fellow townsman with Thomas Whittier in

Haverhill, who afterward removed to Hampton, N. H., where he married the daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachelor (sometimes written Batchelder), the first minister of that town. The Husseys came from Boston, Eng., and were people of distinction, both in the old country and the new."

From the same family stock were descended Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden, Caleb Cushing, William B. Greene and other prominent men.

John Whittier, the 10th child of his father and the father of the poet, was born Nov. 22, 1760, and to him and to his wife Abigail were four children born. These were Mary, born in 1806; John Greenleaf, born Dec. 17, 1807; Matthew Franklin, born in 1812; and Elizabeth Hussey, born in 1815. The youngest of these was the shortest lived, and died in 1864. The only brother of the poet lived to the age of 71, and died in 1863. The eldest, Mary, and her brother John were lifelong companions. She was his keenest, though his most considerate critic; and to her encouragement, doubtless, is due much of his success as a man of letters. Her death was doubtless the greatest grief of his life.

The old Whittier homestead, which was erected by the great-grandfather of the poet, and in which he himself "first breathed the vital air," is a large mansion, solidly framed of hewn oak. It was built after the manner of many of the early colonial houses, being of two stories in front, while in the rear the roof sloped back to a single story. In the year 1801 this architectural peculiarity was obliterated by improvements made in the edifice by the father of the poet. "It is now," says the biographer, "more open to view from the main road than it was 60 years ago."

At an early age he was set at work on the farm, and in assisting his mother in household duties. His leisure hours were passed in roaming the woods and fields, and his communications with nature were certainly heartfelt. Many of the poet's finest touches found their inspiration in these hours of what was then, perhaps, termed idleness, but which bore its fruit in after years. In his poem, "The Barefoot Boy," we taste some of these fruits.

He early imbibed a love of the verses of Burns, through a wandering Scotchman, who stopped a while at his father's house, and his earliest attempts at verse were after the manner of the Scottish bard. His first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, so says Whittier himself in a little autobiographical pamphlet, brought to his father's house a volume of Burns, and his delight in reading it was very great. "The poetry of Burns and the Scottish music had enthralled him, and his own feelings began to shape themselves in rhyme." His sister Mary gave him much encouragement, and for a time she alone shared his secret with him.

It was about this time that William Lloyd Garrison was an indentured apprentice to the proprietors of the Newburyport Herald, and was accustomed, from time to time, to contribute to its columns. Later, Garrison, in 1826, established the Newburyport Free Press. Of this newspaper the father of Whittier was a subscriber.

One day Mr. Garrison received a poem anonymously contributed, which he published in the poet's corner. A day or two later a young man employed in mending fences in his father's field saw the newspaper approaching on horseback, and received from his hand a moment later a copy of the newspaper. His eye first fell upon his own verses, and for a few moments he was speechless. This poem was "The Deity," a versified amplification of the scriptural passage, 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, and was in blank verse, somewhat in the manner of "Paradise Lost," though it is not at all certain that he had at that time so much as heard of Milton.

This was early in the year 1826. In the summer of that year Whittier was one day

called from the cornfield, at the summons of a visitor. It proved to be Garrison, who had discovered through the medium of Mary Whittier the identity of the author of the poems which he had received and published; for the first success had emboldened the young man to make fresh ventures. Mr. Garrison earnestly commended the young man's work and prophesied for him a brilliant future. He urged upon the father that the son be offered an opportunity for a more extended education, but in those days of small things this seemed an insurmountable task. The young man, himself, however, overcame all obstacles, and by working at the shoemaker's bench he obtained funds sufficient to pay for a course of six months at an academy.

In the autumn of 1828, Garrison, who was then in Boston, where he had founded the National Philanthropist, procured for Whittier a position on the staff of the American Manufacturer, where he remained for several months, at a salary of \$9 per week. In June, 1829, he returned to his father's farm, where he remained until July, 1830. During this period his pen was prolific, but though his productions gave promise of genius, none of them are regarded as having great merit. Still, as his biographer says, "the juvenile poems are not to be despised. They are the sunken piles that stand under the slowly-reared edifice of his fame."

In 1830 Mr. Whittier succeeded George D. Prentice in the editorial chair of the New England Review. During his connection of 1½ years with this publication, Whittier wrote and published no less than 42 poems, many of which are preserved among his collected works. At this time, Mr. Whittier was but 22 years of age.

He retained his position until January, 1832, when his health, always delicate, forced him to retire from journalistic life. In the meantime, his first volume was published, under the title, "New England Legends in Prose and Verse." Many of these early productions Mr. Whittier, in later years, caused to be suppressed as unworthy of his reputation.

Leaving Hartford, he returned to Haverhill, and for a time devoted himself wholly to literature, the greater portion of his work appearing in Buckingham's New England Magazine, then published in Boston. But just then the slavery question began to be uppermost in the minds of the people. Thenceforth his life was to be devoted to the cause of freedom and of universal brotherhood. The heart of the young man Whittier was fired and he entered the lists, throwing down as his gauntlet a pamphlet with the title, "Justice and Expediency;

or, Slavery Considered with a View to Its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition." This pamphlet was printed in 1833, at the author's sole expense. Says the biographer concerning this pamphlet: "It covers the ground completely, and its positions were never met in argument, only by evasions, misstatements, or more commonly by abuse or personal violence."

From this time forward Whittier's pen was never idle. He had embarked in a great cause. He was a target for abuse, but he persevered. He was threatened with legal proceedings and with personal violence, but he was undaunted. Governors of States offered rewards for his head, but he was not silent. Thoroughly earnest, active, aggressive, he lost no opportunity for insisting upon the great truth, which is now recognized throughout the land, of the sacredness of the right of personal freedom. He was attacked by a mob in Concord, N. H.; he witnessed the mob in Boston, when his friend Garrison was dragged through the streets with a rope about his neck.

Rev. S. J. May, himself one of the foremost of the anti-slavery men, says of Whittier: "But of all our American poets, John G. Whittier has from first to last done most for the abolition of slavery." A sufficient eulogy, surely, for any man!





In May, 1836, Mr. Whittier was again for a time the editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*. Later, he was one of the secretaries of the National Anti-Slavery Society. In 1837, he was engaged as a writer upon the staff of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, published in Philadelphia. In March, 1838, he became its editor, but resigned two years later. During his occupancy of the editorial chair, the building in which the office of the newspaper was located was sacked and burned by a mob, egged on by the mayor of the city.

Upon leaving Philadelphia he returned to Massachusetts, and in 1840 the Whittier family, having sold the farm in Haverhill, removed to Amesbury, where he has for many years lived. He was moulding the minds of men for the great struggle about to come. It was during this period that many of his poems, afterwards collected in a volume entitled "Voices of Freedom," were written.

In 1847 the *National Era* newspaper was established at Washington, and Whittier became the corresponding editor, which position he retained until 1859. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared first in this newspaper, as a serial, in 1850. During this period more 80 of Whittier's poems appeared in its columns. He was also a voluminous contributor to other periodicals, notably the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which many of his sweetest songs first appeared. Perhaps the best known of the "Atlantic" poems was "Maud Muller," long an English classic, and the "Witch's Daughter," afterward republished as "Mabel Martin." These works are quite equally divided between the two classes of purely literary and political. In the former the pure poetic soul of Whittier glows with a light almost divine; in the latter he employs satire than which none could be more biting, argument and powerful invective, forming at times, as his biographer says, oftentimes scarcely more than "rhymed eloquence."

But I have lingered too long about the fascinating narrative of Whittier's earlier years. At 50 years of age he was fully recognized as one of the foremost poets of the age. His connection with the *Atlantic Monthly* has been alluded to, but it should be said that he was in reality one of the founders of that magazine, and to him is due very much of its success. These services were fully recognized, when Mr. Whittier had reached his 70th year, in a dinner tendered to the poet, at which the literary men and women of New England were his guests. Mr. H. O. Houghton, the senior publisher, was seated at the head of the table.

Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Prof. Norton and Mark Twain were among the guests, and letters of regret were read from Bryant, Curtis, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, President Eliot, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Francis Parkman and others. Dr. Holmes read a poem, as did many of the guests, and Mark Twain brought out a sketch in which Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier were made to masquerade as Western roughs, pelting each other with quotations. The effect was rather startling at first, but its comicality redeemed it.

Whittier's own contribution was "My Birthday."

Better than self-indulgent years  
The outliving heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle years  
The tumult of the truth.

From that time his birthday was marked by celebrations, year by year. In 1884, on the occasion of his 77th anniversary, there was gathered at Oak Knoll a pleasant company of friends and relatives, who were received by the venerable gentleman with his customary gentle courtesy and generous hospitality. In 1885, the beginning of the 78th year of the poet was quietly celebrated at Danvers, the residence of his two cousins. On the afternoon of that day Mr. Whittier's por-

trait, which had been placed in the town hall at Haverhill, was unveiled in the presence of a large audience. When he became an octogenarian in 1887, he was active, erect, firm and full of cheerfulness. On his birthday came the governor and his wife and many distinguished people. There were numerous presents, not intrinsically valuable, but gifts of loving friends. There was a great basket containing 80 red and white roses.

Among those who paid loving tribute, in a memorial volume collected for the purpose to his worth, were George W. Childs, Wait Whitman, Senator Hoar, Mark Twain, Secretary Lamar, Chief Justice Waite.

Mr. Whittier, like his ancestors, was tall—measuring six feet or more—of slender build, but straight as an arrow. He had a high forehead, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair that was once black, but in his old age thinned and gray. He dressed in a suit of black, set in Quaker fashion, and he retained some of the Quaker peculiarities of speech. He was given to long walks and was a most pleasant and companionable neighbor; but he was not in the habit of driving, and he travelled but rarely and for short distances—never, it is said, having gone farther than to Washington.

He often spent a portion of the winter in this city, usually at the house of his friend, ex-Gov. C. Claflin. He wrote only when the mood was on him, and then very soon after the idea which he sought to express had taken possession of his mind. He wrote easily and with an absorbing interest in his subject, and although he was too conscientious to send out crude writing, his first drafts were not usually greatly altered by subsequent revision.

Mr. Whittier's remarkable preservation of his mental strength has been his greatest pleasure and the pleasure of his friends. Although advanced in years and always of a delicate constitution, even almost to the last moment of his life he ceased not to sing. As the world now beholds his face serene and placid in its last sleep it will recall his lines to his friend Dr. Holmes published in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Did he, as he wrote these final lines, already hear the rustling of angel pinions.

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone.

#### Whittier's Hymns

Dr. Hale in the Transcript.

Dr. Holmes has taught us that the poet remembered by the most is he whose songs are sacred enough to be sung in men's churches while they are simple enough for men and women of all sorts and conditions to remember them and want to sing them. He has shown that of the English poets of the last century it is not your grand name-printing Thomson or Somerville, dedicating their poems to forgotten noblemen, who is most widely quoted today. Nor even Cowper or Alexander Pope, the King of the ballad. It is dear Doctor Watts, of whom a hundred lines come to memory and live in one from the stately poems, who is familiarly remembered. Both Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier have achieved for themselves such success as is thus described. In each case the success is due to the writer's habit of personal and hearty intimacy with all sorts and conditions of men.

Yet more than one of Whittier's hymns—most of those best known—were written with no thought by the "Quaker Poet" that they would be sung in "meeting." What, indeed, would George Fox have said had he been told that within two centuries after his journey through New England, the song of a New England "friend" would be sung in every "steeped house" in New England, not to say in every "steeped house" in Old England. Whittier wrote, not that men might sing—not, indeed, that they might praise him—but because this thing had to be said, and it had to be said as well as he could say it there and then.

In hundreds of churches, thousands of worshippers sing and remember the hymn—  
"O forest born of love and light,"  
and thank him for it. The fine verses thus known so widely were selected by his friend, Samuel Longfellow, from the ode to "Democ-

raea," which Whittier wrote in 1843, on "election day." There are but few men who could tell us what the issues of that election were.

#### STORIES OF WHITTIER

Like all America's literary men of eminence, he was a bread-winner first and a poet next, though in his case, from the simplicity of his life, he began his endeavor in purely literary work earlier than Longfellow or Emerson or Lowell. But at this earlier period of his life he was always, on the side of the abolitionists, ready to assist them in any way, often giving the support of his presence to their meetings and travelling over northern New England with members of the fraternity. Once in Concord, N. H., with the English abolitionist, Armstrong, he again narrowly escaped rough treatment by a mob. Armstrong and he had been to an abolitionist meeting at Plymouth, N. H., and were to remain over night at the house of one of Whittier's friends in Concord. Early in the evening the mob took possession of the grounds about the house and demanded the abolitionists within. After they had made considerable disturbance and were organizing for a concentrated movement upon the house, a horse and buggy had been quietly prepared for flight in the barn, and Armstrong and Mr. Whittier, descending by a back exit, were hustled into the buggy and driven hurriedly away, pursued for some distance by the mob. They made no stop, on the way back to Massachusetts until they had put distance enough between them and their enemies to insure safety.

The poet admitted to the writer to having been mobbed on other occasions also, but did not specify them. Some years after the Concord episode he was walking along the street in Portland, Me., when a man, after eyeing him curiously for some time, finally stopped up and asked: "Is not this Mr. Whittier?"

The poet admitted his identity, when the man replied: "I am somewhat ashamed to admit it, but I was one of the members of that Concord mob which was so desirous of meeting you at close quarters some years ago."

"And what would the mob have done if it had succeeded in getting possession of us?"

"Probably your complexion would have been changed considerably," replied the ex-mobber, rather sheepishly. A coat of tar and feathers was evidently intended.

"I remember that one summer afternoon, up under Wachusett," says a young acquaintance of his, "I came with a friend upon a pleasant old farmhouse, large and rambling, where we stopped in our walk for a cup of water out of the well that we had spied from afar. The master of the manor was coming across the yard as we made to him our humble request. He seemed not uninclined to talk. And when he learned where we had been, and found that we were bound for Monadnock, he told us that Mr. Whittier had just passed that way, and stopped. I think, a night or two with him there at the farm. Why, he's just as natural and like folks as can be," he said. "He wrote some poems right out here in the yard on a board he picked up, and he was sittin' in a kitchen chair he brought out, looking toward Chusett yonder. His poems we can understand, tho' we're not book people; he's like folks, Whittier is."

"Did you ever hear the story of Whittier and the cabbage?" asked an old friend yesterday. "It may have been told before, but it is worth repeating now. He hated the odor of cabbage, like most sensible men, and had a cordial horror of the right smell in the wrong place, as Henry James calls the fragrance of a dinner in the hallway. One day, however, a cabbage was cooked at Oak Knoll, and most of it was left over. In deference to her cousin's olfactory the mistress of the house directed her cook to put the cold cabbage on the top shelf in the pantry until next day. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Whittier was seen digging in the garden. A member of the family asked him what he was going to do, but he put her off with a merry twinkle in his eye. When in the course of household events the cook sought the cabbage it was gone. Mr. Whittier had traced it to its eyrie; he had climbed up and had borne it away in triumph, and in defiance of domestic economy had buried it in the garden. I tell the story as it was told to me," said his friend. "Call it 'How the Poet Planted a Cabbage (boiled).'"





*The Nation*, Sept. 15, 1892,  
vol. 55, no. 1420 pp. 199-200.

# WHITTIER.

THE popular poet-laureate of this country passed away in peace on September 7, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. This longevity, and numerous and very recent biographies, have made the principal facts of his uneventful life well known to the public. Neither of the careers which he would fain have determined for himself was destined to be his. From journalism as from politics the farmer's son was turned back to that simple inspiration of poet which was confirmed in him, on discovery, by his neighbor, the editor of the Newburyport *Free Press*, afterwards the editor of the *Boston Liberator*. The friendship of these two men might have led the younger, as disciple, to become entirely absorbed in the agitation against slavery, in which he did in fact for a time do editorial service. But partly his political and partly his sectarian bias drew him away from Garrison at the time of the schism in the abolition ranks growing out of political and sectarian differences, though in after years they came together without bitterness and with their old affection. Moreover, the poet was physically unfitted

"to ride

The winged Hippogriff Reform."

He was all his life a victim of ill-health, having brought on neuralgia and headache by overwork in the early days of his journalism. For many years he could not write fifteen minutes at a time without a headache. A worthy grocer of Amesbury, whenever he heard this fact spoken of with compassion, used to dispute the sentiment with some vehemence; Mr. Whittier's ill-health having, as he thought, been beneficial to his fame by "preventing his engaging in any business," and thus turning him to poetry. The inference seemed to be that, with good health, Mr. Whittier too might have been a flourishing grocer, just as some of Sir Walter Scott's neighbors thought that he would have been "sae weel respectit" had he stuck to the law and not wasted his time on poetry and novels. Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Whittier's delicate health was for almost all his life a drawback to continuous mental exertion, although care and watchfulness greatly benefited his general condition during his later years. This improved health, together with other causes, produced in him an increase, not a diminution, of sociability and freedom of intercourse as years went on. He became more frequently a guest at private houses, where nothing but an increase of deafness prevented him from being a most delightful companion. His shyness visibly diminished—a quality so marked in early life that it sometimes seemed a positive distress to him to be face to face with half-a-dozen people in a room.

This habit showed itself chiefly in what is called society; with men met for political or even business purposes he was more at home. He was for many years an active politician (in 1835 and 1836 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature), and was esteem-

ed—though a poet—a man of excellent judgment in all public matters. He was a keen judge of character, was perfectly unselfish, and always appeared to look at affairs more with the eyes of a man of the people than with those of a student. Without making any words about it, he seemed held by early associations as well as principle to the point of view of the working class. His whole position in this respect was very characteristic of American life; had he lived in England and among the social restrictions of that more stereotyped society, he would perhaps have been simply some Corn-Law Rhymers, some Poet of the People. As it was, there was nothing to keep him from full identification with the most cultivated class, and yet he was always able to remain in full sympathy with the least cultivated. In this respect he was more typically national than our other bards. His liberal attitude was aided also by his training in the Society of Friends. Of this body Mr. Whittier was always a faithful member, though never narrow or technical in his spirit. In his youth his anti-slavery associations sometimes brought him into danger of discipline; and he used to say jokingly in his later years that the Society would gladly have then put upon him, would he but consent, all the committee work and the little dignities from which his position as a reformer had excluded him in his youth. He always held to the prescribed garb so far as the cut of his coat was concerned, but conformed to the ways of the world in his other attire. He did not use the "thee" to members of his own society alone, as is the case with some, but presented it in his intercourse with the world at large.

It is difficult to say whether in his life, as in Irving's, an early romance led the way to a career of celibacy. A few passages in his writings, but only a few, might bear this interpretation, while the view was discouraged by his nearest kindred. It is certain that in later life he sometimes permitted himself to express regret that he had never married, since all his tastes and habits were eminently domestic. He always appeared to advantage in the society of women. His manners had all the essentials of courtliness in their dignity and consideration for others, and while he had little small-talk, he had plenty to say about men and books; this being always said with sympathy and with quaint humor. Utterly free from self-esteem, he was always glad to keep the topic of conversation away from himself, and was quite disposed to rejoice in any evidences of obscurity.

He was a wide reader and had a tenacious memory; but he spoke no language except his own, nor did he—although he translated one or two simple French poems—read much in any foreign tongue. He never visited Europe. He used to say that in early life he had a great yearning for travel, but that after reading a book about any foreign place, he retained in his mind a picture so vivid that his longing for that particular place was satisfied. Yet, as Thoreau said that he had travelled a great deal—in Concord, so Whittier was familiar with New England and Pennsylvania, and has done far more than any poet (perhaps as much as all other poets together) to preserve the legends and immortalize the localities of these

portions of our country. It is only necessary to look through the New England volumes of Longfellow's 'Poems of Places' to be satisfied of this. In his treatment of legends, his Quaker truthfulness comes in, and he generally produces his poetic effects while keeping close to history. But his great skill lay in discovery; everything he found was turned to account,

and he shared with Hawthorne the honor of demonstrating that the early New England life was as rich in poetic material as the Scottish.

Of his poetry it may safely be said that it has two permanent grounds of fame: he was the Tyrtæus of the greatest moral agitation of the age, and he was the creator of the New England legend. He was also the exponent of a pure and comprehensive religious feeling; but this he shares with others, while the first two branches of laurel are unmistakably his own. His drawbacks are about as plain and unequivocal as his merits. Brought up at a period when Friends disapproved of music, he had no early training in this direction and perhaps no natural endowment. He wrote in a letter of 1882, "I don't know anything of music, not one tune from another." This at once defined the limits of his verse and restricted him to the very simplest strains. He wrote mostly in the four-line ballad metre, which he often made not only effective, but actually melodious. That he had a certain amount of natural ear is shown by his use of proper names, in which, after his early period of Indian experiments had passed, he rarely erred. In one of his very best poems, "My Playmate," a large part of the effectiveness comes from the name of the locality:

"The dark pines sleg on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea."

In "Amy Wentworth," another of his best, he gives to one of his verses the unconscious flavor of a Scotch ballad by using, as simply as a nameless Scottish minstrel would have used, the names at his own door:

"The sweetbriar blooms on Kittery-side  
And green are Elliot's bowers."

These are the very names of the villages where the scene was laid, and even the Kittery-side is vernacular. Whittier sometimes prolonged his narrative too much, and often obtruded his moral a little, but, so far as flavor of the soil went, he was far beyond Longfellow or Holmes or Lowell. If he lost by want of ear for music, the result was chiefly injurious in that it impaired his self-confidence; and where he had trusted his ear to admit a bolder strain, he was easily overawed by some prosaic friend with a foot-rule, who convinced him that he was taking a dangerous liberty. Thus, in "The New Wife and the Old," in describing the night-sounds, he finally closes with—

"And the great sea waves below,  
Pulse o' the midnight, beating slow."

This "Pulse o' the midnight" was an unusual rhythmic felicity for him, but, on somebody's counting the syllables, he tamely submitted, substituting

"Like the night's pulse, beating slow,"

which is spordale and heavy; but he afterwards restored the better line. In the same





way, when he sang of the shoemakers in the best of his "Songs of Labor," he originally wrote:

"Thy songs, Hans Sachs are living yet  
In strong and hearty German,  
And Canning's craft, and Gifford's wit,  
And the rare good sense of Sherman."

Under similar pressure of criticism he was induced to substitute

"And patriot fame of Sherman";

and this time he did not repent. It is painful to think what would have become of the liquid measure of Coleridge's "Christabel" had some tiresome acquaintance, possibly "a person on business from Porlock," insisted on putting that poem also in the stocks.

Whittier's muse probably gained in all ways from the strong tonic of the anti-slavery agitation. That gave a training in directness, simplicity, genuineness; it taught him to shorten his sword and to produce strong effects by common means. It made him permanently high-minded also, and placed him, as he himself always said, above the perils and temptations of a merely literary career. Though always careful in his work, and a good critic of the work of others, he always talked by preference upon subjects not literary—politics, social science, the rights of labor. He would talk at times, if skilfully led up to it, about his poems, and was sometimes, though rarely, known to repeat them aloud; but his own personality was never a favorite theme with him, and one could easily fancy him as going to sleep, like La Fontaine, at the performance of his own opera.

Yet certainly few men of limited early training have brought from that experience so few literary defects as Whittier. He soon cutgrew all flavor of provincialism, and entered into the thorough atmosphere of literature. The result is that when he uses a mispronunciation or makes a slip in grammar, it has the effect of an oversight or a whim, not of ignorance. Thus he always accents the word "romance" on the first syllable, as in

"Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes;"

and in the poem "The Knight of St. John" has this bit of hopeless bad grammar:

"For since the time when Warkworth wood  
Closed o'er my steed and I."

Yet these things suggest no flavor of illiteracy. A worse fault is that of occasional dilution and the reiteration of some very simple moral. D'Alembert said of Richardson's novels, once so famous, "Nature is a good thing, but do not bore us with her (*non pas jusqu'à l'épuiser*)." Whittier never reaches the point of ennui, but he sometimes makes us fear that another verse will bring us to it; and yet, when he will, he can be thoroughly terse and vigorous. He is always simple—always free from that turgidness and mixture of metaphors which often mar the verse of Lowell. On the other hand, he does not so often as Lowell broaden into the strong assertion of great general principles. Lowell's "Verses Suggested by the Present Crisis" followed not long after Whittier's "Massachusetts to Virginia," and, being printed anonymously, were at first attributed to the same author. Whittier's poem had even more lyric fire and produced an immediate impres-

sion even greater, but it touched universal principles less broadly and is therefore rarely quoted, while Lowell's

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne"

is immortal on the lips of successive orators.

But while this is true, it is also certain that there is room, even in the United States, for such a function as that of poet of the people; and here Whittier filled a mission apart from that of the other members of his particular group of New England bards. The difference was indeed ante-natal, and affords a most interesting study. Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell belonged more or less completely to what one of them described well enough as "Brahmin blood," representing traditions of hereditary cultivation, if not always of station or wealth. Their ancestors were to a great extent lawyers or clergymen, *gens de robe*. With the questionable exception of Father Batchelder, Whittier held a widely different ancestry. But here came in a new element of interest: he came of a race which had a culture of its own, namely, that implied in "birthright membership" of the Society of Friends. He could say for himself in good faith what Lowell said only from a dramatic attitude:

"We draw our lineage from the oppressed."

Nor was it from the oppressed alone, but from those who had suffered in a spirit so lofty and with such elevation of purpose as to yield through transmitted spiritual influence many of the results of the finest training. No one appreciated better than he the essential dignity of the early New England aristocracy—he whose imagination could trace back his heroine's lineage through the streets of Portsmouth, N. H.:

"Her home is brave in Jaffray Street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle-born."

"And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown—  
And this had worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown."

But what was all this to him who had learned at his mother's knee to go in fancy with William Penn into the wilderness, or to walk with Barclay of Ury through howling mobs? There is no better Brahmin blood than the Quaker blood, after all. It was, then, as from kinsman to kinsman that Whittier's last verses were addressed to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston Traveller, Sept. 8, 1892

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By the not unexpected death of the aged Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, a notable career is ended, a life of great usefulness is closed. Descended from Thomas Whittier, who, as a boy of 18, came from England in 1639, and settled in Newbury, he was a typical New Englander, and was the embodiment of those stern and rugged Puritan virtues which have given New England its power and influence in shaping American history and directing American destiny. Combined with

these virtues was the instinct of the reformer, the insight of the poet and the gentleness of the Quaker mystic. As the poet of the great anti-slavery struggle he rendered invaluable service, while he never aroused bitter antagonisms and hatreds. He lived to see the cause to which he devoted his life triumphant, and has enjoyed a happy and serene old age. There is a sweetness and homeliness in his poetry which appeals strongly to the heart, and which has given him a peculiarly warm place in the affections of the masses of the people. He was indeed

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong.

A nation mourns his death, while it rejoices in his noble life. The singer has passed on, but the song still lives.

## Boston Transcript NEW ENGLAND'S SINGER.

### Old England's Appreciation of Whittier's Worth.

### The Robert Burns of the New World.

LONDON, Sept. 8. The newspapers this morning contain editorials on the death of John G. Whittier, the American poet.

The Times says: "It may almost be said that what Scott did for Scotland, Whittier did for New England. The most salient features of his verse were those also observable in his personal character—sincerity, simplicity, earnestness and manliness."

The News says: "Whittier sang of a distinctive New England life as no one ever sang it before, and, since it is going the way of all things, as no one will ever sing it again."

The Standard thinks that it was good fortune rather than preeminent merit that secured Whittier an attentive and sympathetic hearing on this side of the Atlantic. It imagines that in America itself his claims to distinction will be more energetically questioned than here.

The Chronicle says: "Whittier was the nearest approach to our conception of an American Robert Burns that the New World has given us. The world has lost one of the sweetest lyrists of its saddest wrongs."

The Telegraph says: "Whittier possessed no small portion of Wordsworth's genius. Although inferior to the best work of Bryant and Poe, it is probable that his 'Mosses' and 'Maud Muller' will live as long as 'Thanatopsis' and 'The Raven.'"

N.Y. Evening Post

### THE DEATH OF WHITTIER.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's Acquaintance with the Poet.

BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., September 8.—On learning yesterday of Mr. Whittier's death, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Mr. Whittier was one of the sweetest natures—he was one of the sweetest singers we ever had or ever shall have. His death was to be expected in the course of nature, but nevertheless it leaves me stunned."

Dr. Holmes said he had been on terms of in-





timacy with Mr. Whittier for many years. His acquaintance with him dated from the starting of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857. He had corresponded with him ever since then, and of late years had often received from him letters expressing sentiments of the highest regard and expressions of friendship. The Doctor said he had frequently visited Whittier at Oak Knoll. It was, he said, a beautiful sight to see the poet among his trees around his home. "The last time I saw him there," said Dr. Holmes, "was last year, when we had a most delightful time together. When I came away he just loaded me down with fruit. It was a very pretty act."

*Boston Advertiser, Sept. 8, 1892*

### THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

The poet Whittier has chosen the home of his ancestors in which to die,—not the house but the parish, for his first American ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, lived for years in the old town of Hampton, and his daughter, the wife of Christopher Hussey, lived not far from "The Hill" in Hampton Falls, where stands the house of Miss Gove, in which the poet had been spending the summer before his fatal illness. He is descended from one of the sons of Christopher Hussey, who himself seems to have become a Quaker in the latter half of the 17th century, when George Fox and his disciples first invaded New England. Christopher Hussey died in Hampton Falls, or Seabrook, but his descendants colonized Nantucket and also established families in different parts of New Hampshire.

The family of Gove, with which the descendants of Rev. Stephen Bachiler intermarried, was also long ago settled in the parish of Hampton Falls; and the lady at whose house Whittier was visiting is a descendant, no doubt, of that Edward Gove who in 1682 raised an insurrection against King Charles' representatives in the colony of New Hampshire; was tried and sentenced to death for treason, sent to England, and there pardoned by Charles II. after a year's imprisonment. His descendants also became Quakers, and several of them were leading members of the Quaker meeting in Seabrook close to the town line of Hampton Falls, where Whittier and his sister often came from the neighboring town of Amesbury, to join in the silent worship, or to listen to Mrs. Gove, an eloquent preacher, whose death Whittier commemorated by a beautiful poem some years ago. This meeting house is now gone, and I suppose the nearest Quaker meeting for the few Friends who remain in the towns of Hampton Falls, Kensington and Seabrook, is that at Amesbury, near which was Whittier's cottage, when I first visited him.

The fine old house of Miss Gove stands on the hill which gives its name to the small village, and not far from the falls in the little river, which gave their name first to the parish, and then to the town; and the Quaker meeting house of Seabrook is some half mile south of it. It was the home when I first knew it, more than 50 years ago, of Mrs. Wells, the grandmother of Miss Gove, a wealthy widow who owned also the large, three story tavern-house, where the poet has been dining the past summer. This was a famous "stage-tavern" before the Eastern R.R. was built, but long since ceased to be an inn, though sometimes a boarding house of late years. It stands where there was an inn for 200 years, I suppose—or from 1645 to 1845, and there in 1741 was the "George Inn," bearing the head of King George on its sign,

where the provincial authorities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts met for dinner, after determining the boundary line between the two Provinces. Here, also, and in the hall of the house which is now standing, Daniel Webster pleaded an important law case before referees while he was practising law at Portsmouth. As is well known, Webster, as well as Whittier, descended from Rev. Stephen Bachiler, and his Bachiler ancestors lived on a farm 1½ miles north of Miss Gove's, where now stands the villa of Warren Brown.

Of this whole region between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, between the Deerfield Mountains and the seashore, Whittier has been the local poet; there is scarcely a hill or stream or village therein which he has not celebrated in his poems. His ancestors or his cousins lived all about this region, which was in fact the whole of the old colony of New Hampshire when the Husseys were important magistrates there. Hampton Beach, three or four miles from Miss Gove's house, was often visited and sometimes sung by Whittier; and he has even described a fatal voyage down the Hampton River, which has a course of only a few miles before reaching the ocean,—the first navigable stream north of the Merrimac. Up this stream in October, 1638, sailed Whittier's first American ancestor, Stephen Bachiler, accompanied by young John Winthrop, afterwards governor of Connecticut, for the purpose of laying out the plantation of Hampton; and a few months later, his two daughters, Mrs. Christopher Hussey, with her husband, and the Widow Sarborn, with her three sons, joined their father in the new plantation, of which he was the first minister.

No poet of New England has lived so close to the actual habits of the people, in the present and the past centuries, as did Whittier; and his poems of locality will become as much a feature of New England literature as are those of Burns or Scott in their native country. This fidelity to homely fact and profound sentiment have made Whittier more than any other the patrician and religious poet of New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts. He has done in verse what Hawthorne did in prose; it was only the accident or accomplishment of verse which separated these two poets, and made one of them our most graceful and romantic prose writer; while the other became our most spiritual and literal poet.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Sept. 7.

### MY TRIUMPH.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The autumn-time has come;  
On woods that dream of bloom  
And over purpling vines,  
The low sun fainter shines.  
The aster dower is failing,  
The hazel's gold is paling;  
Yet overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear,  
And present gratitude  
Insures the future good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be.  
That in the paths untrod,  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led,  
My heart be comforted.

O loving friends who love me!  
O dear ones gone above me!  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name,  
Hide it from evil powers,  
Save it from evil phrases:  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.  
Not by the page-work painted  
Let life be banned or sainted;  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the real.

Sweeter than any song  
My songs that found no tongue,  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed to act.  
Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong;  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail to win.  
What matter, I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life be sweeter made?  
Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light-bringers!  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and care!

The airs of Heaven blow o'er me!  
A glory shines before me,  
Of what mankind shall be—  
Pure, generous, brave and free.  
A dream of man and woman  
Diviner but still human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;  
An equal-handed labor;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty,  
Ring bells in unceasing peal,  
The joy of unborn peoples!  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own,  
Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the good to be,  
And share the victory.  
I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take, by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

### POET TO POET.

This was Mr. Lowell's verse for Mr. Whittier on his 80th birthday, as published in the famous Whittier edition of *The Advertiser* of that year:—

How fair a pearl chain, eighty strong,  
Lustrous and hallowed every one  
With saintly thoughts and sacred song  
As 't were the rosary of a nun.

Walt Whitman.

### IS THE GREEK'S SIGNAL FLAME

For Whittier's 80th birthday, Dec. 17, 1887.

As the Greek's signal flame, by antique records told,  
(Tally of many a hard-strained battle, struggle, year—triumphant only at the last.)  
Rise from the hill top, like applause and glory,  
Welcoming in fame some special veteran,  
With rosy cheeks, redoubting, and hand he'd served,  
So I pluck from Manhattan's ship-tinged shore,  
Lift high a kindled brand for thee, Old Poet.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

To John Greenleaf Whittier.

At dawn of manhood came a voice to me  
That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more!"  
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door  
It roused a generation, and I see  
Now looking back through years of memory  
That all of school or college, all the lore  
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store





Were nought beside that voice's mastery.  
If any good to me or from me came  
Through life, and if no influence less divine  
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;  
It aught were worthy in this heart of mine,  
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade  
of shame;  
Bless thee, old friend! for that high call was  
thine.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,  
Cambridge, Dec. 17, 1887.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To John Greenleaf Whittier.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave  
more dear  
Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek  
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest  
year.  
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak  
Thy feet have reached, and mine have climbed  
so near!  
Close on thy footsteps mid the landscape drear  
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to  
seek.  
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can  
speak!  
Look backwards! From thy lofty height survey  
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,  
Of dreams made real, largest hopes outtried,  
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning  
shineth  
Streams the pure light of Heaven's unsetting  
sun.  
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal day!  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.  
Boston, Dec. 17, 1887.

Boston Herald, Sept. 12, 1892

#### WHITTIER'S FUNERAL.

The request of the poet that whenever he passed away his funeral might be in keeping with the simplicity and humility of his life was strictly observed. The day was a perfect day for early autumn, and in the house where he had lived relatives and friends gathered for such simple testimonials of affection and respect as the Quaker system allows. The whole population of the town sought to pay some tribute to its most distinguished citizen. The emblems of mourning were displayed at nearly every house as they were in Concord on the day when Emerson was buried. It was such a quiet funeral as Whittier himself has often described, and it was a fitting lowering of the curtain upon a great New Englander, who had sprung from our country hill-sides, and who had celebrated in all its features the rural life of New England. It was not a time for mourning that he had gone. It was an occasion for rejoicing that, a life so nearly perfect had been lived in our community, and had been enjoyed by the people at large. The pastoral simplicity and beauty of this service will be remembered with satisfaction by all who had a share in it, and they were the best sort of tribute to the memory of a great poet. It was the simple acknowledgment of the beauty and ripeness of the life of a good and great man.

Boston Journal, Sept. 10, 1892.

#### WHITTIER'S LAST POEM.

Dr Holmes.

Beloved physician of an age of ail!  
When grave prescriptions fail  
Thy songs have cheer and healing for us all  
As David's had for Saul.

O John Whittier

Hampton Falls, N.H.  
Aug 26 1892

Fac-simile of the Verse Written for The Journal.

The last poem that John G. Whittier wrote is given in fac-simile above. It was written for The Boston Journal in honor of Dr. Holmes's 83d birthday and was originally published in this paper on the 29th of last August.

The warmth of affection that has always existed between Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes has been remarkable, and when The Journal prepared its tributes to the Autocrat Mr. Whittier most willingly responded. He was then staying at the residence of Miss Gore at Hampton Falls, and, though feeling somewhat weak on account of the weather, was not deemed to be at all ill. In fact, it was hoped that he would gather sufficient strength to return very soon to the more active life at Amesbury. But a few days after writing this verse he was stricken with sudden illness, and in less than a week passed away.

In publishing this poem, as written by Mr. Whittier, it is appropriate also to repeat the tribute sent by Dr. Holmes to The Journal last year on the occasion of the last birthday celebration of Whittier. The Journal at that time prepared a tribute to the poet who has since passed away, and warm words of affection were published from Robert C. Winthrop, Sarah Orne Jewett, Lucie Larcom, Celia Thaxter, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Andrew P. Peabody, Rose Terry Cooke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, George W. Cable, T. W. Higginson, Charles Elliot Norton, Donald G. Mitchell and others. Dr. Holmes's tribute at that time was in the form of a letter, reading as follows:

My Dear Whittier:

I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow-men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your

years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past—happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon.

It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapses of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with your own. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years. The image which I have used before this in writing to you occurs more and more to my thought. We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed and the succeeding one found us in the cabin, with a goodly company of coevals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft placed together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar, which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel.

I have just been looking over the headstones in Mr. Griswold's cemetery, entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America." In that venerable receptacle, just completing its half century of existence—for the date of the edition before me is 1842—I find the names of John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes next each other, in their due order, as they should be. All around are the names of the dead—too often of men gotten dead. Three which I see there are still among those of the living. Mrs. John Osborn Sargent, who makes Horace his own by faithful study and ours by scholarly translation; Isaac McMillan, who was writing in 1830, and whose last work is dated 1880; and Christopher F. Cushman, whose poetical gift has too rarely found expression.

Of these many dead you are the most venerated, revered and beloved survivor; of these few living the most honored representative. Long may it be before you leave a world where your influence has been so beneficent, where your example has been such inspiration, where you are so truly loved, and where your presence is a perpetual benediction.

Always affectionately yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.





*Boston Traveller, Sept. 8, 1892*

### Whittier Color Blind.

The poet Whittier, strange as such a defect appears in one who makes such effective use of color in his poetry, is color blind, says the Chicago Journal. He is able to describe with as much accuracy as beauty the tints of the evening sky at sunset, the hues of clouds and forest upon the side of a mountain or the changing purple, blue and violet of the twilight sea.

Recently, however, his peculiarity of vision betrayed him into an error, although not an error discoverable by his readers.

The Quaker poet shares in all respects the quiet tastes of the sect into which he was born, and shares them no less by temperament than breeding, being naturally one of the simplest, sedatest, most retiring and least showy of men.

His friends were, therefore, naturally astonished when he made his appearance one day not long ago with his usually sombre garb enlivened by a flowing necktie of a flaming scarlet hue. They wondered for a time in silence; then a very old friend ventured to inquire:

"There's never worn a necktie like that before, Greenleaf; does thee think it is becoming?"

A little surprised, Mr. Whittier appealed to the company for their verdict, when, the color of the offending decoration being mentioned, he expressed both amusement and dismay, and volunteered a promise to discard it at once and forever. He had purchased it, he assured them, under the impression that it was of a dull and decorous green.

As in many other cases of persons similarly affected, Mr. Whittier's color blindness is only partial, and is limited to an inability to distinguish green from its complementary color, red.

## WHITTIER.

*Boston Journal Sept. 10, 1892*  
Anecdotes of New England's

His Word—During Various

### Interviews.

### Recollections of an Old and Valued Friend.

It is related that years ago, when Whittier's work was not as popular as now, he was walking one day on Cornhill when he met Muzzey, the fisher and bookseller. After some conversation about poetry and one thing and another, Muzzey proposed to pay him \$500 for the copyright of his productions and a percentage on the sales. Mr. Whittier was vastly astonished. He thought bill and book-making had combined to make the man crazy; but Muzzey was dead earnest and at last Mr. Whittier, with a reserved feeling of compassion for the demerited publisher, consented to the arrangement. Muzzey brought out the hitherto ill-dressed and obscure children of the poet's brain, which he picked up here and there, in neat and attractive shape. The sales which im-

mediately followed astonished nobody as much as the poet himself; but he gradually reconciled himself to them and began to put money in his pocket. He realized, however, no very great sum from his productions before the advent of "Snow-Bound," which he himself considered a very important bit of versification. His sudden popularity being one of the greatest surprises of his life.

Mr. Charles Brainerd, who made him a visit after the publication of "Snow-Bound," tells this story: "I found his house newly painted and improved, whereupon I said to him, 'I am surprised that poetry has ceased to be a thing in the market.' The next morning Mr. Whittier's answer came. It was in the winter, and as the poet went up to the fire to warm his hands preparatory to putting them on, he said: 'There will have to excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the Collector.' Then, with a humorous gleam in his eye, he added: 'Since "Snow-Bound" was published I have risen to the dignity of an income tax.'

To an Englishman who lately visited him Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder," he said, "thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

Mr. Whittier when interviewed some time ago as to his favorite works, replied: "Oh, really, I have none. Much that I have written I wish was as deep in the Red Sea as Pharaoh's chariot wheels. Much of the bread cast on the waters I wish had never returned. It is not fair to revive writings composed in the shadow of conditions that make every acceptable work impossible. In my early life I was not favored with good opportunities. Limited chances for education and a lack of books always stood in my way. When I began to write I had seen nothing, and virtually knew nothing of the world. Of course, things written then could not be worth much. In my father's house there were not a dozen books, and they were of a severe type. The only one that approached poetry was a rhymed history of King David, written by a contemporary of George Fox, the Quaker. There was one poor novel in the family. It belonged to an aunt. This I secured one day, but when I had read it about half through I was discovered and it was taken away from me."

Mr. Whittier, in speaking of Longfellow's works a few years ago, said: "'Evangeline' is a favorite with me. I think it is one of the most beautiful of poems. Longfellow had an easy life and superior advantages of association and education, and so did Emerson. It was widely different with me, and I am very thankful for the kind esteem that people have given my writings. Before 'Evangeline' was written I had hunted up the history of the banishment of the Acadians, and had intended to write upon it myself, but I put it off, and Hawthorne got hold of the story and gave it to Longfellow. I am very glad he did, for he was just the one to write it. If I had attempted it I should have spoiled the artistic effect of the poem by my indignation at the treatment of the exiles by the Colonial Government, who had a very hard lot after coming to this country. Families were separated and scattered about, only a few of them being permitted to remain in any given locality. The children were bound out to the families in the localities in which they resided, and I wrote a poem upon finding in the records of Haverhill the indenture that bound an Acadian girl as a servant in one of the families of that neighborhood. Gathering the story of her death I wrote 'Marguerite'."

Once in Concord, N. H., with the English Abolitionist Armstrong, he narrowly escaped rough treatment by a mob. Armstrong and he had been to an Abolitionist meeting at Plymouth, N. H., and were to remain over night at the house of one of Whittier's friends in Concord. Early in the evening the mob took possession of the grounds about the house and demanded the Abolitionists within. After they had made considerable disturbance and

were organizing for a concentrated movement upon the house, a horse and buggy had been quietly prepared for flight in the barn, and Armstrong and Mr. Whittier, descending by a back exit, were hustled into the buggy and driven hurriedly away, pursued for some distance by the mob. They made no stop on the way back to Massachusetts until they had put distance enough between them and their enemies to insure safety. Some years after the Concord episode he was walking the street in Portland, Me., when a man, after eyeing him curiously for some time, finally stepped up and asked: "Is not this Mr. Whittier?" The poet admitted his identity, when the man replied: "I am somewhat ashamed to admit it, but I was one of the members of that Concord mob which was so desirous of meeting you at close quarters some years ago." And what would the mob have done if it had succeeded in getting possession of us?" "Probably your complexion would have been changed considerably," replied the ex-mobber, rather sheepishly. A coat of tar and feathers was evidently intended.

*To the Editor of The Boston Journal:*

May I call your attention to some errors in your sketch of John G. Whittier. In the second column it is stated that "In 1840 Mr. Whittier came to live in a plain, white, old-fashioned house, which he had purchased in the outskirts of Amesbury, and here he lived for nearly 40 years, having as his sole companion, until her death in 1864, his last surviving sister, Elizabeth."

Having been personally acquainted with the family, I speak from my own knowledge when I say that his mother kept house for him until her death in 1857, as stated on your first page, and then his sister Elizabeth, who had lived with them all the time, took her mother's place until she died in 1864. But Elizabeth was not his only surviving sister, as his oldest sister, Mrs. Caldwell, did not die until Jan. 7, 1881, as stated on your first page, sixteen years after Elizabeth. But Mrs. C. was not a member of the family, but lived about one hundred yards from her brother. I think it is scarcely correct to speak of the house as in the outskirts of Amesbury, as it is pretty near the centre of the village; and although after the marriage of his niece (Mrs. Pickard), who kept house for him after the death of his sister, he made arrangements to spend a large part of his time in Danvers, he still retained his home in Amesbury, and as he himself told me when I visited him there last year he spent about one-third of his time there. reckoning from 1840 that would make his residence in Amesbury, at least partially, 52 years.

Allow me to add that your description of his library, with its appointments, is very characteristic, with the exception that his writing table was in the centre of the room, just opposite the open fireplace. The poet was a methodical man, not given to change, and when I was in the library last year it looked just as it used to look when I was a frequent caller there thirty-seven years ago, and I told him so. Will

*Boston Transcript, Sept. 8, 1892.*

### WHITTIER PERSONALITIES.

His Home-Keeping Ways—The Story of His Last Poem—Avoiding Pilgrims—His Relations With His Publishers.

Mr. Whittier was never a traveller. He had not been out of New England for many years. His journeys to Washington and to Pennsylvania were his longest ones. Possibly he was our only American man of letters—certainly the only one of the first rank—who never went to Europe.

Hampton Falls, N. H., where he died, is only seven miles from Amesbury, Mass., his "native home." He had said that he would like to be in Florida or California for a winter, but the going appalled him, and the bright open fire in his library at Oak Knoll has given him condensed sunshine for his recent winters of growing infirmity.

There is an interesting little story in connection with his last poem, "To Oliver Wendell Holmes," which appears in the September At-





lantic Monthly. It was copied for him and sent to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and in the copying a stanza was left out. Nobody will find it easy to guess where the omitted stanza ought to come in the poem as it appears in the current Atlantic. But when Mr. Whittier got the proof he wrote in strenuous haste to inquire for the missing stanza. It was too late then; the plates of the Atlantic had gone to press without it. His readers will have this stanza in the volume of his poems, "At Sundown," which will be out in November.

St. Nicholas has a poem by Whittier which will appear in the November number (the first number of that magazine's year), and the complete book will follow. The letter Mr. Whittier wrote about the missing stanza is the last one received by his publishers. It is a long time since he was in Boston, and his last visit to Mr. Garrison in his office at Houghton, Mifflin & Company's was not a recent one. The autograph copy of the birthday poem that went to Dr. Holmes contained, of course, the stanza the copyist had left out.

Mr. Whittier's relations with his publishers were always of a happy sort. He made a modest fortune from his poetry, and his income might be said to be on an average about that of a college professor. He was most generous to his family, liberal in subscription to good causes, and no man was ever more appealed to from all sorts and conditions of enthusiasts, as well as beggars outright, with no reason for asking except the goodness of his heart.

Several years ago he burned a great quantity of material—letters, etc.—which would be of priceless value to his biographer, whoever that may be. Some one has asked, "Why not Miss Lucy Larcom?" She was certainly very near to him in understanding, affection and long friendship, and knew him thoroughly and well. The letters he destroyed went into the flames at a time when several volumes of "Life and Letters" of eminent men had laid bare to public criticism passing notions, evanescent opinions and sacred secrets of experience. Mr. Whittier had no wish to risk such ill-treatment from an injudicious biographer. It is said that he has since repented of his holocaust of material. At all events there is a great fund of living loving knowledge concerning his simple, democratic, beautiful life readily accessible.

The story has been told before of a visitor to Oak Knoll once praising "Hannah Binding Shoes" to Mr. Whittier, with the comment that the speaker "always liked that best of your poems Mr. Whittier." With a sparkle of merriment in those keen dark eyes (he was color-blind by the way), he said he admired that poem very much himself. After exhibiting an amount of interest in the poem surprising to the visitor who had heard that Whittier was modest about his poetry, the poet called in Miss Lucy Larcom, who chanced to be a visitor in the house, and said "Thou wilt like to meet the author of 'Hannah Binding Shoes,'" and introduced her!

All the world loves a poet, all the world of reading people, at least, and the people who made pilgrimages from far and near to see Whittier were countless. Of late years he has not been able to see many of them, and it has taxed the ingenuity of his friends at Oak Knoll and at Amesbury to keep them away without hurting their feelings. Until a few years ago he welcomed them all; but a chief reason that he went seven miles from home this summer was to be at a place where he could "avoid pilgrims," to use his own phrase. He asked his life-long friend, Miss Gove, one day after meeting, "Abby, has thee a spare room up at thy house?" And of course she was happy to welcome him. He had said within a month that this was the most restful summer he had spent in forty years. They went across to the inn for their meals, except when Mr. Whittier was feeling ill, then they used the little dining-room in the house.

There was a little balcony from Mr. Whittier's room where he could look off to sea. The station agent at Hampton yesterday pointed out to a visitor from Boston the places in sight connected with several of Whittier's poems.

"Yonder are the 'River-mouth Rocks,' and that house there is the one where 'Goody Cole' lived. 'The Tent on the Beach' was over on Salisbury Beach, and [how thoroughly of New England this!] though I've lived here within sight of it for fifty years, I've never yet been over to the beach."

It is particularly broad and lovely at Hampton Falls, and there are two superb elms near

the house where the poet died. And on the way down from Boston you see, in going, the "meadows green and low," and glimpses where a "river comes winding down from salt-sea meadows and uplands brown." It is a journey through Whittier's own country:

"And fair are the sunny isles in view  
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,  
And Agamenticus lifts its blue  
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;  
And southerly, when the tide is down,  
Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,  
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel  
Over a floor of burnished steel."

## WHITTIER AND HIS VERSE.

*The Christian Union* BY S. H. THAYER. pp 223-224.

IF it be true that "all great joys are serious," surely Whittier took deep draughts from these, and felt the exaltation from their springs; for Whittier, of all of our own poets, in the gift of pure spiritual absorption early touched the hem and felt the virtue.

With a father wrought upon by the authority and solemnity of religious teaching, and with a mother devout and zealous in her stern faith, he caught their mantle and breathed their spirit. Sympathy we may know in our commonest life; the rough man's speech breathes it, the humanitarian will send it with his gifts; but Whittier's sympathy is of the sacred sort, weighed down yet winged with the consecrated songs of a consecrated life.

The lonely youth in the wooded vale of Haverhill took on some of the shadow of its loneliness. Whittier loved the wildness of nature, as did Wordsworth and Bryant, but he never caught distinctively the color or the tone of either. The limited culture of his earlier life held him to the more unstudied thoughts and influences that worked through him as he worked, like "a well of water springing into life." Almost without books, repressed by a careful father, he stole moments, as if of gold, in which to con the wild songs of Burns from a volume that happy chance sent him. On the grass, at noontide, by the shadow of the stone fence which he himself was building on his father's farm, he eagerly caught the inspiration, and felt its stimulus gathering and beating in his life. The first paper that came to him with one of his own poems in its "poet's corner" dazed him, thrilled him, elated his heart; and when, later, after successive publications, the editor, William Lloyd Garrison, struck by the promising character of his unknown contributor, searched him out and visited him at his home, the fire burned forth that has never since been quenched.

Happily in vain, his rigorous parent plead with him and with the editor that such notions would undo him for useful work: his power, his genius, had discovered itself; henceforth nothing could change his destiny.

It is plain that Whittier's creations are of the inevitable sort; he was born a poet, not made such; whatever of after culture and training came to him, the flower was in the bud that was to blossom for the world. I will not trace his personal life further, save to mark the simplicity and dignity which its discipline imparted. Whittier, cherishing his newly born love—nay, not newly born, but newly baptized of hope—sang, like the immortal Burns, at his work, keeping time in symphonic thought with the reaping and the threshing.

What, then, is the secret of his music? He had, in a marked degree, the "consecration and the poet's dream;"

didactic, not a preacher, not a psalm singer merely, but both an artist and a prophet, touched by the tongue of fire of truth, which burned in him with an unquenchable glow. He is not an artist for the sake of art, nor a poet for the rhythm and rapture of music alone; but, passing through the portals of song, which lure and hold so many songsters by their sensuous beauty, he enters the inner temple, and brings his offerings to the very altar. First and last, too, an apostolic voice (humanity's own) has uttered its noble dictum through his poetry. His is a manly spirituality, rising above the

and he has written in a fitting time for the best display of his own moral and spiritual distinction. Whittier's profound religious nature must have vent, and the large humanity of that nature swept the keys of that national protest which the public conscience would not let die. Slavery was barbarism and paganism combined; its bonds must be broken; and song after song rang out from the lonely seclusion of that hidden home, punctuated with "Thus saith the Lord," and with the tense and tread of an army, against the wrong.

Whittier is, first and last, a poet of the conscience; not





written scroll like an incense, discovering the divine law in the natural order. From such a fountain, springing from the heights, what tests would we bring to his body of verse?

As we have said, he is an artist, but of no school. Whittier's peculiar meter and rhythm have become famous, and he has the gift of concealing his art; an innate modesty runs through all of his verse as it does through his life. It is the fault of the imitator, the society versifier, that we see through all a labored design; the skeleton is there; he is studied, overnice. Who reads Swinburne but feels satiated with the affectations of his verse? He subordinates matter to manner to the point of attenuation; liquid and musical he is, but he is so overcharged with alliterations, and his methods constitute so chiefly his design, that the effect of his art is sometimes very meretricious. Not that we crave slovenly written verse, but, above all, and first of all, we ask for real beauty, not the toilet's art. Now, if I read Whittier aright, while he feeds the heart, his finish is beautifully adapted to his theme and treatment; there is in him a certain harmony that makes for strength, and there is, frequently, in his verse, a unique beauty of analogy that in his more spiritual themes is often sublime in its deep, sympathetic aptness. Take a stanza from his poem entitled "A Friend's Burial." She is laid to rest within sight and sound of the sea. How fittingly it illustrates this comment:

"Sing softly, spring bird, for her sake;  
And thou, not distant sea,  
Lapse lightly, as if Jesus spake,  
And thou wert Galilee."

This is one of his many famous touches. As an interpreter of the moral law and life, another stanza from the same poem, quite as famous, reveals his largeness of faith:

"From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives,  
The blessed Master none can doubt,  
Revealed in holy lives."

His simplicity, his manner, and his trend of thought conspire alike to elevate and distinguish his poetry. We may well wonder at the marriage of ideas and treatment in one so comparatively unlettered; and, knowing the intimacy that, through long years of literary work, existed between Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, such a contrast in genius and training leaves us to marvel at the tenacity with which he held, and holds, his own individuality of taste and execution. In the matter of culture, he tells us that he felt keenly his own inferiority; this, with him, was not false modesty, it was real feeling. A master in the lore of art and tradition presided over the quartet in Longfellow; the philosophical spirit and temper enriched their intercourse through the sage of Concord; the weird imagination, of Hawthorne played through their talks with a magician's skill; while the still, grave nature of Whittier could not have failed to absorb much that widely contrasted with his own. If he had been a nice imitator, what an opportunity these years would have afforded him! but, artist as he was, he felt that his strength lay in his own individuality. And, conscientious as he was, he must write, himself, his own thought and feeling, in the songs of his life; he would not borrow color or inspiration; they must evolve from his own genius and spirit, and reflect an inner creation. Whittier, unlike others of his contemporaries, did not go far for his subjects. In his tales, he is the poet of New England's lore and

traditions; they lay in his heart; they were his first love. His pictures are conscientiously native to the New England manner and spirit. Far removed from Puritanism as he was, he yet could go behind the crust of its stern thought, and, with large charity take the narrow gauge of its isolated, contracted, yet elevated faith. We can imagine what comments Taine might indulge in if he were to make a study of our Quaker poet. One who could scarcely tolerate the high and serious grandeur of such a noble masterpiece as Tennyson's "In Memoriam" would not dwell happily on the spiritualizations which characterize much of Whittier's meditative verse. Whittier has the English moral reverence and stamina which so baffles the French mind; his protests against wrong are charged with almost a prophet's cry; he is the latter-day Isaiah, but with the faith ineffable, that, like a nimbus, crowns the song of David. In this day of so much elaborate and soulless verse, such a voice as Whittier's sounds as from the heights. As the Christian's watch-tower is, and ever must be, faith, so all men aspiring and toiling upward toward their hope and ambition must have faith—faith in their own destiny, and in all of the processes that tend to it; faith that true work is crowned at last; that longing and constancy have a meaning and a fulfillment; that all of the prayers and pleadings of truth, in art, as in life, point to the benediction: "Well done!" This faith, inseparable from nobleness, broods over the spirit of Whittier, and gives to his work and days a serene atmosphere. A man's poetry will, taken as a whole, express the ideal of the man, if not the real man himself. The restless, intense, turbulent nature of Byron is articulated with almost painful distinctness in his body of verse. The quite gentleness of Wordsworth, his interior serenity of feeling, not conspicuously evident, but deep, is the source from which flows his river of song.

So, like these, Whittier lives and breathes in the music which he makes. Whatever the merit of his verse, great or slight, it always carries with it a pure, sweet flow of harmonious beauty, as if his own spirit were on the surest terms with the truth which he would convey. Keats, in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," makes that immortal climax—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty: that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

This he wrote in meditating on the grace and form of ancient Grecian sculpture. When we read exalted and pure poetry, do we not feel in a high sense the inexpressible charm that springs from this union of beauty and truth? Grecian art revealed this to Keats: it was a sentient ideal with him. Music of a high order carries the same lesson to the ear; and noble poetry, which surpasses in nobleness all other order of creation in literature, conveys the same divine revelation to the mind and soul of man. A discord between the poet's environment and his poetic impulse, as in Byron's life, mars this unity necessary to the realization of Keats's thought. However great a genius, discord between the spirit and the career of a poet will run through his music, and vex its vibration, as surely as defective art will mar its forms. That which distinguishes genius from mere intellectual greatness is this inborn gift of harmony—in some arts we call it proportion, touch, expression; but in music and poetry we feel that it is more a soul quality than in any creation of form or color. To those, if any, who may hold Whittier's work in slight esteem, I submit that he possesses this nameless something, which Carlyle would call the worshipful in him, something which earth neither gives nor takes, which raises him

fancy. All through Longfellow's poetry we are continually surprised by the subtle introduction of material images in illustration of the immaterial, as in these passages: "Our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating."

In the quality of his imagination, Whittier is rather rare and reserved than profuse. He leaves much to be supplied by the reader; he is suggestive rather than voluble; and yet how unlike Longfellow, who is so aptly called the poet of fancy! Whittier, could not have conceived the Cambridge poet's inimitable touches of

high in the scale among poets. With his dominating moral sense, we ordinarily would not expect the exercise of so much conscience in outward finish as we find pervading Whittier's poetry; but we may go far and wait long for one who excels him in the choiceness and euphony of words and sentences.





"Footprints on the sands of time."

"The hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tall their beads in drops of rain."

"Into each life some rain must fall."

"And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

"She floats upon the river of his thought"

"The leaves of memory seem to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark."

These are Longfellow's; uniquely, unmistakably his. We know him by his touches of fancy even when we cannot place the text. Whittier was far removed from this fanciful imagery; his gift had not this airy, magical quality; it rather weighed and deepened than winged his verse. Some passages that I have quoted exemplify this; others might be cited; a strikingly beautiful one occurs in the "Battle Autumn of 1862," where he would express the beneficence of Nature:

"She sees with clearer eyes than ours  
The good of suffering born,  
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,  
And ripen like her corn."

Without possessing any marked dramatic quality, Whittier's imagination is at times boldly realistic, and presents to us vivid scenes where action is strong and passionate; he is picturesquely graphic in description, and at times appeals to our livelier emotions with marked effect. His short poem, "What the Birds Say," is rich with weird imagery. His "Skipper Ireson's Ride" has the genuine Browning accent for nervous, precipitate action; while "Barbara Freitchie" is of a heroic cast that challenges an exalted yet instant enthusiasm. With all of his grandness of nature, Whittier manifests in a variety of poems, distributed over a wide range of years, a steady glow of fervor, that quality which is inevitable in the atmosphere of the poet's inspiring thought, like the electric current, lightening with the object and occasion; his war lyrics are illuminated by it, while in his more ideal, his commemorative, and his spiritual creations alike, it glows with a pure, almost holy emotion; it is a part of himself; like all that Whittier expresses, 'tis the heart of him.

As contrasted with Emerson, Whittier does not work in as abstract or sublimated a realm, but is more human; interprets life, with its range of profound feeling, with more intimate fidelity. His pathos possesses virility and dignity; it effectually discards mere sentimentality. He indulges in no conceits by which to catch the coarser ear. His work is unblemished by those obvious frailties of speech which often mar and taint the work of greater poets, as painters sometimes ingeniously contrive to vitiate the general effect of a fine perspective by incongruities in the foreground. With Whittier there are no degrading surprises, no stoopings to conquer. His imagination exalts his theme; he is serene in the faith that the higher law rules in art as in morals. He does not itch for fame. His true native modesty is an adequate shield against sensationalism in style or subject.

Whittier has written too much, it is true. So did Chaucer, so did Spenser, and even Shakespeare, in their time. So have all of the modern poets, from Scott to Tennyson; the latter, perhaps, less than most. Masters in all arts have left their remnants. Raphael and Michael Angelo have left unworthy relics of their art. We measure a poet by his masterwork, not his inferior—his power is equal to his best. I am not unmindful that Whittier, for the time, seems overshadowed by contemporaries. Such work as his is not bold or striking;

it does not assert itself in the popular impulse. He is the George Herbert of our choir, but as far advanced beyond him as the nineteenth century is beyond the seventeenth. His felicities are of the searching sort. Serious and grave with all, he is neither metaphysical or artful. Light humor is wanting. For passionate appeal, for intense subjectiveness, for the sensuous or sensual appetizing, the world craves the school of a Byron; for a call to self-renunciation and soul service, the world, though not always knowing it, needs a Whittier. He is a benign light that never dazzles. Stimulate the popular sense with the pageantry of wealth, make men selfish, proud, and Christless, and the poetry of Whittier will languish. Stir the conscience, quicken thought and emotion, awaken the moral and ideal, and Whittier's voice has a meaning and a power.

It is a question, I imagine, which the present generation of critics will hardly solve, how posterity will rank such verse as Whittier's. Not only is the class of subjects selected significant as to the relative qualities of a poet, but the tone and atmosphere as well in which the treatment is rendered. I have studied to convey a clear idea of Whittier's standard in relation to these. That Whittier has selected the profounder themes bearing on human existence is eminently true. He treats of the interior phases of human conduct, not the superficial or conventional; he dwells on the value of rectitude and faith, and shows their relation. In a beautiful and simple way he speculates on the divine fruition in obedience to the higher law. He is free from the worn-out traditions of thought; he is catholic and progressive. It appears to me that in his symbolic, poetic reasoning, he leads the mind reverently away from human limitations, and fixes it on the transcendent, the immutable. If, then, the interior and unseen elements of life, nobly treated, constitute an enduring basis in poetry, some of Whittier's work, at least, bears the seal of and holds the key to immortality.

### *The Critics.* Lowell's Love of Dante Aug. 20, 1892

WE QUOTE the following paragraphs from the Eleventh Annual Report of the Dante Society, in which they constitute the report proper, filling five of the 109 pages of the pamphlet:—

The past year has been a memorable one for the Dante Society. The favorable reception by scholars and by the public of works published during the year by members of the Society—Mr. Butler's annotated translation of 'Hell,' Dr. Scartazzini's 'Dante Handbuch,' the late Mr. Latham's translation, with historical notes, of Dante's Letters (the Dante Prize Essay for 1890), and Mr. Norton's translation of the 'Divine Comedy'—has shown with what faithfulness and what success the members of the Society are promoting its object, 'the encouragement of the study of the Life and Works of Dante.'

But the year has been chiefly and darkly memorable for the Society on account of the death of its second President, James Russell Lowell, who succeeded Mr. Longfellow in that office in 1882. The distinction conferred on the Society by its first two Presidents [Longfellow and Lowell] is enduring, and the example afforded by their life and work will be a perpetual stimulus and encouragement to their successors. The following extract is from the records of the annual meeting, May 17, 1892.

'The meeting having been called to order, [President] Norton spoke briefly of the loss which the Society had sustained in the death of its President. Mr. Lowell stood first among the interpreters of Dante to the English-speaking race. Alike as scholar and as poet, by long study and by sympathetic insight, he had become one of the intimate familiars of Dante. He had applied to himself in relation to Dante, the words of Dante to Virgil: "May the long zeal and the great love avail me which have made me search thy volume!" The zeal and love had begun in early life and continued





to its end. Mr. Norton spoke of the character of the instruction given by Mr. Lowell, as professor, to his classes in Dante; and then read some extracts from letters of various dates illustrating the constancy of Mr. Lowell's occupation with the Poet, closing with the following extract from one of his unpublished college lectures:—

"One is sometimes asked by young men to recommend to them a course of reading. My advice would always be to confine yourselves to the supreme books in whatever literature; still better, to choose some one great author and grow thoroughly familiar with him. For as all roads lead to Rome, so they all likewise lead thence; and you will find that in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any really vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and will find yourselves scholars before you are aware. If I may be allowed a personal illustration, it was my own profound admiration for the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante that lured me into what little learning I possess. For remember that there is nothing less fruitful than scholarship for the sake of mere scholarship, nor anything more wearisome in the attainment. But the moment you have an object and a centre, attention is quickened, the mother of memory; and whatever you acquire groups and arranges itself in an order which is lucid because it is everywhere in intelligent relation to an object of constant and growing interest. Thus, as respects Dante, I asked myself, What are his points of likeness or unlikeness with the authors of classical antiquity? In how far is either of these an advantage or defect? What and how much modern literature had preceded him? How much was he indebted to it? How far had the Italian language been subdued and supplied to the uses of poetry or prose before his time? How much did he color the style or thought of the authors who followed him? Is it a fault or a merit that he is so thoroughly impregnated with the opinions, passions, and even prejudices not only of his age but his country? Was he right or wrong in being a Ghibelline? To what extent is a certain freedom of opinion which he shows sometimes on points of religious doctrine to be attributed to the humanizing influence of the Crusades in enlarging the horizon of the western mind by bringing it in contact with other races, religions, and social arrangements? These and a hundred other such questions were constant stimulants to thought and inquiry, stimulants such as no merely objectless and, so to speak, impersonal study could have supplied."

The attention of members is called to the change made by the unanimous vote of the Council, as provided in section five of the By-Laws.

No essays were presented in May, 1892, for the Latham Prize, which therefore remains open for another year. Attention is especially called to the fact that 'the competition is open not only to the students in any department of Harvard University, and to Harvard graduates of not more than three years' standing, but also to students and graduates of similar standing in any college or university in the United States.'

The following subjects are proposed for the year 1892-93, but competitors are at liberty to write on any one of the subjects which have been proposed for the six years during which the Dante Prize has been offered:—

1. A comparison of Dante's system of sins in 'Hell' and 'Purgatory,' and an explanation of its apparent differences in the two realms.
2. Who was the Matilda of the 'Earthly Paradise,' and what is her allegorical and symbolical character?
3. The acquaintance of English writers from Chaucer to Gray with the 'Divine Comedy.'

The first of the papers which accompany this Report concludes the reprint, begun last year, of all documents known to exist concerning Dante's public life. A large part of these documents are contained in books or periodical literature not easily accessible to many students of Dante, and it is hoped that to such this collection of them may be of permanent value; to all students it will be a convenience to have in a single publication documents which have been too long contained only in many different works. The second paper is the list of books and periodical articles relating to Dante, received at Harvard College Library during the year ending May 1, 1892. These number 172 titles, about the same as last year; 52 are works purchased with the Society's money; 53 were given by authors, editors, or others; the rest are articles in periodicals or books bought with Library funds. To the many friends

of the Society in Italy and elsewhere who have presented their writings to be added to its Dante library, and to each of whom a note of thanks has already been sent by mail, the Society desires again publicly to express its gratitude. The third paper is the successful essay in competition for the Timmins Prize of 1891, at the Harvard Annex, printed here through the courtesy of the authorities of the Annex, and at the expense of a member of the Society.  
GEORGE RICE CARPENTER,  
Council of the Dante Society.  
May, 1892.

for him a store of happy recollections, on which he drew delightfully in his later years in conversation and in the lucubrations of his "Easy Chair"; with much graver matter, telling of his exploits in washing dishes and how he danced the clothes-pins from his pockets in the evening's joyous round. From Brook Farm he passed to Concord, Mass., and there for two years increased his intimacy with Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne; the last named, at ambrosial feasts in Emerson's parlor, "riding his horse of the night" in silence for the most part—in whatever company, alone. In his 'Homes of American Authors,' Mr. Curtis's memory of these years helped him

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#### GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

JOURNALIST, orator, man of letters, the leading Independent in our politics, the foremost among those who have endeavored to redeem our civil service from the baseness of a partisan system of rewards and punishments—such was George William Curtis, who died after much suffering on August 31. He was born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824, and was thus, as it were, sealed from his birth to that "soul liberty" of Roger Williams's proclamation which was a watchword often on his lips. With Lowell's birthday on the 22d of the same month, and Longfellow's on the 27th, there was here a pleasant omen of the friendly nearness of these men that would enrich his life; Lowell's the nearer, that the omen might not lack anything of exactness. On his father's side he came of a family that had long been honorably known in Worcester, Mass., and his father, George Curtis, was a man of pronounced business faculty. His mother was a daughter of James Burrill, jr., at one time United States Senator from Rhode Island, and at another Chief Justice of the State; and hence we may imagine that direction of his blood which tended to a life of public interests rather than one of mercantile pursuits. The latter would have pleased his father more, and to this end, in 1839, after the boy had been at a boarding-school near Boston for four years and with a private tutor for another, he was placed in a German importing-house in New York. In these years he had lost his mother, and his father had married again and come to New York to engage in banking. The boy's school-life at Jamaica Plain is supposed to be freely rendered in the opening chapters of 'Trump,' Mr. Curtis's only novel (1858-'9), and not his most successful book.

he remained about four years. This episode afforded him acquaintance with Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Ripley, Emerson, Alcott, Parker, and many other permanent residents or transient visitors at the Farm, and laid up

By this time the transcendental movement was in full swing, and young Curtis's interest in it soon became much deeper than his interest in the routine of business, and he broke away in 1840 and went to Brook Farm, where





to many a vivid stroke; among others, to that tragic incident of a poor girl who drowned herself, which furnished Hawthorne with the basis of his drowning of Zenobia in 'The Blithedale Romance.'

From August, 1846, until August, 1850, Mr. Curtis was in Europe, and he never went again and never felt any pressing inclination to do so. It may well have been, especially in the later years, because he knew that it would be "another Yarrow," and another everything, if he went again. His itinerary, even for those times, was of uncommon interest, for it took him first to Italy, then to Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Egypt, Palestine, and to England on the eve of his return; and it coincided with a period of great events—that of the revolutions of 1848. In Italy, wit—others, he risked a dangerous walk from Como to Milan, and he was in Berlin at the time of the outbreak, and saw that most impressive sight, the coffins of a hundred or more of the dead revolutionists borne in long procession on the shoulders of their comrades to their burial. He made many acquaintances that were an honor to his youth and a growing satisfaction to his maturer years; the Brownings possibly the most precious of them all. The manner of his meeting them is related in one of the "Easy Chair" papers included in the select volume published in 1891.

But Mr. Curtis's travels were of more importance because of the literary fruit they bore than because of any enjoyment that he reaped from them at the immediate time. This fruit—the 'Nile Notes' and 'The Howadji in Syria'—was of an Eastern daintiness which melted in the mouth. They were not the stuff to brace the intellectual or moral man, but they were no vain repetitions of a theme which, even then, was not unworn; they were fantasies upon it which involved every concrete detail in rosy mists of fancy and conceit. The manner was not unrelated to other writing of the time, but it had the stamp of individual talent upon every page. Here, as in 'Prue and I,' sentiment was pushed to the verge of sentimentalism, but not across the line. 'The Nile Notes' was published in 1851, and 'The Howadji in Syria' in 1852; and the latter gave to Mr. Curtis a sobriquet that clung to him for many years and into a period which had little in common with the dreamy languor of the Howadji. While Mr. Curtis was abroad he furnished occasional letters to the *New York Times* and *Tribune*, of which his friends Henry J. Raymond and Charles A. Dana were then managing editors. His first literary work after his return was in the way of musical criticism for the *Tribune*, and simultaneously, or soon after, he wrote a series of letters for the same journal about the Catskills, Niagara, Saratoga, and other places of summer resort. These were gathered into a volume in 1853, and they are as pleasant now as when they first appeared—pleasanter than the places which they celebrate are now, except Niagara, which, like Browning's forest, has "relapsed to its ancient mood." And here it may fitly be mentioned that Mr. Curtis's predilection for "doing good by stealth and getting found out," though for the second part he did not care, had a fine illustration in his silent partnership in the enterprise which

saved Niagara from private greed and made it the possession of the State. No one except his friend Prof. Norton was more helpful in that business.

In 1853 Mr. Curtis did his first work for *Harper's Monthly*, the earliest of his comments on the social world, foregleams of 'The Potiphar Papers' and the long bright day of genial, social satire that was afterwards to shine in his department of the same magazine. But in the meantime he was to have some pleasant and some sad experience as the editor of *Putnam's New Monthly Magazine*. Parke Godwin and Charles F. Briggs, yclept "Harry Franco" in Lowell's 'Fable for Critics,' were associated with him in the editorial care. In it, as in no previous venture, was the promise and the potency of our present *Harper's*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, and *Atlantic*. But it had a character of its own, not reproduced in any one of these, though in the *Atlantic* more than in the others. Mr. Curtis contributed to it his 'Potiphar Papers' and his 'Prue and I,' the former his most satirical performance, showing unmistakably the influence of Thackeray, for whom he had the warmest admiration, increased by personal acquaintance; and though he could not be other than a "kindly wag," his spear disclosed abundant snobishness and other folly in the social world. 'Prue and I' was very different, the most charming bit of sentiment he ever wrote. The different papers which made up 'The Homes of American Authors' were also written for *Putnam's*. His business connection with the enterprise was less fortunate. When the magazine changed hands, Mr. Curtis connected himself with the new firm, which soon failed. Well might Lowell write to William Page, a common friend, "Tincture of laurel is not good for daily bread." By availing himself of legal technicalities Mr. Curtis might have escaped his share of the responsibility, but he was incapable of doing this. Holding himself morally responsible, he went to work as heroically as Sir Walter in his last years, but fortunately with youth and health upon his side, to pay a greater sum than he had ever hoped to gather for his own.

He was now settled in his "Easy Chair," and was also writing a series of papers for *Harper's Weekly* called "The Lounger," but his income from these sources did not begin to meet the creditors' enormous claim. He enlarged his lecture field and gave some years a hundred lectures in the season for such edification. His rivals were Beecher and Chapin and Parker and Emerson and Phillips and many of less note, but no one was welcomed more cordially than he or did less to debase the currency which he exchanged for "Fame," as Chapin called it—"Fifty And My Expenses," then a maximum rate. Parker was more massive, Emerson more profound and mystical, Phillips more incisive, Chapin more vehement, Beecher more humorous and impassioned, but Curtis had a charm of voice and manner of his own, suiting the dignity of noble thoughts expressed in musical cadences. Many of his lectures were upon literary subjects, but always with a lively feeling for the personality behind the book. His "Sir Philip Sidney" was related to his repository much as Phillips's "Lost Arts" to his,

which was much more contracted; and ever, as men heard it, they confused the speaker with the man of whom he spoke. As the anti-slavery combat deepened, his lectures took its impress more and more, until frequently it became his solitary theme, and he must go from Dr. Furness's house, in Philadelphia, to the lecture-hall with eight revolvers in the pockets of as many friends to insure his safety. But, whatever the subject or the inspiration of the lecturer or the editorial contributor, the bulk of all his earnings for a dozen years and more went to the payment of his debt. Yet could political passion rage so fierce in 1884 that men who knew all this could not account for Mr. Curtis's political course but by imputing to him mercenary motives!

Students of Lowell's life have found in his great love for Maria White and his happy marriage with that lady the secret of his deepening purpose and his devotion to the anti-slavery cause. Late in 1856 Mr. Curtis was married to Anna Shaw, and John C. Frémont was at the wedding. Mr. Curtis had just done his best for this candidate in the Presidential campaign, but the Quakers had not "come out," and Frémont could lend to Mr. Curtis's nuptials only the ornament of a defeated general, still picturesque, as he had always been, and little more. But the coincidence of Mr. Curtis's political beginnings with his marriage is too obvious not to suggest a wonder whether here also there was not a *propter hoc*. Certain it is that his wife, a daughter of Francis George and Sarah B. Shaw, and sister of Col. Robert G. Shaw, who was "buried with his niggers" at Fort Wagner, and of Josephine, who married Col. Charles R. Lowell of like glorious fame, was of a stock and parentage so earnest and so philanthropic, and was so true to all their inspirations, that Mr. Curtis may well have found some heightening of his aims in his new life and love and in the new associations that now touched his spirit. Before this there was little in his character that prophesied the man he came to be. It seemed much more likely that his star would lead him to a career exclusively literary, if not dilettantish, than that he would be found among the prophets of political justice and the organizers of political reform. But there was little doubt which way it was leading him after 1856. From that time onward the anti-slavery conflict became more engrossing to his mind and heart, and entered more largely into his public utterance. Not content with this, he entered vigorously into the local politics of Staten Island, where he had made his home, and soon found himself Chairman of the Republican County Committee, an office which he held for many years, nor was it any sinecure as held by him. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln; though Seward was his candidate, he afterwards appreciated to the full the happy fortune which secured the honor for the less experienced but wiser man. A speech which Mr. Curtis made at this Convention was the most impressive and effective of all the shorter speeches of his life. A motion by Joshua R. Giddings to add a clause from the





Declaration of Independence had been lost by a large majority in their desire to conciliate the border States. Mr. Giddings was about to leave the Convention when he was brought back by John H. Bryant, a brother of William Cullen Bryant, to hear a motion by Mr. Curtis which differed inappreciably from his own, and a speech in its support which carried the Convention with its impassioned eloquence and secured for the motion a unanimous vote. After Lincoln's election, Mr. Curtis's energy on the platform and the stump was directed to so husbanding the victories of the war that they should be the victories of emancipation. But before the war was over (1863) he had become the political editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and thus secured "a door of utterance" much wider than the platform of the lecturer had afforded him. In 1869 he was urgently invited to assume the editorship of the *N. Y. Times*, Henry J. Raymond having died. Many have felt that here was the most splendid opportunity he ever had, yet he put it from him as a forbidden thing.

Mr. Curtis has been often spoken of as one who abandoned a literary career for that of politics and reform. But he did nothing of the kind. Ruskin assures us that all rivers have their deep and shallow side. It may not be so—most likely it is not; but Mr. Curtis had his deeper side in his political activity, and a side less deep where his mirth and humor played in and out among the social topics of the time, among men and books, as the sunlight plays among the leaves and pebbles of a river's shallower side. The literary impulse of his youth was continued in the essays of his "Easy Chair," but the essays were not editorials and the editorials were never the superfluous products of his "Easy Chair." It was remarkable that two lines of production could be kept so perfectly distinct for thirty years. But in all this time, and especially in the concluding score, Mr. Curtis had a third instrument of use and power, the oration, in which the strength of his editorial writing and the beauty of his essays both found expression, while there was scope for other faculties which these did not employ, something architectonic, which evolved their structure into a noble symmetry,

"swelling up loudly  
To a climax and then dying proudly."

In these last years Mr. Curtis wrote but few lectures in the manner of those earlier ones which delighted both the town and the country mouse, but he wrote and delivered many orations, and their structure was quite different from that of his lectures. They were generally read, but they had not the effect of reading, and when they were memorized, as at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Arch, there was no creak of the memoriter machine. He was the ornament of many great occasions; municipalities and States were always seeking him for their great commemorations and to honor their illustrious dead. His eulogies upon Sumner and Phillips and Bryant and Lowell were all significant and admirable, each subtly fitted to its special theme, and that upon Lowell (1892) fitly concluding the distinguished line. Each one of these and every other was made

the vehicle of some impressive lesson needed by the hour. And the same is true of all that multitude of speeches which he delivered at civic banquets and on similar occasions.

Already a generation has arisen that knows not the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island, who in 1865 framed the first practical measure of civil-service reform, and, by his intelligent and earnest advocacy, compelled an unwilling legislature to give it at least the semblance of a trial; but Mr. Curtis was always ready to disclaim the honor, which was

frequently accorded him, of being a pioneer in that "wilderness of shameful precedent." He always cherished for Mr. Jenckes a sense of loyalty as to a living chief. He became at once his second in command, and in 1871 was appointed by President Grant to the Chairmanship of the first Civil-Service Commission. He never doubted Grant's sincerity or earnestness in the matter, but the President felt himself too much alone to keep up the weary fight. It was given up in 1873, and Mr. Curtis, whose hopes had been absurdly high, was correspondingly depressed and full of mortification and chagrin. But he soon rallied, and, under his guidance, and inspired by his resolve, the National Civil-Service Reform League was formed in 1881, with local organizations wherever a nucleus of political idealists could be found. The first of these, the New York Civil-Service Reform Association, had been organized in 1877 and reorganized in 1880, from which time Mr. Curtis was its President, drawing to him many strong allies. In *Harper's Weekly* he applauded every onward step, and stigmatized in fitting terms each old abuse or cowardly retreat. He was in correspondence with every Senator and Representative or State official or municipal officer in whom there was any hope of better things. At each annual meeting of the National League, as its President, he made a careful address in which he counted up the losses and the gains and measured men according to their works. And his reward was great. At the time of the last annual meeting already more than 36,000 national offices had been redeemed from the spoils system and made subject to competitive examination and promotion upon merit—to say nothing of the reform effected in New York and in Massachusetts; while bills have been proposed in the present Congress which, if only evidence of that "hypocrisy" which is "the homage that vice pays to virtue," are signs that may not be despised.

To support Gen. Grant in 1872 was a great strain on Mr. Curtis's loyalty to his party; when it came to supporting Mr. Blaine in 1884, the strain was more than he could bear. At the Convention which nominated Blaine he did his best to avert the evil; and when that proved impossible, faithful to his constituents, he remained until the end, to save, if possible, a little from the general wreck. A conference of Independents was soon after held, and an organization formed allying the recalcitrant Republicans with the interests of Mr. Cleveland in the pending election. Of this conference and organization Mr. Curtis was the life and soul. His editorials gave no uncertain sound. They had always been the exact expression of his own opinions, absolute and

complete, equally free from partisan duplicity and personal control. Once, in the Cornell or Folger time, when a phrase in one of them had been softened by his publishers, he being out of reach, the next week the paper was without an editor, and that was sufficient for the understanding that there should be no further tampering. Now, he and they were wholly of one mind. But the campaign was fraught for Mr. Curtis with the utmost bitterness. Day after day his mail came to him foul with anonymous abuse and the reproaches of his dearest friends. And no man had loved the Republican party more than he. Had he remained in it, we are assured that his ideals would have compelled the allegiance of the party soon or late, and that honors only less tempting than the highest would have been at once within his grasp. But for him to remain was simply impossible. Great offices had for him no great temptation.

President Hayes had wished to make him Minister to England, and, further on, to Germany, but he preferred his editorial chairs, though each had no doubt those "thorns in the cushion" of which Thackeray wrote so feelingly. Once he had accepted a nomination for Congress, but it was only "to stand up and be shot at," without expectation of success. But these things were neither here nor there. He could not support Mr. Blaine with a good conscience, and therefore he could not support him at all. In 1888 he again supported Mr. Cleveland. Not that he was by any means satisfied with his administration of the civil service, but he thought Mr. Harrison would do much worse, and the event has justified his premonition. Latterly, with renewed confidence in Mr. Cleveland, his confidence in the Democratic party as represented by its managers and Congressional representatives and Tammany Hall had steadily declined. But the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in spite of these assured him of the sounder mind in the great body of the party.

In 1867 Mr. Curtis was Chairman of the Committee on Education in the State Constitutional Convention, and in the course of the debates he urged the enfranchisement of women in a speech of great ability, but without any practical result. The enlargement of women's educational opportunities was a matter very near his heart, and he brought all the resources of his humorous satire to bear on the opposing party. As a member of the Board of Regents from 1864 he exerted a happy influence on the educational methods of the State, and as Chancellor of the University of the State of New York he mediated graciously between the confidence of the larger universities and the jealousy of the smaller colleges and academies. As President of the Metropolitan Museum his influence was steadily for the improvement of its collections and their more unrestricted popular use on all days of the week. He was the President of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches and a Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association. That he was also an officer of the Free Religious Association shows that his Unitarianism was of the radical type. In the little Unitarian Church at Staten Island he often read the





sermons of Martineau and Dewey and others to "audience fit though few."

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In 1889 Mr. Curtis edited an edition of John Lothrop Motley's letters, and it was characteristic of his genial disposition that he omitted almost every reference to the most painful episodes of Motley's life. It was only natural that there were those who thought that this was not well done.

No man was ever less inclined to insist upon the maxim, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." He did a very great amount of unrewarded, often thankless, work, especially as he answered every decent letter he received, however stupid it might be. He was prodigal of help to those who sought his judgment in great literary tasks. His eloquence was often at the service of some honorable cause or valued friend. In every personal relation he was a good man to know, a better man to love, as relative or friend. He was full of pleasant talk and golden memories of persons and events, nowhere more interesting and engaging than in some friendly circle; everywhere, and especially in his own home, the least formidable of men, putting the most awkward at their ease. His most remarkable endowment was not any intellectual distinction, any imaginative force or originality of mind, but a character which united in itself the rarest gentleness and the sternest sense of duty and resolve to have it done. He was our Puritan cavalier. His gracious manners masked an iron will. He added nothing to our literature which did not make for kindness, charity, and peace; nothing to our politics which does not shame its ordinary levels and beckon it to higher things.

*The Independent, May 10, 1894*

### THE DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO.

AN event of the greatest interest, not only to archeologists and classical scholars, but to the world of culture generally, is the recent reproduction of the Hymn to Apollo, found on two inscriptions unearthed at Delphi by the French excavators last October. Every one can imagine the emotion with which the select audience, gathered recently in the library of the French School at Athens, listened to the tones which, after a silence of two thousand years, once more vibrated upon the air. The melody, rendered by four male voices in unison and accompanied very cleverly on the piano by M. Nicolle, a French student of ancient musical lore, produced a powerful impression; its weird cadences had a mysterious charm, and the prevailing minor character gave to the whole hymn an effect of grandeur and majesty. It is understood, of course, that these effects were partly due to the piano accompaniment; but the latter, as M. Nicolle assures us, was composed on the basis of what is known of ancient Greek instrumental music, so that it is not unfair to judge of the performance as a whole. But we owe the reader the chief details of this subject.

This Hymn to Apollo consists of two inscriptions, or rather two slabs of the same inscription, found in the Treasure-House of the Athenians at Delphi. The beginnings and the ends of the slabs are mutilated, and the first slab has lost a large piece down the right-hand side; but there can be no reasonable doubt that they

belong together, and probably there was a third slab as well, for the conclusion of the Hymn is not to be found on the second. The letters of the inscription are of the post-classic style, an indication confirmed by what seems to be a reference to the invasion of Greece by the Gauls in 278 B. C. Thus the Hymn in all probability dates back to the middle of the third pre-Christian century, and was contemporary to the more learned, tho hardly more powerful hymns of Kallimachos. It was evidently sung by an Athenian deputa-tion or band of pilgrims on their march up to the sacred Kastalian fountain; indeed, the conjecture made by M. Reinach is quite plausible, that it was composed by order of the Athenian Republic and sung at the festival of the Sôteria (in memory of the victory over the Gauls) by the great embassy sent to Delphi to thank the god for sparing Athens the calamity of foreign invasion.

The hymn is composed in the peonic meter, with all its varied substitutions. Following is the text with a literal translation, as restored by MM. Reinach and Weil, of Paris. First fragment:

[Αθ]ηναῖος.

[τὸν καθαρί]σει κλυτὸν παῖδα μέγαν [Διό]  
[ς ἔρωσ' ἄτε πα]ρ ἄκρονιφῇ τόνδε πάγον ἀάμ-  
[βροτα πρό] πασι θνατοῖσι προφαίνει [εἰ]  
[ς λόγια, τρ]ίποδα μαντεῖον ὡς εἰε[λες, εχ-]  
[θρὸς δὲ ἐφρ] ουρρεῖ δράκων, ὅτε τε[ίοισι]  
[βέλεσιν ἐτ]ορησας αἰδῶν ἐλκτάν[φονάν]  
συυρίγασθ' αἰεὶς ἀθώπ[εντος]

δὲ Γαλαταῖν ἀρης [eight broken lines]

Second fragment:

ιστον θεόν οσ

[Ἐλκῶ]νι καθύδενδρον αἰ λά[χε]-  
[τε, Διὸς] ἐ[ροι]δρῶσιον θύγατρ' εὐώλε[νοι,]  
μόλε[τ]ε, συνόμαιμον ἵνα φοισίδον ὠδαεῖ-  
σι μέλψητε χρυσεοκόμαν, ὃς ἀνὰ δικορύν-  
ια Παρνασσίου ταάσδε πετέρας ἔδρανα μ[ε]-  
τὰ κλυταῖς Δεελφίσιον Κασταλίδος  
εὐνύδρον νίματ' ἐπενίσταται, Δελφὸν ἀνὰ  
[πρ]ῶνα μααντεῖον ἔφετων, πάγον.  
[Ἴθι], κλυτὰ, μεγαλόπολις Ἀθῆς, εὐχαε-  
[ῖσ]ι φερόπλοιο ναῖουσα Τριτωνίδις δά[πε]-  
[δ]ον ἀθρανστον· αἰεὶς δὲ βωμοῖσιν Ἀ-  
[φ]αιστος αἰεῖθε[ι] νέον μήρα ταοήρων ὁμον-  
ου δε νιν Ἀραψ' ἀτμὸς ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνακίδν[α].  
ται· λυγρὸν δὲ Λωτοδὸς βρέμων αἰδῶλοισ[μέ]-  
λεσιν ὠδαῖν κρέκει, χρυσέα δ' ἀνίδρου[ς κ]-  
θαρις ὕμνοισιν ἀναμέλπεται· ὃ δὲ [θ].  
[ε]ω[ρ]ῶν πρόπας ἔσμος Ἀθῶιδα λαχ[ῶν]

" . . . the Athenian [or, By Athenæus] . . . These we praise, son of great Zeus, famous for thy playing upon the cithara, who beside this snow-capped mountain dost foretell divine words to all mortals . . . how thou didst capture the oracular tripod guarded by a hostile dragon, when with thy arrows thou didst pierce his spotted, colling body . . . wildly hissing, untamed . . . the war of the Gauls . . . passed the unholy . . . (Second fragment): . . . Ye daughters of loud-thundering Zeus, who have received as your portion thickly-wooded Helicon, ye of the beautiful arms, come and with your songs extol your brother Phœbus of the golden locks, who near the twin-peaked abodes of this Parnassian rock, hovers among the far-famed Delphic maidens about the waters of Kastalia's plenteous spring, as he visits this lofty crag of the Delphic oracle. Come with thy prayers, O glorious Attic metropolis, who inhabitest the undestroyed land of the armed Tri-





tonis. Upon the sacred altars Hephaistos burns the thigh bones of young bullocks and at the same time the black vapor [*Ἀραψάρμος*, incense?] is wafted up to Olympus. Merrily the whistling pipes strike up an ode of varied song, and the golden, sweet-voiced cithara resounds with hymns, while the entire body of envoys, who have received Attica as their lot . . ."

That this hymn was set to music would be evident, even were there no musical signs affixed, from the reduplication of many vowels or diphthongs (e. g.,

*ἱπποον-ου-πει-ει*) denoting that the reduplicated syllable covered two notes when sung; but, fortunately, the musical score is also given, by letters of the Ionic alphabet, upright or reversed, placed above the syllables. M. Reinach transcribes the melody on the modern key of three flats, tho this is, no doubt, arbitrary. One notices the great range of the melody, covering more than the mean vocal octave *f-f*, and reaching the limit of an augmented eleventh. The rhythm of the hymn is  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, with a noticeable increase of vivacity in the second half.

With regard to the musical notation, the new Hymn, which is the most complete and authentic document of its kind, more than confirms beyond all doubt the testimony of ancient writers on the theory of music. Our knowledge of ancient Greek music (indeed, of Roman music as well, which is never spoken of as distinct from the Greek) has been derived hitherto from a few unimportant fragments of musical pieces, a few scattered notices in the works of Plato and Aristotle, and a goodly number of theoretical works of ancient authors. Thus, we have three hymns of Dionysius and Mesomedes (of the reign of Hadrian), the instrumental composition of the Anonymous (ed. Bellermann), a short, musical inscription of Tralles, and a fragment of a chorus of Euripides's "Orestes" (ed. Wessely), since proved to bear no musical signs, but only peculiar punctuation marks. The chief theoretical works are those of Aristoxenos, the real founder of ancient musical science, of Aristides, the orator, of Claudius Ptolemæus, the eminent astronomer and mathematician of the reign of Antoninus Pius (preserved only partially in a commentary of Porphyrius). To these must be added the works of Alypius, Gaudentius, Pseudo-Plutarch, Martianus Capella, Boethios, and the stray notices in Pollux and Athenæus. The work also of Manuel Briennios (fourteenth century) is of great importance for the many excerpts which it contains of ancient musical lore.

As is well known, the Greeks used a different notation for instrumental and for vocal music. The latter comprised fifteen signs or notes, of which the new Hymn gives fourteen, *ΦΥΟΜΑΚΙΘΓΒΥΧ*. Alypius gives the varied notation of these fifteen notes in three classes: diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic, a distinction which will be perfectly intelligible to modern students of music. The fourteen musical signs of the new Hymn, with the exception of two, belong to the notation of the chromatic trope. Yet the character of the melody is not strictly chromatic throughout; on the contrary, the opening twenty-five lines are diatonic, then follows a chromatic passage badly mutilated, on quite an elevated pitch. With the beginning of the second half we have another diatonic passage, followed by the chief chromatic passage, and lastly another diatonic passage. It would seem that these changes in the character of the music correspond to changes in the subject matter of the text.

The music of this Hymn belongs to the so-called Phrygian or Hypo-Phrygian class. The ancient authors give eleven harmonic classes or scales—the Lydian, Phrygian, Doric, Meso-Lydian, Hypo-Lydian, Ionic or Hypo-Phrygian, Æolic or Hypo-Dorian, Boeotian, Syntono-Lydian, Lokrian and Syntono-Lokrian. This array of names gives an insight into the great range and detail of ancient music to a degree surpassing all our modern systems and even the capacity of our modern instruments.

To those who wish to look further into this matter one may recommend the excellent articles in Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities (latest edition), Müller's "*Handbuch der klassischen Alterthumswissenschaft*," Vol. II (second edition), Westphal's "*Die Musik der alten Griechen*," and Gevaert's "*Histoire et Théorie de la Musique de l'Antiquité*." For the new Hymn to Apollo see the latest French School Report ("*Bulletin de Correspondance hellénique*," 1893. Second half).

A practical suggestion in closing. The glory of having unearthed these precious musical fragments at Delphi would to-day belong to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, had the \$80,000 necessary for the Delphi excavations been raised in America more promptly. Let the past supply lessons for the present. The American School has just received the privilege from the Greek Government of excavating the northern slope of the Acropolis at Athens, where the most important public buildings of the ancient city are undoubtedly buried under fifty feet of earth. It is to be hoped that the friends of classical learning and culture in America will be more prompt this time with their subscriptions.

For the facts given above we are indebted to Demetrius Kalopothakes, Ph.D., Lecturer on History in the National University of Athens. An early announcement of the discovery should be put to the credit of Professor Manatt in *The Brown Magazine* for April.

#### PHILLIPS BROOKS AND THE MODERN PULPIT.

OF Phillips Brooks it can be said, more truthfully than of any other clergyman of his generation enjoying anything like his fame, that his career and success were those of a preacher. In an age when it is universally agreed that the pulpit has declined, he was able to attain in it an eminence and a power as great as any man could desire. Such a figure as his in the Christian pulpit of the last half of the nineteenth century may well give pause to those who are affirming that modern conditions have for ever broken the power of the old-time preacher. To those, on the other hand, who say that modern conditions are all wrong, and that the thing to do is, with Cardinal Newman, to wish that the world might again become bigoted and superstitious, so that religion and its official expounders might be restored to their old place—to such bewailers of the good old times the career of Phillips Brooks in the better new times ought also to furnish food for thought. They ought to be





led by it to ask themselves whether the wise way is to seek in vain to bring back what is now in the irrevocable past, or to adjust themselves to the present.

This is what Brooks did. He furnished no proof whatever that an old-time preacher can flourish under modern conditions as well as a century ago, for the simple reason that he was not an old-time preacher. Whatever genius he had, lay in his perception that the men of his generation can no longer be reached by the methods of the past, and in his power to speak the language of the present. His example does not show that it is still possible for the pulpit to hold its old place, but only that it is still possible for the pulpit to make for itself a new place. How that new place can be made may be seen by a glance at some of the qualities which gave Phillips Brooks his influence.

His liberality was sincere and boundless. It did not consist, as in too many cases, of a grudging recognition of the fact that opinion can no longer be controlled by ecclesiastical or civil law, and so find its main expression in calling freedom of thought freedom to damn yourself by false beliefs. Nor was his liberality mere indifference, as if all truth were pretty doubtful anyhow, and all you had to do was to choose your party or your church and then stick to it. His convictions were profound and intense, but so, he clearly saw, might be other men's who differed from him. His method, therefore, was not to denounce others, or to seek to impose his beliefs on them, but to join hands with all earnest men everywhere in the search for truth and righteousness.

Obviously such a man could have no sympathy with anything that was merely sacerdotal. The forms and conventions of his church he used with ease, and doubtless with pleasure, as Emerson said that a man of native strength and skill of handling could succeed even under the oldest and mouldiest conventions; but when men attempted to bind him with them he snapped them as Samson did his green withes. Professional airs and priestly assumptions were abhorrent to him. He was always horrifying the "unco guid" of his own denomination by his carelessness of clerical privilege, and by the frank terms of equality on which he placed himself with all honest and benevolent men. Even the robes of a bishop could not make an ecclesiastic out of him, and only a few weeks ago a fellow-bishop, whom it is charity not now to name, published a long protest to the Church at large against the scandalous conduct of Phillips Brooks, an Episcopalian bishop, in consorting with Congregational publicans and Unitarian sinners.

Of still more importance in securing him his sway over men was the perfect sincerity which always marked his bearing and his speech. He never gave the impression of keeping back anything, of "looking this objection full in the face," as a preacher said once in unconscious confession, "and passing by on the other side." It is not probable that he was a great student, or deeply read, but he knew what men were thinking of, and he had the gift of speaking to their real and present needs. Religion was in him near to Matthew Arnold's famous definition of it as "morality touched with emotion," and his greatest flights as a preacher were those in which he glorified the common round and daily task of mortals with the light of eternal principles and hopes. Wall Street crowding Trinity Church at noon-day meetings for a week to hear Phillips Brooks speak on righteousness and truth and judgment gave striking testimony to the power of his honesty and manly faith.

His life proves, in short, that if the pulpit has declined, the trouble is with the pulpit and not with the times. It is a great mistake to suppose that the opportunity of the preacher has passed or is rapidly passing. What has passed is the notion that a sermon, as such, is a channel of grace; that an illogical harangue is not an illogical harangue when delivered from the pulpit; that a man whom his college mates know to be of no more than average ability becomes suddenly endowed with supernatural wisdom and authority upon entering the ministry. All that is dead and gone. But what has not gone, what will never go as long as human nature remains what it is, is the willingness of men to hear gladly the preacher who can put an ideal interpretation upon their lives, and quicken all their nobler aspirations, and strengthen them in all their worthier resolves. For such a preacher the time is always ripe, and for lack of him too many churches are in the condition of the one where Carlyle went to hear Sterling preach—where, he said, it would be possible to let off a musket in any direction without danger of hitting an auditor. Phillips Brooks has no better lesson to teach the ministry of to day—and he was emphatically a preacher's preacher—than the lesson that the surest way to reestablish the pulpit in the respect and affection of the people is to make it tolerant, unaffected, progressive, and, above all, transparently honest.

THE LATE MRS. THEODORE PARKER.—The widow of Theodore Parker died in Boston on Saturday night, April 16. She was almost seventy years old, and had for some time been in delicate health. A year or more ago she was injured by a carriage accident, from the effects

of which she had never fully recovered. Since the death of her husband in 1860 she has lived a very retired life, her name seldom appearing before the public; and of late years she has been known intimately to a comparatively small circle. She was connected with old Boston families. She was highly cultivated, said to be something of a linguist, and accomplished in many ways. Pleasant reference is made to her in Weiss' life of Parker, and some of her letters are there quoted. She was devoted to her husband, and was his companion and helpmeet. She had maintained some honorary connection with the remnant of Parker's society which established the Parker memorial, but did not take any active part in it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MOTLEY AND PRESCOTT.—The Boston *Herald*, writing of distinguished authors whose earlier works were rejected by publishers, names Carlyle, Thackeray, Kinglake and Anthony Trollope as having passed through that pleasant ordeal. It also mentions that John Lothrop Motley underwent the humiliation of receiving his manuscript of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" back from the famous publisher John Murray, of London, with thanks and compliments. But his first disappointment was when, after he had spent several years in the collection of the material and sketching and laying out his work, he heard that Prescott was preparing a "History of Philip II." Motley was almost crushed by the news. He felt that he would have to renounce forever a long-cherished idea, and probably give up his career as author. He had long had the intention of writing some kind of a history, making the choice of subject a second thought; but this subject had attracted him, and he was absorbed in it. He felt the necessity to write the book over which he had thought so much, but no disposition to write on another subject. He went to Prescott, and frankly explained his position. Prescott treated Motley in the same noble spirit with which Scott had treated Robert Chambers on a similar occasion, and encouraged and supported him in every possible manner. Had the result of the interview

been otherwise, Motley said that he would have laid aside his pen forever.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.—When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it. A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time.





# THE POET OF OUR HOME LIFE.

John G. Whittier Is so Termed  
by Rev. L. A. Banks.

*Boston Herald, Sept. 10, 1892*  
His True Pictures of New England  
Life—Rev. E. L. Rexford Says the  
Quaker Verse-Maker Was the Friend  
of Mankind—His Efforts to Secure  
of Woman Suffrage.

On the 10th of September, yesterday morning, in the Episcopal Church, dedicated to a series of three discourses on the life work of the poet Whittier, his special theme being "Whittier, the Poet of New England Home Life." He chose for his text: "Who prophesied with a harp." I. Chronicles xxv., 3.

He said in part: David, the poet-king, had as a department of government a company of sweet singers, who were gifted with the prophetic spirit, and who voiced their message in song. We came to study the work of a prophet soul, who voiced the thought and feeling and sentiment of the common home life in New England perhaps better than any one else, not from pulpit or altar, but from sweet, melodious harp.

Whittier was a son of the soil, like Amos, who was called from among the herdsmen and from dressing sycamore trees, or Elisha, from his oxen and his plough. For Whittier to sing of New England home life was only to count his own pulsebeats, for its music was in his very blood. He was born in one of the "sweet homes" that "nestle in these dales."

"And perch along these wooded swells,  
And that beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells.  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
Nor woman winned before her time;  
But, with the faults and follies of the race,  
Old homestead virtues hold their not unhonored place."

He was his own "barefoot boy" of his later song, who

"Was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honey bees."

No one born out of New England could ever have sung the song of "The Pumpkin" with so much delicacy and pathos.

Who could sing about the old New England cobbler's bench like the boy who earned his first schooling through long winter's toil making shoes? Never out of his memory was lost the vision of the shoemaker

"Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed ends warm.

And there, in the cotten weather,  
He stitched and hammered and sung;  
In the brook he moistened his leather,  
In the pewter mug his tongue."

No one has told the story of winter in the New England farmhouse like Whittier in "Snowbound." How many gray heads have lost their frost and been boys and girls again, as carried on the current of his song, they have been

"Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged, I hearth about,  
Content to let the north wind roar,  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost line back with tropic heat."

What matter how the night behaved  
What matter how the north wind raved?  
Hush! hush! blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearthfire's ruddy glow."

No poet in our time, or in any time, has brought out more clearly the divine influence of friendship and love on our everyday home life than Whittier. It shines out in the oft quoted poem, "In School days," in the face of the little girl who hated to go above him.

"Because, you see, I love you!"

And there is a deep sigh which many of

us have felt and understood in the last verse:

"He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph, and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him."

## A FRIEND OF MANKIND.

The Poet Whittier as Seen by Rev. E. L. Rexford of Roxbury.

The life and works of the dead Poet Whittier furnished a theme for Rev. E. L. Rexford's discourse at the Roxbury Universalist Church yesterday morning.

The gentlest, kindest and most amiable elements, said he, were possessed by Whittier. By the children he was dearly beloved, and the same tender feeling went out to him from the aged. On the whole, he was a simple and noble friend of mankind.

Great characters are not the products of their own age. Supernatural qualities are usually called in. Emerson was professed by seven generations of noble ancestry. Whittier was filled with all good filial loyalty, and he paid tribute to his parentage. In the brotherhood of humanity he saw his religious expression.

His first American ancestors came to this country in 1634, and it was in the second generation that Quakerism was adopted. He was born and reared in a religious society whose first principle was brotherhood. He learned the meaning of brotherhood, and virtually said that all men were his brothers. From that principle he acted from his birth until last Wednesday morning.

Quaker though he was, he saw that there could be no peace in public life as long as slavery existed. Whittier lost no opportunity to thrust his lance through wrongs that predominated in this country. His poems fairly burned with indignation when the occasion required.

In the Lincoln campaign he made the Quakers of Pennsylvania come out to vote. This incident occasioned his song, "The Quakers Are Out." It seems impossible to us of this generation that public sentiment should be revolutionized in the life of one man. Not only the slave of the South, but the oppressed of everywhere were near to his heart.

Just to the red man, he was also just to the women of this country. For many years he has been a prominent advocate of woman suffrage. He has been sympathetic and responsive as a listener to the manifold cries of human distress. The heart treasure of childhood and old age, Whittier abides with all and is loved by all.

## A NEPONSET PASTOR'S TRIBUTE.

At the Appleton M. E. Church, Neponset, yesterday morning, the pastor, Rev. E. H. Hadlock, paid a brief tribute to the late John G. Whittier.

After speaking briefly of the early life and formative influences brought to bear upon the young poet, Mr. Hadlock dwelt particularly on Whittier as the Christian poet of America, and pre-eminently the Christian poet of New England.

As distinctively a Christian poet, Whittier has no peer among his American colleagues. His life was devoted to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, the uplifting of his race and the amelioration of the condition of his countrymen. Incessantly and unselfishly he toiled for the glory of God and the welfare of men. The speaker quoted several selections from Whittier's poems, to show the religious tone of his poetry, among them a selection from the latter part of Whittier's recent tribute to Holmes:

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When all's eternal state.  
We are the words and works we call our own  
From now on all; our consciousness of soul  
Brings us to God, no more  
But we are come to Him, who all things gives,  
And all things because he lives."

The great American poet has seen God waiting, and seen his beckoning hand, has obeyed the summons, and has gone to be with him, whom his soul loved, and for whom he lived.

# Tributes of the Preachers to the Quaker Poet.

*Boston Herald, Sept. 12, 1892*  
Rev. S. L. Bell of Marblehead on  
"The Character and Influence of  
Whittier"—Rev. Louis Albert Banks  
of New Bedford, the Poet Reformer."  
—Memorial Service in Melrose.

Rev. S. L. Bell of the First Congregational Church, Marblehead, delivered a very interesting discourse on "The Character and Influence of the Late John G. Whittier," at that church yesterday morning.

Mr. Bell took for his text: Amos vi., 14, 15, "I was no prophet, neither was I a son of a prophet, but I was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit, and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go: prophesy unto the people of Israel."

He said in substance: "It was Whittier's lot to know something of the stern conditions under which the ordinary soul is educated among us, and fitted for its work in life. There was for him no luxurious home, no splendid library, no schools of art and of music in which the great possibilities of his nature might be developed. But in spite of his environment he early showed distinctive signs of genius. His contributions to the press before he attained manhood proved that he was not destined more than the prophet Amos to remain a tiller of the soil."

"The character of Whittier was always charming and attractive. He was one of the most sincere men this century has seen. His convictions were the result of his fine sense of righteousness and the ever-abiding consciousness of his duty to God and humanity."

"The existence of wrong troubled his soul and forced him to speak out what was in him. It was impossible for him to be false to his better nature, and to turn away his ear from the cry of the suffering and oppressed."

"However, he was remarkable for the simplicity of his manner and habits of life. He was not spoiled by flattery or flattered into self-consciousness by his enthusiastic admirers. The grace of modesty, meekness and gentility never forsook him."

"What a delight it was to see him in his own home! He sat in plain clothing in a small and unpretentious room, with eyes full of meaning, and a voice which in conversation on favorite themes often became as musical as a rippling stream. And there was in him a singular purity of thought and aim and purpose. Whatever things made for the elevation of his spirit, for the enrichment of his soul, for the lessening of the world's burdens were loved by him and used for the moulding and shaping of his character. In him there was no guile. He lived in an atmosphere of saintliness all his days and was truly a man after God's own heart."

"He was unquestionably a great poet, though by no means the greatest of American poets. He had not the deep and measured cadence of Bryant, who not seldom reminded us of one of the old psalmists. He had not the nimble fancy and subtle power of touching the common which are so conspicuous in the lines of Longfellow. He had not the clear insight and virile movement, the creative force and wealth of allusion, and the classic elegance and perfect grace of Lowell."

"But he had to a marvellous degree the lyric quality of Burns. When the inspiration was upon him, the verses came spontaneously, and their rhythm was of the highest order. He had such buoyancy and energy, and consciousness of diction and sublimity of thought, such sweet and beautiful ideals, that he carried his readers along with him with ever increasing admiration and pleasure. Under the spell of his genius they forgot his errors of grammar, his mistakes in accent, his too frequent repetition of ideas, his strained moral observations."

"But his poetry is full of the noblest moral teaching. God is to him the Father of the human race: all men are brethren: the





universe is the symbol of the Divine presence and energy. Upon these three pregnant and thoroughly scriptural ideas he constantly dwelt in his meditative hours and in his moments of rapturous song.

"And now he has gone to his reward. We shall not look upon his like again. But we are unfeignedly thankful for the blessings he has left us, and we shall endeavor to secure his Christ-like temper and the splendid charity of his words and deeds."

#### REV. L. A. BANKS ON WHITTIER.

Yesterday morning, in Grace Church, on Temple street, Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks delivered the second of a series of three discourses on Whittier, his subject being "Whittier—the Poet—Reformer."

He said in part: William Lloyd Garrison was Whittier's Elijah. He found him a barefooted young lad who had had the slightest possible opportunities for education, and whose only acquaintance with books was confined to a library of 20 volumes, and a stray copy of Burns' poems, borrowed from a pedler. It was Garrison's kindly sympathy and keen appreciation of the abilities indicated by Whittier's early verses that inspired in his heart a determination to have a better education, and to fit himself to take an earnest part in the work of reform.

It is not hard to understand how a strong, magnetic nature like Garrison's, all aglow with his undying love for humanity and hatred of oppression, should have moulded the shy young Quaker into a living engine of reform. In those early days of the anti-slavery agitation, no message rang out with a truer note in behalf of "Americans to market driven, and bartered as the brute for gold!" than Whittier's.

Some of his lines reflecting the heartlessness of slavery's disregard for the rights of humanity might easily be applied, without change, to conditions that exist all too often among us today.

Whittier did not cease to be a reformer when slavery was overthrown. Oppression anywhere aroused his indignation and compelled his sympathy. He was a warm friend of equal rights for women, had the most hearty sympathy for the temperance cause, and was ever ready with voice and pen to defend the Indian, the prisoner in debt or any one about whose head misfortune gathered.

## WHITTIER'S FUNERAL.

Grandly Solemnized Beneath  
the Trees.

Boston Transcript

Thousands View the Honored Poet's  
Remains.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE TRANSCRIPT.]

AMESBURY, Sept. 10. The dense mist that hung over Amesbury like a damp pall early this morning was in harmony with the stillness and sombreness with which everyone was impressed in the presence of the great sorrow felt all the more intensely as the hour approached for the burial of the great poet and philanthropist, John Greenleaf Whittier. The mystery of death was typified by the shifting and elusive shadows of the fog; and the glory and hopefulness of the resurrection was illustrated by the bright, warm rays of the sun that came with the growing of day.

Although the time when the friends of the dead poet were to have an opportunity of taking a last look at his face was arranged for between the hours of ten and two, by 9.30 o'clock earnest request came from immediate friends and neighbors of Judge Cate, on Friend street, where the remains lay, for an opportunity to view them before the appointed time, and from then until the hour for the funeral there was a continuous

human stream passing through the house. For the first two or three hours or until the arrival of the trains from Boston the callers were confined principally to people of Amesbury. One lady brought with her an offering of fringed gentian—Mr. Whittier's favorite flower—rare at this season of the year, which was placed on the coffin. The funeral arrangements were under the charge of William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Judge Cate and S. T. Packard, editor of the Portland Transcript, whose wife is a niece of Mr. Whittier. They courteously gave visitors an opportunity to view the modest little study of the poet, where most of his literary work was done. At the window looking out upon the garden shaded with fruit trees and beautified with a great bed of hydrangeas is the little round table he used for a desk. Shelves set into a niche in the wall contain a small library of carefully-selected books. On the walls are a few engravings and the photographs of relatives and friends. An open stove gave a cheerful glow and combined with the furnace in affording heat in the winter. The rest of the furnishings are equally simple and unpretentious. Letters and despatches were being constantly received from friends far and near who were unable to be present in person. Among the first was one from the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who wrote as follows:

HARTFORD, Sept. 8, 1892.  
Dear Friend—Let me thank you for your kind remembrance of me, in communication with our mutual friend. I had already learned from the papers of the going home of his pure spirit. To such as he the transition from this world to the next is but slight. It would be selfish to sorrow. Ours is the loss and his the eternal gain. I wish I might send a fitting tribute, but my days are almost numbered and my pen halts in my hand. His own beautiful, solemn words come to me now:

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own  
And lift our hands alone,  
For Love to fill our nakedness of soul.

It will not be possible for me to be present in person on Saturday. But I will be with you in spirit. With truest sympathy, I am  
Sincerely yours,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Grace Greenwood wrote from Nutley, New Jersey:

"Mrs. Gertrude Cartland. Dear Friend—I am quite overcome with the shock and sorrow of our great friend's death. I have been hoping and wishing to go on to Massachusetts and New Hampshire with the hope of seeing my noble beloved friend once more. Indeed, that was my chief object when I left home, to see him who has for many years been to me the most dear and venerated of men. You can understand how it seemed to me when I awoke this morning and realized that he had gone."

The following despatches were received:

BAN HARBOR, ME., Sept. 9, 1892.  
Hon. Geo. W. Cate—I had hoped to be present at Mr. Whittier's burial, but it is impossible. I feel sad, indeed, to think I shall see him no more. I have long regarded him with affectionate veneration.  
JAMES G. BLAINE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1892.  
Mrs. Gertrude W. Cartland—The death of John G. Whittier touches me deeply, but the severe loss is softened with thankfulness that he lived to witness the triumph of the cause he loved and served so well. Emancipated millions will hold his memory sacred.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Remembrances in the form of flowers, arranged in elaborate and artistic designs, began arriving early. Sarah Orne Jewett sent an ivy wreath; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, a large bouquet; Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, widow of the publisher, of Concord, a bunch of white lilies and smilax, tied with a broad satin ribbon, on which was inscribed "In Memory of John G. Whittier" on one end, a verse of poetry on the other; Oliver Wendell Holmes, a large wreath of white roses and smilax; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a wreath of roses; Mrs. Lyman of Jamaica Plain, sister of T. Jefferson Coolidge, roses and smilax.

Other despatches and letters were received from Ira I. Coolbraith of Oakland, Cal., J. I. Brown of Newburyport, Alpheus H. Love, president of the Universal Peace Union, Philadelphia, Hon. John D. Long, Hon. J. P. Cogswell of Salem, Anna Titus of Natick, Hon. R. T. Davis of Fall River, Celia Thaxter.

Among those present were General O. O. Howard, Edna Dean Proctor, Miss Harriet McElwin Kimball, Colonel Henry J. Higginson, William Endicott, Jr., John C. Ropes, General Thomas Sherwin, Hon. H. S. Rice, Colonel Rice, Hon. Edward L. Pierce and wife, ex-Governor Claflin, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Francis J. Garrison, Hon. William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society, of which Mr. Whittier was vice-president, John W. Hutchinson, one of the famous Hutchinson family, and his sister, Mrs. Ludlow Patton of New York, the famous Abolition singers, Judge des Brisay of Bridgewater, N. S. S. B. White of Brooklyn, Edward Clarence Stedman of New York, Charles C. Coffin, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, James W. Forbes, H. O. Houghton, Colonel J. C. Frankle, a delegation of ten members from the Loyal Legion, Samuel May, Parker Pillsbury, W. P. Blossom, Professor Palmer and wife, Mrs. Caroline H. Daly, Frances H. Underwood, Mayor Rantoul of Salem, F. E. Avery, Thomas R. Fitch, Attorney General Pillsbury.

The 1.30 train from Haverhill brought twenty members of the city Government headed by Mayor Thomas E. Burnham and the Whittier family, which George B. Howe is president and many ladies members. They marched through the streets in double file to the house.

It was originally intended to hold the simple services in the Friends' meeting-house, but early this morning the weather was so promising of a bright and beautiful day it was decided to allow the remains to rest in the house until the hour of interment, and say the few words of consolation and eulogy in the little garden he loved so well. Chairs and settees were arranged under the trees and from a low improvised platform, those who were moved by the spirit to speak, addressed the assembled mourners. Although the services were in strict accordance with the custom of the Friends, few among those present wore the garb of members of that faith.

The interment was in the lot in that part of the Union Cemetery used by the Friends in which the Whittier family are buried. The grounds are large, but modestly laid out. They are situated at what is known as Bartlett's Corner, about three-quarters of a mile from Amesbury, off Main street on the Haverhill road. Many Union soldiers are buried there. The members of Mr. Whittier's family who rest in the lot are John Whittier, who died June 11, 1831, aged 70, his father: Abigail Whittier, died Dec. 27, 1857, aged 77 years, his mother: Moses Whittier, an uncle, who died Jan. 23, 1824, aged 61 years; Mercy E. Hussey, an aunt, died April 14, 1846; Mary W. Caldwell, a sister, died Jan. 7, 1881, aged sixty-four; Elizabeth H. Whittier, a sister, died Sept. 8, 1864, forty-eight years old, and Matthew Franklin Whittier, who died Jan. 7, 1883. The whole lot was covered with evergreens which hid from sight the earth taken from the grave. The casket was lowered into a brick vault built just large enough to contain it. The vault will be closed by an arched brick roof.

#### Memorial Services in Salem.

Memorial exercises were held today in all the public schools of Salem. The exercises consisted chiefly of the reading of Whittier's favorite poems. At the Phillips School a draped crayon portrait of the dead poet was hung in the school room. It was surrounded by flowers, the gift of the pupils. Placed in the frame of the picture was an autograph letter written by Whittier to the pupils of the school on the so-





casion of a reunion last spring.

#### Mourning in Danvers.

This afternoon, in Danvers, services in which the school children took a prominent part, were held in the Town Hall. Flags were at half-staff and all the church bells in town were tolled at half-past two o'clock.

The programme of exercises was as follows: Reading of scripture, Rev. J. W. Hyde; prayer, Rev. A. P. Putnam; hymns by Mr. Whittier, by select choir; address, Hon. Alden P. White; "Our Offering," written for the children by Harriet P. Fowler; selections from Mr. Whittier's poems, read by pupils of the public schools; address, Rev. W. H. Trickey; "America," sung by school children; benediction, Rev. Edw. C. Ewing.

Mr. Whittier was much beloved in Danvers, where for many years he spent much of his time at his beautiful home "Oak Knoll."

#### Boston Traveller, Sept. 19, 1892

#### WHITTIER'S FUNERAL

211 Essex Street, Boston, Mass. (Continued from p. 138)

Mr. Whittier's death will make this a sad day to many. His funeral was conducted in the plain and quiet way of the Society of Friends, with which family he was not only by birthright, but by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its mission.

This wish of his was fittingly respected. The funeral services were most appropriate to the man. Mr. Whittier was a Friend, a loyal and devoted adherent to the faith of his ancestors. "The plain and quiet way" was his, and his only way, in which the last rites could be observed. Judge Cate and Mr. Pickard saw that this wish was observed. Their management of the funeral was superb. There were thousands present. Most of whom viewed the remains, but not all of whom could possibly attend the service.

The house would have been too small for the most intimate friends; the Friends' Meeting-house, a short distance away, would have been too small; to have gone to any church or hall would have been inappropriate. Heaven smiled, and a most beautiful September day was given. It was one of Mr. Whittier's own days; just such as he himself would have chosen. The day was full of health and joy. Those in charge of the services fittingly thought of having services in the beautiful garden lawn just in the rear of the house. This garden is a familiar place to every visitor. It was a favorite haunt. From the library windows its trees and shrubs were seen, and their growth and harvest watched with constant interest. It was a most beautiful place for the service. There was present a large audience of choice friends. The plain and quiet service was beautiful beneath these trees.

Two words of the several speakers, who were truly moved by the spirit, were touching. The poems recited took on new meaning; and the words of Mr. Steadman were a source of help and strength. He said to know Mr. Whittier was a consecration, and to have his sym-

pathy a benediction. The sorrow of the hour was tinged with a joy born of God. The entire service was permeated with the thought, that this life was not all; that immortality was a blessed fact, and that goodness, faith and love were mightier than all the things of earth. It was good to be there. The occasion was a fitting close to his life. In his dying hours he sent forth the message of "love to the world." Those gathered in that garden realized that the sorrowing hearts of the world were with them. We are sure that the thanks of the thousands, who loved Mr. Whittier for the good he has done them, will go to those who had in charge these last rites, and to the Father in heaven, for the beautiful September day.

In this large concourse were many friends, with whom through a long life, Mr. Whittier had trod the quiet aisles of prayer. They were dear, and treasured friends in a double sense of the word. They have many reasons to sorrow, and many to rejoice. One of their number has gone, his presence they will miss, his companionship and counsel was most dear; but their faith was lived. A gazing world saw in that departed life, a character sweet and pure and true. Mr. Whittier loved this faith, and his wish was to give a parting expression in behalf of "the birthright and conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies." In this expression, these services were joined by those of every shade of religious belief and rite. The helpful spirit melted every heart, and became as one. In the departure of such a soul from the scenes of earth, there is a spiritual delight, which makes all to be drawn nearer God.

The people of Amesbury are as one in their sorrow. Age and youth alike were softened by the death of their neighbor and distinguished citizen. Sincere homage was evidenced all through the town. Public buildings and private residences testified their sorrow. The people gave the quiet greeting to the many strangers who came to mourn with them. The gentle and genial bearing of Mr. Maxwell, a leading Friend in the Amesbury meeting, who had public charge of the services, and the appreciative administration to many of the details of the service by Mr. Garrison will be recalled with great pleasure. They rendered satisfactorily their services. The press of Amesbury were generous in their help to visiting correspondents and editors. The Amesbury News had a fine tribute to Mr. Whittier's memory, by the Hon. W. H. B. Currier, a life-long neighbor of Mr. Whittier, and for a half century connected with the local press. He is probably the best acquainted man of Mr. Whittier's early editorial labors. His tribute was fitting, neighborly and sincere.

The "plain and quiet way" was observed. The many hundreds did not prevent it. The hearts of a loving and sorrowful world are thankful that the wishes of the dear poet were carried out by true and faithful friends.

#### Boston Traveller, Sept. 3, 1892

HAMPTON, N. H., Sept. 2.—John G. Whittier passed away at 4.30 o'clock this morning. He died peacefully and was conscious up to the last moment. The funeral will take place at Amesbury, Mass., at 2.30 Saturday afternoon.

According to the Quaker custom, there will be no sermon preached at the funeral services over the body of John G. Whittier. The services will be quite simple. The bells in Amesbury, Mr. Whittier's late home, were tolled this forenoon when the news of his death was received there.

#### Sketch of His Life.

The following sketch, written by Mr. Whittier with his own hand a few years ago in response to inquiries made of him, gives the main points of interest in a long and useful life. It has never been given to world generally:

I was born on Dec. 17, 1807, in the easterly part of Haverhill, Mass., in the house built by my first American ancestor, 106 years ago. My father was a farmer in moderate circumstances—a man of good natural ability and sound judgment. For a great many years he was one of the selectmen of the town, and was often called upon to act as arbitrator in matters at issue between neighbors. My mother was Abigail Hussey of Rollingsford, N. H.

A bachelor uncle and a maiden aunt, both of whom I remember with much affection, lived in the family. The farm was not a profitable one; it was burdened with debt, and we had no spare money; but with strict economy we lived comfortably and respectably. Both my parents were members of the Society of Friends. I had a brother and two sisters. Our home was somewhat lonely, half hidden in oak woods, with no house in sight, and we had few companions of our age and few occasions of recreation. Our school was only for 12 weeks in a year—in the depth of winter and half a mile distant.

At an early age I was set at work on the farm and doing errands for my mother, who, in addition to her ordinary household duties, was busy in spinning and weaving the linen and woollen cloth needed in the family. On first-days father and mother, and sometimes one of the children, rode down to the Friends' Meeting-house in Amesbury, eight miles distant. I think I rather enjoyed staying at home and wandering in the woods, or climbing Job's hill, which rose abruptly from the brook which rippled down at the foot of our garden. From the top of the hill I could see the blue outline of the Deerfield mountains in New Hampshire, and the solitary peak of Agamenticus on the coast of Maine.

A curving line of morning mist marked the course of the Merrimack, and the Great Pond, or Kenosha, stretched away from the foot of the hill toward the village of Haverhill hidden from sight by intervening hills and woods, but which sent to us the sound of its two church bells. We had only about 20 volumes of books, most of them the journals of pioneer ministers in our society. Our only annual was an almanac. I was early fond of reading, and now and then heard of a book of biography or travel, and walked miles to borrow it.

When I was 14 years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, the able, eccentric historian of Newbury, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glos-





sury of the Scotch dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read—with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student—and it had a lasting influence upon me.

I began to make rhymes myself and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact, I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter of fact about me. My father always had a weekly newspaper, and when young Garrison started his Free Press at Newburyport, he took it in the place of the Haverhill Gazette. My sister, who was two years older than myself, sent one of my poetical attempts to the editor.

Some weeks afterward the news-carrier came along on horseback and threw the paper out from his saddle bags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "Poet's Corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself. Soon after, Garrison came to our farmhouse, and I was called in from hoeing in the cornfield to see him. He encouraged me, and urged my father to send me to school.

I longed for education, but the means to procure it were wanting. Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in summer, eked out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter; and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. The next winter I ventured upon another expedient for raising money, and kept a district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another academy term. The next winter I spent in Boston, writing for a paper.

Returning in the spring, while at work on the farm, I was surprised by an invitation to take charge of the Hartford, Ct. Review, in the place of the famous G. D. Prentice, who had removed to Kentucky. I had sent him some of my school "compositions," which he had received favorably. I was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with my taste, and though I felt my unfitness for the place, I accepted it, and remained nearly two years, when I was called home by the illness of my father, who died soon after. I then took charge of the farm and worked hard to "make both ends meet"; and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

As a member of the Society of Friends, I had been educated to regard slavery as a great and dangerous evil, and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the oppressed slaves by my intimate acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison. When the latter started his paper in Vermont in 1828, I wrote him a letter commending his views upon slavery, intemperance, and war, and assuring him that he was destined to do great things. In 1833 I was a delegate to the first national anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia. I was one of the secretaries of the convention and signed its declaration. In 1833 I was in the Massachusetts Legislature.

I was mobbed in Concord, N. H., in company with George Thompson, afterward member of the British Parliament, and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was hunted for, concealed in our lonely farmhouse for two weeks. I was in Boston during the great mob in Washington street soon after, and was threatened with personal violence. In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with H. B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The next year I took charge of the

Pennsylvania Freeman, an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. My office was sacked and burned by a mob soon after, but I continued my paper until my health failed, when I returned to Massachusetts. The farm in Haverhill had in the meantime been sold, and my mother, aunt, and youngest sister had moved to Amesbury, near the Friends' meeting house, and I took up my residence with them. All this time I had been actively engaged in writing for the anti-slavery cause. In 1833 I printed at my own expense an edition of my first pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency."

With the exception of a few dollars from the Democratic Review and Buckingham's Magazine, I received nothing for my poems and literary articles. Indeed my pronounced views on slavery made my name too unpopular for a publisher's uses. I edited in 1844 the Middlesex Standard and afterward became associate editor of the National Era at Washington. I early saw the necessity of separate political action on the part of the abolitionists; and was one of the founders of the Liberty party—the germ of the present republican party.

In 1857 an edition of my complete poems up to that time was published by Ticknor & Fields. "In War Time" followed in 1864, and in 1865 "Snow Bound." In 1860 I was chosen a member of the electoral college of Massachusetts, and also in 1864. I have been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College and a trustee of Brown University. But while feeling and willing to meet all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have as a rule declined overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birthright, and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while at the same time I have a kind feeling toward all those who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men.

Neither of my sisters are living. My dear mother, to whom I owe much every way, died in 1858. [His brother Matthew Franklin Whittier, died in 1883.]

My health was never robust; I inherited from both my parents a sensitive, nervous temperament; and one of my earliest recollections is of pain in the head, from which I have suffered all my life. For many years I have not been able to read or write for more than half an hour at a time; often not so long. Of late my hearing has been defective. But in many ways I have been blest far beyond my deserving; and, grateful to the divine Providence, I tranquilly await the close of a life which has been longer, and on the whole happier, than I had reason to expect, although far different from that which I dreamed of in youth. My experience confirms the words of old time, that "It is not in man who walketh to direct his steps." Claiming no exemption from the sins and follies of our common humanity, I dare not complain of their inevitable penalties. I have had to learn renunciation and submission, and

"Knowing  
That kindly Providence its care is showing  
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,  
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray."

The News at Haverhill.

HAVERHILL, Sept. 7.—The news of the death of John G. Whittier has been received here with universal feelings of sadness and regret. The City Hall bell was struck 84 times at 8 o'clock, as indicating the age of the deceased, and flags

on the buildings, and also on the school-house, were displayed at half-mast as a token of respect for the great poet.

### THE PAY OF OUR POETS.

Lord Tennyson died a rich man. How rich, no one yet knows, but if he left a fortune of \$1,000,000 and over it would surprise no one. His early publishers, Messrs. Strahan & Co., paid him, Mr. George W. Smalley writes from London, \$20,000 a year for the privilege of publishing his poems, and a royalty besides, which was above the conventional 10 per cent. paid to most authors. It is fair to suppose that he changed his publishers to his profit, and that the Messrs. MacMillan paid him during recent years in which they were his publishers a still larger sum, which may readily have reached, with royalties and other returns, \$10,000 to \$50,000 annually. He was paid by the Nineteenth Century \$1575 for the "Reverie." Good Words paid him twenty guineas, or about \$105 a line for one of the worst poems he ever wrote, and twenty years before he received \$50 a line from an ambitious publisher. Yet down to the issue of his collected works, forty-four years before his death, he had obtained next to nothing for his poems during a period in which he had produced "Maud" and "In Memoriam," and his first assured income came from the familiar two-volume edition in which so many of this generation first read his poems. It was in the sting of straitened resources after the loss of his personal fortune and before his poems yielded him a revenue that he accepted the pension of \$1000 a year which he continued to receive up to the time of his death.

Early neglect followed by later riches has been no unusual lot among the poets of the century. Longfellow, who received \$14 for "Excelsior," \$20 each for the "Goblin of Life" and "To the River Charles," and \$25 for the "Wreck of the Hesperus," lived to receive \$4000, \$20 a line, for the "Hanging of the Crane." "I wish," he wrote in 1840 of the \$10,000 a year made by N. P. Willis, "that I made ten hundred." Down to 1852, \$2800, he records, was the largest sum he had received in any one year from his pen, and this was after he had published "Evangeline," perhaps his most popular poem. Yet when he died he left an estate of \$356,200. Whittier has just left \$200,000, though for his earlier poems he received nothing. Lowell, on the other hand, published his first poems at his own expense, and to the end his income from them was small; and it was only in the closing ten or fifteen years of his life that Browning, who had a similar experience with his first volume, received anything from his poems.

The enormous increase in the number of readers in this century has undoubtedly added to the gains of the average and mediocre writer. It has, too, given genius a reward it has never before had; but the returns of popular poets were as great half a century, a century, or even two centuries





ago, as now. No author of the last half of the century has approached the \$1,500,000 Scott earned with his pen. For one novel he was paid at the rate of \$252 a working day. The "Lost Minstrel" he sold for \$3946.50, "Marmion" for \$5000, and the "Lady of the Lake" for \$10,500. Byron began where he closed, with \$20,000 for "Child Harold," and \$15,000 for "Don Juan." "Lalla Rookh," a few weeks' work, was sold in advance for \$15,750, and Moore received \$45,000 for "Irish Melodies." Campbell, comparatively unknown, received \$15,000 for the "Pleasures of Hope," though Burns, less fortunate, was paid \$100 for the first Kilmarnock edition of his poems—single copies of which sell for far more—and \$3500 for the second edition. Poe, who sold the "Raven" for \$20, never had the good fortune to see a second edition of his poems wanted.

Earlier English poets did as well—commercially speaking—as the brilliant group which opened the century. Dryden's "Virgil" brought him \$4000, and Pope's "Homer" \$40,000. Gray, it is true, received only \$200 for his poems, but this was due to his prejudice against making money with his pen, and the "Elegy," which he gave to Dodsley, brought the publisher \$5000 in profits. John Gay made \$8350 out of the "Beggars' Opera," and \$5000, out of its successor "Polly." Goldsmith, it is true, only received \$300 for the "Traveler," \$500 for the "Deserted Village," but this was due to lack of any business ability in driving a bargain; while the \$75 paid Milton for "Paradise Lost" is a classic example of unrewarded genius, though the same public made Bunyan rich with the profits of his work.

English authors have in the main been better paid than those on the Continent. Few countries, like Norway, pension a poet as Ibsen has been, or, as in Hungary, provide a residence and income by the gifts of friends, as has been done for Moritz Jokai, the Hungarian poet. Schiller's heirs have been paid \$450,000 in copyrights, but he only received \$14,500 from 1794 to 1805. Goethe was paid by one publisher, Colta, \$122,770 in his life-time, and his heirs received as much more after his death. Chateaubriand was paid \$100,000 for his collected works, and Lamartine \$400 for "Fall of an Empire" and \$100,000 for his history; but neither poet, as the French poet receives in general less.

?Independent, N.Y., Apr. 19, 1883

Washington Irving.  
No. 2.

AS A MAN AND AUTHOR.

We may say of Irving what he said of Goldsmith: "We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. Milton says—

The artless benevolence that beams

throughout his works, the unforced humor—his mellow, flowing, softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities and make us love the man at the same time that we may admire the author." Yes, all "the secret windings of the heart" we seem to trace as we turn the pages of this charming writer. As Bancroft expressed it in writing to Irving about the Life of Washington: "The throbbings of your heart are as marked and perceptible along the pages as in anything you ever wrote." He calls Irving one of the "great masters" of the English tongue, "always felicitous,—never redundant—graceful and elegant." J. Lothrop Motley expresses the feeling of thousands when he says a sense "of personal obligation" mingles with admiration in the hearts of his "innumerable readers."

The truthfulness of Irving's character is another feature worthy special commendation. In his diplomacy at Madrid, he says: "I have depended more upon good intentions, frank and open conduct, than upon a subtle management. I have an opinion that the old maxim, 'Honesty is the best policy,' holds good even in diplomacy!" He was heart-sick, he says, at the intrigue and falsehood seen in court circles, the lack of "high honor and pure patriotism in political affairs." When released from duties at Madrid, the Queen stepped out of the formalities of style seen in state papers and addresses, to thank Irving for his "frank conduct" as well as loyalty and ability.

Charged with puffing his own books, he explained that, at the request of the publisher in England, Mr. Murray, he wrote, what many authors now do, matter illustrative of his work on Granada to explain certain points, not laudatory. He used the sobriquet of a Spanish name, and was paid for what he did as for other articles furnished Mr. Murray. Misrepresentations will always attend the best and truest public men. As

white;  
She waves them both in her unequal flight."

The warm, hearty and healthy sympathy with nature shown by Irving, is a continual sunshine that floods his pages. His pictures of English rural life entrance us with their sweet serenity and blissful beauty. He also uses the processes of nature to illustrate truth, as where he represents the growth of genius under difficulties. Providence delights in "disappointing the assiduities of art with which it would lead dulness to maturity and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds. Though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity; yet others will now and then strike root, even in the clefts of the rock, struggle up bravely into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation."

Again, he conceives an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate, and compares the pride and lustiness of the oak to the power of lion and eagle; and then, rising to a higher parallel, he makes the mighty pillar, with its leafy honors lifted high and broad in the free air and glorious sunshine, "an emblem of what a true nobleman should be—a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless . . . an ornament and a blessing to his native land."

Inviting a friend to Sunnyside, he writes, "Come and see me, and I'll give you a book and a tree."

After reading "Rural Life in England," Richard H. Dana said that he was as much refreshed as if he had been really enjoying an hour or two in the very fields and woods themselves. The subduing influences of nature seem to clear away every disturbing thought, or transform them, as the clouds are turned to beauty by the splendor of the moon. At one time Mr. Irving writes: "I feel a kind of intoxication of the heart as I draw in the pure air of the mountains, and





the clear transparent atmosphere; the steady, serene, golden sunshine seems to enter my very soul."

An intimate friend in England said: "Nature, in her sweetest or grandest moods, pervaded his whole imagination, and left no place for low or evil thoughts." He loved the birds that sung about Sunnyside, and woke one night in great distress, having dreamed that he had killed one of them. He could not shake off the impression till he lit his lamp and read off the effects.

In his last days he wrote: "O blessed retirement, friend to life's decline! How delicious it is to loll in the shade of the trees I have planted, and feel the sweet southern breeze starting up the green banks, and look out, with half-dreaming eye, on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and build castles in the clouds as I used to do hereabouts in my boyhood. We never had so many singing birds about the place, and the humming birds are about the windows continually after the flowers of the honeysuckles and trumpet creepers which overhang them." How like the picture Bunyan gives of Beulah Land, "whose air was very sweet and pleasant; yea, they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw, every day, the flowers appear on the earth." Sunnyside was and is a sweet Elysian, but it was the sunny spirit within that brightened Irving's outward paradise and made its atmosphere melodious. The birds were there, but a querulous spirit out of sympathy with nature would have never heard their melody.

Irving's chivalric regard for woman is another noble feature of his character. Speaking of Madame A——, he said that she seemed an ideal of divine grace and purity before whom he could have knelt and worshipped. "For my part, I am superstitious in my admiration of them (women) and like to walk in a perpetual delusion decking them out as divinities. I thank no one to undeceive me and to prove that they are mere mortals." Highest of all is the place he gives to a mother. Her love to a son is painted in glowing

words: "Neither chilled by selfishness, daunted by danger, weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will glory in his fame, exult in his prosperity, and if adversity overtake him he will be the dearest to her by misfortune. If disgrace settle on his name she will still love and cherish him. If all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him." His love for Matilda Hoffman, who died in 1809, in her eighteenth year, was deep and abiding. Her Bible and prayer-book he placed under his pillow, and in his subsequent wanderings in far-off lands these were his constant companions. The removal of her whom he hoped to make his bride, cast a life-long shadow over his path. Some of his references to it are seen in "St. Mark's Eve," and other articles. "There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world; that have loved me as I never shall be loved again."

Speaking of the service which Irving has rendered to American letters, Charles Dudley Warner says, that we owe to him what Scotland owes to Scott and Burns. He has invested a new, crude land, with the enduring charms of romance and tradition, a priceless legacy, an imperishable possession. He was, he says, always a literary man, with the habits and tastes of such a one, looking at life from that outlook rather than from a political, philosophic, theologic, or economic point of view. This may appear to be a less exalted one amid the tremendous energies seen in passing affairs, but it is the point that endures. Its creations remain to charm and civilize life, like the poems of Horace, if they do not mould it, as did the Roman law. Irving was not aggressive or partisan, but full of lenient charity for all the world.

The symmetry of Irving's works as a whole is worthy of attention. We see in all "an admirable proportion." As Underwood says, He does not fatigue us by learned antithesis or proverbial philosophy: he omits nothing necessary and avoids details that are needless; he is as happy in delineations

of character as he is of scenery; "he moves us to tears or to laughter at his pleasure; his style, in short, is absolutely unrivalled in its fluency, grace and picturesque effect. The vivacity of youth never wholly deserted him. Although he ceased writing humorous works, it served to animate his graver histories and to give them a charm which the mere annalist could not attain. Other authors may, perhaps, excite more of our wonder or reverence, but Irving will be remembered with delight and love."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. —Emerson.

### Boston Herald

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

The death of Mr. Curtis was not unexpected, but it comes with a sad sense of loss to thousands of people who have been delighted by his social and intellectual work, and to thousands besides who have looked up to him as an illustrious American citizen. He figured before the American public both as a literary man and as an influential political writer, and almost equally in both positions was he an interpreter of social life and of political tendencies. His early life had in it the element of romance. Unlike most bright New England boys, he served his novitiate at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, and at Concord, where he was brought into close contact with Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau. He caught the inspiration of the transcendental movement, and remained a sweet-tempered radical all his life; but he soon passed out of this romantic period, and after spending some time abroad, laying in a large experience of social life, he married and became an editorial and magazine writer in New York city. Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Curtis were the chief promoters of Putnam's Magazine, started in 1854. They associated with themselves Mr. Lowell, Mr. Charles F. Briggs, Mr. George Ripley, and other choice literary men of that day, and Putnam's Magazine in his hands became an influential factor in American literature. To it Mr. Curtis contributed the materials which were afterward collected into a volume or two. All of these writings are delightful in style and treatment, but were chiefly dependent for their interest on things of passing moment. His connection with this magazine was also the





occasion of his burdening himself with a debt of \$100,000, which was incurred because he was a silent partner in the firm that published the magazine. It was this debt, honorably assumed and as honorably discharged, which was both a help and a hindrance to him.

It led to the far more serious pursuit of literature than a man like Mr. Curtis had at first intended, and it compelled him to work in the harness when he would have been glad to have taken life more easily. He had already been for several years the contributor of the papers entitled the "Editor's Easy Chair" in Harper's Monthly, and it was in this field, occupied for nearly forty years, that he was to do his best literary work. Not only that, but when Harper's Weekly was established he became its principal editorial writer, and when, ten years later, Harper's Bazar was begun, he continued to write additional weekly essays for that for the next six years. He had, par excellence, among American writers, the ability to say graceful, pleasant and true things. He had a style of wonderful sweetness and flexibility, and while he did not appear as a censor of American manners, he always exerted a positive and refining influence upon our social life. Ephemeral as his work was in subject, the treatment was as finished and graceful as if it were intended to last for all time. Perhaps there is no series of comments on American life for the last forty years equally broad and kind, and at all to be compared with what Mr. Curtis has written. He never wounded the sensibilities of his readers, never betrayed them by a false touch, never missed his opportunity to say the right thing. If he has left no work that is in itself a proper measure of his ability, he has, nevertheless, furnished specimens of style which will compare with the best social writing in the eighteenth century, when Addison and Steele and Swift and Johnson were the social censors of the town. He had a wonderful gift for saying delightful things, and this appeared in his platform work as a lecturer in as marked a degree as it did in what came from his pen. His lectures were of so fine a quality that in the great lyceum era of the century only our best speakers surpassed him as an orator. He carried the spirit of youth and romance and enthusiasm into thousands of villages and hamlets all over the land, and while in this way he was discharging his pecuniary obligations to others, he was everywhere the inspirer of our American youth.

It remains to speak of him as a citizen. We have had more illustrious representatives of citizenship, but we have had few instances of men who have stood for the ideal life of the citizen. Mr. Curtis was like Chevalier Bayard: he believed in honest politics and in honest methods of carrying his ends, and he would never stoop to the inter-

ests of party to the doing of questionable work. He stood on the national side of every public question, and was as strong for purity in politics as for purity in private life. He was an unswerving Republican until 1884, when he became one of the leaders of the Independent Republicans, who refused to support Mr. Blaine in the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Cleveland. His independent position in politics since that time made him in some respects both a more influential and a less prominent man, but it did not in any way impeach the integrity of his conduct or the honesty of his convictions. When he ceased to be one of the leaders among the younger men of the Republican party and to carry the standard of the torch-bearer, he inevitably lost the prestige which a great and powerful party gave him, but he was easily among the first of the men who became Independents in politics, and his course in this new position was as consistent as in the old one. Mr. Curtis stood in politics for great national issues, and in this light his efforts in behalf of civil service reform show him to have been one of the patriots and pioneers of his day. His work became representative, and whether he succeeded or failed in what he sought to accomplish, every one felt the inspiration and the strength of an honest man in what he undertook to do. He was a typical American citizen, a man who illustrated the spirit of John Adams, a man who had the instincts of the aristocrat and was yet so broad a man that he could be nothing less than one of the people, a man whose life was bright and sunny and helpful, a man who had the good fortune to make beautiful friendships and who made his career full of goodness and truth, and on whom the whole community depended for the light and cheer of his word.

## Phila. Evening Telegraph BY TELEGRAPH.

### GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE EMINENT EDITOR, AUTHOR,  
AND REFORMER PASSES AWAY.

FATAL TERMINATION OF MR. CURTIS' LONG ILLNESS—HIS EVENTFUL CAREER—ONE OF THE BROOK FARM COLONY IN EARLY LIFE—HIS ASSOCIATION WITH EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, AND THOREAU—HIS BUSY LIFE AS ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATOR, AUTHOR, EDITOR, LECTURER, AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31 (By Direct Telephone).—Mr. George William Curtis, the editor of Harper's Weekly, who has been seriously ill at his home on Staten Island for a long time past, died at 2 o'clock this morning.

AN EVENTFUL AND BRILLIANT CAREER.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, R. I., on February 24, 1824, and had thus more than half completed his sixty-ninth year at the time of his death. He was partly of Massachusetts descent, his father having been born in Worcester, in that State, of which an ancestor was the first settler. His mother was the daughter of James Burrill, Jr., at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and afterwards United States Senator. In 1830 he went to boarding-school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, where he remained for four years. Pleasant reminiscences of his school-days there are found in the early chapters of his novel, *Trump*, narrated with a freshness and enthusiasm which remind the reader of *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Meanwhile he lost his mother; and in 1839, his father, who had married again, removed with his family to New York, and, desirous that his son should pursue a mercantile career, placed him, after a year's study with a private tutor, as a clerk in a German importing house in Exchange Place.

But mercantile life was not agreeable to the youth. His tastes were decidedly literary, and in the course of his reading he became deeply interested in the transcendental movement, in which so many of the best and purest minds of New England were at that time engaged. Accordingly, after about a year of uncongenial drudgery in the importing house, in 1842, when he was about eighteen years old, he went with his eldest brother to join the fraternity of remarkable men and women who tried at Brook Farm the experiment of founding a little Utopia of their own, afterwards celebrated by Hawthorne in the *Bleakdale Romance*. Here he remained about eighteen months, in the society of Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and other leading minds of the New England of that day, whose personality must have made a strong impression upon his own tastes and habits of thought.

Apparently he found rural pursuits, for a time, less distasteful than did Hawthorne, who has recorded with quaint humor his aversion to milking cows and digging potatoes; for, after leaving Brook Farm, he went to live with a farmer at Concord, Massachusetts, and performed his allotted share of farm labor with industrious regularity. Here, also, he continued his intimacy with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, his warm friendships with whom being broken only by death. In his *Homes of American Authors* he has printed some interesting notes of his intercourse with the philosopher, the romancer, and the hermit.

But, like other members of the Brook Farm community, Mr. Curtis at length grew weary of amateur farming, and again turned his attention to more elegant and more congenial pursuits. In 1846 he went abroad. After spending nearly a year in Italy, he passed a few months in study at the University of Berlin, and then extended his wanderings into Egypt and Syria. This included a trip up the Nile, in the delightful old fashion now vanishing before the introduction of steamboats and railroads. The fruit of these wanderings were those charming books of travel, the *Nile Notes of a Howedji* and *The Howedji in Syria*. Mr. Curtis did not travel in search of useful information, and the reader who looks for it in these books will be disappointed. He will find there neither "facts" nor "figures," in the Gradgrind sense; but the very spirit of the East pervades every page. The impressions caught from the mighty architecture that, as firm and nearly as old as the eternal hills, rises on the banks of the sacred river which "flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands"—from the strange, weird people and their customs—are reproduced in these books with a fidelity which overcomes the reader as with enchantment, and transports him to the very scenes; traversed by the wanderer. If one would thoroughly enjoy the East, without making a journey thither, he should read these delightful books.

Mr. Curtis remained abroad about four years. On his return to this country, he was engaged, for a while, on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and wrote for that paper a series of brilliant let-





ters from Newport and other fashionable watering-places of the period. These letters, overflowing with graceful humor, delicate satire, and fine description, were afterwards gathered into a volume, under the title of *Letus Esling*.

In the autumn of 1852 *Putnam's Monthly* was started, and Mr. Curtis was one of its first editors and writers. His contributions to its pages included a series of brilliant papers on "Our Best Society," afterwards published under the title of *The Potiphar Papers*, in which the ridiculous side of our fashionable society was satirized with a wit and humor which are as pertinent now as they were forty years ago. When *Putnam's* was sold to Dix, Edwards & Co., Mr. Curtis was a silent partner in the firm; and when it subsequently became embarrassed, in the spring of 1857, he assumed, with Mr. Miller, who printed the magazine, all its assets and liabilities, in the hope of securing the creditors against loss. In this he was unsuccessful. The magazine soon went down, and carried with it the whole of his private fortune.

Some years previous to this failure, Mr. Curtis had connected himself with *Harper's Magazine*. In the winter of 1853 he succeeded Mr. Donald G. Mitchell as the occupant of the "Editor's Easy Chair," a position which allowed and called forth the display of a mental versatility rarely equalled in literature. Every month, for nearly forty years, the reader has turned to this department with expectation never doomed to disappointment. The whole range of periodical literature contains no other instance of a series of articles so varied, so brilliant, so well sustained, as this. The nearest approach to it, in respect of duration, is the *Noctes Ambrosianae* of Christopher North, which ran through thirteen years. In the "Easy Chair" Mr. Curtis has treated the topics of the time—rarely, however, touching on those of a political nature—with a grace and ease of manner, unsurpassed in his own.

When *Harper's Weekly* was established, in 1857, Mr. Curtis became a constant contributor to its columns, conducting a department called "The Younger," which consisted at first of essays in the lighter vein on social and literary topics, very much in the manner of the "Easy Chair." After the beginning of the war Mr. Curtis frequently introduced subjects of a national and political character in this department; but his field was comparatively restricted until, on the retirement of Mr. John Bonner from the position of its editor, in 1863, he assumed control of the editorial page. From that time until ill-health compelled an abandonment of literary labor, Mr. Curtis was the principal editorial writer in *Harper's Weekly*, and gave direction and tone to its political course. Whatever may be thought of his opinions on party questions, men of all shades of political faith agree in commending the dignity, fairness, and ability with which his views have been expressed. He has never intentionally misrepresented an opponent, and has always been ready to correct an error into which he may have fallen.

In addition to the "Easy Chair" and the political editorials in *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Curtis was the author of the charming series of papers in *Harper's Bazar* entitled "Manners upon the Road," in which, under the signature of "An Old Bachelor," he treated principally social topics of current interest. These articles were commenced in the first number of the *Bazar*, in January, 1868, and were continued weekly until he was obliged, some five years later, temporarily to lay aside his pen. They exhibit the same traits of versatile thought, graces of style, and refined culture, which have characterized the "Easy Chair."

In the early period of his career, when he was spurred to activity by the determination to pay off every creditor of *Putnam's Magazine*, the amount of labor he performed was literally enormous. Besides filling the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine* and the editorial chair of *Harper's Weekly*, he delivered a long series of lectures, sometimes speaking a hundred nights in the course of a single season, and travelling without rest from place to place at the insatiable call of managers and

committees. No one was more popular as a lecturer in those halcyon days of the American lyceum. The charm of his manner was irresistible, and he spoke with the grace and ease of the true orator. One of the most popular of his lectures was that upon the perfect soldier of chivalry, Sir Philip Sydney, and scarcely less popular were his Lowell lectures upon the modern English novelists, which were repeated in all the larger cities of the United States, and in many of the smaller towns. The physical and mental strain involved in this labor was so excessive that many people wondered that he was willing to undergo it. A few only of his immediate friends knew that the proceeds of all his lectures during a period of almost ten years, and a part of his salary as editor, were devoted to the liquidation of the debt from which the law, but not his high sense of moral responsibility, would have absolved him. In his early career, too, Mr. Curtis was a writer of very graceful and polished verse. In the summer of 1853 he delivered, an excellent poem before the University of Rochester, at its annual commencement, and also one the following year at Brown University. Almost all young Americans of culture and taste take to writing poetry, but not all have the good sense to leave off when the serious business of life begins. The only books, besides those already mentioned, published by Mr. Curtis are *Prue and I*, a very pleasant volume made up from papers which originally appeared in the pages of *Putnam's Monthly*, and *Trump*, which was first printed as serial in *Harper's Weekly*. *Trump* abounds in felicitous sketches of character, and in fine delineations of certain phases of social and political life; but the story failed to take hold of public interest. It is, indeed, rather the groundwork of a novel than a finished and well-rounded work of art.

During these years the slavery question had gradually absorbed public attention, and had become the paramount theme in the press, the pulpit, and the lyceum. In his Newport loungings Mr. Curtis had noted the effect produced upon Northern society by the slave power, and his attention had been called to the necessity of combating the evil influence by every popular means. Accordingly in all his lectures, like many of the lyceum speakers at that time, he discussed the subject with great freedom and force, and did much to arouse and enlighten public opinion on this vital question, and to prepare the way for the great revival of anti-slavery feeling in the North which followed the personal assault upon Charles Sumner in 1856. Mr. Curtis was one of a large number of young men who felt, when that assault took place, that the time for decided action had come.

In the year just mentioned he delivered a college address at Middletown upon the "Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times," in which the situation and the impending crisis were discussed from an anti-slavery point of view. He went upon the stump for Fremont, in that year, speaking in New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and entered actively into politics on Staten Island, where he lived, and where for many years he was Chairman of the Republican County Committee. He was a delegate to the second National Convention of the Republican party, which assembled at Chicago in May, 1860. It will be remembered that the construction of a "platform" was a labor of considerable difficulty. There were still many Republicans who wished to conciliate the border States, and when Mr. Joshua E. Giddings moved in Convention to add to the first resolution the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" clause from the Declaration of Independence, the opposition was loud and determined. The motion was lost by a large vote, and Mr. Giddings, who had urged its adoption in the most eloquent and impressive manner, proposed to withdraw from the Convention; but Mr. Curtis took an early opportunity to renew the motion in a slightly modified form. There were again loud cries of opposition. Mr. Curtis asked whether the party was prepared at

its second National Convention to vote against the great charter of American liberty, and cautioned the delegates to beware how, there in the broad prairies of the West, they receded from the position which the party had occupied at Pittsburgh, and refused to repeat the words of the Fathers of the Revolution. His eloquent periods acted like magic on the Convention. The amendment was adopted unanimously amid wild excitement, the great multitude rising and giving round after round of applause. "Ten thousand voices," says a contemporary report, "swelled into a deafening roar, and for several minutes every attempt to restore order was hopelessly vain. The crowd of people outside took up and re-echoed the cheers, making a scene of excitement and enthusiasm unparalleled in any similar gathering." It was a great popular triumph, and was of vital service to the party, not only in retaining the influence of Mr. Giddings and his followers, but in swelling the enthusiasm which greeted the platform and the candidates.

The war for the preservation of the Union was at its height when Mr. Curtis became the political editor of *Harper's Weekly*, which he soon made a power in the Republican party, and in the country at large. He won and kept the enthusiastic personal support and admiration of his audience as probably no other editor has succeeded in doing, with the single exception of Horace Greeley. His position was strengthened by his never seriously entertaining proposals, however brilliant and tempting, that would interrupt his relations with his readers. Thus, although he could serve as a Regent of the University, of which he was finally chosen Chancellor in 1890, and as a non-resident Professor of Cornell University for four years, he declined in 1890, upon the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who had previously asked him to become assistant editor, an invitation to the chief editorship of the *New York Times*. Once he accepted the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress, knowing that his district was hopelessly Democratic, and that there was no prospect of his election. In 1867, also, he served in the State Constitutional Convention, in which body he acted as Chairman of the Committee on Education and frequently took part in the debates, making, especially, an elaborate speech in favor of the extension of the franchise to women, a measure of which he had been for years a consistent advocate.

In the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly* and in his public addresses, Mr. Curtis early expounded and advocated a reform of the Civil Service, and continued his crusade to the end of his career, in spite of the wrath and ridicule of the practical politicians. He accepted the Chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission when it was first created in 1871, under Grant's Administration, with sanguine hopes of success. But in 1873, becoming convinced that, yielding to the pressure of the practical politicians, the President had changed his views, Mr. Curtis resigned, and in the following year the whole project was abandoned for the time. He presided over the Republican State Convention in 1875 and in a notable address on assuming the chair advocated, in the most outspoken way, opposition to the Third-Term movement, which was then in its incipency. He also participated in the State Convention of the following year which selected delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, and opposed, but in vain, the instruction of the delegation-at-large for Senator Conkling. He represented his Congressional district in the National Convention of that year, and at the beginning of President Hayes' Administration was requested to select a foreign mission, which he declined, and he also declined the special offer of the mission to Germany. Still continuing his activity in the councils of the party, he held a seat in the State Convention of 1877, in which he again crossed lances with Senator Conkling, who, as Chairman of the Committee on Platform, had reported an elaborate argument against the doctrine that national office-holders should be prohibited from taking part in politics. Mr. Curtis





moved to strike out this portion of the platform, and insert an amendment commending President Hayes, whereupon Senator Conkling made a bitter attack upon the great Civil Service Reformer, whose amendment was, after a long and animated debate, defeated by the decisive vote of 109 to 293. It was in Senator Conkling's speech on this occasion that occurred the famous reference to the "men-milliners, the dilettanti and carpet knights in politics, who devoted their energies to denouncing men more honest than themselves."

In the State Convention of 1878 Mr. Curtis again appeared as the eulogist of President Hayes. In the following year, however, he finally broke with the Republican managers in New York, and in the columns of *Harper's Weekly* protested against the principal nominations made by the Saratoga Convention of that year. His course in the paper was fully endorsed by the publishers in an open letter, and Mr. Curtis formally severed his relations with the party organization, by resigning as Chairman of the Staten Island local Convention. In the following year, however, he made an effort to enter the State Convention as a delegate, but was defeated in this attempt by the Conkling-Grant combination, and subsequently remained independent of party associations until October last, when he again enrolled his name in the Republican column, with the statement, "I shall vote the Republican ticket this fall; in politics I regard myself as an independent, but when it comes to a choice as between Tammany Hall and its powerful organization on the one hand and the Republicans on the other, I can have no hesitation."

Meanwhile Mr. Curtis had been elected President of the Civil Service Reform Association at the annual meeting in 1890, and was continued in that position by successive annual elections down to the present time. In June, 1894, he presided over a meeting of Independent Republicans which took action against the candidacy of James G. Blaine, who had just been nominated for the Presidency by the National Convention at Chicago, and in the campaign which followed he supported the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland, in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*. In the national campaign of 1892, Mr. Curtis again stood by Mr. Cleveland, who, he declared, had "made his own platform in his Message, and there had been nothing in his Administration which had alarmed the business interests of the country." Mr. Curtis has been in such poor health of late that he has been unable to take an active part in the pending campaign.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist. For many years he had resided in West New Brighton, on Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he sought rest and relaxation in a pleasant, old-fashioned country home in the village of Ashfield, Mass. He was a medium-sized, well-built man, with an athletic frame, a large and well-shaped head, a thick growth of bushy gray hair, and strong, handsome features: with white side whiskers, a pale, ruddy complexion, and large gray eyes. Few men bore their years so well, and, though he had always been such a hard worker, until his fatal illness overtook him he looked younger than most men do at fifty, a result largely due to his love for the open air of the country and his regular alternations of work and exercise.

*Phila. Evening Telegraph,*  
Aug. 31, 1892

#### GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ONE of the most genuinely distinguished of contemporary Americans has gone to his rest, George William Curtis was a true master mind, and his work was informed first and last by consciences which knew no shadow of turning from what he was convinced was the right. Where you have such a combination the result must be momentous; either without the other might fall of good to the world,—

together they are irresistible. Mr. Curtis occupied a place in our national life akin to that of Emerson. That is, he was a thinker and a maker of thinkers. He had not the pure intellect of Emerson, but the world was more to him, and he was more practical. The work of each was done largely through an elevation which not so much approached the whole mass of society as it raised disciples who widely spread the message of humanitarianism. We by no means underrate the direct work of Curtis as an editor and publicist, but undoubtedly the bulk of his influence was through the multitude of writers of lower grade who were inspired and enlightened by him;—and this is to be one of the master minds.

The career of Mr. Curtis was a double one of literary man and politician; but the first province, as years went on, was swallowed up by the second. By this we mean the province of pure literature. In so far as journalism may be called literature it remained always an integral part of his labors. But the line between his early ambitions as a writer and his later position as a publicist and social philosopher is distinctly drawn. There is room for lament over it, for American authorship had some of its brightest promise in Curtis' early books, *Prue and I* is a novel which justly led the public to expect a series of books of this class of a high grade, and *The Potiphar Papers* showed a satirical power akin to that of Lowell. Without doubt if this line had been continued Mr. Curtis would have secured a position in it equal to the best of the men who succeeded him; and, as far as personal distinction is concerned, the divergence into his subsequent tasks is to be deplored. But, as we said at the outset, he was a man of conscience; he felt impelled to take part in the living and breathing affairs of the world; he never ceased to be a student of literature, but his genuine lifework left his early ventures far behind.

Mr. Curtis stands beyond everything else as an example of the American politician at his best. We may say this without intending to endorse all his opinions as editor of *Harper's Weekly*, or as expressed on numerous prominent public occasions. The course of his journal on our industrial policy and other matters is opposed to our own convictions, but the judgment just expressed in nowise suffers from that fact. The honesty, the ability, and the dignity of this noble teacher are beyond dispute. He educated our lawmakers, our office-holders, our candidates for office. His ideas were adopted by legislators, they were incorporated through second, third, or fourth hands in laws which experience has shown to be beneficial. In this way the leaders often strike the mark; ridiculed, it may be, as impracticable, their ideas percolate the mass of ignorance or indifference; at last and in most unexpected places they strike root; apostles

are raised up who carry on the work to triumph. So Garrison and Greeley worked, after methods less strictly intellectual than those of Emerson. Curtis was of the firm of each of those great men; he had the same relentless purpose, the same purity of heart, the same love of his fellows.

Such a figure is at once an honor to our culture as a people and a hope of the best things in our national future. The battle for civil service reform carried on by Curtis for so many years was certainly not a losing fight, contemptuously as it was regarded by the professors of practical politics. Out of a hundred men ninety-nine might pass it by coldly or with ridicule, but to the hundredth it was a burning message. And those hundredth parts make the saving remnant of society; on them depends the carrying out of the ideas which will make the Republic what it was ordained to be by fate. And they will carry them out; obsequy and corruption will not prevail, despite the ninety-nine; the good men, though few, will conquer. This is the law. One of the high preachers of it has gone from among us, but his example remains.

*Boston Journal, Sept. 1, 1892*

#### THE EASY CHAIR.

The death of George William Curtis will be felt keenly in many ways. The voice of the orator will be heard no more. The orator, whose speech was heavy with thought and brilliant with the display of imagination, whose polished sentences were warm with feeling and strong in sincerity, whose moderation and graceful bearing were combined modestly as the humble instruments

of conviction, or in the expression of joy or lamentation. The citizen who was numbered who in all his endeavors, in his life and in his action, thought first of the good of the republic, and this was known to all that they who could not share in his success, shared cheerfully the honesty of the process. As a man, his death will seem to many a personal loss, although they never smiled with him, although they never saw him, for he had sat in the Easy Chair was the selection of the man that walked the streets of Ashfield and New York. To him the name of a "gentleman" might be applied. Now would it be the more inclusive of honorary eulogy to describe him as the ideal American gentleman in thought, in manner and in speech.

As an orator, a citizen and an example of manhood his place will not be quickly filled, even in these days of sudden leaps to success and of mushroom reputations. But the fame of the orator is too often merely a vagary or a disputed tradition, and the record of the exemplary citizen is a tombstone inscription. Nor are the Chinese, the people of centuries, to be blamed for their jealous preservation of all things printed. The book is, after all, the life-boat to posterity.

When Mr. Curtis was one of the editors of the old "Putnam's Monthly," when he wrote "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I" and "Trumps," he was undoubtedly strongly under the influence of Thackeray, and for this he was then reproached. "The Potiphar Papers" was called a New York version of "The Book of Snobs." The charge was not without truth. He took Thackeray as his model; he not only preached his belief in the "cynic"—for so it was the fashion to regard the creator of Col. Newcome—but his own thoughts moved in the channels constructed by the greater man.





Boston Herald, Sept. 12, 1892

## "OUR DEAD PROPHET."

## Tribute Paid to the Memory of George William Curtis.

At the Harrison Square Church in Dorchester yesterday, Rev. W. R. Lord referred in his sermon to the late George William Curtis, in substance, as follows:

I want to make this new text for our purpose today: "Holy men of modern times speak as they are moved by the Holy Spirit." The present tense best expresses God's relation to our human life and history—not God "made," but God makes; not so much God "spoke," as God speaks. Holy men of old did speak, but they spoke for their own generation the truth it most needed. The same God who spoke then speaks now through our own prophets the special truths we most need.

Thank God for the living prophets! And while it is immensely important that we should reverence the prophets of the older time, it is not half so important as that we should hear and obey the prophets of our own time. One has just died, and while yet the tones of his voice vibrate in our ears, let us again hear his message.

Every individual prophet has his own special truth to speak and work to do. George William Curtis stood for truth in the whole; and in whatever way he approached humanity, whether in its social, economic or literary aspects, it was to summon it to purity and righteousness.

He was not content in his efforts, and many noble causes are higher today because he lived. But it was for him, as for all prophets, to emphasize some one thing in life, and above all, he became the prophet of political reform.

He saw, as we can all see, that the whole pyramid of corruption in our government, city, state and national, rests upon the spoils system; that the ladder upon which small and selfish and venal men crawl to power, is held up by the seekers after office and plunder.

Mr. Curtis was also the prophet of political independence. Always, he said, loyalty to conscience, to the cause of pure government, and not to party. Be ready at any time to forsake your party, but never your cause. What was the source of Mr. Curtis' vision, power and courage? I answer that it was, as with all the prophets, he was "moved by the Holy Spirit." Mr. Curtis was a religious man. He believed in God and caught his vision of the world as God wanted it, while looking up.

## MR. CURTIS AT NEWPORT.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 10, 1892.

A Glimpse of Him as a Young Man—Well-known People who were his Friends—The Memory of his Courtship—Stories of the Lecturer.

NEWPORT, Sept. 7, 1892.

The first dropping of the autumn leaf! What more beautiful or more fitting time for a poet to pass away from earth than now, when the summer is still in its full beauty—the beauty of maturity—and only the most delicate fruit the most fragile flowers, and the most tender leaves fall to the ground? The man whose death we mourn today was of so exquisite a nature, so refined by the long years of a life given to noble thought and high endeavor that it seemed eminently fitting the grosser temperament of clay, once so vigorous, so full of manly strength and beauty, should have waxed frail and tender. The ethereal and spiritual beauty of old age, the old age that grows a life well lived—had set its silver seal upon our silver-tongued speaker and one fancies that he faded gradually away from us till little was left save that beautiful voice, the memory of which shall long ring in our ears, and the noble spirit, which even in the valley of the shadow of death gave heed to its life work. On the brink of the grave he still called back to us his chosen

and yet there were many felicitous touches in those earlier pages, which Thackeray himself might have envied. But "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus Eating," as well as the books mentioned, are comparatively unknown to the younger generation.

It was his habit, a habit confirmed by the practice of many years, to talk each month, seated comfortably in his Easy Chair, concerning the ever changing mental and material fashions of mankind; to point out in humorous vein the petty weaknesses; to glorify, with more animated voice, a good or noble deed; to rebuke in withering irony the meanness of snobbery in society, the crime of corruption in high places. Nothing that pertained to humanity was to him foreign. The range of subjects seemed unlimited. By his treatment of these subjects will he undoubtedly be best known. If the subjects themselves were ephemeral, the treatment was for the coming years.

Comparisons are made easily, and it is not surprising that Mr. Curtis, the essayist, was likened frequently to Addison or Steele or Lamb or Thackeray. There were traces of all these writers in his monthly essays, but the peculiar flavoring was his own. There was a savor of the soil; not strong and rank, as in the works of certain ultra-Americans, but like the smell of a virgin wood or the meadow land of a new country. He had the humor characteristic of the gaunt American, but it was mellowed, free from exaggeration, kindly even when it was used in rebuke. His sentences were fragrant with flowers of speech, natural flowers, such as are still found in old-fashioned gardens trimmed with box. In these gardens of speech the figures familiar to an antique eye were seen occasionally. The men took snuff and whispered names with powder, patches and painted fans. The compliments were courtly. There was a clipped and trained tree in the foreground. But this love of olden days was never affectation, never pedantry. Nor as he grew older was he like the old man of forage who spoke only of the past. Always catholic in taste, his sympathies went out the more in all directions as mankind multiplied around him. The same man who remembered the Italian singers of golden voice wrote appreciatively of Wagner, or at least called for fair play. Although he was faithful to the literary loves of his youth, he welcomed the new comers, and in some cases his heart was touched, so that there was a faint flush in his cheek when he spoke of them in public. He never preached as from a pulpit in these essays; yet what wholesome lessons were taught, lessons of abiding good to men and women.

In this essayist the man will live. For the essayist and the man were one. The cheerful, kindly, pure and Christian philosophy of the writer was the guide to the feet of the man who was not unacquainted with adversity and sorrow. In the literary world there are startling antitheses of practice and profession. Seldom is there such unity of inmost thought and outward action as there was in the daily life of Mr. Curtis.

## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Boston Traveller—9/11/1892  
The death of George William Curtis is a national loss, and will be recognized as such from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was, to begin with,

a man of unblemished character—a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. What he was in this latter regard was finely illustrated by his conduct when, like Sir Walter Scott, through no fault of his own, the failure of a publishing firm with which he was connected left him heavily involved, and when, like the noble-hearted romancer, he went resolutely to work to discharge the obligations against him. The amount for which he was liable is said to have been about \$100,000; but in 1873, sixteen years later, he paid off the last dollar of the debt, and felt that he was a free man again. This he did by writing and lecturing, and perhaps he shortened his days by his exertions to accomplish his object. But his reputation was worth more to him than life itself, and he begrudged no expenditure of time and strength that enabled him to draw nearer to the wished-for goal.

Mr. Curtis was a genuine patriot. He might differ from men as wise as himself on political questions, but no one could doubt that he loved his country and was anxious that it should prosper in the broadest possible sense. In this respect, too, he showed himself to be a courageous man. He was not to be deterred by severe criticism from following the lead of his convictions. What he thought he ought to do as an American citizen, that he did, regardless of any consequences to himself, and in so doing set an example that his critics, as well as his political associates, admired.

Again, Mr. Curtis was an elegant writer. His English was well-nigh faultless, and although as an editor he was compelled to write so much, his style never suffered, but was as refined and elevated at sixty-eight as it had been at forty. He was, withal, a truly eloquent speaker, and pronounced more than one oration that will live for a century to come. Few of those who graced the platform in the days when the lyceum was in its glory, could begin to compare with him as an orator, and no thoughtful young man desirous of becoming a successful public speaker could hear him without large profit.

But, after all, it was, what George William Curtis was as a man that suggests our greatest loss in his death, and his influence as such will live long after him; and thus, like the righteous man of old, though dead he will continue to speak to the land of which he was so loyal a citizen.





watchword "Reform," and the charge that he has laid down we must take up and continue his work as far as we may.

But who shall take his place? Where among our young men shall we find one distinguished by the exquisite grace of manner, the dignity, the high-breeding of George William Curtis? He was an American gentleman of the highest, because of the most intellectual type, and as unassuming as the man of true worth and nobility of character always is. All honor, all praise to such a man, and may his high example ever find followers among the young men of our republic!

It is of Mr. Curtis as associated with Newport that I would like to say a few words, however, and in order to do so I shall have to go back into the dim past, when my recollections of him begin here, in the early fifties. Mr. Curtis was a gay young man of society in those early days—and the writer of the present article was in her sixth year.

Although he was fond of parties and balls, as is the average young man, healthy in body and mind, his tastes drew him toward literary people, as is natural in one who was already an author. Instead of spending the summer at one of the vast hotels which then contained Newport's summer population, he lived at the Old Cliff House, a delightful but primitive hostelry, near the site of which the present Cliff House and cottages are built. Here were gathered together, during the season of which I speak, a rare summer party of friends, including the poet Longfellow and his beautiful wife, Mr. Tom Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, the artists, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Curtis and others.

A photograph is still in existence of this merry group, in which all are smiling—probably at some *bon-mot* of Mr. Appleton's—and Longfellow, wearing a high stove-pipe hat of the absurd shape then in fashion, looks benign and beaming, as if he greatly enjoyed the joke of the thing. For the protracted sittings before the camera, which were necessary in those days, had to be taken either as a most sober and dreadful earnest, or as a huge jest.

Mr. Curtis was then usually called "the Howadj!" by his friends, and what a Howadj! might wear was a source of wonder and mystery to my infant mind. I fancy that Mr. Curtis was a sort of pet with the rest of the party, who were for the most part older than he, and already married.

Indeed, the Old Cliff House was quite a family hotel, and unfortunately for Mr. Curtis his room was somewhat noisily situated, next to the nursery of the Howe children.

I suppose that some one must occupy the upper rooms at hotels—which were not, in the ante-elevator days, as agreeable as the upper rooms at synagogues and feasts are supposed to be. Young men and children, who are sound sleepers, and don't mind the stairs, are conveniently disposed of there.

Poor Mr. Curtis, who enjoyed the balls and hope of Newport, did not retire to rest very early. But his next-door neighbors did—and were on the alert, at the "screech of dawn," when he would fain have slept a little longer. They and their nurse made such a noise over the morning ablutions, that Mr. Curtis was wont to complain, half jestingly, of the dreadful racket made by the Howe children and their loud-voiced tin bathtub.

Some of the gentlemen at the Cliff House practised pistol shooting, but I don't think Mr. Curtis was of the number. I have a sad memory of a beloved silver mug—my mug—lying on the grass, with a great wound in its side, some one having taken it for a pewter cup! We had a delightful "joggins-board" on this same lawn—and I remember the poet Longfellow's baby daughter sporting about in its vicinity. The boys were some-

what older, and with the assurance of young gentlemen of six and eight years of age, held an animated argument with their father as to the propriety of his name, which they declared ought to be *Shortfellow* rather than *Longfellow*.

Mr. Curtis's courtship was, in part at least, carried on on our beautiful island of Aquidneck; a year or two after the pleasant Cliff House days, there were rumors of his engagement to Miss Anna Shaw—whom I remember as a handsome young woman, wearing her hair in curls. It is pleasant to think that the romantic spell of this peaceful spot was upon those two young people, and that they perhaps wandered through its deep-wooded valleys and drove together along its quiet grass-fringed roads; while they were deciding to take together that longer journey through life which has just ended for one of them.

We were all much interested in the publication of Mr. Curtis's novel "Trumps," in Harper's Weekly, although I was too much of a child to appreciate it then and never got beyond the first chapters. The characters of the story were drawn according to the *on dit* from Boston people whom we all knew—or whom our fathers had known. But as the lady from whom the portrait of the heroine was said to have been copied is still living it would manifestly not be proper to give her name.

Of the noble struggle which Mr. Curtis made—and made successfully—to pay off the debt of his publishers, for which he was not responsible, save morally, we used to hear at times, in the days when I remember him in his full power as a brilliant orator, and handsome man, with brown hair and whiskers, and the finely formed chin, which he always wore shaved. Brilliant, confident and winning speaker as he was, there must have been a time in the beginning when he suffered from stage fright, to judge from the following story my mother used to tell us with much amusement, how Mr. Curtis at his first lecture, advanced and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Plomless Bott," with a solemnity which was changed to confusion when he perceived his error. For of course, ~~that was a clerical allusion to~~

~~Of late years, we have often had a pleasant glimpse of him here at Newport, where he came for the sessions of the Civil Service Reform League, and sometimes, merely to visit old friends. But I doubt whether the rush and whirl of the modern Newport life, were altogether agreeable to the busy literary man, with his scholarly tastes, for his stays were brief.~~

His conversation was delightful and entirely free from that pedantry which marks the man of half-culture. He was not such a brilliant, irrepressible talker as our dear Autocrat, but his speech had a great charm; and although he did not seek to take the lead in conversation he was willing to do his part, and did it incomparably well. He has been called cold, but I think he was calm rather than cold, with a certain sadness, as of one who had been obliged, from the force of his convictions and belief, to take a more active part in the battle of affairs than his tastes would have led him to assume.

I remember his telling some amusing stories of mistakes that had been made upon the lecture-platform, by people who confused his name with that of Cable; as the initials of the two names are the same, they are sometimes confounded—and Mr. Curtis and his audience were alike astounded when he was introduced to them as the brilliant and popular novelist, George Washington Cable.

I last saw him at one of those Newport gatherings, where it seemed most appropriate that he should be—at a meeting of the Town and Country Club. It was held at the house of an artist, where all the surroundings were of the refined beauty which only the loving hand and knowledge of the artist can create. The presence of such a distinguished man as Mr. Curtis, added éclat to an

already brilliant occasion. But he was as usual, simple and dignified in manner. He gave me a few kindly words of greeting—calling me by the childish nickname which one never outgrows to those who remember one's early days—to the valued friends of one's parents.

Peace be to his memory! But a few days ago, he was with us, and one of us, in this busy, struggling world, now he has fought the good fight—fought it, and won it, and remains to us only as a shining instance of high courage and steadfast virtue, a precious memory and a noble example.

FLORENCE HOWE HAYS.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 1, 1892

### MR. CURTIS AS A POLITICIAN.

George William Curtis's long and honorable career before the American people, in which his face and form have become familiar to all classes, has been overflowing with incidents showing to what extent a scholarly man, liberally endowed by nature and gifted with an abnormally unyielding vertebral column, can accomplish in the purification of political and public affairs. This enlightened critic of American politics, whose nature revolted at everything mean and degrading wherever it might present itself, made an indelible impression upon our modes of political thinking. He was ever ready to battle with wrong, whether it appeared in abstract opinion, or concretely in acts of oppression or hypocrisy. As a hater of slavery, a constant and powerful opponent of intriguing politicians, however high placed, an ardent friend of civil service reform, and the value of his services to that cause cannot be over-estimated, as an advocate of women suffrage, and as an Independent, ever since the Cincinnati convention of 1872, fearlessly uttering his convictions at all proper and seasonable times, Mr. Curtis stands forth today as one of those courageous Americans who have nobly performed a high mission in life and consequently leave to posterity an example and a record which will grow brighter as the years recede.

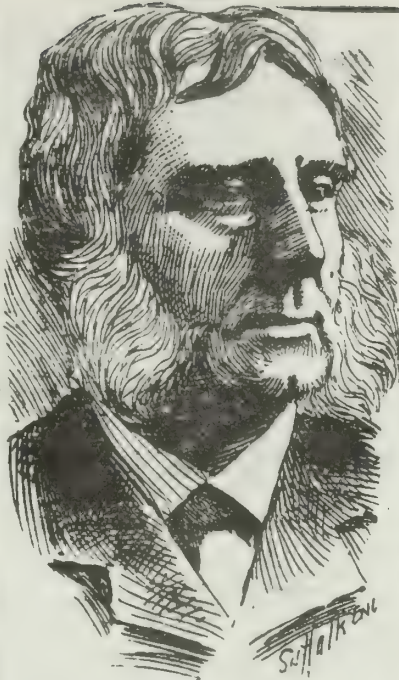
George William Curtis early fell under the ban of the Conservatives. It was the "Union savers" who detested him prior to the war of the Rebellion. He was announced to speak in Philadelphia in December, 1860, before the People's Literary Institute, on "The Policy of Honesty." This on the face of it, does not seem to be an inflammable topic, but the prevailing Northern style was then to avoid all appearance of offence to the South, and the hall was refused for the delivery of this lecture on the ground that it would cause a riot. This incident is rehearsed here to show how often Mr. Curtis was ahead of popular sentiment and how the crowd finally veers to the side that is right. Mr. Curtis's political battles with Roscoe Conkling, who regarded with supreme contempt anybody holding the opinion that the use of Federal patronage in elections is incompatible with true republicanism, are an important part of the history of New York politics, because the "Man-Milliner" quite vanquished his redoubtable senatorial opponent. It was found in these encounters that for virile English Conkling, with all his adjectives, was no match at all for Curtis, and when it came to cutting and penetrating sarcasm Conkling proved himself the veriest bungler when contrasted with a foeman whom he so often derided for his unpractical views. But





take the verdict of the country on these two men today, which would rank the highest in public estimation? Curtis's contention has issued in the constant though retarded progress of civil service reform. Conkling's contention culminated in the assassination of a President.

Mr. Curtis had the happy fate to concentrate upon himself all the venom of those who could not bear to have any ideal standard set up in politics. Although the chosen intimate of those leaders who founded and built up the Republican party, he was frequently the victim of savage vituperation because he never hesitated to denounce every practice tending to reaction or to selfish interest and corruption in public life, whether found in the party with which he was nominally connected or in the opposite organization. The "courtesy" group of United States Senators, of which Conkling was so conspicuous and appropriate a representative, always looked upon Mr. Curtis as a writer and speaker worthy of not the slightest quarter from men whose business it was to carry elections and so dictate the country's policy. After all, however, Mr. Curtis's voice and pen were probably more effective in influencing popular opinion than all the efforts of those who denounced him because fearing that he was despoiling them of their vocations as practical politicians. Thought, pluck, intelligence, culture and a high moral purpose were all in him for a good deal in America. It is fortunate for the re-



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

afterward drifting into literary engagements with the New York Tribune, Harper's Weekly and other journals, Mr. Curtis was at an early age driven by conviction to take part in the great moral revolution which culminated in the war for the Union and the abolition of slavery in the United States, and, throwing himself with fervor into this new field of activity, he abandoned a profession in which he might have attained high honors, for the one in which he has achieved his great reputation as a leader of men. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, Feb. 24, 1824, he was partly of Massachusetts descent, his father having been born in Worcester, of which an ancestor was the first settler. His mother was the daughter of James Burrill, Jr., at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and afterward United States Senator. In 1830 he went to boarding school at Jamaica Plain, where he remained for four years. Pleasant reminiscences of his school days there are found in the early chapters of his novel, "Trumps," narrated with a freshness and enthusiasm which remind the reader of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Meanwhile he lost his mother; and in 1839, his father, who had married again, removed with his family to New York, and desirous that his son should pursue a mercantile career placed him, after a year's study with a private tutor, as a clerk in a German importing house in Exchange place.

But mercantile life was not agreeable to the youth. His tastes were decidedly literary, and in the course of his reading he became deeply interested in the transcendental movement. Accordingly he went to Brook Farm with his brother and there remained until 1844. They then passed two years in Concord, Massachusetts, studying and farming. Here Mr. Curtis became very intimate with Emerson, Hawthorne and Henry Thoreau, forming warm friendships with them, which were broken only by death. In his "Homes of American Authors" he has printed some interesting notes of his intercourse with the philosopher, the romancer and the hermit.

#### Letters and Magazine Work.

Beginning with 1846, Mr. Curtis traveled extensively abroad. A journey across the desert,

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#### Letters and Magazine Work.

Beginning with 1846, Mr. Curtis traveled extensively abroad. A journey across the desert, by way of Gaza to Jerusalem, of which he wrote an account in "The Howadji in Syria," ended Mr. Curtis's Eastern travels. He spent the early summer of 1850 in England, and returned home in August. His pen had not been idle during his wanderings. Besides his journals, he had written letters for the Courier and Inquirer, of which Mr. Henry J. Raymond was then managing editor, and for the New York Tribune, where his friend, Mr. Charles A. Dana, held the same position. On his return he entered upon an active literary life. He became musical critic and editorial writer on the Tribune, and wrote out his "Nile Notes," which were published in 1851 by the Harpers. In the autumn of that year he wrote a series of picturesque traveling letters to the Tribune, from the Catskills, Saratoga, Trenton, Niagara, Newport and Nahant, which were published in 1852 as "Lotus-Eating," beautifully illustrated by his friend Kensett. In the same year, "The Howadji in Syria" was published, and Mr. Curtis wrote some sketches of social life for Harper's Monthly.

The establishment of Putnam's Monthly, in 1853, opened a new field to Mr. Curtis, who, in conjunction with Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, assumed the editorial management of that periodical, which was destined to a brilliant though brief career. Within the first year of its existence he wrote the papers on Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Bancroft, in the series on "The Homes of American Authors." To this magazine Mr. Curtis contributed "The Papiaph Papers," a brilliant satire on certain phases of New York society, and "True and I," a series of delightful sketches, rather than of papers.

When the magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Dix & Edwards, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted became connected with the firm, and were involved in its failure. Considering himself morally, if not legally, responsible for a portion of the indebtedness, Mr. Curtis refused to avail himself of the technicalities of the law, and set himself to the work of paying the creditors. He devoted himself diligently to literary work.

Boston Journal, Sept. 1, 1892

## The Well-known Editor of Harper's Weekly.

### His Noted Career as Author and Journalist.

### Sketch of His Travels and His Works.

George William Curtis, the well-known author and journalist, died at 2.30 Wednesday morning at his residence in West Brighton, S. I. Last July Mr. Curtis's illness assumed a serious form. He had not been feeling well since the middle of June, but he continued to do his regular work until after the Fourth of July. Just before the Fourth a change for the worse took place, and soon Dr. Janeway and Mr. Curtis's brother, Dr. Curtis, were called in to aid the local physician. The trouble was in the lower part of the stomach and consisted of a swelling, attended by inflammation. But the nature of his disease has never been determined. It was announced some time ago that he was suffering from cancer in the stomach, but the physician who attended him could not agree that his disease was of a cancerous nature, and it was the opinion of a number that he suffered from some abnormal growth on the abdomen, which became very large. It is understood that there will be an autopsy.

#### His Early Career.

Starting out on his youthful career as the author of several charming books of travel, and





The amount of labor he performed was literally enormous. Besides tilling the "Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine, in which he had just taken his seat, and writing "The Lounger" in Harper's Weekly, he delivered a long series of lectures, sometimes speaking a hundred nights in a season, and traveling, almost without rest, from place to place, at the insatiable call of managers and committees. No man was ever more popular as a lecturer. The charm of his manner was irresistible; he had not only something to say which the people wanted to hear, but knew how to say it with the grace and ease which belong to the true orator. One of the most popular of his lectures was that upon the perfect soldier of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney.

#### In Politics.

Mr. Curtis was a delegate to the second National Convention of the Republican party, which assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1860. It will be remembered that the construction of a "platform" was a labor of considerable difficulty. There were still many Republicans who wished to conciliate the border States, and when Mr. Joshua R. Giddings moved in convention to add to the first resolution the "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" clause, from the Declaration of Independence, the opposition was loud and determined. The motion was lost by a large vote, and Mr. Giddings, who had urged its adoption, proposed to withdraw from the convention; but Mr. Curtis took an early opportunity to renew the motion in a slightly modified form. There were again loud cries of opposition. Mr. Curtis asked whether the party was prepared at its second National Convention to vote against the great charter of American liberty, and cautioned the delegates to beware how they receded from the position which the party had occupied at Pittsburgh. His eloquent periods acted like magic. The amendment was adopted unanimously and with excitement, the great multitude rising and giving round after round of applause.

It was a noteworthy event in the history of American journalism when, in December of 1863, Mr. Curtis became the political editor of Harper's Weekly. He had been conducting a department called "The Lounger," begun in the autumn of 1867, which consisted at first of essays in the lighter vein on social and literary topics, very much in the manner of the "Easy Chair." After the beginning of the war Mr. Curtis frequently introduced subjects of a national and political character in this department; but his field was comparatively restricted. From the moment, however, that he took his seat in the editorial chair, his discussions assumed a wider scope, embracing all the great issues before the country. His interest in Civil Service Reform is noted, and at one time he was Chairman of the Civil Service Commission.

#### Honors Offered Mr. Curtis.

Mr. Curtis served as a Regent of the University and as non-resident Professor at Cornell University for four years. He declined, in 1869, upon the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who had previously asked him to become assistant editor, an invitation to the chief editorship of the New York Times. Mr. Curtis never accepted a political office, although often pressed to do so. By Mr. Seward he was offered the Consul-Generalship to Egypt; President Hayes urged him to accept the post of Minister to England, and afterward that of Minister to Germany, but he could not be tempted away from his editorial position. Once he accepted the nomination for Representative to Congress, knowing that his district was hopelessly Democratic, and that there was no prospect of his election. In 1867 he served in the State Constitutional Convention, in which he was Chairman of the Committee on Education. He frequently took part in the debates, and made an elaborate speech in favor of the extension of the fran-

chise to women—a measure of which Mr. Curtis has been for years a consistent advocate. Mr. Curtis delivered in Boston, in 1884 the public eulogy on Wendell Phillips. He refused to accept any pecuniary compensation, but the City Government presented him with a gold medal.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist, recently deceased. For many years he resided in West New Brighton, Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he sought rest and relaxation in the village of Ashfield, Mass.

#### Boston Transcript, Sept. 8, 1892.

Mr. Curtis was methodical in his work, and while at Ashfield for four months each year, kept up his regular work just the same as when at his Staten Island home, or in New York. The morning he devoted to work, and had his regular mail day for sending manuscripts to New York. In the afternoon he generally took a drive with Mrs. Curtis, for she invariably drove the pair of horses, which the family had owned for years; or took a walk with Professor Norton, and the two would roam around the country like a couple of boys. His mail, which was always large, came in at six o'clock in the afternoon, and he generally devoted his evenings to looking it over, and scanning the newspaper. He had nearly all the local papers from all over New York State, so that with his trained eye he could keep in touch with the people on the political and social questions of the day. While at Ashfield, he made it a point to take a vacation from politics and rarely tried to influence the villagers upon this subject.

#### Boston Transcript, Sept. 1, 1892

#### HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

#### Death of the Distinguished Author, Orator and Publicist.

Hon. George William Curtis, who has been ill at his summer residence, Livingstone, S. I., died at 2.30 this morning.

Mr. Curtis was born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824. He received his early education in a private school at Jamaica Plain, Mass. At the age of fifteen he removed with his father from Providence to New York, where for a year he was a clerk in a mercantile house. In 1842 he went with his elder brother to reside at Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, Mass., where he passed a year and a half in study and agricultural labor; after which he went to Concord, Mass., and with his brother spent eighteen months, there, living with a farmer, and both taking part regularly in the ordinary work of the farm, and afterwards for six months tilling a small piece of land on their own account. In 1846 Mr. Curtis went to Europe, and after a prolonged stay in Italy and Berlin, travelled in Egypt and Syria. In 1850 he returned to the United States, and published his first book,—"Nile Notes of a Howadji."

He soon joined the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, and in the summer of 1851 wrote a series of letters to that journal from various watering places, which were afterwards collected in a volume under the title of "Lotus Eating." His second book, however, was "The Howadji in Syria," published in 1852. In the autumn of 1852 Putnam's Monthly was commenced in New York, of which Mr. Curtis was one of the original editors, and with which he continued connected till the magazine ceased to exist. In the meantime, it had passed into the hands of the firm of Dix, Edwards & Co., in which Mr. Curtis was a special partner, peculiarly responsible, but taking no part in its commercial management. In the spring of 1857 the house was found to be insolvent for a large amount, and Mr. Curtis sank his private fortune in the endeavor to save its creditors from loss, which he finally accom-

plished in 1873. Portions of his contributions to the magazine were subsequently published under the titles of "The Potiphar Papers" (1853) and "Prue and I" (1856). As a lyceum lecturer, upon which field of labor Mr. Curtis entered in 1853, he met with great success. He has delivered several orations and poems before literary societies, and held a high rank as a popular orator. In the presidential canvass of 1856 he enlisted with great zeal as a public speaker on behalf of the Republican party. In the winter of 1858 he advocated the rights of woman in a lecture entitled "Fair Play for Women." To the current literature of the day he has been a constant contributor since 1853, through Harper's Monthly, and since the autumn of 1857 through Harper's Weekly newspaper, of which journal he was the principal editor. In 1858-59 he wrote for this paper a novel entitled "Tramps," which was published in a volume in 1862. Upon the establishment of Harper's Bazar in 1867, he began a series of papers under the title of "Manners upon the Road," which was continued weekly until the spring of 1873. In 1871 President Grant appointed him one of a commission to draw up rules for the regulation of the civil service; and he was elected chairman of the commission and of the advisory board, in which it was subsequently merged. In March, 1873, he resigned, because of essential differences of views between him and the President in regard to the enforcement of the rules. Mr. Curtis was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1860 and 1864, which nominated Mr. Lincoln; and in the latter year he was the Republican candidate for Congress in the First District of New York, but was defeated. In 1862 President Lincoln offered him the post of consul general in Egypt, which he declined. In 1867 he was elected one of the delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention of New York, in which he was chairman of the committee on education. In 1868 he was a Republican presidential elector. Since 1864 he has been one of the regents of the University of the State of New York.

Last July Mr. Curtis's illness assumed a serious form. He had not been feeling well since the middle of June, but he continued to do his regular work until after the Fourth of July. Just before the Fourth a change for the worse took place, and soon Dr. Vanewyck and Mr. Curtis's brother, Dr. Curtis, were called in to aid the local physician. The trouble was in the lower part of the stomach and was at first thought to be cancer of the stomach, but this was afterwards denied by his physicians.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist, recently deceased. For many years he resided in West New Brighton, Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he sought rest and relaxation in the village of Ashfield, Mass.

Although nearly all his life a resident of New York he, by long association, residence and interest, had a close relationship with Massachusetts, partly through his marriage into a Massachusetts family of note, partly perhaps, through the ties formed in those idyllic days at Brook farm and Concord, and in Massachusetts he had another home, at Ashfield, to which he repaired every summer. It is an old farmhouse on the outskirts of the village, which lies among beautiful maple-clad hills, between the Berkshire valley and the picturesque neighborhood of the Deerfields and Northampton. Some eighteen years ago, with his friend Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Curtis aided in founding a library for Ashfield, and he was so much of a favorite with his neighbors there that they were anxious to make him their representative in Congress. He, however, seemed to prefer their friendship and the glorious cel-





ors of their autumn woods to their votes.

In 1875 it was to him that Concord turned when seeking an orator for the centenary of her famous "fight;" and it was he again whom Boston, in the spring of '84, invited to pronounce the eulogy upon Wendell Phillips.

Mr. Curtis long years since gained national reputation as a lecturer. His first venture in that line was "Contemporary Art in Europe," in 1851; then he fairly got under way with "The Age of Steam," and soon became one of that remarkable group, including Starr King, Phillips and Beecher, who built up the lyceum into an important institution, and went all over the country lecturing. Mr. Curtis gave lectures every winter until 1872.

He has always manifested a deep interest in the cause of higher education, and in addition to his efforts in behalf of political reform and his literary labors, he found frequent opportunity to use his voice and pen in behalf of humane enterprises.

He was a staunch supporter of Henry Berg in his defence of dumb animals from cruelty, and of almost every other work of mercy and charity undertaken in New York and neighboring commonwealths.

Mr. Curtis was not an unfrequent visitor to Boston, and one of his most forcible appeals in behalf of civil service reform was made at the Tremont Temple in October, 1890.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 1, 1892

#### MR. CURTIS IN THE FIFTIES.

In the minds of those readers whose acquaintance with American literature covers the decade preceding the civil war, the announcement of the death of George William Curtis will awaken memories of a peculiarly interesting character. The present generation knows Mr. Curtis principally as a political reformer, the editor of a great weekly, and, in a literary way, as the Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine. But, to those whose memories go back thirty-five years comes up a personality so different and so distinctive in character from that which marked his later public life as to warrant special reference.

Mr. Curtis was born with the literary instinct, which manifested itself in his boyhood's days. He rebelled against the commercial career which had been marked out for him; and at the age of eighteen broke away from it and joined the little band of reformers at Brook Farm, where he stayed for a year, and a half, undergoing a discipline which had no doubt a great influence upon his subsequent career. Then the thirst for foreign travel came over him, and he spent four years abroad absorbing material for future work. At twenty-six he was on the editorial staff of the Tribune, and at twenty-eight became the editor of the best literary magazine this country has ever known—the old "Putnam's." It was in this that "The Potiphar Papers" were originally published, a series of satirical papers which created a decided sensation in New York society circles. "True and I," a charming novel of American life, also first saw the light there as a serial. "Trumps," Mr. Curtis's latest novel, appeared in 1860. More successful than either of these novels, perhaps, was "The Nile Notes of a Howadji," which came out soon after the author's return from abroad, a book which an English reviewer described as "an unrhythmed poem; wild, wilful, fantastic, but very beautiful."

A little later Mr. Curtis became a prominent figure on the lecture platform, and happy indeed in those palmy days of the lyceum was the agent or audience that could secure his presence with his elegant personality and his

culture and his eloquence that were not spent merely on self-display, but in the manifold cause of progress. Oratory was not one of the least of his gifts, and that undoubtedly led him in the direction of political life. It was at this time he stood at the parting of the ways. He had achieved a reputation such as few Americans enjoyed in literature, and his admirers saw before him an ever-broadening and ever-brightening career. Fate, however, decided differently and the powers which otherwise might have been devoted to the enrichment of American letters became gradually diverted into more practical channels; the *littérateur* grew into the political reformer, and it is comfort to know that although in one sense literature may have lost from his seeming defection, society has been a gainer. His constant and aggressive

life has  
sting in—

#### GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

[From the New York Tribune.]

OBITU AUG. 31, 1892.

#### I.

All the flowers were in their pride  
On the day when Rupert died.

Dreamily, through dozing trees,  
Sighed the idle summer breeze.

Wild birds, glancing through the air,  
Spilled their music everywhere.

Not one sign of mortal ill  
Told that his great heart was still.

Now the grass he loved to tread  
Murmurs softly o'er his head:

Now the great green branches wave  
High above his lonely grave:

While in grief's perpetual speech  
Roll the breakers on the beach.

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,  
Must this parting be the end?

#### II.

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!  
Night and silence cover all.

Howsoever we deplore,  
They who go return no more.

Never from that unknown track  
Floats one answering whisper back.

Nature, vacant, will not heed  
Lips that grieve or hearts that bleed.

Wherefore now should mourning word  
Or the tearful dirge be heard?

How shall words our grief abate?  
Call him noble; call him great.

Say that Faith, now gaunt and grim  
Once was fair, because of him:

Say that Goodness, round his way,  
Made one everlasting day;

Say that Beauty's heavenly flame  
Bourgeoned whoso'er he came:

Say that all life's common ways  
Were made glorious in his gaze:

Say he gave us, hour by hour,  
Hope and patience, grace and power;

Say his spirit was so true  
That it made us noble too;

What is this, but to declare  
Life's bereavement, Love's despair?

What is this, but just to say  
All we loved is torn away?

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!  
Night and silence cover all.

#### III.

Oh! my comrade, oh! my friend,  
Must this parting be the end?

Heart and hope are growing old  
Dark the night comes down, and cold

Few the souls that answer mine,  
And no voice so sweet as thine.

Desert wastes of care remain—  
Yet thy lips speak not again!

Gray eternities of space—  
Yet nowhere thy living face!

Only now the lonesome blight,  
Heavy day and haunted night.

All the light and music left—  
Only thought and memory left!

Peace, fond mourner. This thy boon,  
Thou thyself must follow soon.

Peace—and let repining go!  
Peace—for Fate will have it so.

Valuing now his pains is said;  
Vain the stand for his head!

Yea, on earth's shadow cast  
From the kindness of the past.

All thy love could do to cheer  
Thou hast done his heart when he was here.

Heed not his plaint, Friendship's vow  
Did not coldly wait till now.

Oh, my comrade; oh, my friend,  
If this parting be the end,

Yet I hold my life divine,  
To have known a soul like thine?

And I hush the low lament  
In submission, penitent.

Still the sun is in the skies:  
He sets—but I have seen him rise.

#### ROSE THORPE'S ONE POEM.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," is now living in the South for the benefit of her husband's health, but, as her own health suffers there, they think of making South-Carolina their future home. She is now a woman of 39, and she wrote the well-known verses when she was under 17. All we get for them was a letter of thanks from the editor of a Detroit newspaper to whom she sent the lines. She is a native of Indiana and passed her childhood in great poverty. She says: "Of all dull, prosaic mine was the dullest and most prosaic." When she wrote "Curfew" she had education and no knowledge of books, though she afterwards applied herself to them, and became a school teacher. But even during her early married life it was not so important to her reputation among "ladies" that she should "keep house" as approved fashion than that she should write well, and she remarks: "Until the year 1850 I was laundrymaid, cook, seamstress and nurse for my children." This experience recalls the story of Mrs. George Ripley to whom suspended Harvard students used to go to be coached. Some one is said to have once found her sitting at the same time to one boy who was reciting Greek and another who was demonstrating a proposition from analytics, while she shelled peas and rocked the baby's cradle with her foot.

ALL HAPPENED ON FRIDAY.—Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday. Washington was born on Friday. Queen Victoria was married on Friday. America was discovered on Friday. Mayflower landed on Friday. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday. Battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday. Bastille was burned on Friday. Battle of Marengo was fought on Friday. Julius Caesar was assassinated on Friday. Moscow was burned on Friday. Shakespeare was born on Friday. King Charles I was beheaded on Friday. Battle of New Orleans was fought on Friday. Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.





LONDON, Nov. 28.—The ceremonies attending the unveiling of the memorial to James Russell Lowell, in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, began at ten o'clock. The memorial consists of two tablets of solid brass. One of them is divided by a mullion into three parts, while at the bottom of the other two is a medallion portrait of the minister, author and poet. On the three sections of the mullioned window are representations of an angel bearing a shield inscribed the arms of the United States, the bust of the Pilgrim Fathers from the Mayflower, and the figure of St. Botolph. On the other window are the figures of Sir Launfal, an angel bearing a shield below the arms of the United Kingdom, and a figure of St. Ambrose, as well as a symbolic representation of the emancipation of the slaves.

#### Subscribers to the Memorial Fund.

While Mr. Lowell was American Minister to Great Britain he greatly endeared himself to the best classes of the English people, and shortly after his death the project was started of erecting a memorial to him. The funds were quickly raised among his English friends, and to-day's ceremonies marked the final completion of the work of love. Among those who subscribed to the fund were the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Rosebery, Lord Coleridge, Lord Brassey, Lord Playfair, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Bryce, Professor Tyndall, George Meredith, Dr. Conan Doyle, Canon Farrar and Alma-Tadema.

#### Among Those Present.

Among those present to-day were the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, American Ambassador; Miss Balfour, sister of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Bradley and Miss Bradley, Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice; the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons; Lord Rosebery, Foreign Minister; Canon Farrar, Lord Herschell, Lord High Chancellor; Mr. Walter Besant, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain, the Right Hon. Sir Henry James, Lord and Lady Bray, Lord Aberdare, Mr. William Lecky, the historian, and Lord and Lady Pembroke.

#### Dean Bradley's Speech.

Dean Bradley presided. In his opening speech he said: "We have met in this venerable building to pay a tribute to the memory of one whose high character and great gifts endeared him to an ever widening circle till the day of his death. I will leave others to speak of Mr. Lowell as a writer who helped others to appreciate great writers of the same race."

#### Leslie Stephen's Address.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, as Chairman of the Memorial Committee, begged Ambassador Bayard's acceptance of the memorial on behalf of the United States. He said, among other things: "I had the honor of Mr. Lowell's friendship for many years. The reason we have met here to honor Lowell is suggested to any one visiting the Poets' Corner. The long line of illustrious men whose monuments are there, and who passed the torch of literature from Chaucer to Tennyson, would doubtless recognize Lowell as a congenial disciple. Scarcely one of these followed letters with more unflagging zeal. On him fell the spirit of the great masters. He always spoke from his heart, and hence nobly. He would not take a low rank among the masters."

Mr. Stephen lengthily eulogized Mr. Lowell's works, and referred to the influence exerted by "The Blaisdon Papers." He also referred to Mr. Lowell's love for English literature and England generally, even English weather. He extolled Lowell's power of speech, his sympathy and kindness, and said he was proud to call him his friend all his life. The committee had received many offers from the United States regarding the memorial, but it had been thought fit to decline them because they wished to show that Englishmen themselves knew how to honor a great American in the spirit in which Lowell spoke and wrote. "We have erected this memorial," he added, "in the hope that it

will be accepted as it is intended, so that Americans can see that Englishmen are capable of respecting and admiring one of them as heartily as if he was one of our own countrymen."

#### Ambassador Bayard's Response.

Ambassador Bayard then arose and said: "I hold myself happy in that I have been permitted to be in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey when, for the second time, the name of an American is inscribed in this double sanctuary of religion and renown—the bust of Longfellow, and now the memorial of his brother poet, both from our kindred beyond the sea. The forms of these two gifted sons of America are clasped in the bosom of the land of their birth; their ashes rest in peace at home, but the echoes of their fame have been wafted across the Atlantic, and they fall in clear and musical notes upon the loving ears of the two countries whose people speak the same tongue. Longfellow and Lowell, here in Westminster Abbey, in blended fellowship, are worthy companions of that band who sung with Wordsworth and who gave us nobler love and nobler cares."

"I am unable in the few words permitted me to attempt a portrait of Lowell. Happily this is needless, owing to the eloquent address of Mr. Stephen, which is especially grateful to myself and my compatriots and which will be received thus by the country whose son is its subject. It is a strong saying, 'Blood is thicker than water.'"

"Every day proves how the ties of common origin and ancestry are stronger than written treaties. The inborn sympathies of race finally silence international discord and jealousy. It is pleasant to recall in this chamber that the man in whose honor this unveiling takes place to-day stood 12 years ago speaking words in honor and affection of Dean Stanley, that pure, noble being, whose memorial is before us, seemingly the guardian spirit of this venerable place. But eight years since the name of Lowell was again heard in these precincts when the bust of Coleridge, the gift of Americans, was unveiled. I am glad indeed that this mark of honor to my dear countryman was created so soon after his death. The reproach of long delay, often just, cannot be made here, nor can be applied to the words of Johnson,

"See the nations, slowly, wise and meanly  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

"Offer here brotherhood in letters and kindred spirits hasten to give buried merit a just memorial. I cannot forbear to wish, however futile it may be, that he should have been permitted to foresee this honor. It was his purpose to bring the people of Great Britain and the United States into closer knowledge of each other, to replace suspicion by confidence and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation. He liked to call himself a man of letters. Truly, he was a master of the English language, and he made the knowledge the agency to interpret the fitting of both branches of the Anglo-American common glories. In a man of his kind, whose self-pride will be felt when he learns the name of fame in his country, the scholar, statesman and patriot was revealed at the hands of Britons in this venerable temple of national religion, honor and renown. 'Give my love to England in general' was the last message of Lowell to Thomas Hughes. In these memorials may we not read England's reply to Lowell and the nation he faithfully represented?"

After the ceremonies many persons lingered in the Chapter House to admire the memorial.

#### AMBASSADOR BAYARD'S TRIBUTE TO LOWELL THE POET.

Following will be found the full text of Ambassador Bayard's eloquent tribute to James Russell Lowell, delivered November 28, 1900, on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial of the distinguished American poet, scholar and diplomat at the entrance to the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey:

"I hold myself happy indeed that I have been permitted to be in the Chapter House of Westminster, and in an assembly so distinguished and impressive, when, for the second time, the name of an American is inscribed in this 'double sanctuary of religion and renown'—the bust of Longfellow, and now the windows and tablet to his brother poet, both from 'kindred beyond the sea.' The forms of these two gifted sons of America have been clasped to the bosom of the land that gave them birth, and their ashes rest in peace at home; but the echoes of their just fame are wafted to and fro across the Atlantic, falling in clear and musical notes upon loving ears in the two countries whose people speak the same mother tongue. 'Longfellow and Lowell,' here in Westminster Abbey, their names are blended in goodly fellowship—worthy companions of that band, sung by Wordsworth—

"Who gave us nobler love and nobler cares."

In the few words permissible to me on this occasion, I may not attempt portraiture of James Russell Lowell, for that has happily been rendered superfluous by the eloquent and interesting address of the eminent scholar, Mr. Leslie Stephen, to which we have just listened—which was so especially grateful to me and my compatriots here gathered—and

will be received with such acclamation by the entire country whose gifted and beloved son was its subject. It is a fine, strong saying that 'blood is thicker than water'—and every day proves how the ties of a common origin and ancestry are stronger than written treaties—and inborn sympathies of race, in the end, can silence international discords and jealousies. It is pleasant to recall that, in this very chamber, the man in whose honor these memorials are unveiled to-day stood 12 years ago speaking warm words of honor and affection of Dean Stanley—that pure and noble being whose memorial is before us—seemingly the guardian spirit of this venerable place. And it is but eight years since the voice of Lowell was again heard in these precincts, when the bust of Coleridge—the gift of an American—was unveiled. I am glad, indeed, that this mark of honor to my dear countryman has been erected so soon after his death. The reproach, so often just, of long delay cannot here be made, nor the words of the great Johnson be uttered—

"See 'nations, slowly wise and meanly  
Just  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

"For here a brotherhood of letters—kindred spirits—have hastened with graceful and loving appreciation to give to 'buried merit' its just memorial. I cannot forbear the wish, however futile, that he could have been permitted to foresee the erection of these marks of honor to his name. For I can well imagine the honest and exquisite pleasure it would have caused him, for who could—who so well as he did justice by pen and speech to such acts of sympathy and praise to 'buried merit'? It was his great and honorable purpose to bring the peoples of Great Britain and of the United States into a better comprehension of each other, to replace suspicions by confidence and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation. He liked to call himself 'a man of letters,' and truly he was a master of the English tongue, and made his skill and knowledge an agency to interpret the better feelings of both branches of the race who share his glories in common. In American homes, throughout the broad land over which the ensign of their country floats, a sense of grateful pride will be felt when they learn that the name and fame of their fellow-countryman, the poet, scholar, statesman and patriot have received at the hands of Britons this high tribute of respect in their most venerable temple of national religion, honor and renown. 'Give my love to England in general' was a late message of Mr. Lowell in a letter to his friend, Judge Thomas Hughes, and in these memorial windows and tablet may we not read the reply of 'England in general' to





James Russell Lowell and the nation he faithfully represented at the Court of St. James?"

Mr. Chamberlain responded to Mr. Bayard as follows:

"The very acceptable and honorable duty has been cast upon me of returning thanks to the American Ambassador for his presence here to-day. I am very glad that it has fallen to his Excellency, so early in the history of the distinguished appointment which he fills, to take a part in a ceremony which indicates the close community between his countrymen and ours. It has been sometimes said that such meetings tend to the closer union of the American with the British people. I will not say that this is perhaps an exaggeration, but at least it indicates a union which is already accomplished. I think that the Americans have always rightly claimed the possession and inheritance in all our illustrious and distinguished dead. Now, on our part, we too claim a common interest and a common pride, and almost a common ownership, in illustrious Americans. I have said I am very glad that Mr. Bayard has been called upon to acknowledge this memorial, because I do not think that even among his countrymen will be found any one who is more deeply permeated with that living interest in our English history and our illustrious dead than Mr. Bayard himself, and who is so well qualified to sympathize with his illustrious fellow countryman. I am sure you will readily join me in the expression of our thanks to the Ambassador for his presence here to-day."

Mr. Chamberlain's happy reply elicited the unjoined response of the American Ambassador:

"It is perfectly plain that our feelings to-day are at one, and that we echo Mr. Chamberlain's speech, that whatever is noble and illustrious, whatever shall dignify humanity and promote the welfare of the world, will be welcomed by every man and woman who speaks the English tongue on both sides of the Atlantic."

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Mr. Howells Gives an Account of His First Meeting With Him in 1860.

Mr. Howells's description of a journey to New England undertaken thirty years ago and contributed to Harper's Magazine, is one of the most delightful bits of autobiography printed for many a day. In the second instalment, issued with the May number, he gives an account of his first meeting with Lowell:

Lowell was not then at the height of his fame; he had just reached this thirty years after, when he died; but I doubt if he was ever after a greater power in his own country, or more completely embodied the literary aspiration which would not and could not part itself from the love of freedom and the hope of justice. For the sake of these he had been willing to suffer the reproach which followed their friends in the earlier days of the anti-slavery struggle. He had outlived the reproach long before; but the fear of his strength remained with those who had felt it, and he had not made himself more generally loved by the "Fable for Critics" than by the "Biglow Papers," probably. But in the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Legend of Brittany" he had won a liking if not a listening far wider than his humor and his wit had got him; and in his lectures on the English poets, given not many years before he came to the charge of the Atlantic, he had proved himself easily the wisest and finest critic in our language. He was already, more than any American poet,

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love."

and he held a place in the public sense which no other author among us has held. I had myself never been a great reader of his poetry, when I met him, though when I was a boy of ten years I had heard my father repeat passages from the "Biglow Papers" against war and slavery and war for slavery upon Mexico, and later I had read those criticisms of English poetry, and I knew Sir Launfal must be Lowell in some sort; but my love for him as a poet was chiefly centred in my love for his tender and lofty rhyme, "Auf Wiedersehen," which I cannot yet read without something of the young pathos it first stirred in me. I knew and felt his greatness somehow apart from the literary proofs of it; he ruled my fancy

and held my allegiance as a character, as a man; and I am neither sorry nor ashamed that I was abashed when I first came into his presence; and that in spite of his words of welcome I sat inwardly quaking before him. He was then forty-one years old, and nineteen my senior, and if there had been nothing else to awe me, I might well have been quelled by the disparity of our ages. But I have always been willing and even eager to do homage to men who have done something, and notably to men who have done something in the sort I wished to do something in myself. I could never recognize any other sort of superiority; but that I am proud to recognize; and I had before Lowell some such feeling as an obscure subaltern might have before his general. He was by nature a bit of a disciplinarian, and the effect was from him as well as in me; I dare say he let me feel whatever difference there was as helplessly as I felt it. At the first encounter with people he always was apt to have a certain frosty shyness, a smiling cold, as from the long, high-sunmed winters of his Puritan race; he was not quite himself till he had made you aware of his quality; then no one could be sweeter, tenderer, warmer than he; then he made you free of his whole heart; but you must be his captive before he could do that. His whole personality had now an instant charm for me; I could not keep my eyes from those beautiful eyes of his, which had a certain starry serenity, and looked out so purely from under his white forehead, shadowed by auburn hair untouched with age; or from the smile that shaped the auburn beard and gave the face in its form and color the Christ-like which Page's portrait has flattered in it.

His voice had as great a fascination for me as his face. The vibrant tenderness and the crisp clearness of the tones, the perfect modulation, the clear enunciation, the exquisite accent, the elect diction—I did not know enough then to know that these were the gifts, these were the graces, of one from whose tongue our rough English came as music such as I should never hear from any other. In his speech there was nothing of our slipshod American slovenliness, but a truly Italian conscience and an artistic sense of beauty in the instrument. [From "My First Visit to New England," by W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine for June.

### Oldest Family in the World.

Of the 400 barons in the British house of lords about a dozen date back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family in Scotland, 1093. The

Campbells of Argyll began in 1190. Talleyrand dates from 1199 and Bismarck from 1270. The Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, 1666; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952 and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 670, are all registered care-

fully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by a chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants. In China there are many old families; also among the Jews. But in point of pedigrees the mikado of Japan has a unique record. His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present mikado is the one hundred and twenty-second in the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 603 years before Christ.

### "THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

[From the Jewellers' Circular.]

Ernest Longfellow, a son of the great poet, has a token of remembrance of his father which money cannot buy. It is nothing more nor less than "The Old Clock on the Stairs," made famous by his father. The clock was formerly owned by Thomas G. Appleton, and at his death the heirs, thinking the clock was of particular value to Ernest Longfellow, on account of his father's connection with the ancient timepiece, donated it to the son of the poet, so that it now adorns a nook in the stairs of his house at Magnolia, Mass.





